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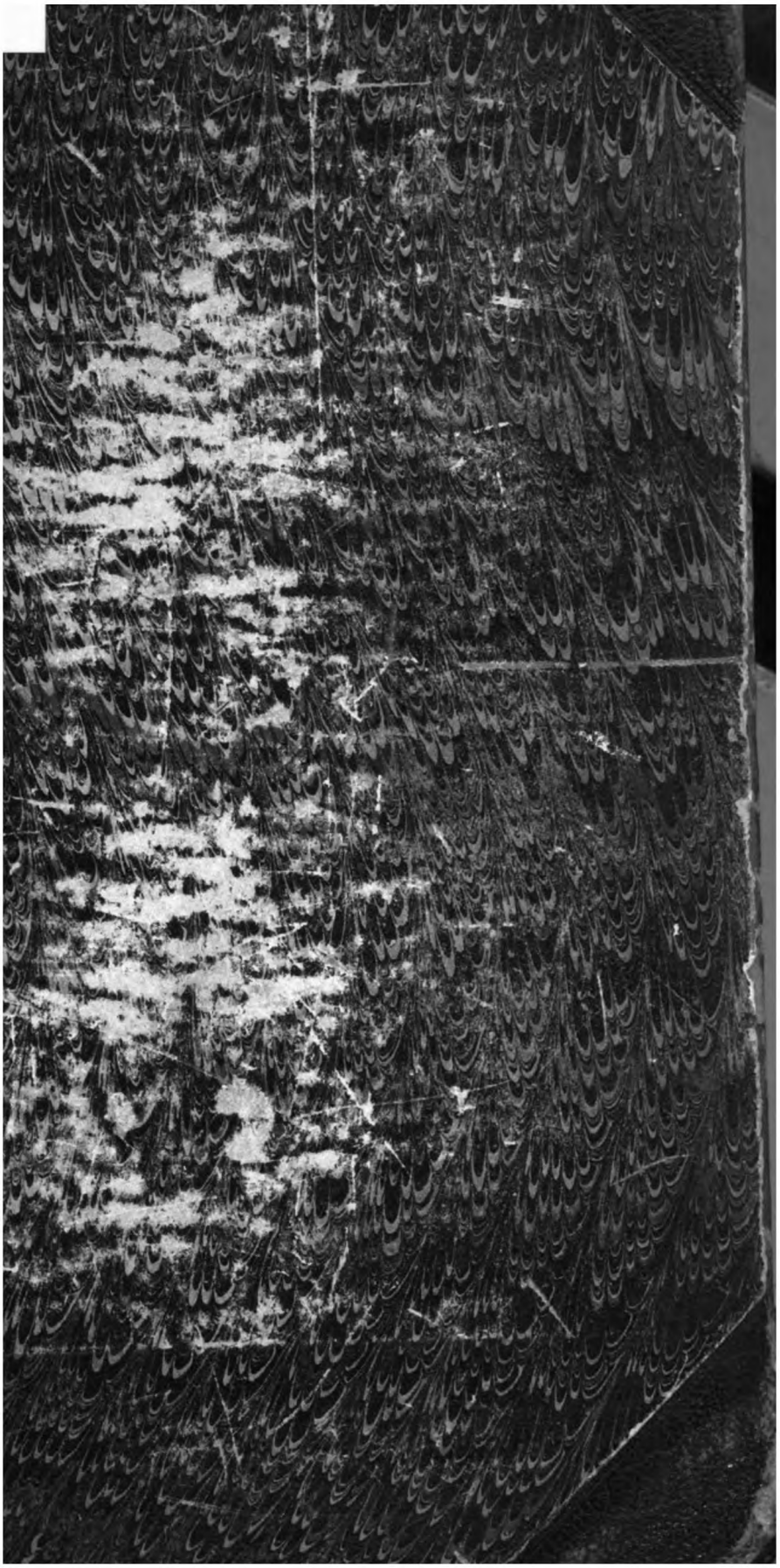


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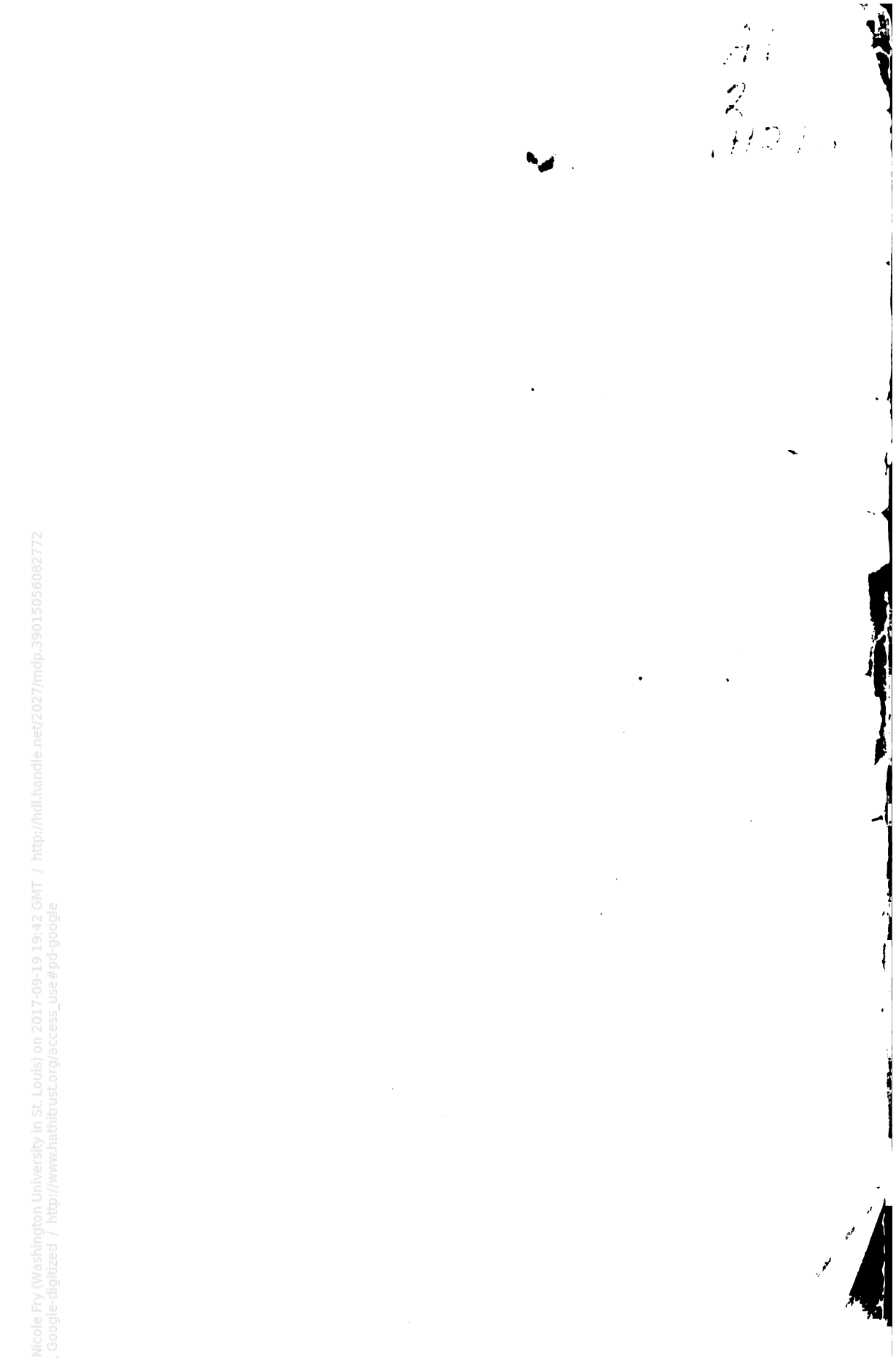
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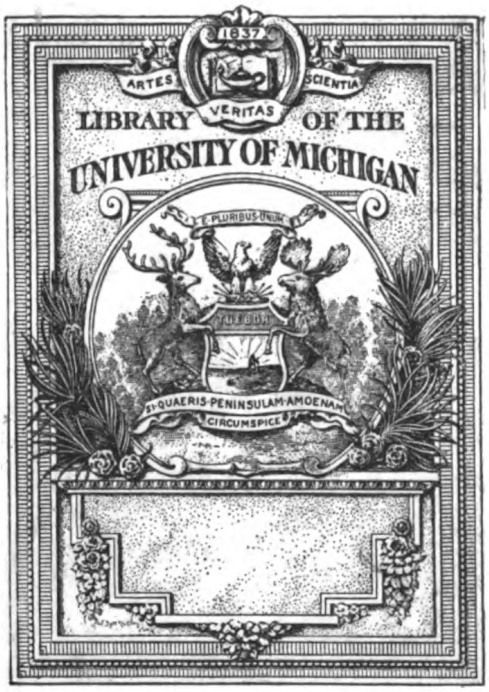
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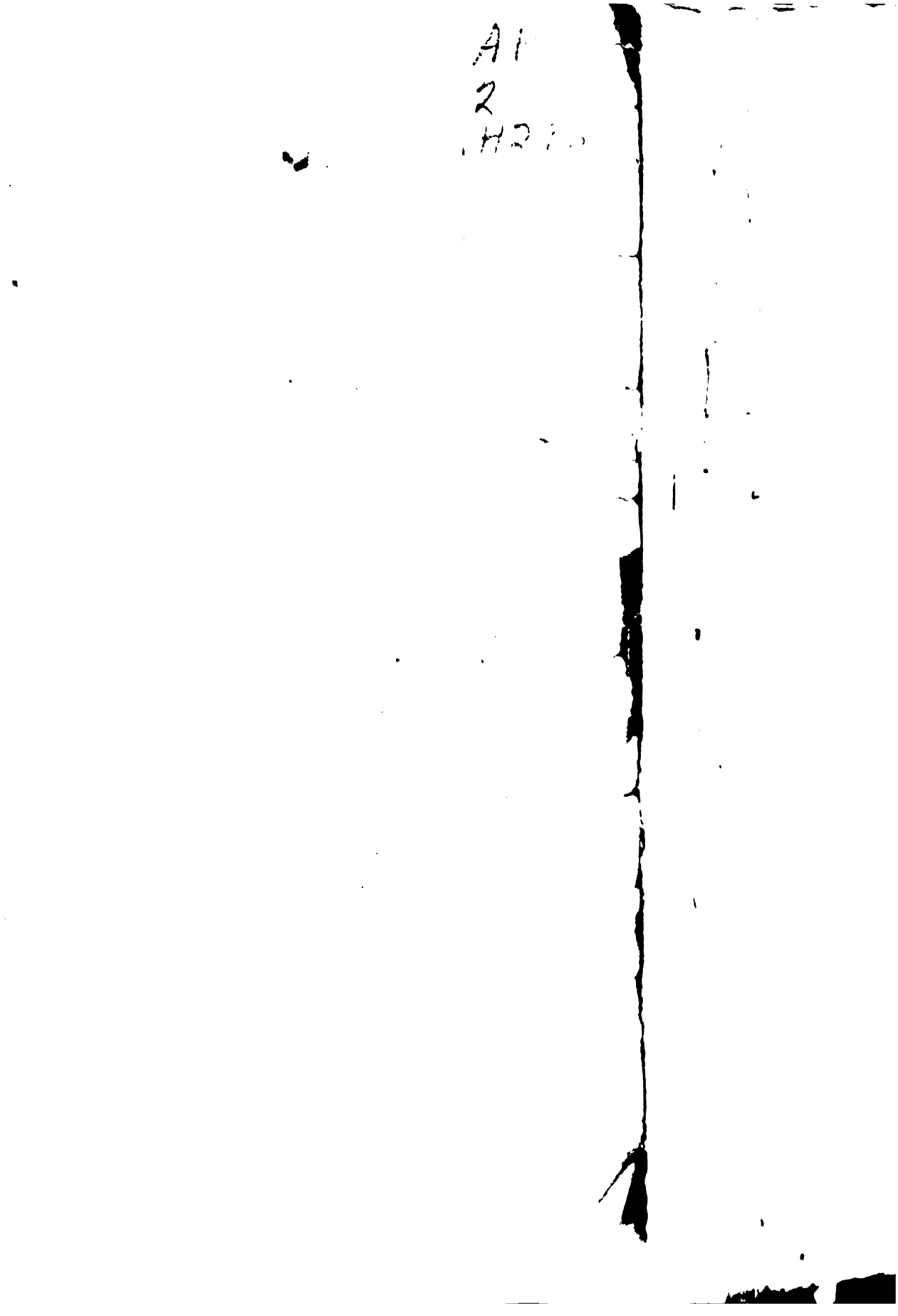
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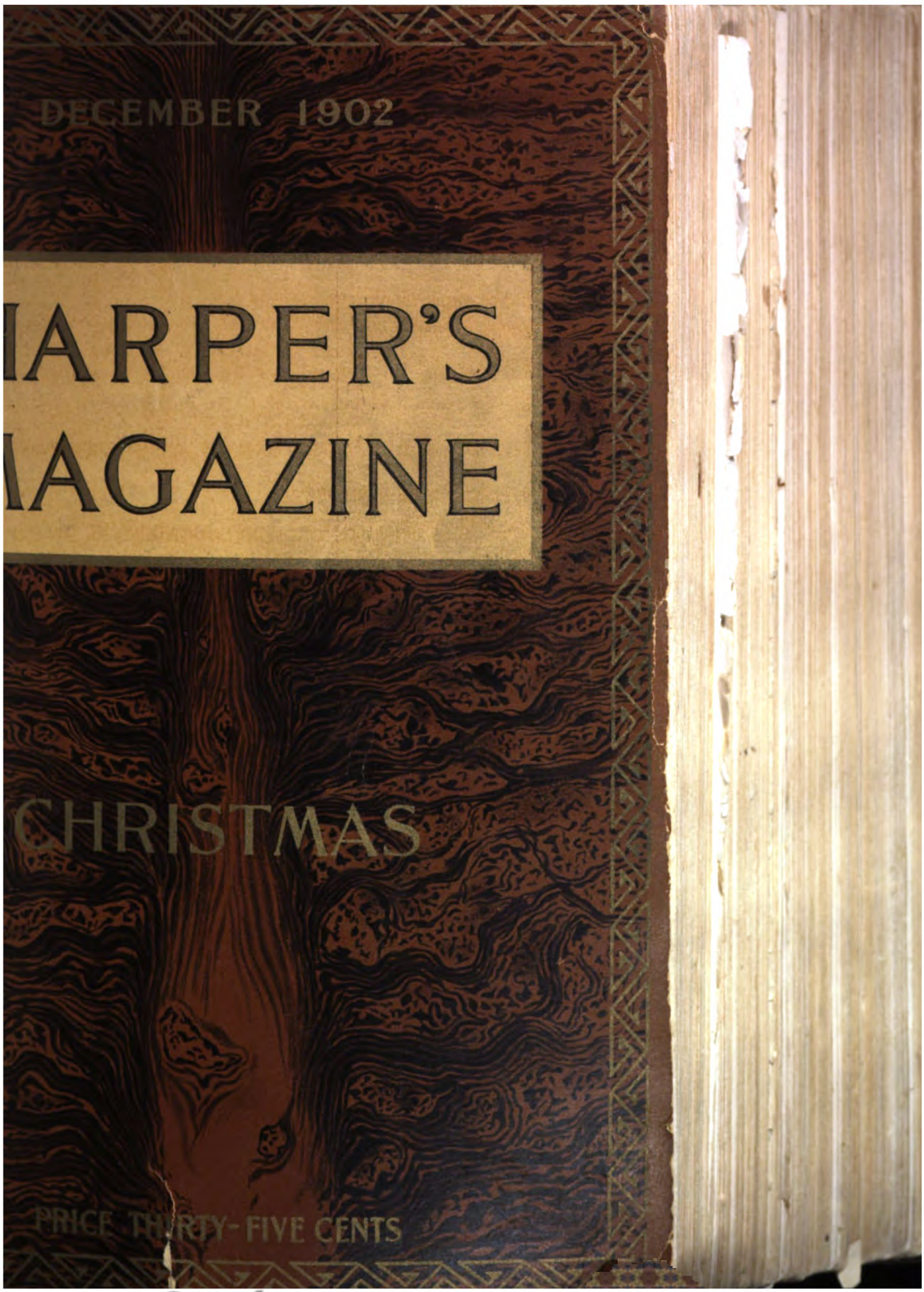
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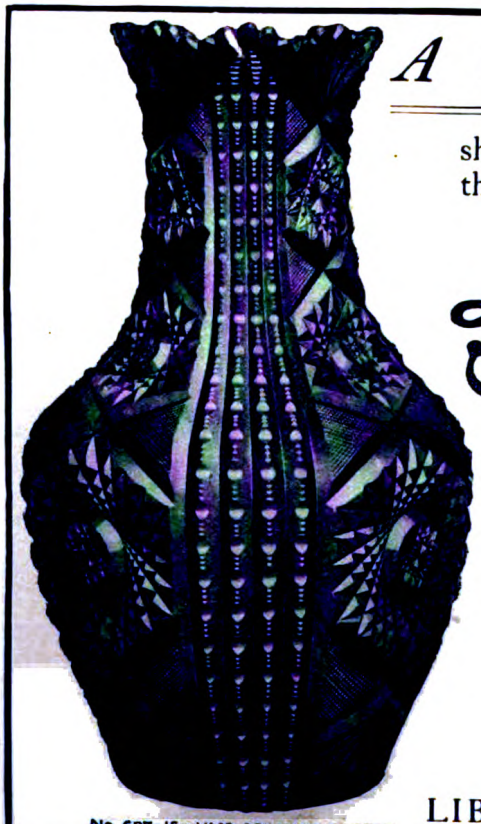


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HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CVI.

DECEMBER, 1902, TO MAY, 1903



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MAY 18 19

CONTENTS OF VOLUME CVI

DEC., 1902—MAY, 1903

After the Wedding
Elmore Elliott Peake 512
Drawings by Charlotte Harding.

America the Cradle of Asia
Stewart Culin 534
Illustrated by Korean Paintings, Photographs, etc.

An Idealist.....Netta Syrett 923
Illustration by Jessie Willcox Smith.

Antiques..... Candace Wheeler 700
Paintings by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Apotheosis of the Reverend Mr. Spangler, The.....Margaret Deland 134
Pictures by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

Arctic Whaling of To-day
James B. Connolly 181
Pictures in Tint by H. Reuterdahl.

Arnold, Benedict—Naval Patriot
John R. Spears 277
With Portrait of Arnold, from a Mezzotint in the Emmet Collection, New York Public Library.

As You Sailed.....Roy Rolfe Gilson 208
Paintings by Jessie Willcox Smith.

At the Stuffed-Animal House
Margaret Deland 941
Illustrations by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

At the Turn of the Tide..Leslie Covert 245
Drawings by W. H. Lawrence.

Aztecs of Yesterday and To-day, The
Dr. Ales Hrdlicka 37
Illustrated by Harry Fenn.

Becquerel Rays
Joseph J. Thomson, D.Sc., F.R.S. 289

Bridal Pair, The
Robert W. Chambers 84

Briticisms .....Brander Matthews 709

Brothers, The.....Octave Thanet 853
Illustration by W. D. Stevens.

Buondelmonte....Maurice Hewlett 343, 541
Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Cantator: A Legend of Rye Town Retold
Maud Stepney Rawson 787
Pictures by Louis Loeb.

Caravan, The.....Mary Tracy Earle 367
Illustrated by Fletcher C. Ransom.

Chantey-man, The
H. Phelps Whitmarsh 319
Painting by Howard Pyle.

Chinese and Western Civilization
Wu Ting-Fang 190
Portrait in Tint, drawn from Life by William Nicholson.

Chronicle of Convictions, A
Olivia Howard Dunbar 194
Illustrated by E. M. Ashe.

Coinage of Words, The
George Lyman Kittredge 301

Constantinople.....Arthur Symons 863
Drawings by B. J. Rosenmeyer and F. C. Clark.

Darwinism in the Light of Modern Criticism
Thomas Hunt Morgan, Ph.D. 476

Day in the Salt Meadows, A
Sadakichi Hartmann 959
Photographs by S. M. McCormick.

Doing of Galinter, The
Marie Van Vorst 313
Illustrated by F. Luis Mora.

Dutch Founding of New York, The. Three Parts..Thomas A. Janvier
354, 571, 739
Illustrated from Old Prints, Maps, Seals, Portraits, etc.

Economic Aspects of Mormonism
Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. 667

Edge of an Empire, The
Edwin Lester Arnold 447
Illustrated from Photographs.

Editor's Drawer
171, 333, 495, 657, 819, 981
INTRODUCTORY STORIES
"For his Old Partner," by Hayden Carruth (illustrated by Fletcher C. Ransom), 171; "An Omar for Ladies," Poem, by Josephine Dodge Daskam, 333, 495; "The Eloquence of Ham Bascom," by Ernest Jarrold (illustrated by C. J. Post), 334; "Keeping a Seat at the Benefit," by May Isabel Fisk (illustrated by Florence Scovil Shinn), 496; "The Mutiny of Barnacles," by Sewell Ford (illustrated by C. J. Post), 657; "A Misunderstanding," by Corvell Harrison (illustrated by C. J. Post), 819; "Bread Cast Upon the Waters," by Helen Hawthorne Dale (illustrated by W. L. Jacobs), 981.

Editor's Easy Chair.....William Dean Howells.....163, 324, 486, 649, 811, 972

Editor's Study
The Editor, 168, 328, 491, 654, 816, 977

Emerson, Ralph Waldo, in 1903
Hamilton Wright Mabie 903

Facing Down of Polk Dillard, The
Alice Mac Gowan 610

Failure, The.....Theodosia Garrison 527
Drawings by W. T. Smedley.

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Forum, Recent Discoveries in the
Giacomo Boni 626
Illustrated from Photographs
Hampstead ..... Arthur Colton 640
Illustrated from Photographs and Old Engravings. Drawings by Harry Fenn.
Heart at the Window, The
Philip Verrill Mighels 964
Illustration by C. D. Weldon.
His Guardian Angel.....Lily A. Long 713
Pictures by William Hurd Lawrence.
His Price.....Margaret Sutton Briscoe 583
Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.
Hundred and Oneth, The
Annie Hamilton Donnell 480
Drawings by F. Y. Cory.
In Ethan Allen's Country
Julian Ralph 201
Illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood.
Intermezzo.....Van Tassel Sutphen 896
Drawings by Orson Lowell.
In the Tuscan Maremma
Vernon Lee 237
Illustrations by E. Cecconi, reproduced in Tint.
In Ursula's Garden
James Branch Cabell 909
Paintings by E. M. Ashe.
Kidd, The True Captain
John D. Champlin, Jr. 27
Illustrations reproduced in Color from Paintings by Howard Pyle.
"King John." Critical Comment by
Joseph Knight 829
Illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.
King Lear. Critical Comment by
Algernon C. Swinburne 3
Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.
King o' Dreams, The
Justus Miles Forman 837
Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
"King Richard II." Critical Comment by
Algernon C. Swinburne 505
Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.
Lady Rose's Daughter. A Novel
Mrs. Humphry Ward, 91, 253, 462, 589, 757
Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.
Land of Theocritus, The
William Sharp 802
Paintings by Charles K. Wood.
Last Gift, The
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman 439
Illustration by William Hurd Lawrence.
Lie, The.....Annie Hamilton Donnell 798
Pictures by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
Literary Age of Boston, The
George Edward Woodberry 424
Little Cruise of the "Violetta," The
Arthur Colton 452
Pictures by Peter Newell.
Little Widows of a Dynasty, The
Mrs. Everard Cotes 115
(Sarah Jeannette Duncan)
Illustrated from Photographs.
London's Oldest Art Club
Arthur Lawrence 269
Pictures by Members of The Langham.
Lucy.....Mary E. Wilkins Freeman 51
Pictures by Fletcher C. Ransom.
Man and the Boy, The
Julie M. Lippmann 155
Paintings by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
Man who is to Come, The
Benjamin Kidd 215
Marlitt's Shoes....Robert W. Chambers 682
Paintings by W. T. Smedley.
Mechanism of the Brain, The
Carl Snyder 918
Middle West, The
Booth Tarkington 75
Drawings by W. A. Rogers.
Milady.....Ruth McEnery Stuart 563
Drawings by E. W. Kemble.
Mission of Jane, The
Edith Wharton 63
Illustrations by E. M. Ashe.
Mocking of the Gods, The
Amélie Rives 122, 282
(Princess Troubetzkoy)
Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.
Morning Call, The.....George Hibbard 305
Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.
Motherhood of Beechy Daw, The
Philip Verrill Mighels 383
Mother, The....William Dean Howells 21
Pictures by Lucius W. Hitchcock.
New Longfellow Letters. Comment by
Mary Thacher Higginson 779
With a Portrait of Mary Potter Longfellow.
Our Tyrol and its Types
Julian Ralph 519
Drawings by Clarence F. Underwood.
People from the East, A
Norman Duncan 553
Paintings by E. M. Ashe.
Photographing the Nebulæ
G. W. Ritchey 886
Illustrated from new Photographs.
Physiological Immunity....Carl Snyder 720
Plants of Crystal.....Albert Mann 228
Illustrated from Photographs.
Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, A
W. Stanton Howard 152
Wood-Engraving by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting.
Portrait of Sarah Bache, by Hoppner
W. Stanton Howard 797
Wood-Engraving by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting.
Princess Colibri, The
André Castaigne 43
Illustrations by the Author.
Private Aquarium, A
Herman Whitaker 617
Drawings by F. Luis Mora.
Quarrel, The....Grace Lathrop Collin 294
Paintings by Fletcher C. Ransom.
Quixote of the Desert, A
Anne O'Hagan 933
Illustrated by George Gibbs.
Real Life.....Edward Sanford Martin 634
Drawings by F. Y. Cory, reproduced in Color.
Recent Impressions of the English
Henry Childs Merwin 929
Rights of Man
George Madden Martin 415
Illustrated by C. J. Post.
Seamless Robe, The
H. Christian Troutman 679
Strange People of the North, A
Waldemar Bogoras 846
With Photographs obtained by the Author.

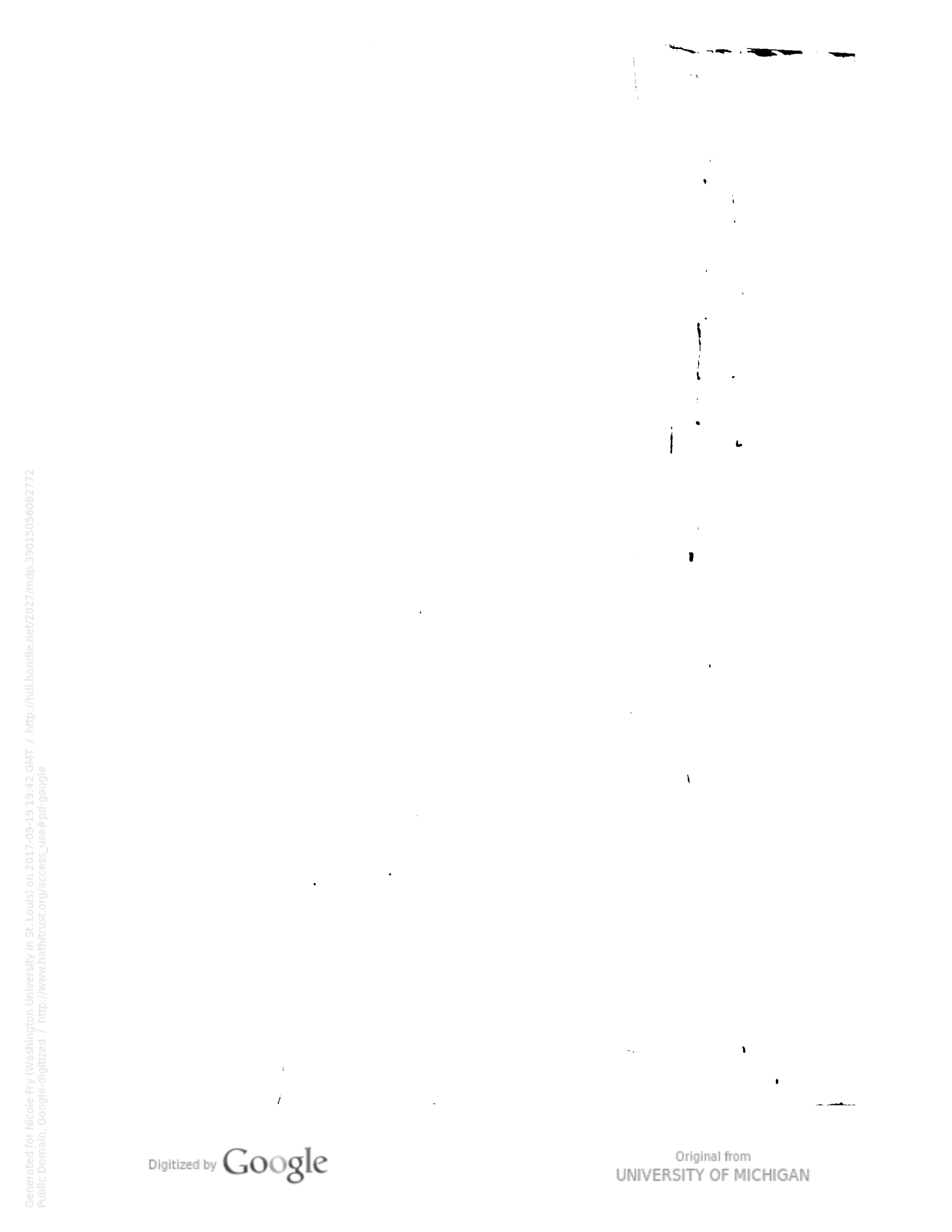
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Study of a "Decreed" Town, A
Richard T. Ely 390
Illustrated from Photographs.
Summer in a Sandolo, A
Mary H. Peixotto 431
Drawings by E. C. Peixotto.
Though One Rose from the Dead
W. D. Howells 724
Illustrated by Lucius W. Hitchcock.
Tike.....Salem Johnson 220
Illustrated by Fletcher C. Ransom.
Torre Ananias.....Arthur Colton 876
Illustrated by Peter Newell.
Trellis, The.....Margaret Cameron 402
Pictures by John Wolcott Adams.
Trip with a Tin-Peddler, A
Julian Ralph 692
Illustrated by Clarence T. Underwood.
True Gods and False in Art
Jean Léon Gérôme 375
With Introduction by André Castaigne.
Illustrations by Gérôme and Castaigne.
Unexpected, The..Robert W. Chambers 615
War of the Precentors, The
Herman Whitaker 106
Drawings by C. J. Post.
Was it Heaven? Or Hell?
Mark Twain 11
Illustrations by E. M. Ashe.
When Jove Nods
Alice Caldwell Hegan 750
Pictures by Florence Scovel Shinn.
Whom the Gods Love.....May Harris 231
Woman of the People, The
Mrs. John Van Vorst 871

POETRY

Absence.....Mildred I. McNeal 10
Arrears.....Ada Bartrick Baker 366
Blind Men, The.....Arthur Symons 749
Bugle-Call, The
Herbert Müller Hopkins 738
Centurion, The.....Ethel Clifford 681
Cost, The.....Charlotte Becker 408
Crowing of the Cock, The
S. H. M. Byers 162
Dust and the Soul
Harriet Prescott Spofford 312
Fog.....John B. Tabb 625
Husband to a Wife, A
Mary Sinton Lewis 189
Impatience.....Mildred Howells 446
Loom of Song, The
Frank Dempster Sherman 20
Lydia.....Lizette Woodworth Reese 885
Mer-Mother, The..Richard Le Gallienne 409
Paintings by Sarah S. Stilwell.
Mollusks.....Henry Jerome Stockard 475
My Friendly Rain...Mildred I. McNeal 928
On a Bright Morning
A. A. Sewall James 154
O Summer Moon.....Arthur Stringer 875
Passer-by, The
Charlotte Elizabeth Wells 917
Pine Lady.....Richard Le Gallienne 409
Paintings by Sarah S. Stilwell.
Poem, The.....Mildred I. McNeal 193
"Poor Love!" said Life
Florence Earle Coates 83
Poverty.....S. E. Kiser 133
Progress.....Robert Gilbert Welsh 74
Sandman, The.....Marie Van Vorst 778
Silenced Song, A
Robert Haven Schauffler 105
Song.....Herbert Müller Hopkins 895
Twilight.....John Vance Cheney 485
Two Voices.....John Vance Cheney 958
Vigilia Alba.....John Finley 648
Illustrated from a Photograph.
Violet.....Frank Dempster Sherman 756
World Asleep, The.....Richard Burton 708
World, The.....S. E. Kiser 678

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Illustration for "King Lear"

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CVI DECEMBER, 1902 No. DCXXXI

King Lear

CRITICAL COMMENT BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R. A.

IF nothing were left of Shakespeare but the single tragedy of *King Lear,* it would still be as plain as it is now that he was the greatest man that ever lived. As a poet, the author of this play can only be compared with Aeschylus: the Hebrew prophets and the creator of Job are sometimes as sublime in imagination and in passion, but always quite incomparably inferior in imaginative intelligence. Sophocles is as noble, as beautiful, and as kindly a thinker and a writer: but the gentle Shakespeare could see farther and higher and wider and deeper at a glance than ever could the gentle Sophocles. Aristophanes had as magnificent a power of infinitely joyous wit and infinitely inexhaustible humor: but whom can he show us or offer us to be set against Falstaff or the Fool? It is true that Shakespeare has neither the lyric nor the prophetic power of the Greeks and the Hebrews: but then it must be observed and remembered that he, and he alone among poets and among men, could well afford to dispense even with such transcendent gifts as these. Freedom of thought and sublimity of utterance come hand in hand together into English speech: our first great poet, if loftiness and splendor of spirit and of word be taken as the test of greatness, was Christopher Marlowe. From his dead hand the one man born to excel him, and to pay a due and a deathless tribute to his deathless memory, took up the heritage of dauntless thought, of daring imagination, and of since unequalled song.

The tragedy of *King Lear,* like the trilogy of the Oresteia, is a thing incomparable and unique. To compare it with *Othello* is as inevitable a temptation as to compare the *Agamemnon* with the *Prometheus* of the one man comparable with Shakespeare. And the result, for any reader of human intelligence and decent humility in sight of what is highest in the spiritual world, must always be a sense of adoring doubt and exulting hesitation. In *Othello* and in *Prometheus* a single figure, an everlasting and godlike type of heroic and human agony, dominates and dwarfs all others but those of the traitor Iago and the tyrant Jove. There is no Clytæmnestra in the one, and there is no Cordelia in the other. "The gentle lady married to the Moor" is too gentle for comparison with the most glorious type of womanhood which even Shakespeare ever created before he conceived and brought forth Imogen. No one could have offered to Cordelia the tribute of so equivocal a compliment as was provoked by the submissive endurance of Desdemona — "Truly, an obedient lady." Antigone herself—and with An-

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tigone alone can we imagine the meeting of Cordelia in the heaven of heavens—is not so divinely human as Cordelia. We love her all the more, with a love that at once tempers and heightens our worship, for the rough and abrupt repetition of her nobly unmerciful reply to her father's fond and fatuous appeal. Almost cruel and assuredly severe in its uncompromising self-respect, this brief and natural word of indignantly reticent response is the key-note of all that follows—the spark which kindles into eternal life the most tragic of all tragedies in the world. All the yet unimaginable horror of the future becomes at once inevitable and assured when she shows herself so young and so untender—so young and true. And what is the hereditary horror of doom once imminent over the house of Atreus to this instant imminence of no supernatural but a more awfully natural fate? Cursed and cast out, she leaves him and knows that she leaves him in the hands of Goneril and Regan.

Coleridge, the greatest though not the first great critic and apostle or interpreter of Shakespeare, has noted "these daughters and these sisters" as the only characters in Shakespeare whose wickedness is ultranatural—something outside and beyond the presumable limits of human evil. It would be well for human nature if it were so; but is it? They are "remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless"; hot and hard, cold and cunning, savage and subtle as a beast of the field or the wilderness or the jungle. But such dangerous and vicious animals are not more exceptional than the very noblest and purest of their kind. An Iago is abnormal: his wonderful intelligence, omnipotent and infallible within its limit and its range, gives to the unclean and maleficent beast that he is the dignity and the mystery of a devil. Goneril and Regan would be almost vulgarly commonplace by comparison with him if the conditions of their life and the circumstances of their story were not so much more extraordinary than their instincts and their acts. "Regan," according to Coleridge, "is not, in fact, a greater monster than Goneril, but she has the power of casting more venom." A champion who should wish to enter the lists on behalf of Goneril might plead that Regan was so much more of a Gadarean sow than her elder sister as to be, for all we know, incapable of such passion as flames out in Goneril at the thought of foreign banners spread in a noiseless land. Beast and she-devil as she is, she rises in that instant to the level of an unclean and a criminal Joan of Arc. Her advocate might also invoke as an extenuating circumstance the fact that she poisoned Regan.

François-Victor Hugo, the author of the best and fullest commentary ever written on the text of which he gave us the most wonderful and masterly of all imaginable translations, has perhaps unwittingly enforced and amplified the remark of Coleridge on the difference between the criminality of the one man chosen by chance and predestined by nature as the proper paramour of either sister and the monstrosity of the creatures who felt towards him as women feel towards the men they love. Edmund is not a more true-born child of hell than a true-born son of his father. Goneril and Regan are legitimate daughters of the pit; the man who excites in them such emotion as in such as they are may pass as the substitute for love is but a half-blooded fellow from the infernal as well as the human point of view. His last wish is to undo the last and most monstrous of his crimes.* Such a wish would have been impossible to either of the sisters by whom he can boast with his dying breath that Edmund was beloved.

The incomparable genius of the greatest among all poets and all men approved itself incomparable forever by the possibly unconscious instinct which in this supreme work induced or compelled him to set side by side the very lowest and the very highest types of imaginable humanity. Kent and Oswald, Regan and Cordelia, stand out in such relief against each other that Shakespeare alone could

* A small but absurd and injurious misprint in this passage has hitherto escaped attention. From Butter's edition downwards the word Cordelia has been allowed to stand, where it would have been obvious that the sign of the genitive case was required and had been dropped out by accident. Of course we should read,

. . . . my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia's.

The present reading, "my writ is—on Cordelia," is pure and patent nonsense.

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ACT III.: SCENE IV.—LEAR, KENT, FOOL, AND EDGAR

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have wrought their several figures into one perfect scheme of spiritual harmony. Setting aside for a moment the reflection that outside the work of Aeschylus there is no such poetry in the world, we must remember that there is no such realism. And there is no discord between the supreme sublimities of impassioned poetry and the humblest realities of photographic prose. Incredible and impossible as it seems, the impression of the one is enhanced and intensified by the impression of the other.

That Shakespeare's judgment was as great and almost as wonderful as his genius has been a commonplace of criticism ever since the days of Coleridge; questionable only by such dirty and dwarfish creatures of simian intellect and facetious idiocy as mistake it for a sign of wit instead of dulness, and of distinction instead of degradation, to deny the sun in heaven and affirm the fragrance of a sewer. But I do not know whether his equally unequalled skill in the selection and composition of material for the construction of a masterpiece has or has not been as all but universally recognized. No more happy and no more terrible inspiration ever glorified the genius of a poet than was that which bade the greatest of them all inweave or fuse together the legend of Lear and his daughters with the story of Gloucester and his sons. It is possible that an episode in Sidney's *Arcadia* may have suggested, as is usually supposed or usually repeated, the notion or conception of this more than tragic underplot; but the student will be disappointed who thinks to find in the sweet and sunbright work of Sidney's pure and happy genius a touch or a hint of such tragic horror as could only be conceived and made endurable by the deeper as well as higher, and darker as well as brighter, genius of Shakespeare. And this fearful understudy in terror is a necessary, an indispensable, part of the most wonderful creation ever imagined and realized by man. The author of the Book of Job, the author of the Eumenides, can show nothing to be set beside the third act of *King Lear*. All that is best and all that is worst in man might have been brought together and flashed together upon the mind's eye of the spectator or the student without the intervention of such servile ministers as take part with Goneril and Regan against their father. Storm and lightning, thunder and rain, become to us, even as they became to Lear, no less conscious and responsible partners in the superhuman inhumanity of an unimaginable crime. The close of the *Prometheus* itself is pale and humble by comparison with a scene which is not the close and is less terrible than the close of *King Lear*. And it is no whit more terrible than it is beautiful. The splendor of the lightning and the menace of the thunder serve only or mainly to relieve or to enhance the effect of suffering and the potency of passion on the spirit and the conscience of a man. The sufferer is transfigured: but he is not transformed. Mad or sane, living and dying, he is passionate and vehement, single-hearted and self-willed. And therefore it is that the fierce appeal, the fiery protest against the social iniquities and the legal atrocities of civilized mankind, which none before the greatest of all Englishmen had ever dreamed of daring to utter in song or set forth upon the stage, comes not from *Hamlet*, but from *Lear*. The young man whose infinite capacity of thought and whose delicate scrupulosity of conscience at once half disabled and half deified him could never have seen what was revealed by suffering to an old man who had never thought or felt more deeply or more keenly than an average laborer or an average king. Lear's madness, at all events, was assuredly not his enemy, but his friend. The rule of Elizabeth and her successor may have been more arbitrary than we can now understand how the commonwealth of England could accept and could endure; but how far it was from a monarchy, from a government really deserving of that odious and ignominious name, we may judge by the fact that this play could be acted and published. Among all its other great qualities, among all the many other attributes which mark it forever as matchless among the works of man, it has this, above all, that it is the first great utterance of a cry from the heights and the depths of the human spirit on behalf of the outcasts of the world—on behalf of the social sufferer, clean or unclean, innocent or criminal, thrall or free. To satisfy the sense of



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ACT V.: SCENE III.—EDGAR, ARMED

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righteousness, the craving for justice, as unknown and unimaginable by Dante as by Chaucer, a change must come upon the social scheme of things which shall make an end of the actual relations between the judge and the cutpurse, the beadle and the prostitute, the beggar and the king. All this could be uttered, could be prophesied, could be thundered from the English stage at the dawn of the seventeenth century. Were it within the power of omnipotence to create a German or a Russian Shakespeare, could anything of the sort be whispered or muttered or hinted or suggested from the boards of a Russian or a German theatre at the dawn of the twentieth? When a Tolstoi or a Sudermann can do this, and can do it with impunity in success, it will be allowed that his country is not more than three centuries behind England in civilization and in freedom. Not political reform, but social revolution as beneficent and as bloodless, as absolute and as radical, as enkindled the aspiration and the faith of Victor Hugo, is the key-note of the creed and the watchword of the gospel according to Shakespeare. Not, of course, that it was not his first and last aim to follow the impulse which urged him to do good work for its own sake and for love of his own art: but this he could not do without delivery of the word that was in him—the word of witness against wrong done by oversight as well as by cruelty, by negligence as surely as by crime. These things were hidden from the marvellous wisdom of Hamlet, and revealed to the more marvellous insanity of Lear.

There is nothing of the miraculous in this marvel: the mere presence and companionship of the Fool should suffice to account for it; Cordelia herself is but a little more adorably worthy of our love than the poor fellow who began to pine away after her going into France and before his coming into sight of reader or spectator. Here again the utmost humiliation imaginable of social state and daily life serves only to exalt and to emphasize the nobility and the manhood of the natural man. The whip itself cannot degrade him; the threat of it cannot change his attitude towards Lear; the dread of it cannot modify his defiance of Goneril. Being, if not half-witted, not altogether as other men are, he urges Lear to return and ask his daughters' blessing rather than brave the midnight and the storm: but he cleaves to his master with the divine instinct of fidelity and love which is not, though it should be, as generally recognized in the actual nature of a cat as in the proverbial nature of a dog. And when the old man is trembling on the very verge of madness, he sees and understands the priceless worth of such devotion and the godlike wisdom of such folly. In the most fearfully pathetic of all poems the most divinely pathetic touch of all is the tender thought of the houseless king for the suffering of such a fellow-sufferer as his fool. The whirlwind of terror and pity in which we are living as we read may at first confuse and obscure to the sight of a boyish reader the supreme significance and the unutterable charm of it. But if any elder does not feel it too keenly and too deeply for tears, it is a pity that he should waste his time and misuse his understanding in the study of Shakespeare.

There is nothing in all poetry so awful, so nearly unendurable by the reader who is compelled by a natural instinct of imagination to realize and believe it, as the close of the *Choephoræ*, except only the close of *King Lear*. The cry of Ugolino to the earth that would not open to swallow and to save is not quite so fearful in its pathos. But the skill which made use of the stupid old chronicle or tradition to produce this final masterpiece of tragedy is coequal with the genius which created it. The legendary Cordelia hanged herself in prison, long after her father's death, when defeated in battle by the sons of Goneril. And this most putid and contemptible tradition suggested to Shakespeare the most dramatic and the most poetic of all scenes and all events that ever bade all men not devoid of understanding understand how much higher is the genius of man than the action of chance: how far the truth of imagination exceeds and transcends at all points the accident of fact. That an event may have happened means nothing and matters nothing; that a man such as Aeschylus or Shakespeare imagined it means this: that it endures and bears witness what man may be, at the highest of his powers and noblest of his nature, forever.

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CT V.: SCENE III.—LEAR, WITH CORDELIA DEAD IN HIS ARMS

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Absence

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL

WHEN yesterday
Was young, I was not here—
But at your side
I sat like one who opens wide
A dear familiar book;
And being wise
And long in love, I found my story clear
And sweet as is the May,
And took
My morning and my message from your eyes.

"To-day," we said—
A word too sweet to lose—
And lifted up
Its beauty like a costly cup
To hold our wine of joy.
Oh time of pure
And unreserved delight! Who would not choose
To cage you ere you fled?
Happy as girl and boy
Were we, to think our treasury secure.

But now—to-day—
The widening miles between
Do dumbly lie.
I search my erring thoughts to try
If once I touched your hand
And had your smile;
And did I really learn what your eyes mean?
Man must be bold to say
He understands—
And, love, it was a very little while.





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Was it Heaven? Or Hell?

BY MARK TWAIN

I

"YOU told a *lie?*"

"You confess it—you actually confess it—you told a lie!"

II

The family consisted of four persons: Margaret Lester, widow, aged thirty-six; Helen Lester, her daughter, aged sixteen; Mrs. Lester's maiden aunts, Hannah and Hester Gray, twins, aged sixty-seven. Waking and sleeping, the three women spent their days and nights in adoring the young girl; in watching the movements of her sweet spirit in the mirror of her face; in refreshing their souls with the vision of her bloom and beauty; in listening to the music of her voice; in gratefully recognizing how rich and fair for them was the world with this presence in it; in shuddering to think how desolate it would be with this light gone out of it.

By nature—and inside—the aged aunts were utterly dear and lovable and good, but in the matter of morals and conduct their training had been so uncompromisingly strict that it had made them exteriorly austere, not to say stern. Their influence was effective in the house; so effective that the mother and the daughter conformed to its moral and religious requirements cheerfully, contentedly, happily, unquestioningly. To do this was become second nature to them. And so in this peaceful heaven there were no clashings, no irritations, no fault-findings, no heart-burnings.

In it a lie had no place. In it a lie was unthinkable. In it speech was restricted to absolute truth, iron-bound truth, implacable and uncompromising truth, let the resulting consequences be what they might. At last, one day, under stress of circumstances, the darling of the house sullied her lips with a lie—and confessed it, with tears and self-upbraidings. There are not any words that can paint the consternation of the aunts. It was as if the sky had crumpled up and collapsed and the earth had tumbled to ruin with a crash. They sat side by side, white and stern, gazing speechless upon the culprit, who was on her knees before them with her face buried first in one lap and then the other, moaning and sobbing, and appealing for sympathy and forgiveness and getting no response, humbly kissing the hand of the one, then of the other, only to see it withdrawn as suffering defilement by those soiled lips.

Twice, at intervals, Aunt Hester said, in frozen amazement,

"You told a *lie?*"

Twice, at intervals, Aunt Hannah followed with the muttered and amazed ejaculation,

"You confess it—you actually confess it—you told a lie!"

It was all they could say. The situation was new, unheard-of, incredible; they could not understand it, they did not know how to take hold of it, it approximately paralyzed speech.

At length it was decided that the erring child must be taken to her mother, who was ill, and who ought to know what had happened. Helen begged, besought, implored that she might be spared this further disgrace, and that her mother might be spared the grief and pain of it; but this could not be: duty required this sacrifice, duty takes precedence of all things, nothing can absolve one from a duty, with a duty no compromise is possible.

Helen still begged, and said the sin was her own, her mother had had no hand in it,—why must she be made to suffer for it?

But the aunts were obdurate in their righteousness, and said the law that visited the sins of the parent upon the child was by all right and reason reversible; and therefore it was but just that the

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innocent mother of a sinning child should suffer her rightful share of the grief and pain and shame which were the allotted wages of the sin.

The three moved toward the sick-room.

At this time the doctor was approaching the house. He was still a good distance away, however. He was a good doctor and a good man, and he had a good heart, but one had to know him a year to get over hating him, two years to learn to endure him, three to learn to like him, and four or five to learn to love him. It was a slow and trying education, but it paid. He was of great stature; he had a leonine head, a leonine face, a rough voice, and an eye which was sometimes a pirate's and sometimes a woman's, according to the mood. He knew nothing about etiquette, and cared nothing about it; in speech, manner, carriage, and conduct he was the reverse of conventional. He was frank, to the limit; he had opinions on all subjects; they were always on tap and ready for delivery, and he cared not a farthing whether his listener liked them or didn't. Whom he loved he loved, and manifested it; whom he didn't love he hated, and published it from the house-tops. In his young days he had been a sailor, and the salt airs of all the seas blew from him yet. He was a sturdy and loyal Christian, and believed he was the best one in the land, and the only one whose Christianity was perfectly sound, healthy, full-charged with common-sense, and had no decayed places in it. People who had an axe to grind, or people who for any reason wanted to get on the soft side of him, called him The Christian,—a phrase whose delicate flattery was music to his ears, and whose capital T was such an enchanting and vivid object to him that he could *see* it when it fell out of a person's mouth even in the dark. Many who were fond of him stood on their consciences with both feet and brazenly called him by that large title habitually, because it was a pleasure to them to do anything that would please him; and with eager and cordial malice his extensive and diligently cultivated crop of enemies gilded it, beflowered it, expanded it to "The *Only* Christian." Of these two titles, the latter had the wider currency; the enemy, being greatly in the majority, attended to that. Whatever the doctor believed, he believed with all his heart, and would fight for it whenever he got the chance; and if the intervals between chances grew to be irksomely wide, he would invent ways of shortening them himself. He was severely conscientious, according to his rather independent lights, and whatever he took to be a duty he performed, no matter whether the judgment of the professional moralists agreed with his own or not. At sea, in his young days, he had used profanity freely, but as soon as he was converted he made a rule, which he rigidly stuck to ever afterwards, never to use it except on the rarest occasions, and then only when duty commanded. He had been a hard drinker at sea, but after his conversion he became a firm and outspoken teetotaler, in order to be an example to the young, and from that time forth he seldom drank; never, indeed, except when it seemed to him to be a duty,—a condition which sometimes occurred a couple of times a year, but never as many as five times.

Necessarily such a man is impressionable, impulsive, emotional. This one was, and had no gift at hiding his feelings; or if he had it he took no trouble to exercise it. He carried his soul's prevailing weather in his face, and when he entered a room the parasols or the umbrellas went up—figuratively speaking—according to the indications. When the soft light was in his eye it meant approval, and delivered a benediction; when he came with a frown he lowered the temperature ten degrees. He was a well-beloved man in the house of his friends, but sometimes a dreaded one.

He had a deep affection for the Lester household, and its several members returned this feeling with interest. They mourned over his kind of Christianity, and he frankly scoffed at theirs; but both parties went on loving each other just the same.

He was approaching the house—out of the distance; the aunts and the culprit were moving toward the sick-chamber.

III

The three last named stood by the bed; the aunts austere, the transgressor softly sobbing. The mother turned her head

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on the pillow; her tired eyes flamed up instantly with sympathy and passionate mother-love when they fell upon her child, and she opened the refuge and shelter of her arms.

"Wait!" said Aunt Hannah, and put out her hand and stayed the girl from leaping into them.

"Helen," said the other aunt, impressively, "tell your mother all. Purge your soul; leave nothing unconfessed."

Standing stricken and forlorn before her judges, the young girl mourned her sorrowful tale through to the end, then in a passion of appeal cried out:

"Oh, mother, can't you forgive me? won't you forgive me?—I am so desolate!"

"Forgive you, my darling? Oh, come to my arms!—there, lay your head upon my breast, and be at peace. If you had told a thousand lies—"

There was a sound—a warning—the clearing of a throat. The aunts glanced up, and withered in their clothes—there stood the doctor, his face a thundercloud. Mother and child knew nothing of his presence; they lay locked together, heart to heart, steeped in immeasurable content, dead to all things else. The physician stood many moments glaring and glooming upon the scene before him; studying it, analyzing it, searching out its genesis; then he put up his hand and beckoned to the aunts. They came trembling to him and stood humbly before him and waited. He bent down and whispered:

"Didn't I tell you this patient must be protected from all excitement? What the hell have you been doing? Clear out of the place!"

They obeyed. Half an hour later he appeared in the parlor, serene, cheery, clothed in sunshine, conducting Helen, with his arm about her waist, petting her, and saying gentle and playful things to her; and she also was her sunny and happy self again.

"Now, then," he said, "good-by, dear. Go to your room, and keep away from your mother, and behave yourself. But wait—put out your tongue. There, that will do—you're as sound as a nut!" He patted her cheek and added, "Run along now; I want to talk to these aunts."

She went from the presence. His face clouded over again at once; and as he sat down he said:

"You two have been doing a lot of damage—and maybe some good. Some good, yes—such as it is. That woman's disease is typhoid! You've brought it to a show-up, I think, with your insanities, and that's a service—such as it is. I hadn't been able to determine what it was before."

With one impulse the old ladies sprang to their feet, quaking with terror.

"Sit down! What are you proposing to do?"

"Do? We must fly to her. We—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind; you've done enough harm for one day. Do you want to squander all your capital of crimes and follies on a single deal? Sit down, I tell you. I have arranged for her to sleep; she needs it; if you disturb her without my orders, I'll brain you—if you've got the materials for it."

They sat down, distressed and indignant, but obedient, under compulsion. He proceeded:

"Now, then, I want this case explained. *They* wanted to explain it to me—as if there hadn't been emotion and excitement enough already. You knew my orders; how did you dare to go in there and get up that riot?"

Hester looked appealingly at Hannah; Hannah returned a beseeching look at Hester—neither wanted to dance to this unsympathetic orchestra. The doctor came to their help. He said,

"Begin, Hester."

Fingering at the fringes of her shawl, and with lowered eyes, Hester said, timidly:

"We should not have disobeyed for any ordinary cause, but this was vital. This was a duty. With a duty one has no choice; one must put all lighter considerations aside and perform it. We were obliged to arraign her before her mother. She had told a lie."

The doctor glowered upon the woman a moment, and seemed to be trying to work up in his mind an understanding of a wholly incomprehensible proposition; then he stormed out:

"She told a lie! *Did* she? God bless my soul! I tell a million a day! And so does every doctor. And so does everybody—including you—for that matter.

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And *that* was the important thing that authorized you to venture to disobey my orders and imperil that woman's life! Look here, Hester Gray, this is pure lunacy; that girl *couldn't* tell a lie that was intended to injure a person. The thing is impossible—absolutely impossible. You know it yourselves—both of you; you know it perfectly well."

Hannah came to her sister's rescue:

"Hester didn't mean that it was that kind of a lie, and it wasn't. But it was a lie."

"Well, upon my word, I never heard such nonsense! Haven't you got sense enough to discriminate between lies? Don't you know the difference between a lie that helps and a lie that hurts?"

"*All* lies are sinful," said Hannah, setting her lips together like a vise; "all lies are forbidden."

The Only Christian fidgeted impatiently in his chair. He wanted to attack this proposition, but he did not quite know how or where to begin. Finally he made a venture:

"Hester, wouldn't you tell a lie to shield a person from an undeserved injury or shame?"

"No."

"Not even a friend?"

"No."

"Not even your dearest friend?"

"No. I would not."

The doctor struggled in silence awhile with this situation; then he asked,

"Not even to save him from bitter pain and misery and grief?"

"No. Not even to save his life."

Another pause. Then,

"Nor his soul."

There was a hush — a silence which endured a measurable interval — then Hester answered, in a low voice, but with decision,

"Nor his soul."

No one spoke for a while; then the doctor said,

"Is it with you the same, Hannah?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I ask you both—why?"

"Because to tell such a lie, or any lie, is a sin, and could cost us the loss of our own souls — *would*, indeed, if we died without time to repent."

"Strange . . . strange . . . it is past belief." Then he asked, roughly, "Is such a soul as that *worth* saving?" He rose up, mumbling and grumbling, and started for the door, stumping vigorously along. At the threshold he turned and rasped out an admonition: "Reform! Drop this mean and sordid and selfish devotion to the saving of your shabby little souls, and hunt up something to do that's got some dignity to it! *Risk* your souls! risk them in good causes; then if you lose them, why should you care? Reform!"

The good old gentlewomen sat paralyzed, pulverized, outraged, insulted, and brooded in bitterness and indignation over these blasphemies. They were hurt to the heart, poor old ladies, and said they could never forgive these injuries.

"Reform!"

They kept repeating that word resentfully. "Reform—and learn to tell lies!"

Time slipped along, and in due course a change came over their spirits. They had completed the human being's first duty—which is to think about himself until he has exhausted the subject, then he is in a condition to take up minor interests and think of other people. This changes the complexion of his spirits—generally wholesomely. The minds of the two old ladies reverted to their beloved niece and the fearful disease which had smitten her; instantly they forgot the hurts their self-love had received, and a passionate desire rose in their hearts to go to the help of the sufferer and comfort her with their love, and minister to her, and labor for her the best they could with their weak hands, and joyfully and affectionately wear out their poor old bodies in her dear service if only they might have the privilege.

"And we shall have it!" said Hester, with the tears running down her face. "There are no nurses comparable to us, for there are no others that will stand their watch by that bed till they drop and die, and God knows we would do that."

"Amen," said Hannah, smiling approval and endorsement through the mist of moisture that blurred her glasses. "The doctor knows us, and knows we will not disobey again; and he will call no others. He will not dare!"

"Dare?" said Hester, with temper, and dashing the water from her eyes; "he

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"HELEN," SAID THE OTHER AUNT, "TELL YOUR MOTHER ALL"

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'thing—that Christian devil! lo no good for him to try it ut, laws! Hannah, after all's e, he is gifted and wise and would not think of such a t is surely time for one of hat room. What is keeping loesn't he come and say so?" nt the sound of his approach- e entered, sat down, and be-

is a sick woman," he said. sleeping, but she will wake en one of you must go to l be worse before she is bet- soon a night-and-day watch How much of it can you e?"

!" burst from both ladies at

's eyes flashed, and he said,

ring true, you brave old you *shall* do all of the nurs- for there's none to match divine office in this town; t do all of it, and it would to let you." It was grand praise, coming from such l it took nearly all the re- of the aged twins' hearts. and my old Nancy shall do l nurses both, white souls kins, watchful, loving, ten- rfect nurses!—and compe- rom the cradle. . . . Look little watch on Helen; she s going to be sicker."

looked a little surprised, ious; and Hester said:

hat? It isn't an hour since was as sound as a nut."

answered, tranquilly, lie."

turned upon him indignant- nah said,

you make an odious con- hat, in so indifferent a tone, now how we feel about all

You are as ignorant as cats, , and you don't know what ing about. You are like all e moral moles: you lie from night, but because you don't your mouths, but only with eyes, your lying inflections, your deceptively misplaced emphasis, and your misleading gestures, you turn up your complacent noses and parade before God and the world as saintly and unsmirched Truth-Speakers, in whose cold-storage souls a lie would freeze to death if it got there! Why will you humbug yourselves with that foolish notion that no lie is a lie except a spoken one? What is the difference between lying with your eyes and lying with your mouth? There is none; and if you would reflect a moment you would see that it is so. There isn't a human being that doesn't tell a gross of lies every day of his life; and you—why, between you, you tell thirty thousand; yet you flare up here in a lurid hypocritical horror because I tell that child a benevolent and sinless lie to protect her from her imagination, which would get to work and warm up her blood to a fever in an hour, if I were disloyal enough to my duty to let it. Which I should probably do if I were interested in saving my soul by such disreputable means.

"Come, let us reason together. Let us examine details. When you two were in the sick-room raising that riot, what would you have done if you had known I was coming?"

"Well, what?"

"You would have slipped out and carried Helen with you—wouldn't you?"

The ladies were silent.

"What would be your object and intention?"

"Well, what?"

"To keep me from finding out your guilt; to beguile me to infer that Margaret's excitement proceeded from some cause not known to you. In a word, to tell me a lie—a silent lie. Moreover, a possibly harmful one."

The twins colored, but did not speak.

"You not only tell myriads of silent lies, but you tell lies with your mouths—you two."

"*That* is not so!"

"It is so. But only harmless ones. You never dream of uttering a harmful one. Do you know that that is a concession—and a confession?"

"How do you mean?"

"It is an unconscious concession that harmless lies are not criminal; it is a confession that you constantly *make* that

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discrimination. For instance, you declined old Mrs. Foster's invitation last week to meet those odious Higbies at supper—in a polite note in which you expressed regret and said you were very sorry you could not go. It was a lie. It was as unmitigated a lie as was ever uttered. Deny it, Hester — with another lie."

Hester replied with a toss of her head.

"That will not do. Answer. Was it a lie, or wasn't it?"

The color stole into the cheeks of both women, and with a struggle and an effort they got out their confession:

"It was a lie."

"Good—the reform is beginning; there is hope for you yet; you will not tell a lie to save your dearest friend's soul, but you will spew out one without a scruple to save yourself the discomfort of telling an unpleasant truth."

He rose. Hester, speaking for both, said, coldly:

"We have lied; we perceive it; it will occur no more. To lie is a sin. We shall never tell another one of any kind whatsoever, even lies of courtesy or benevolence, to save any one a pang or a sorrow decreed for him by God."

"Ah, how soon you will fall! In fact, you have fallen already; for what you have just uttered is a lie. Good-by. Reform! One of you go to the sick-room now."

IV

Twelve days later.

Mother and child were lingering in the grip of the hideous disease. Of hope for either there was little. The aged sisters looked white and worn, but they would not give up their posts. Their hearts were breaking, poor old things, but their grit was steadfast and indestructible. All the twelve days the mother had pined for the child, and the child for the mother, but both knew that the prayer of these longings could not be granted. When the mother was told—on the first day—that her disease was typhoid, she was frightened, and asked if there was danger that Helen could have contracted it the day before, when she was in the sick-chamber on that confession visit. Hester told her the doctor had poo-poo'd the idea. It troubled Hester to say it, although it was true, for she had not believed the doctor; but when she saw the mother's joy in the news, the pain in her conscience lost something of its force—a result which made her ashamed of the constructive deception which she had practised, though not ashamed enough to make her distinctly and definitely wish she had refrained from it. From that moment the sick woman understood that her daughter must remain away, and she said she would reconcile herself to the separation the best she could, for she would rather suffer death than have her child's health imperilled. That afternoon Helen had to take to her bed, ill. She grew worse during the night. In the morning her mother asked after her:

"Is she well?"

Hester turned cold; she opened her lips, but the words refused to come. The mother lay languidly looking, musing, waiting; suddenly she turned white and gasped out,

"Oh, my God! what is it? is she sick?"

Then the poor aunt's tortured heart rose in rebellion, and words came:

"No—be comforted; she is well."

The sick woman put all her happy heart in her gratitude:

"Thank God for those dear words! Kiss me. How I worship you for saying them."

Hester told this incident to Hannah, who received it with a rebuking look, and said, coldly,

"Sister, it was a lie."

Hester's lips trembled piteously; she choked down a sob, and said,

"Oh, Hannah, it was a sin, but I could not help it; I could not endure the fright and the misery that were in her face."

"No matter. It was a lie. God will hold you to account for it."

"Oh, I know it, I know it," cried Hester, wringing her hands, "but even if it were now, I could not help it. I know I should do it again."

"Then take my place with Helen in the morning. I will make the report myself."

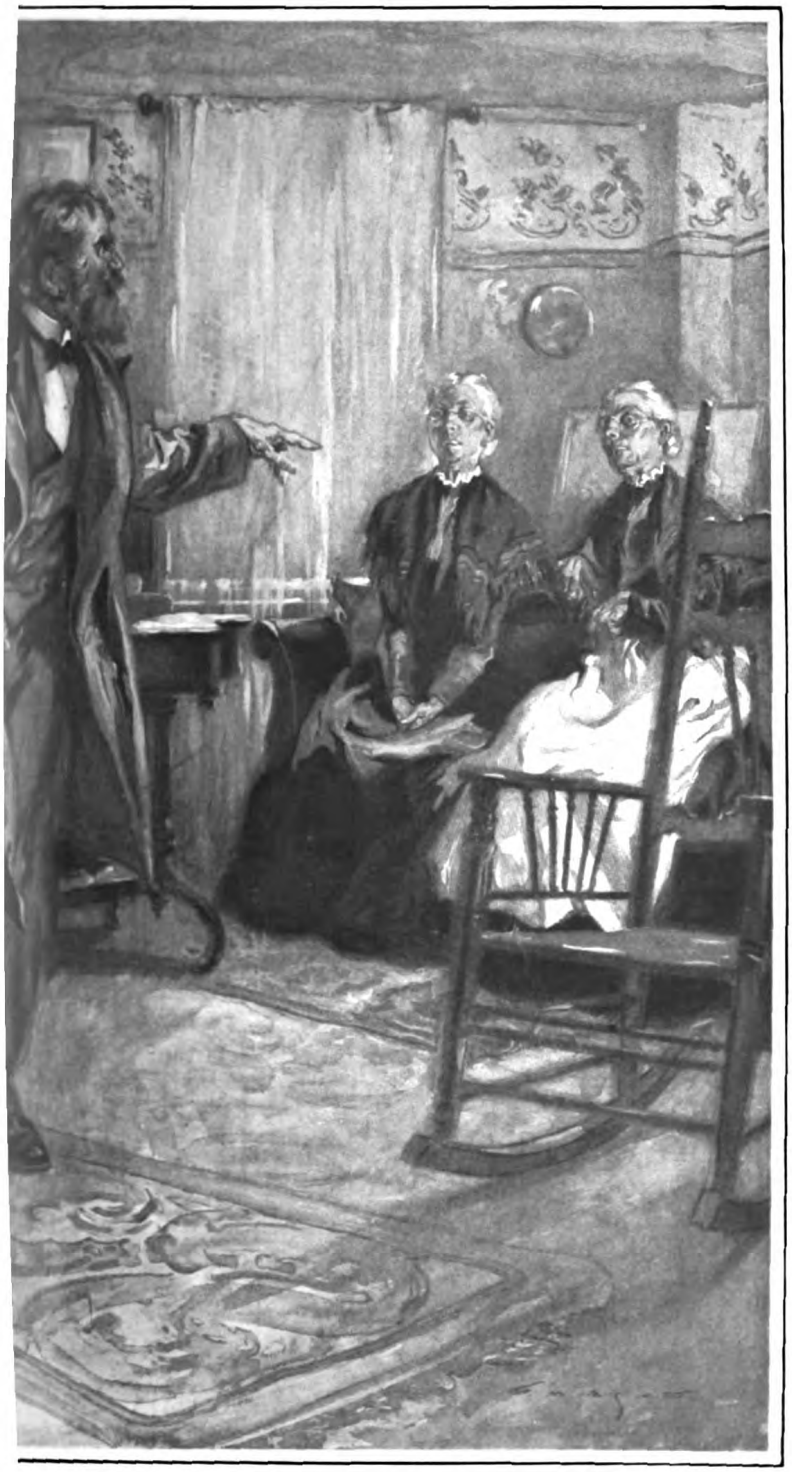
Hester clung to her sister, begging and imploring:

"Don't, Hannah, oh, don't—you will kill her."

"I will at least speak the truth."

In the morning she had a cruel report

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HE TURNED AND RASPED OUT AN ADMONITION: "REFORM!"

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the mother, and she braced
he trial. When she returned
ssion, Hester was waiting,
embling, in the hall. She

did she take it—that poor,
her?"
yes were swimming in tears.

ive me, I told her the child

he red her to her heart, with
od bless you, Hannah!" and
er thankfulness in an inun-
rshipping praises.
, the two knew the limit of
h, and accepted their fate.
ered humbly, and abandoned
the hard requirements of
Daily they told the morn-
onfessed their sin in prayer;
forgiveness, as not being
but only wishing to make
ey realized their wickedness
t desiring to hide it or ex-

the fair young idol of the
wer and lower, the sorrow-
painted her glowing bloom
young beauty to the wan
winced under the stabs her
y and gratitude gave them.
t days, while the child had
old a pencil, she wrote fond
es to her mother, in which
l her illness; and these the
and re-read through happy
thankful tears, and kissed
nd over again, and trea-
s precious things under her

a day when the strength
on the hand, and the mind
d the tongue babbled pa-
rences. This was a sore di-
poor aunts. There were no
the mother. They did not
do. Hester began a care-
and plausible explanation,
track of it and grew con-
ion began to show in the mo-
hen alarm. Hester saw it,
e imminence of the danger,
d to the emergency, pulling
ely together and plucking
the open jaws of defeat. In
convincing voice she said:

"I thought it might distress you to know it, but Helen spent the night at the Sloanes'. There was a little party there, and although she did not want to go, and you so sick, we persuaded her, she being young and needing the innocent pastimes of youth, and we believing you would approve. Be sure she will write the moment she comes."

"How good you are, and how dear and thoughtful for us both! Approve? Why, I thank you with all my heart. My poor little exile! Tell her I want her to have every pleasure she can—I would not rob her of one. Only let her keep her health, that is all I ask. Don't let that suffer; I could not bear it. How thankful I am that she escaped this infection—and what a narrow risk she ran, Aunt Hester! Think of that lovely face all dulled and burnt with fever. I can't bear the thought of it. Keep her health. Keep her bloom! I can see her now, the dainty creature—with the big blue earnest eyes; and sweet, oh, so sweet and gentle and winning! Is she as beautiful as ever, dear Aunt Hester?"

"Oh, more beautiful and bright and charming than ever she was before, if such a thing can be"—and Hester turned away and fumbled with the medicine-bottles, to hide her shame and grief.

V

After a little, both aunts were laboring upon a difficult and baffling work in Helen's chamber. Patiently and earnestly, with their stiff old fingers, they were trying to forge the required note. They made failure after failure, but they improved little by little all the time. The pity of it all, the pathetic humor of it, there was none to see; they themselves were unconscious of it. Often their tears fell upon the notes and spoiled them; sometimes a single misformed word made a note risky which could have been ventured but for that; but at last Hannah produced one whose script was a good enough imitation of Helen's to pass any but a suspicious eye, and bountifully enriched it with the petting phrases and loving nicknames that had been familiar on the child's lips from her nursery days. She carried it to the mother, who took it with avidity, and kissed it, and fondled it, reading its precious words over and

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over again, and dwelling with deep contentment upon its closing paragraph:

"Mousie darling, if I could only see you, and kiss your eyes, and feel your arms about me! I am so glad my practising does not disturb you. Get well soon. Everybody is good to me, but I am so lonesome without you, dear mamma."

"The poor child, I know just how she feels. She cannot be quite happy without me; and I—oh, I live in the light of her eyes! Tell her she must practise all she pleases; and, Aunt Hannah—tell her I can't hear the piano this far, nor her dear voice when she sings: God knows I wish I could. No one knows how sweet that voice is to me; and to think—some day it will be silent! What are you crying for?"

"Only because—because—it was just a memory. When I came away she was singing 'Loch Lomond.' The pathos of it! It always moves me so when she sings that."

"And me, too. How heart-breakingly beautiful it is when some youthful sorrow is brooding in her breast and she sings it for the mystic healing it brings. . . . . Aunt Hannah?"

"Dear Margaret?"

"I am very ill. Sometimes it comes over me that I shall never hear that dear voice again."

"Oh, don't—don't, Margaret! I can't bear it!"

Margaret was moved and distressed, and said, gently:

"There—there—let me put my arms around you. Don't cry. There—put your cheek to mine. Be comforted. I wish to live. I will live if I can. Ah, what could she do without me! . . . Does she often speak of me?—but I know she does."

"Oh, all the time—all the time!"

"My sweet child! She wrote the note the moment she came home?"

"Yes—the first moment. She would not wait to take off her things."

"I knew it. It is her dear, impulsive, affectionate way. I knew it without asking, but I wanted to hear you say it. The petted wife knows she is loved, but she makes her husband tell her so, every day, just for the joy of hearing it. . . . She used the pen this time. That is better; the pencil marks could rub out, and I should grieve for that. Did you suggest that she use the pen?"

"Y-no—she—it was her own idea."

The mother looked her pleasure, and said:

"I was hoping you would say that. There was never such a dear and thoughtful child! . . . Aunt Hannah?"

"Dear Margaret?"

"Go and tell her I think of her all the time, and worship her. Why—you are crying again. Don't be so worried about me, dear; I think there is nothing to fear, yet."

The grieving messenger carried her message, and piously delivered it to unheeding ears. The girl babbled on unaware; looking up at her with wondering and startled eyes flaming with fever, eyes in which was no light of recognition—

"Are you—no, you are not my mother. I want her—oh, I want her! She was here a minute ago—I did not see her go. Will she come? will she come quickly? will she come now? . . . There are so many houses . . . and they oppress me so . . . and everything whirls and turns and whirls . . . oh, my head, my head!" —and so she wandered on and on, in her pain, flitting from one torturing fancy to another, and tossing her arms about in a weary and ceaseless persecution of unrest.

Poor old Hannah wetted the parched lips and softly stroked the hot brow, murmuring endearing and pitying words, and thanking the Father of all that the mother was happy and did not know.

VI

Daily the child sank lower and steadily lower toward the grave, and daily the sorrowing old watchers carried gilded tidings of her radiant health and loveliness to the happy mother, whose pilgrimage was also now nearing its end. And daily they forged loving and cheery notes in the child's hand, and stood by with remorseful consciences and bleeding hearts, and wept to see the grateful mother devour them and adore them and treasure them away as things beyond price, because of their sweet source, and sacred because her child's hand had touched them.

At last came that kindly friend who brings healing and peace to all. The lights were burning low. In the solemn hush which precedes the dawn vague figures flitted soundless along the dim

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hall and gathered silent and awed in Helen's chamber, and grouped themselves about her bed, for a warning had gone forth, and they knew. The dying girl lay with closed lids, and unconscious, the drapery upon her breast faintly rising and falling as her wasting life ebbed away. At intervals a sigh or a muffled sob broke upon the stillness. The same haunting thought was in all minds there: the pity of this death, the going out into the great darkness, and the mother not here to help and hearten and bless.

Helen stirred; her hands began to grope wistfully about as if they sought something — she had been blind some hours. The end was come; all knew it. With a great sob Hester gathered her to her breast, crying, "Oh, my child, my darling!" A rapturous light broke in the dying girl's face, for it was mercifully vouchsafed her to mistake those sheltering arms for another's; and she went to her rest murmuring, "Oh, mamma, I am so happy—I so longed for you—now I can die."

Two hours later Hester made her report. The mother asked,

"How is it with the child?"

"She is well."

VII

A sheaf of white crêpe and black was hung upon the door of the house, and there it swayed and rustled in the wind and whispered its tidings. At noon the preparation of the dead was finished, and in the coffin lay the fair young form, beautiful, and in the sweet face a great peace. Two mourners sat by it, grieving and worshipping—Hannah and the black woman Tilly. Hester came, and she was trembling, for a great trouble was upon her spirit. She said,

"She asks for a note."

Hannah's face blanched. She had not thought of this; it had seemed that that pathetic service was ended. But she realized now that that could not be. For a little while the two women stood looking into each other's face, with vacant eyes; then Hannah said,

"There is no way out of it—she must have it; she will suspect, else."

"And she would find out."

"Yes. It would break her heart." She looked at the dead face, and her eyes filled. "I will write it," she said.

Hester carried it. The closing line said:

"Darling Mousie, dear sweet mother, we shall soon be together again. Is not that good news? And it is true; they all say it is true."

The mother mourned, saying:

"Poor child, how will she bear it when she knows? I shall never see her again in life. It is hard, so hard. She does not suspect? You guard her from that?"

"She thinks you will soon be well."

"How good you are, and careful, dear Aunt Hester! None goes near her who could carry the infection?"

"It would be a crime."

"But you *see* her?"

"With a distance between—yes."

"That is so good. Others one could not trust; but you two guardian angels—steel is not so true as you. Others would be unfaithful; and many would deceive, and lie."

Hester's eyes fell, and her poor old lips trembled.

"Let me kiss you for her, Aunt Hester; and when I am gone, and the danger is past, place the kiss upon her dear lips some day, and say her mother sent it, and all her mother's broken heart is in it."

Within the hour Hester, raining tears upon the dead face, performed her pathetic mission.

VIII

Another day dawned, and grew, and spread its sunshine in the earth. Aunt Hannah brought comforting news to the failing mother, and a happy note, which said again, "We have but a little time to wait, darling mother, then we shall be together."

The deep note of a bell came moaning down the wind.

"Aunt Hannah, it is tolling. Some poor soul is at rest. As I shall be soon. You will not let her forget me?"

"Oh, God knows she never will!"

"Do not you hear strange noises, Aunt Hannah? It sounds like the shuffling of many feet."

"We hoped you would not hear it, dear. It is a little company gathering, for—for Helen's sake, poor little prisoner. There

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will be music—and she loves it so. We thought you would not mind."

"Mind? Oh, no, no—oh, give her everything her dear heart can desire. How good you two are to her, and how good to me. God bless you both, always!"

After a listening pause:

"How lovely! It is her organ. Is she playing it herself, do you think?" Faint and rich and inspiring the chords floated to her ears on the still air. "Yes, it is her touch, dear heart; I recognize it. They are singing. Why—it is a hymn! and the sacredest of all, the most touching, the most consoling. . . . It seems to open the gates of paradise to me. . . . If I could die now. . . ."

Faint and far the words rose out of the stillness—

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.

With the closing of the hymn another soul passed to its rest, and they that had been one in life were not sundered in death. The sisters, mourning and rejoicing, said.

"How blessed it was that she never knew."

IX

At midnight they sat together, grieving, and the angel of the Lord appeared in the midst transfigured with a radiance not of earth; and speaking, said:

"For liars a place is appointed. There they burn in the fires of hell from everlasting unto everlasting. Repent!"

The bereaved fell upon their knees before him and clasped their hands and bowed their gray heads, adoring. But their tongues clung to the roof of their mouths, and they were dumb.

"Speak! that I may bear the message to the chancery of heaven and bring again the decree from which there is no appeal."

Then they bowed their heads yet lower, and one said:

"Our sin is great, and we suffer shame; but only perfect and final repentance can make us whole; and we are poor creatures who have learned our human weakness, and we know that if we were in those hard straits again our hearts would fail again, and we should sin as before. The strong could prevail, and so be saved, but we are lost."

They lifted their heads in supplication. The angel was gone. While they marvelled and wept he came again; and bending low, he whispered the decree.

X

Was it Heaven? Or Hell?

The Loom of Song

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

CARESSED by balmy gales that gently blow
O'er tropic seas and fields of fragrant bloom,
She sits before the quaint, ancestral loom
And weaves the fabric faultlessly and slow:
Amid the threads like flowers her fingers go
Until she almost breathes the faint perfume
Distilled in Araby in twilight's gloom
In gardens where the sweetest roses grow.

So, on the Loom of Song, the poet weaves
New fabrics from the threads of old romance
And fashions fancies into figured rhyme,
And all about him scattered shreds he leaves
To be another's bright inheritance:
Thus, ever, Song goes hand in hand with Time!

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The Mother

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

In the upper chamber of a village house, a young mother lying in bed with her baby on her arm. A nurse moving silently about the room, opens the door softly, and goes out. The mother looks up at the father, who stands looking down on her.

The Mother: Is the nurse gone now? And are we alone
At last?

The Father: Yes, dearest, she is gone; and I
Must leave you, too. You must be quiet, now.

[*He goes to the door.*

You know, you said if they would let you have
The baby you would go to sleep again
Together. [*Playfully.*] So, now, you must keep your promise!

The Mother: Yes, now I will be quiet. [*After a moment:*] Dear!

The Father (turning at the door): Yes, dear?

The Mother: See her, how cunningly she nestles down,
As naturally as if she had been used
To doing it for years. How wise she looks!

[*The mother rubs her cheek softly against the baby's head, and then draws back her face to look at it. The father comes and stands beside the bed, bending over her and the child.*

How much do you suppose she really knows?

The Father: If she has "newly come from heaven, our home,"
As Wordsworth says, then she knows everything
We have forgotten, but shall know again,
When we go back to heaven with her.

The Mother: Yes.

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[*She rubs her cheek on the baby's head again.*

Do you believe it?

The Father: Why, of course I do.
Why, what a—

The Mother: Nothing. Only, I was wishing
That we might all go on forever here.

The Father (laughing and then anxiously): Well, I should not object. But now, my dear,
If you keep up this talking, I am afraid,
You will excite yourself. The doctor said—

The Mother: Why, I was never calmer in my life!
I feel as if there never could be pain,
Or trouble, or weakness, in the world again.
I am as strong! But, yes, I understand,
And, to please you, I will be quiet now.

[*She sighs restfully. The father stoops and kisses her and then the child.*

I wish that you could somehow make one kiss
Do for us both!

The Father: Well, I should like to try,
Sometime, but now—

The Mother: Yes, now I must be quiet.
Go! [*He goes toward the door.*] Dear!

[*He turns again.*

The Father: Yes, dearest!

The Mother: But I shall not sleep!
I have been sleeping the whole afternoon.

The Father (anxiously): Yes, yes, but now you ought to sleep again.
You know the doctor told us—

The Mother (impatiently): Oh, the doctor!
Does he expect I'll let him take from me
Any more of this time and give it up
To stupid sleep? Why, I want every instant,
To share it all with you, and keep it ours!

The Father: Yes, love, I know! But now, to keep it ours,
You must do nothing that will make you sick—

The Mother: And die? Oh, yes! But what if I should die?
I have my baby! What if I should die?

The Father (wringing his hands): Dearest, how can you say such things to me?

The Mother: Well, well! I shall not die. There, go away,
And I will try to sleep. Or no, sit down,
Here by the bed. I will not speak a word.
But it will be more quieting with you
Beside us, than if you were there outside.
Where neither one of us could see you. She
Wants you as much as I.

The Father (doubtfully drawing up a chair, and then sinking into it): What an idea!

The Mother: Can't you believe, that through each one of us
She feels and wishes for the other one?
Of course she does!

The Father: Perhaps.

The Mother: There's no perhaps.
She'll live her life outside of ours too soon;
And that is why I cannot bear to lose
An instant while she lives it still in ours.
I hate the thought of sleeping.

[*She suddenly puts out the hand of the arm underlying the baby's head and clutches the father's hand.*

Where did she
Come from? I do not mean her body or its breath.
That came from us. But oh, her soul, her soul!
Where did that come from?

[*The father is silent, and she pulls convulsively at his hand.*

Can't you answer me?

The Father (in distress): You know as well as I. Somewhere in space.
Somewhere in God, she was that which might be,
Among the unspeakable infinitude
Of those that dwell there in the mystery.

The Mother (without releasing her hold): Well!

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The Father (with a groan): Well, then
our love had somehow power upon her,
And blindly chose her, that she might become
A living soul, and know, feel, think like us.
It chose her, what she shall be to the end.
The Mother (still clutching his hand):
Out of that infinite beatitude,
Where there is nothing of the consciousness
That we call this and that, here, in the world!
That ignorantly suffers and that dies,
After the life-long fear of death, and goes
Helplessly into that unconsciousness
Again!
The Father: She is under the same law as we.
But what the law is, or why it should be,
She knows no less or more than we ourselves.
Why do you make me say such things to you?
The Mother (musingly, and then flinging his hand away): I heard a woman say
once,—years ago,
When I was a young girl, and long before
We saw each other,—that it seemed to her
More like our hate than like our love that brought
The children out of that unconsciousness,
Where if there is no life there is no death,
And if there is no joy there is no pain;
But if it was our love that made them come,
Then nothing but its blindness could excuse it.
The Father: What horrible blasphemy!
The Mother: How can I tell?
There where our baby was, she was so safe!
And if there seemed no care for her in
Or any love, as here sometimes there seems
No care or love for us, where we are left
So to ourselves, our baby never knew it!
The Father (in anguish): And are you sorry she has come to us?
You would rather it had been some other life
Summoned to fill up other lives than ours?
You do not care, then, for our little one?
The Mother (solemnly): So much that you cannot imagine it.
I was her life, and now she is my life,
My very life, so that if hers went out
Mine would go out with it in the same breath.
That's how I care.
The Father (beseechingly): Oh, try for her sake, then,
If not for yours or mine, to keep from thinking
These dreadful things!
The Mother: Perhaps I do not think them.
Perhaps the baby thinks them.
The Father: No, I am sure,
She does not!
The Mother: But I thought you liked to have me
Think anything that came into my mind,
No matter what about. You used to seem
Proud of my doing it.
The Father: And so I was,
And so I shall be when you are strong enough
To bear it, and when—
The Mother: And when this miracle
No longer is a miracle? No, now,
I must try now to make the meaning out,
While it is still a miracle to me.
You, if you wish, can drug your thoughts, and sleep;
But my thoughts are so precious that if I
Should lose the least of them— What time is it?
[She follows him keenly, as he takes out his watch.
The Father (with a sigh): Daylight,

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almost. Hark! You can hear the cocks.

The Mother (smiling): How sweet it is to hear them crowing so!
It is our own dear earth that seems to speak
In the familiar sound. If it were summer,
The birds would be beginning to sing, now.
I'm glad it is not summer. Is it snowing,
As hard as ever? Look!

The Father (going to the window and peering out): No, it is clear,
And the full moon is shining.

The Mother (lifting her head a little): Let me see!

[*With a long sigh, as he draws the curtain:*

Yes, it is the moon. The same old moon
We used to walk beneath when we were lovers.
Do you suppose that it was really we?

The Father: If this is we.

[*She lets her head drop.*

The Mother: It seems a year, almost,
Since yesterday,—for now this is to-morrow.
Does the time seem as long to you, I wonder?

The Father (coming back to her): As long as my whole life.

The Mother (taking his hand again): If she could live
Forever on the earth, and we live with her,
I should not fear our having brought her here.
The life of earth, it seems so beautiful,
Far more than anything imaginable
Of any life elsewhere. They cannot hear
Anything like the crowing of the cocks
In heaven—so drowsy and so drowsing! Hark,
How thin and low, faint it is! Oh, sweet,
They keep on calling in their dim, warm barns,
With the kind cattle underneath their roosts,
Munching the hay, and sighing rich and soft.
I used to hear it when I was a child,
And now those things they seem to call me back,
And claim my life a part of theirs again.
I hope that she will live to love such things,
Dear simple things of our dear simple earth.
Do not you, dearest?

The Father: Yes, indeed I do.
And now if only you could go to sleep—

The Mother: Well, I will try. I will be quiet now.
How quietly she sleeps! She wants to set
A good example for her worthless mother.
Mother! Just think of it!

The Father: And father! Think
Of that!

The Mother: Yes, I have thought of that too, dear.
Put your lips down and kiss her little head.

[*As the father bends over her:*

There, now, with your face between hers and mine,
You can be kissing both.

[*As he lifts himself:*

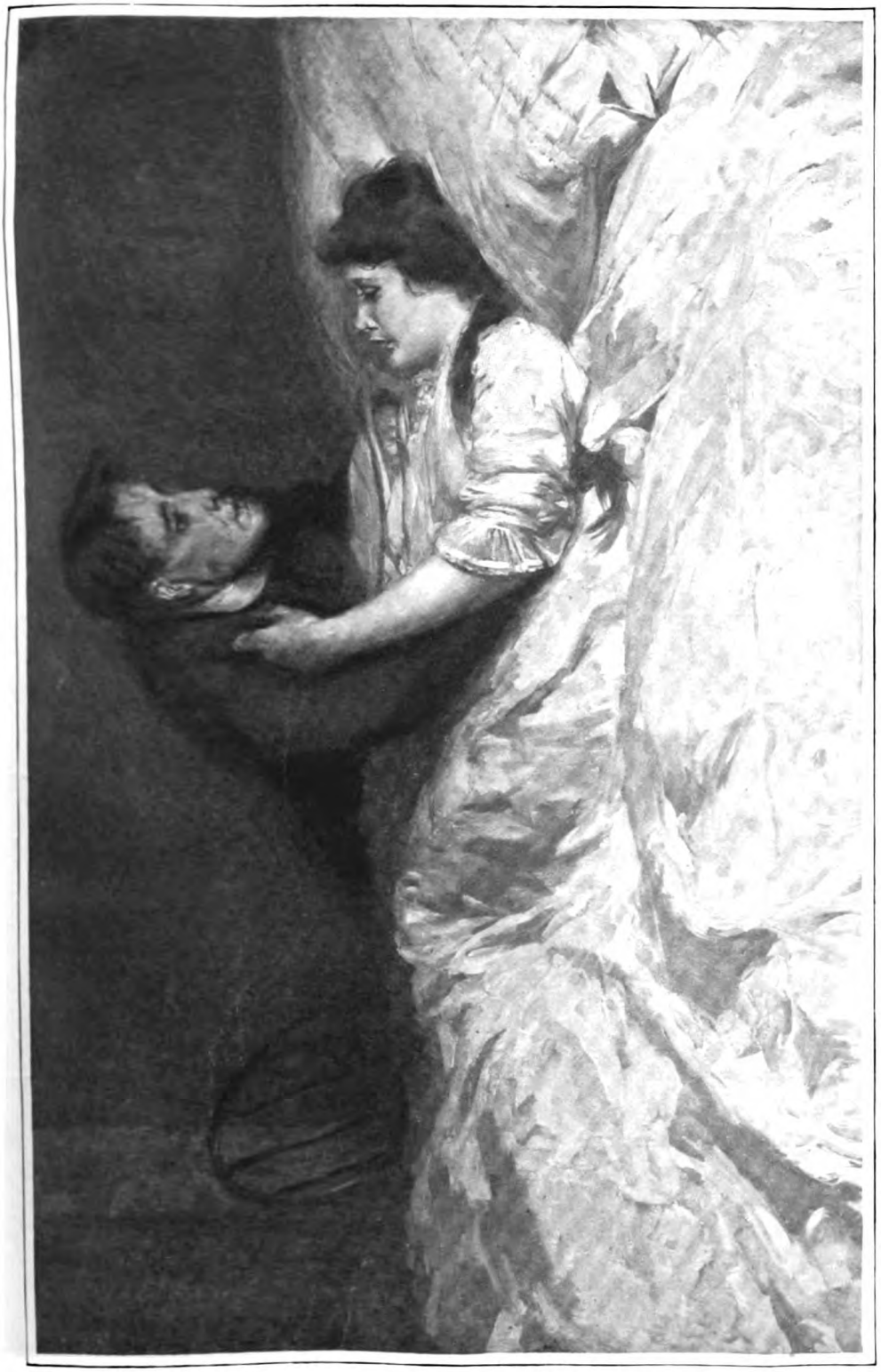
I was just thinking,
What if, instead of our blind, ignorant love,
Choosing her out of the infinitude
Of those unconsciousnesses, as we call them,
She in the wisdom she had right from God,
Had chosen us—in spite of knowing us
Better than we can ever know ourselves,
In all our wickedness and foolishness—
To be her father and her mother here,
Because she understood the good that she
Could do us, and be safe from harm of us:
Would you like that?

The Father. Far better than to think
She came because we ignorantly willed.

The Mother: Well, no, perhaps, that is the way it was.
Only—

The Father: What, dearest?

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"I WILL BE QUIET NOW"

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The Mother: Oh, I do not know
If I can make you understand. Men cannot.
It was not only wishing first to see her,
And willing not to die till I had seen her,
That helped me live through all that agony.
But in the very midst and worst of it
There was a kind of—I can never express it—
Waiting and expectation of a message!
What will her message be?

The Father: Something, perhaps,
That never can be put in words, on earth,
But that we still shall feel the meaning of,
And at the last shall come to understand
As we have always felt it.

The Mother (absently): That will be
The way, no doubt. [*After a moment:*]
But there was something—as if—
I wish that I could tell you, through it all—
It were I passing into another world,
Where I had never been before. And this,
This is the other world!

The Father: I do not understand.

The Mother (sadly): I was afraid of that. And I shall hurt you
If I explain.

The Father: No, no! You will not hurt me,
Or, if you do, it will be for my good.

The Mother (after a moment): One day, one little day ago,
If it has been even a day ago,
You were the whole of love, and now you are
The least and last of it, and lost in it.
It is as if you went out of that world,
With that old self of mine, when this new self
Came with our baby here. There, now, I knew it!
I knew that I should hurt you, darling!

The Father: No.
I am not hurt, and I can understand.
I would not have it different. I should hate
Myself if I could make you care for me
In that old way. It did seem beautiful,
But this—this!

[*He bends over the mother and child, and gathers them both into his arms.*

The Mother (putting her hand on his head, and gently smoothing it): There, you'll wake the baby, dearest.
How strange it seems, my saying that already!
But now I am so sleepy, and the doctor
Said that I ought to sleep. You must not mind
If baby and I drive you out of the room?
I must be quiet now. You are not wounded?

[*She stretches her hand toward him as he rises and turns toward the door.*

The Father: You could not wound me now, and I believe
We never can wound each other any more,
For she will come between us and will keep us
Safe from each other.

The Mother: Oh, how sweet you are!
Everything now is clear and right, and you,
You with your love have made it so for me.
Dearest, I am so glad of you and her!
I am so happy and I am so sleepy!

The Father (catching her hand to his mouth): Go to sleep, then, my sleepy, happy love!
Sleep is the best thing, even for happiness.
I am going to sleep.

The Mother (drowsily): Then I will go to sleep.
Father, good-night!

The Father (joyously): No, no; good-morning, mother!

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STONE AND MUD DWELLING AT TETELCINGO

The Aztecs of Yesterday and To-day

BY DR. ALES HRDLICKA

Of the American Museum of Natural History

TO the mind of the general reader the term *Aztec* conveys the idea of a more or less misty, extinct greatness: the idea of a great body of aboriginal Americans of mysterious origin, who at the time of the advent of the Spanish had reached the acme of power and native civilization, and then unexplainedly very rapidly and completely vanished.

To those who delve deeper into the history of the American aborigines, the subject of the appearance, ascendance, and decadence of the Aztecs becomes much simplified. Nevertheless, all the history we possess leaves the *origin* of the people obscure, their physical character and racial identity practically unknown, and the last phases of their fate uncertain. The origin of the Aztecs is lost in tradition and the theories built upon that feeble basis. As to their physical character, the extant notes concerning the same are too meagre and too little specific to allow of any formation of a definite conception. The linguistic affinities of the Aztecs are known, but in the absence of a sufficient knowledge of the physical features of the people its racial identity is up to now undetermined. Finally, as to the decline and the supposed end of the Aztecs, the history of the same, excepting the earliest events, has not been isolated. After their fall before the Spaniards and their subsequent conversion and thorough subjugation, the Aztecs fell into a contemporaneous and lasting oblivion, through which they gradually lost all individuality; they became entirely extinct politically, and apparently also physically.

These problems—namely, the origin or derivation, the physical type and physical destiny of the Aztecs, to clear which history alone proves insufficient — have been and remain prominently the subjects

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of anthropological investigation; and through these investigations, in which the anthropological department of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, is taking an important part, enough has already been achieved to warrant the hope that in not a very far future but a little concerning the Aztecs will be left in obscurity. One result of these investigations is the knowledge that the Aztecs of the time of the conquest are still represented by numerous pure-blood survivors. Another result, made possible by the examination of the osseous remains of the Aztecs,* is a determination of their physical character and physical type, and this, with the extensive studies of the same kind that have been and are being made on other American aborigines, will give us the racial, if not the exact geographical, origin of the people.

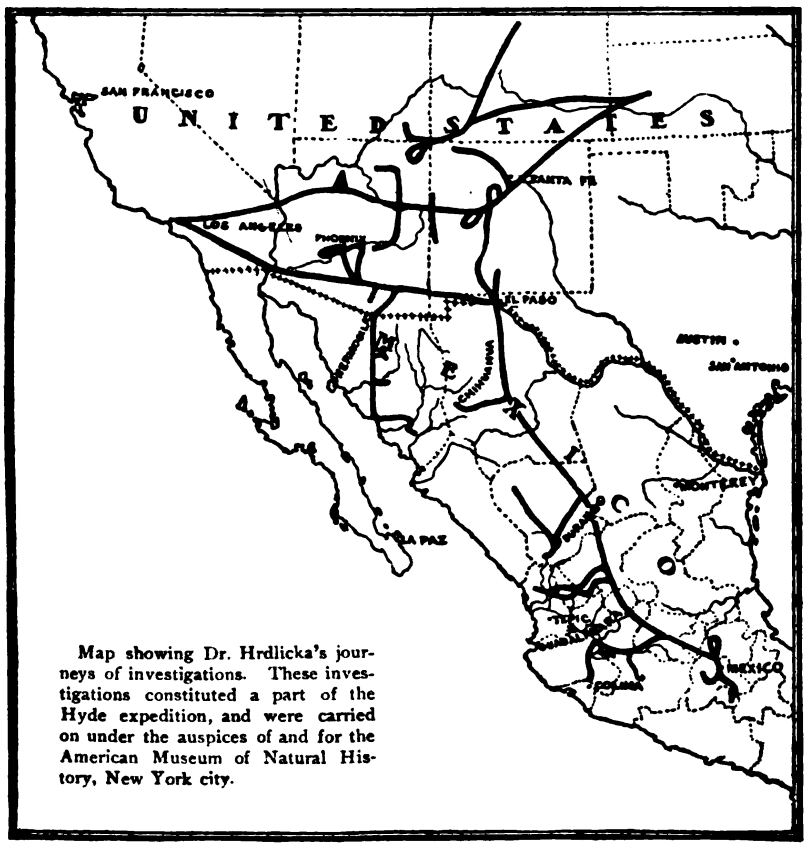
During times of which there is no record, or but a hazy one, but which probably antedate our Christian era, central and southern Mexico, with Yucatan and Guatemala, was occupied by a variety of native peoples.

The real independence of the Aztecs and their assumption of an important part in the affairs of the peoples in the Valley of Mexico date only since 1425, the conquest by Aztecs of the Tepaneques and the Chichimeco-Acolhuans; this was the initiation of the period of conquests which ultimately extended the country subjected to the Aztecs from Mechoacan to Guatemala, and from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. The fall of Tenochtitlan and with it practically the whole empire, in 1521, before Cortez, took place within less than a hundred years after the achievement by the Aztecs of their complete independence.

The elements of the civilization reached by the Aztecs, which can only be touched upon in an article of this extent, were an organized government, a system of laws and judiciary, systematized education and training, and an advancing position in agriculture, mechanics, arts, and sciences. Besides this, there was a highly evolved system of theology.

The government consisted of an elected supreme ruler, or "king," residing in Tenochtitlan (or Mexico), and of a body of "nobles" and advisers. The subjected states, or those over which suzerainty was exercised, were governed by appointed

* The American Museum is now in possession of over sixty Aztec crania and skeletons.



Map showing Dr. Hrdlicka's journeys of investigations. These investigations constituted a part of the Hyde expedition, and were carried on under the auspices of and for the American Museum of Natural History, New York city.

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rulers. The whole government was influenced to a considerable degree by theocracy. The supreme rulers were chosen from the royal family, but a preference was given to those of the family who were renowned warriors. Montezuma II., the supreme ruler of the Aztec dominion at the time of the Spanish conquest, was at the same time the highest priest of the empire. The authority of the superiors over their subjects was very extensive, not unlike that in the feudal times of Europe. All Aztecs were born free, even though the mother had been a slave; but prisoners of war, unless sacrificed, were slaves to their masters. The army was well organized, and consisted of all who could bear arms.



A GRANARY AT TETELCINGO

The system of laws was well developed, and extended to criminal as well as civil cases. There were appointed judges, and magistrates elected by the populace.

The education, well regulated, was in the hands of the parents and the clergy; it was largely moral, religious, and practical, and included training.

Agriculture was at the time of the conquest the most important occupation of the Aztecs after war. The people understood irrigation and artificial enriching of the soil.

There was a distinction of professions among the Aztecs. As mechanics and artists the people made useful implements and weapons and high-grade ornaments and jewels from stones, obsidian, and metals (copper, tin, lead, silver, gold); made paper and dyes, and were far advanced in weaving, embroidery, and feather-work; they were expert potters, stone and wood carvers, and able painters and architects.

In sciences the Aztecs were advanced in astronomy, military science, and picture-writing; they had, at the time of the conquest, an archive of historical and other books written in their peculiar way. They had made some steps in medicine and surgery and in botany and zoology; attached to the palace of Montezuma II. were both botanical and zoological gardens.

The social life was regulated in all important particulars, and, in connection with religion, was full of interesting observances and ceremonies and feasts. Marriage took place at about the same age of the parties as with us in corresponding latitudes. Polygamy was al-

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lowed under certain conditions. The deceased were generally cremated. A sort of cannibalism formed a part of certain ceremonies.

The Aztec religion consisted of polytheism, which included the cult of the sun, moon, and stars; but with this there was a well-defined belief in a single supreme deity (Teotl). There were many temples, and also monasteries for both sexes. The priests were very numerous; it is said that five thousand of them were connected with the great temple in Tenochtitlan alone. Mixed with the religion was much superstition. Human sacrifices, particularly those of prisoners of war to the god of war, were very common, and reached sometimes immense proportions. The mode of sacrificing was very cruel; it consisted of opening the chest and tearing out the heart of the living victim, and offering of the heart to the deity represented by the idol. The beliefs included that of an immortality of the soul and that of a future life; also the possibility, in certain ways, of transmigration of the spirit.

In all the important particulars mentioned here the Aztecs, it must be remembered, were not the originators; they only continued and modified the structures begun by others.

Another important matter to note is that the original Aztec tribe during its progress absorbed or united physically with many of the neighboring tribes, and that when Cortez came he no more found the pure, original Aztec, but a great mixture of these with many other tribes; though perhaps all or nearly all of these were originally from the same family. Cortez found what should rightly be called Nahuas or Mexicans; and it is with the descendants of this conglomeration that we still meet to-day, not with the Aztecs proper.

The Aztecs were physically in no way peculiar, but merely a branch of a type of Indians, which from preconquest times to the present has had numerous other representatives.

The causes of the decline of the Mexicans can be recounted very briefly. A large percentage of the male population was killed during the resistance to the Spaniards, and the Indians who aided these, and the remainder diminished gradually through pestilence and introduced diseases.

Some remnants, however, exist to this day. They are scattered, but still clearly recognizable by a student of the people, in the suburbs of the city and in practically all the smaller towns in the Valley of Mexico. From the valley they can be traced southward; they are numerous in the districts of Amecameca; and they occupy, though probably largely mixed with the Nahuan branch of Tlahuitecs, entire villages near and in the mountainous country between Cuautla and Cuernavaca, in the State of Morelos. In this last-named region there are in particular two large villages, Tetelcingo and Cuautepec, in which the Aztec-Nahuan descendants not only speak the pure Aztec language and know but little Spanish, but they also preserve their ancient dress and ancient way of building their dwellings. In both of these villages the natives are almost free from mixture with whites.

To estimate the number of pure-blood Aztec-Nahuan descendants still in existence is very difficult. The Aztec language is still used by at least a million, probably more, of the natives in Mexico, but many of these natives proceed from other Nahuan tribes than those which united with the Aztecs in the Valley of Mexico, and which are here under consideration.

Tetelcingo, the larger of the two purest Aztec-Nahuan villages in Morelos, is situated about two leagues north of Cuautla, and has about two thousand inhabitants. The only whites in the village at my visit were the family of the Jefe Politico (administrator) and a few passing traders. Even the priest in the village is an Indian.

The village is divided by streets into squares, and the squares into lots.

The dwellings, as in the time of Cortez, are built of stones and mud, or reeds, or, more seldom, of adobe. The sloping roofs are covered with the zacate grass, or sticks and zacate; in some the more modern troughlike tiles are used, especially along the ridge. Some of the groups of dwellings include a picturesque granary.

The dwellings contain, as a rule, but one room, though this may be partly subdivided by blankets. The furniture con-

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AZTEC DWELLING OF TO-DAY, WITH WALLS MADE OF REEDS

sists of a little stool or two, a stone metate on which the corn is ground, and a few ordinary pieces of purchased pottery, and here and there some utensil bought at Cuautla. On the supporting beams of the dwelling, and perhaps a line, are hung all the clothing and other scant property of the family. There is no bed; the whole family sleeps on the ground, on mats or rags. The fireplace is in the middle of the room, and the smoke steals away through the roof, there being no chimneys. As all the inhabitants of the pueblo are poor, these conditions differ in the various dwellings but a little.

Both men and women wear native dress which is probably identical with that worn in the same region, and very near like that worn in the city of Mexico, at the time of the conquest. In men this dress consists of leather sandals, leather breeches reaching to or slightly below the knees, woollen or cotton upper garment or mantle, called "cotón," consisting of a quadrilateral piece of mostly striped and blue or gray fabric, about twice as long as broad, with a central cut through which the head is introduced; and a broad, high, pointed sombrero. The women go barefooted and mostly bareheaded, but some cover their heads with a painted gourd dish, which they buy at the Indian market in Tulancingo. The upper part of the body in women is covered with the *huipil*—a short-sleeved woollen chemise of blue or black, simple or striped, fabric; while about the lower part is wound a square piece of heavier gray, blue, or black woollen fabric, which corresponds to the *cueitl* of the ancients. This petticoat is held up at the waist by an embroidered woollen faja, or belt, and reaches but a short distance below the knees. Some men, but very few women, wear clothing like the whites. The fabrics needed for the native—dress and the mantles of the men and fajas of the women—are no more made in the village, but are bought in Tezcoco or Tulancingo; but they are still mostly of Indian manufacture. In the house the women will often leave the upper part of the body uncovered. The smaller children run about the house naked, or dressed in a few rags of no definite form; the school-

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children dress in manta (cheese-cloth) and calico.

The hair is of the same color and consistency as in other Indians, but is not very profuse or long. The men cut their hair in the manner of whites; the women braid it, the braids being mostly made into a knot behind, or brought over the sides of the head forward and there united, forming a sort of hair garland. The women dye their hair; they use an extract of a native plant, which turns the hair at first greenish, then reddish-yellow.

The men are mostly employed in sugar-cane distilleries, but also cultivate some land of their own; the women make tortillas (corn bread of nearly the size and shape of our pancakes), for which they find a good market in Cuautla.

Of the old Aztec arts and knowledge, or religion, nothing remains in Tetelcingo, nor in any other of the native settlements in Morelos; but there are still present remnants or traces of many old habits and superstitions.

The village has an old church, but apparently religious efforts, outside of making the people stupidly bigoted and if possible even more superstitious than formerly, met with but little success. The church is now in charge of a Protestant priest, himself an Indian; but so far even his influence over the people amounts to but very little.

The inhabitants of Tetelcingo are in general very distrustful of strangers, and scientific investigation among them proved much more difficult than among some of the Indian tribes that are still nearly savage. The women especially, notwithstanding their frequent contact with whites in Cuautla, are very shy and uncommunicative.

Physically the Aztec-Nahuas of Tetelcingo (and this applies generally to other regions in the state of Morelos) are in general rather inferior to their free brethren in the Sierras. The men are only rarely above the moderate in stature or strength; the women are active and wiry, but not seldom quite short. Obese individuals are practically unknown, and in Tetelcingo even a well-developed bust in a woman is an exception. The features of both men and women show what, with different habits of life, would easily be taken for a touch of refinement. There are usually in both sexes a fairly good forehead, a straight to slightly convex, not very broad nose, somewhat more protruding malars, dental arches, and angles of the lower jaw than in whites, nearly horizontal eyes, and an ordinary chin. The beard in men is scarce and never long. Some of the women are quite pretty. The children are usually chubby; their faces are often interesting, their eyes always beautiful.

The measurements obtained on the natives of Tetelcingo agree with those obtained on the ancient Aztec or Nahuan skeletons from various parts of the Valley of Mexico, which leaves no doubt as to the identity of the people, and at the same time shows the interesting fact that but very little if any physical change has taken place in the Aztec-Nahuans since the fall of their own kingdom—that is, within almost four hundred years.

The Aztec language as it is spoken to-day in Tetelcingo makes an agreeable impression, being soft and melodious.

The political head of Tetelcingo is, as mentioned, a white man, and he, with two or three native policemen, constitutes the whole government of the pueblo. Crimes are very rare; the only frequent transgression, for which, however, unless there is much disturbance, there is no punishment, is drunkenness. Feasts, as among the old Aztecs, are frequent, but they are so full of acquired religious observances that they lack all ethnological interest.

Such, in brief, are the Aztecs or Aztec-Nahuans to-day in Tetelcingo, and such physically and more or less in habits they are found in other parts of the State of Morelos, in the Valley of Mexico, and probably in other regions.

As to the future of these remnants of the Aztecs and other Nahuans, there is evidently only one possibility, and that is their gradual but complete amalgamation with the modern Mexicans. The rapidity of this process will largely depend upon the rapidity of penetration and spread among them of the modern civilization.

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The Princess Colibri

BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

THERE is a children's reception today in town. One of them has invited her friends to assist her at an At Home. She receives them like a real, grown-up hostess in the grand salon, a magnificent room with sculptured ceiling and crystal chandeliers. On the tapestries of the wall, knights and ladies ride to the hunt through a forest of blue-painted trees.

Before the caryatides of the fireplace, under the ancestral portraits, a valet moves noiselessly about, arranging the glistening silver service on the long table and putting in order the fruits, sweets, and ices.

And, strangest of all, not a single one of the "little ladies" steals the slightest look toward this appetizing array! Surely something very unusual must be going on.

In the midst of the group is a little child, who has just been introduced by the hostess, and at whom the children are gazing as at some strange and wonderful curiosity. She is wonderfully tiny and slight, and yet very dignified. She looks like a little fairy of the forests giving audience to her subjects.

But before the children's gaze she appears ill at ease. She looks uneasily from one to another in the little group around her. She observes the manners of the children, who in turn, holding their breath with curiosity, devour her with their eyes.

The "little ladies" brought up in the world of society perceive this feeling very quickly, at once stretch out their hands to her, and address her with friendly words of welcome. One of the little boys, the little master of the house, goes toward the table, and before the valet is able to turn, takes a plate of sweetmeats and fruit and gallantly offers them to the little Princess:

"Some sweetmeats, Princess? . . . . Princess, a peach? . . . ."

And, strange to tell, it is really a Princess, a Princess in flesh and blood, —very little flesh and blood, it is true, but Princess all the same.

It is the Princess Colibri, the little dwarf of the Fair.

One day her manager was smoking a big cigar in front of his tent, when a lackey in livery—gilded buttons and bright cockaded hat—appeared and handed him a violet-scented envelope. A lady presented her compliments to the Princess Colibri and invited her to come and take a cup of tea with her in company with some of the children of the village. They would be most happy to receive her, and would send the carriage for her at any hour she chose.

They fix the hour, the lackey disappears; the showman relights his cigar, and dreams, as he blows out enormous puffs of smoke, of the excellent advertising the invitation will bring him.

The Princess Colibri is a celebrity. Her little sway extends from the theatre of trained dogs to the tent of the wrestlers. Even the giant in the show salutes her with respect. She is truly a Princess in the eyes of these strolling mountebanks.

And with all that she is an artist. She has appeared in the theatre. In the play she was Queen of the Moon-people.

Most of her life had been spent in her mountebank home. Every night, in the midst of the "Bravos" of the spectators, she shows herself, recites her "lines," and pays her compliments to the audience. At such times she looks a little old and careworn, as though she suffered.

One night a "little lady" came to see her with her governess. She found the Princess delightfully amusing—even more amusing than the big doll which had just come from Paris. That night she dreamed of her. The next day she spoke of her to her mother. She threw herself into her mother's arms, and with

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all the persuasive little blandishments that children know she whispered something to her. Her mother was amazed. What! present the Princess Colibri to her friends at her house? Impossible! But the "little lady" embraced her mother again, promised to be *very* good, and her mother yielded. At the hour arranged the glittering equipage came for the little Princess, who was dressed for the occasion in her very finest finery.

"Some sweetmeats, Princess?" . . . . "Princess, a peach?"

She draws herself up proudly. Her little face, drawn with suffering, seems at the moment to shine with happiness. Truly these "little ladies" treat her with exquisite politeness. She looks at them with astonishment. The pride of their birth, the joy of living, she can read upon their faces and see upon their rosy cheeks. Their movements are graceful, the grace and ease of happy childhood. As they walk about she hears the rustle of the silks and satins of their dresses. The rose, violet, and mauve ribbons harmonize with the many-colored muslins. Their restless heads, well poised upon their delicate necks, seem to be crowned with black or with the halo of golden curls. They converse among themselves with the reserve and the refined manner of true women of the world receiving in their salon a real Princess. It is all strange to her—something *she* has never seen in her little world.

And she notes, too, with what grace and tact the little boy with the curly hair, the little master of the house, offers her the sweets and fruits and delicately insists upon serving her.

But she wonders why the others do not eat too, instead of watching her like some strange being.

This curiosity chills the little Princess without her knowing why. She recognizes very well that she is not of their world. . . . They still gaze at her, open-mouthed. To see with their own eyes at their own home the Princess Colibri, the famous, the only, the wonderful Princess, the one who appears on the posters upon the walls of the village, is an experience not soon to be forgotten. But she is not at all as their imaginations pictured her. After all, she is hardly the creature of marvellous beauty, the "fine pearl," of which the posters speak. The little hostess herself hardly recognizes her in the broad, bright light that falls from the wide windows as the "Princess" of the Fair. She is little, it is true, but her hair, in spite of the aid of the color-pencil, is already streaked with gray, and the coloring of her cheeks, in comparison with the faces so truly young and childlike around her, gives her at once an air that is peculiar and strange. The Princess Colibri reads their thoughts and is saddened by them. A cloud crosses her smile.

"Princess, an ice?" . . . .

The cloud disappears. To be served by the little master of the house, who in her eyes is so beautiful, polite and gentle in manner, is to her a taste of real happiness. Besides, the others are being served now too. They become animated, they laugh, they talk. This little world becomes lively again, and as the conversation becomes general their childish curiosity seems to be wearing away.

From all sides the fairy companions interrogate the Princess.

"You must have seen some very pretty countries, Princess,—on your travels. Tell us about them. The houses, are they like ours? Did you see any children?—did they have pets—dogs and kittens, as we have—and did the people you saw like sweets too?"

They ask her a hundred kindly questions at once in the midst of innocent childish laughter.

"Tell us, Princess, tell us about it."

For a moment her thoughts seem to be far away, as though before replying she were seeking to recall the incidents of the past. Presently she answers:

"Yes, I have travelled a great deal,—a great deal; . . . . we have just come from Germany." . . . .

But the souvenirs of her travels are slight. She has not seen the great sombre forests; she does not know the legends, the vast horizons from which rise the heroic châteaux.

"From my window one day I saw, around the square where we lived, houses with figures painted upon them; . . . . there were some that laughed and some

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that made faces. I thought they were very amusing." . . . .

The children are all listening eagerly.

"Really houses that laughed and made faces? Oh! tell us about them—tell us."

But she is silent. Her souvenirs are at an end. She remembers no more; she has forgotten everything . . . . Yet she does remember. Listen. . . .

"One day, opposite us, there was a menagerie; . . . the animals bellowed terribly all the time. Oh! I was afraid."

But it is useless to press her with questions. Her souvenirs of Germany are finished. She can recall nothing more. The little company is disappointed, but it seeks to conceal it.

"Tell us of Italy, Princess. Have you seen Naples, Florence?"

No, the little Princess has seen nothing. Yet a ray of sunlight upon the tapestry before her illumines the blue horizon. She seems to remember. . . .

"One night it was . . . ." Her little forehead becomes wrinkled with the effort, but the word does not come. Ah! wait a moment. It was one night opposite where she was stopping, the museum of wax figures was burning; . . . . the flames raged, raged; . . . . people were afraid for her; they came for her and took her away quickly in a valise. . . .

"Tell us, tell us." . . . .

But the voyage to Italy, too, is ended. To the children who are listening so eagerly it is a real disillusion. After all, then, she remembers nothing. She only knows her mountebank wagon. Yet they do admit that it is a strange kind of Princess that people carry away from a fire in a valise, like a parcel! She sees the smiles they exchange and she imagines they are making fun of her. Besides, so much talking fatigues her.

"All this is very interesting, Princess, but you must have seen many other things in your travels. Come, Princess, tell us." . . . .

The little master of the house himself insists with kindness. An idea comes to him. She is an actress.

"Yes, mademoiselle, tell us something; . . . tell us your experiences on the stage."

"Ah, yes, the theatre . . . . I have played a part in a piece. We arrived about nine o'clock. I had a beautiful yellow dress, and upon my head a crown of gilded paper. I was the queen . . . . and there were some trained dogs . . . . I went up a ladder and came out through a trap-door . . . . Every night they threw me the same bouquet. Ah . . . . and then there were some fireworks too."

And that is all. The souvenirs of the Princess, Queen of the Moon-people, are ended. The disillusion is complete. She is silent. They look at her; . . . she rolls and unrolls around her finger the little gold chain of her lilliputian watch.

The children have exhausted their curiosity. They have seen, near by, the Princess Colibri. They have looked at her to their heart's content. She is not so marvellous, after all. They are already thinking of the approaching dance.

The valet has just rolled up the heavy rugs. The grand salon is reflected on the wax floor as in the depths of a lake. The fairy "Mignonette" seats herself quickly upon a high stool in front of the piano. She turns her laughing face toward her friends, while her light fingers fly over the keys and play a catchy air. As they are about to begin, a certain feeling of remorse crosses their childish hearts . . . No, they cannot dance without her; . . . . the little hostess invites her to join them.

"Come with us, Princess Colibri. Give us your hand. . . ."

The Princess slips down awkwardly from the big arm-chair. They must help her. She is accustomed only to her own little room with its furnishings only so high . . . . She does not know how to dance. Her dress catches. She perceives that they are laughing. It comes like a shock to her heart. They have already abandoned her, and now, she thinks, they are going to laugh at her.

They begin slowly at first for fear of hurting her, but the spirit of the dance gradually takes possession of them; . . . . they forget. . . . They go faster and faster. . . . Through the chain formed by their hands joined together circulates the intense feeling of life, the joy of being alive. These young, vigorous beings give themselves with free heart to the joy of the dance. They turn and turn again, with peals of laughter. . . .

A cry . . . . stop . . . . the Princess has uttered a cry. . . . Can they have

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Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"PRINCESS, AN ICE?"

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hurt her? . . . . no, but her look implores pity. She stops, out of breath. A pearly tear drops from her eyes. She cannot dance like that, no, no; . . . . her little bones will be broken,—she is so tiny. She feels the beating of their hearts in the hands which hold hers. They hold too tight. They are going too fast. Her hands, her little feet, are bruised. They make her sit down for a moment, out of breath.

The dance stops for an instant, then starts again more violently than ever, and even the little master of the house now leaves her and mingles with the others. In her big arm-chair the poor little dwarf presides over this joyous occasion with tears in her eyes. Alone in her corner, she looks like a little exiled Princess regarding from a distance the realms of strength and of joy. The bright laughter falls like hail on her heart. How she regrets that she has come! How she would like to be at home, in her own little home! How strange she feels! How she suffers at having half seen this paradise which was not made for her! . . . She rises with effort and politely salutes her companions, who have now finished dancing and look at her in silence.

As she starts to go, each in turn grasps her hand. They thank her for coming, but they do not try to keep her. Is she ill? The lady of the house herself, who has just come in, leans over her, embraces her, and sweetly asks the question. No, she is not ill, she wishes nothing — her cloak, that is all. She wishes to return home. It is time.

In the carriage that waits for her below in the street, one of the women of her company meets her with a smile.

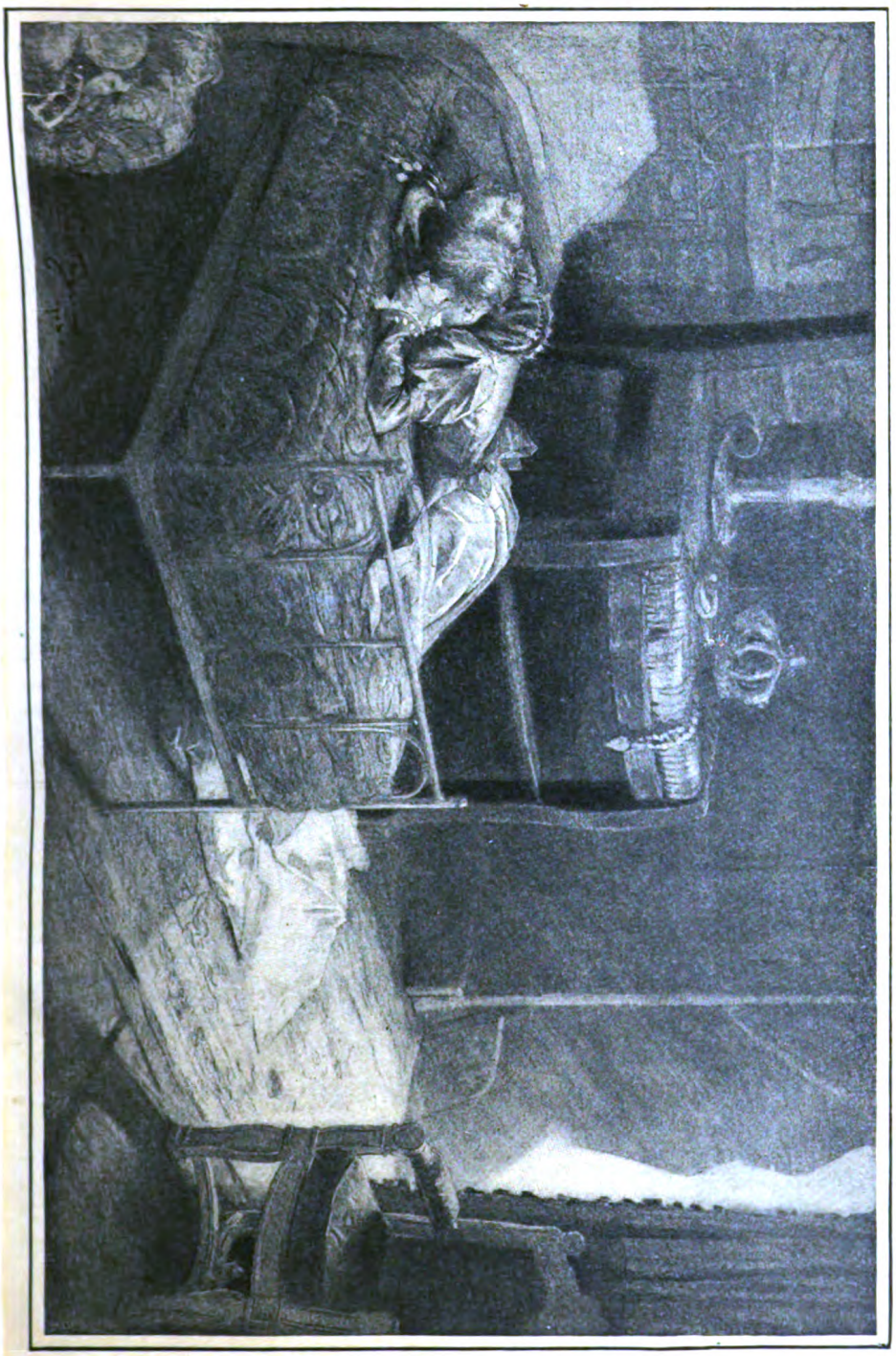
The noise of the wheels on the pavement excites her to reverie. Her little forehead becomes wrinkled; her little head ponders . . . . ponders.

She a Princess! Ah, no. She believed so at the Fair, when she sat on her throne in her tent in the midst of the cries of admiration from the peasants. But now she understands. A Princess. . . Yes, yes, in a big city one day she saw a Princess, a real Princess; . . . through the opening of her wagon door she saw a royal cortége pass by in the distance. A Princess, a real Princess, entered the city. She was a bride riding with the Prince, her husband. There was a smile on her lips. She was going to the palace of the King. Her gilded chariot seemed to reach above the heads of all, amid the glistening sabres and the roaring of the cannon. Torches lighted her way. The people shouted their "hurrahs." Bands of deafening music arrived in platoons. The Princess saluted proudly. How beautiful and formidable she appeared to her! Above all, up there, 'way up there, the chime of the cathedral bells filled the city with a sound like the buzzing of swarms of bees.

Yes, yes, from her little wagon door her little eyes had seen all that. How had she forgotten it? But then to be a Princess one must be the most beautiful, perhaps also one must be a bride. . . . A bride! . . . . her heart trembles as she pronounces the word. But what of it? After all, it is only the little heart of a *play* Princess. They arrive. It is night. The horses step superbly. At the entrance tent the showman masticates his cigar. All the mountebanks are there! The man with the wax figures; Vinoche, the champion wrestler; Philidor and his company, the Professor of the trained dogs. A grind-organ in the distance sends forth its melancholy notes. All marvel at her appearance.

This is her arrival . . . . *hers* . . . . into the mountebank city, to the salutation of an old organ, to the open-mouthed admiration of a company of clowns. . . . She re-enters her little Home. It all appears poor to her. The wind blows the tent and moves backward and forward the colonnades painted upon the canvas. Here is the stage with its miserable decorations. Here is her throne in the corner. . . . She passes by; she wishes to be alone . . . . alone. She goes to her own little room,—just like that of a mechanical doll. Her little heart beats . . . . she suffers . . . . She falls on her knees. She prays. The poor little Princess, exiled far from the realm of joy and love, throws herself upon her little bed and breaks into tears.

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ALONE IN HER OWN LITTLE ROOM

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

SHE MADE A SHAPELESS BUNDLE OF LOVE AS SHE SAT THERE ON THE SLED

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Lucy

BY MARY E. WILKINS-FREEMAN

OLD Lysander Avery passed out of Ebbit's store with his arms full of parcels, when Ebbit himself started and called after him: "Hullo! Hold on a minute, Lysander; there's a letter for you in the post-office."

Old Lysander turned slowly.

Ebbit came up with the letter, eying it himself as he advanced. "It's a letter from your daughter, I guess," he said; "I 'most forgot it."

"It ain't the day for the letter," remarked old Lysander, anxiously. He took the letter and examined the superscription. "Hope she ain't sick, nor nothin'," he muttered.

"It's her handwriting," said the storekeeper, encouragingly.

"Yes, 'tis," said old Lysander, and put the letter carefully in his pocket.

The storekeeper and his gossips stood back, while old Lysander passed out.

"S'pose he's been buyin' all that truck for his little grandchild."

The storekeeper nodded. "Sets his eyes by her," he said; "thinks she's just about perfection."

Old Lysander plodded homeward. The snow was deep, and trodden as hard as a floor. The weather was very clear and freezing. Lysander's garments were old but warm, and his blood was still reasonably quick. He clasped numerous parcels to his sides; others dangled by their strings from his fingers.

It was quite a pretentious old farmhouse which Lysander Avery owned, and which his grandfather and father had owned before him. It was the struggle of Lysander's life to keep this place in perfect repair on his tiny income. He eyed it with pride and affection as he drew near.

He went around to the door upon the south side. He saw a toss of yellow past the kitchen window, then the door flew open and little Lucy stood there, her blue frock fluttering, and her yellow fleece floating, and her two little hands waving with welcome.

Little Lucy did not say one word, but she looked at her grandfather coming with his bundles, and her face seemed to deepen with joy, rather than smile. Not a muscle of her little, serious mouth seemed to move, but she was radiant all at once. Old Lysander regarded her with adoration. "Well, ducky darlin', there you be," said he. "Guess you'd better stand back and let grandpa in; it's dreadful cold."

A woman's voice echoed his: "Yes, stan' back and let your grandpa in; you're coldin' the house all off," said the voice, which was admonitory, but not coercive.

Old Lysander carefully unloaded his packages on the kitchen table, his wife assisting. Little Lucy stood delicately aloof, rising slightly on the tips of her toes, bending forward with the air of timid curiosity of a bird. Lysander looked at her, then he nudged his wife, and she looked.

"What you watchin' out so sharp for, ducky darlin'?" asked old Lysander. Little Lucy bent her head and turned her face to one side, until only the curve of one baby cheek was visible; then she laughed, very softly, as if to herself. "I s'pose she thinks grandpa has got somethin' in them bundles for her Christmas," said the old man, with infinite enjoyment of the situation.

"Mebbe she does," said his wife, rapturously.

"And I don't see why she should, nuther," said Lysander.

His wife laughed, her mouth widening in a curve of inane innocence, like a baby's. Sylvia Avery was small and exceedingly thin, with the sort of thinness which suggests old china. Little Lucy resembled her. They moved and spoke alike; both voices had a trick of always dropping at the last syllable.

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"You'd better set down in your little chair by the stove and keep warm, ducky darlin'," said old Lysander.

"Yes, you sit down, Lucy, and mebbe you can finish your dolly's apron before supper," said Sylvia.

Little Lucy obeyed. She seated herself in the tiny rocking-chair. It was in a warm corner near the cooking-stove, where the waning light from a Western window fell. There was a clear, golden sunset, with rose and violet at the horizon-line, visible beyond her.

The old man and woman looked at her, then at each other, with a rapture of acquiescence over their common idol; then they went with the packages into the icy sitting-room across the hall.

In the sitting-room they began stowing away the parcels in a chimney closet, when suddenly old Lysander started. "I declare I forgot all about it, with all this to-do about Christmas," he said. "I've got a letter from Emma. Ebbit ran after me with it when I was goin' out of the store."

Sylvia turned pale. "It ain't the day for the letter. Oh, Lysander, you don't suppose she's sick, do you?"

"It's her writin'," said Lysander.

Sylvia opened the letter, and began to read eagerly. "She ain't comin'," she quavered.

"I was afeard so when I saw the letter."

"Yes; the woman they expected to take her place, the one that worked there so long before she was married, is sick. They won't let Emma off. She can't come."

Old Lysander's face was gloomy. He stood looking at his wife.

"That ain't all," she said, faintly. "She—wants little Lucy—"

"Wants little Lucy?"

"She wants—little Lucy to come to-morrow, and spend Christmas with her. She's dreadful disappointed, she's been lottin' so on comin' home; she says it's makin' her about sick, an' she says she thinks we might let her have little Lucy. She says Lucy can go to the store with her some. Then she says she'll have one evenin' that she can take her to the theatre to see *Cinderella*, and a woman that boards to the same place wants to take her to an afternoon performance to see *Jack and the Bean-stalk*, and the other boarders want to get up a little Christmas tree for her. She says she can see all the stores trimmed up for Christmas, and she'll have a better time than she ever had in her whole life."

Old Lysander Avery looked at his wife. "We've been lettin' a good deal on havin' of her here Christmas," he said.

"Yes, we have," said Sylvia. Her mild blue eyes looked suddenly pink around the lids.

They continued to look at each other. Sylvia shivered perceptibly. "You're ketchin' your death of cold, mother," said Lysander, with sudden tenderness.

"I s'pose we've got to make up our minds quick, if—she's goin' to-morrow," chattered Sylvia.

"Yes, I s'pose so."

"S'pose she'd have—a beautiful time; it would be somethin' for her to remember all her life," she said, with little nervous gasps for breath.

"Yes, I s'pose so," said Lysander.

"And I do s'pose it would be a sight of comfort to poor Emma."

"Mebbe it would."

Then the two, hand in hand, passed out of the cold room, across the little entry to the warm kitchen, where little Lucy sat. Old Lysander approached little Lucy and stood over her.

"Well, grandpa has got somethin' real nice to tell little Lucy," said he. She looked up inquiringly at him, while Sylvia shut the oven door and lighted a lamp. "It's somethin' real nice," he went on, in a voice of unfaltering cheerfulness. "Lucy's aunt Emma that she 'ain't ever seen, because she's only been living with grandpa and grandma six months, and Aunt Emma 'ain't been home, wants her to come and stay with her in the big city where she lives. Aunt Emma was comin' here to spend Christmas, but they can't spare her from the store where she works at the glove-counter, 'cause the lady that was goin' to take her place is sick, and she feels real bad, and she wants little Lucy to come and see her. Mother, you'd better tell her what her aunt Emma says."

Sylvia went over the list of promised joys in a quavering voice, with faithful, wistful eyes fixed on the child's changing face. "You want to go, don't you,

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Lucy?" she asked, after she had finished the list.

"You and grandpa goin' too?" inquired little Lucy.

Old Lysander looked at Sylvia. "No, ducky darlin'," he said.

"I don't want to go unless you an' grandma are goin' too," Lucy said.

The old people exchanged glances of rapture.

"Grandpa an' grandma are too old to go traipsin' round the country in sech dreadful cold weather," said Lysander. "They can keep real nice and quiet here, and have a real nice Christmas, thinkin' how little Lucy an' Aunt Emma are enjoyin' themselves."

"An' you'll love Aunt Emma jest as well as you love us, when you come to see her," said Sylvia. It ended in little Lucy, with her inborn docility, acceding to the plan for her visit. Early the next morning they started for the railway station.

Old Lysander dragged little Lucy to the station on a sled. Sylvia kissed her good-by, then she went in and shut the door hurriedly. Little Lucy was so well wrapped against the cold that she looked like a shapeless bundle of love and woe as she sat on the sled. She swallowed hard to keep the sobs back as she slid along over the creaking snow behind her grandfather, and stared through tears at the early winter morning. It was clear and very cold, and the smoke arose from the chimneys in straight columns of rose-flushed blue.

When they reached the railroad station the train was already coming in. Old Lysander hurried little Lucy onto the train. "Good-by," he said, in a husky voice. "Mind you don't lose your ticket, and don't you get off till you get there." Then he rubbed his rough cheek hard against her little soft one, and little Lucy was in the train going to Boston. Old Lysander stood on the platform watching the train as it rolled out of the station. "She got a seat by the winder," he told Sylvia when he got home.

Little Lucy, travelling to Boston, sat close to the window and gazed out earnestly. In spite of herself the sight of the swiftly moving unfamiliar landscape amused her, and diverted her mind from the terror of the strange new world into which she was plunging, a little tender girl all alone by herself. When the conductor took her ticket he gave her a friendly little pat on the shoulder, and said, "Going on a journey, sis?" and no one else spoke to her. She ate her luncheon by-and-by, and continued looking out of the window. Presently it began to snow, then it snowed steadily all the rest of the way. It grew dusky early in the afternoon. Little Lucy nestled into her corner and watched gravely the rapid recedence of the telegraph-poles and shadowy trees and houses through the driving veil of the snow. At last the train entered the great station in Boston, and everybody gathered up their belongings and arose, and then little Lucy became conscious and heard a roaring in her ears, and her heart seemed to shake her with its beating. She rose, clutching her little bag very tightly. Her knees trembled, her forehead puckered, she felt a sob in her throat. She followed the other passengers out of the car and off the train. The red-faced conductor jumped her down the high steps.

"Here we are, sis," he said. "Anybody expecting you?"

"My aunt Emma," replied Lucy, chokingly.

"All right," said the red-faced conductor. "Guess you'll find her in the waiting-room right ahead."

But Lucy, trotting along in the wake of the other passengers with nervous haste, did not reach the waiting-room.

Suddenly from a group of waiting people drawn up at the side of the platform sprang a most beautiful and rather young lady.

"Here she is, here she is, Agnes," she exclaimed, in a very soft voice, and she came straight with a sort of gentle rush at little Lucy. She stood looking down at her, smiling out of her fluff of fur and wave of plumes, then outstretched her soft velvet arms, and little Lucy was clasped close, and was dimly conscious in the midst of her surprise and joy of the scent of violets, and the singing of silken skirts, and the soft tickle of fur against her cheeks. Then the lady bent down and kissed her with a delicate caress. "Dear little Lucy, I knew you the minute I saw you," she murmured; "little darling. So you've come to see your

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auntie, haven't you, all alone such a long distance? Are you tired, darling? Of course you're tired. We'll go straight home, and you shall have your supper and go to bed. Agnes dear, it is little Lucy. You are little Lucy, aren't you, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Lucy, her voice muffled against the soft velvet and lace and fur at the lady's neck.

"Of course you are. I knew you the minute I saw you. You are just like your dear mamma. Agnes, isn't she a darling?"

Then another young lady, very much like the first, only she was taller and younger, and not quite so pretty, welcomed little Lucy, and also kissed and embraced her; and then a man in a sort of uniform, which made Lucy think of him as a soldier and wonder where his gun was, came in response to a gesture from the first lady, and Lucy was instructed to give him her check, and then she was swept away by the two ladies, who seemed to hover around her and envelop her, into a beautiful dark blue carriage with little pictures on the doors. Then she sat beside the first lady on a very soft cushion, and the other lady sat opposite, and both beamed at her.

"Dear little thing," said the lady called Agnes. "Isn't she a dear, Sister?"

"I *think* she's a dear," responded the other lady, with enthusiasm, and she put her arm around little Lucy as they sat in the carriage and drew her lovingly into the soft nest of velvet and fur which smelled of violets. "How are they all—grandmother and grandfather?" said she.

"Yes, how did you leave them, sweetheart?" asked Agnes.

"They are very well, I thank you," replied little Lucy, shyly; and that question soothed a certain wonder which had come over her to hear her aunt Emma called sister by the lady named Agnes. She knew Aunt Emma's only sister had been her own mother.

"You dear, quaint little thing!" said the lady who had been called sister. "Hasn't she a dear, precise little way of speaking, just like her grandmother, Agnes?"

"Hasn't she?" responded Agnes, admiringly.

"I don't know what John will say to her," said Sister. "I expect she will make him forget his aches and pains. Do you want to see Uncle John, darling?"

Little Lucy regarded her with intense bewilderment.

"Why, don't you want to see Uncle John?" repeated Sister; and Lucy hurriedly replied,

"Yes, ma'am"; but she was still dazed.

Then came another question which puzzled her still more. "How is your dear papa, sweetheart?" asked Agnes.

Little Lucy turned pale, and stared at her.

"How is your dear papa? Didn't he feel pretty badly to have his little girl go away without him?" asked Sister.

Little Lucy looked at her with a shocked, grieved, reproachful stare.

"Why don't you answer, darling?" Sister said, with her face close to Lucy's.

"Papa is—dead!" Lucy burst out, with a great sob of excitement and sorrow. "Papa is dead!"

Sister gave a start, then she held her off and looked at her, and then she and Agnes looked at each other, and both of them were very white.

"Sister, what does she mean?" gasped Agnes.

"I don't know," gasped Sister. "Darling," she said, very gently, to Lucy, "I asked you how your dear papa was. You mistook. You did not mean to say that—"

"My papa is dead," repeated little Lucy, with painful and reproachful firmness.

The ladies looked at each other.

"Sister, it is impossible," said Agnes—"impossible. We had the telegram when she started, and certainly nothing had happened then. Dear, your papa was quite well when you left him, was he not?"

"My papa is dead," repeated little Lucy, and then she began to cry.

Sister immediately fondled her and soothed her. "There, there, you darling! you shall not be troubled any more about it," she said. "You are all tired out with your journey, and you don't know what you are talking about. Agnes, speak to Thomas to drive a little faster. We will go straight home, and you shall have some nice dinner, and go to bed

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and get rested. Poor little soul, it was cruel to send her such a long journey alone."

It was half an hour before the carriage stopped, before some tall stone steps of a tall house. Another soldier opened the carriage door, helped Sister and Agnes to get out, then lifted out little Lucy and carried her up the steps as if she were a baby. The soldier carried her into a warm, beautiful hall like a room, with a great fireplace full of blazing logs, and a carved stair rising out of it. Up this carved stair little Lucy was carried into the loveliest little room, which seemed to fairly float out to meet her, with draperies of lace and pink silk at the windows and on the bed. The carpet was all strewn with roses, and there was a little couch with a quantity of pillows all roses, and there were little china dishes all sprinkled with roses on the dresser. Little Lucy was carried over to the couch in front of the fire blazing on a little white-tiled hearth, and a pretty girl with a tiny white cap and white apron, whom Sister and Agnes called Louise, took off her little coat and red hat, and her mittens and rubbers and leggings. Then her feet were lifted, and she was bidden to lie down and rest.

Then Sister came and sat down beside her, and kissed her, and held her little hands. "Auntie's little darling," she said, and little Lucy felt that she loved her very much. She smiled timidly, and her little fingers clung to Sister's. "You blessed little soul," cried Sister; "she did get all tired out with her journey, didn't she? No, don't try to talk, darling. Just lie still and get rested."

Then Louise brought a cup of chocolate and a most delicious little cake on a lovely plate, and while she sipped and ate she became aware of a tall, brown-bearded gentleman with a stick, upon which he leaned quite heavily, regarding her from the doorway. "Here she is, John," said Sister. "Here is Uncle John, darling."

The tall gentleman advanced and spoke very kindly to Lucy. "Well, little one," said he, "had a pretty hard journey all alone, did you not?" Then before Lucy could say anything he turned to Sister.

"I've said all along it was cruelty to children to send her here all alone," he said. "Frank ought to be ashamed of himself. He isn't fit to take care of a child. Never will be anything but a boy himself. She never would have come alone if I had not been laid up with this confounded rheumatism, I can tell you that much. Of course she is about used up with it. Doesn't take half an eye to see that. I've telephoned Frank. He's all right. I told him that Lucy had arrived in a very alarming condition, and we had sent for the doctor at once; that she was out of her—" But Sister, and Agnes, who had just entered, stopped him.

"Don't, don't, I beg of you, John," cried Sister, with an alarmed glance at Lucy, and Agnes echoed her. "John," she said, with a warning touch on his shoulder, "you forget that the child can hear."

John desisted with a sort of growl. "Well," he said, "Dr. Jerrold is coming. They telephoned that he was in and would be here right away. I think that child had better go to bed."

"Perhaps she had, John," agreed Sister. "I will have her put to bed."

"And have some gruel and beefsteak," said Uncle John, as he went out of the room.

At last the doctor came. "I suppose your papa is pretty lonesome without you," he said, with a view to professional facetiousness, and the child made her reply as before, with a piteous reiteration.

"We have just telephoned, and he is quite well," whispered Agnes.

"All right, little one," said the doctor, hastily, and directly, with a bewildering inconsequence, inquired of little Lucy if she liked dolls.

"It is a very perplexing case," he owned to Sister and Agnes and Uncle John outside the room. "She seems to be in a perfectly normal condition. Her pulse is a little quick, and there are slight symptoms of cerebral excitement, but very slight, and easily accounted for. She is very young, and a very nervous child to travel alone."

"What shall we do when she says her papa is dead?" inquired Agnes, almost weeping.

"Don't contradict her on any account," said the doctor, impressively,—

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"not on any account." The doctor was a handsome, fair, keen young man, with a very impressive, nervous manner. "Not on any account," he repeated; "and if she should make other statements which you have reason to know are erroneous, let her have her way. Don't contradict her in the slightest degree."

"She will be all right to-morrow, I dare say," said Uncle John, when the doctor had gone; "but all the same, Frank ought to be ashamed of himself, and I mean to tell him so, sending that little thing all that way alone."

"Isn't she a dear little thing?" said Agnes, effusively.

"Dear enough," replied Uncle John; "and dear or not, a child ought to be treated like a child, and not like a grown-up woman suffragist, coming all that distance alone."

Sister sighed. "There is another topic on which the dear child is not quite herself," she said. "She said, when I alluded to Cleveland, that she had not come from Cleveland, but from Brookfield, Massachusetts, and had started this morning."

"I hope you did not contradict her, Sister," said Agnes, anxiously.

"No; I immediately changed the subject, and talked about taking her to see *Cinderella*, and she seemed delighted."

"She will be all right in the morning," said Uncle John.

But poor little Lucy was not all right in the morning. She had her breakfast in bed, much to her amazement, as that was something which she had never done. There was another thing which puzzled Lucy beyond anything. She could see by the little clock on her mantel-shelf that it was nine o'clock, and why was not Aunt Emma at the store, at her glove-counter? Why was she remaining at home so late in the morning, when she had not been able to leave to go home to Brookfield? Lucy supposed that Agnes must work at the glove-counter with Aunt Emma, and she also was still at home. Finally little Lucy, having suddenly decided that Aunt Emma was staying home on her account, because she seemed to think that she was sick, timidly said something about it.

It was almost the first question that she had volunteered. "Aunt Emma," she said, in a little, trembling voice.

"Did you speak, sweetheart?" asked Sister, looking at her in a bewildered way, with a glance of alarm at Agnes.

"Yes, Aunt Emma," said Lucy, and both of the ladies turned pale; but Sister spoke up quite bravely and collectedly.

"Yes, dear; what is it?" she asked.

"I wondered," said little Lucy, "why you did not go to the store, when it is so late."

"The store?" said Sister, vaguely.

"The store?" echoed Agnes.

Lucy looked at her. "The store where you sell gloves," said she, comprehensively.

The two ladies gasped. But Sister did not lose her self-command.

"We are going very soon, darling," said she, "very soon; don't worry."

"I ain't sick," said little Lucy.

"No, of course you are not, sweetheart," said Agnes, hastily.

"Very soon we will all go to the store and see the pretty Christmas things," said Sister.

But very soon the two ladies went out of the room and clutched each other in the hall.

"Louise! Louise!" cried Sister, and Louise came hurrying out of her room. "Telephone immediately and bid Dr. Jerrold hurry up here at once," said Sister, faintly. Then she whispered to Agnes, when Louise had slipped hastily away, "She is terribly out of her head this morning."

"Yes, she is," assented Agnes.

"The store and the glove-counter!" gasped Sister.

"But it was wonderful how you kept your presence of mind and did not contradict her," said Agnes, admiringly.

"I am going to have Dr. Jerrold send us a trained nurse," said Sister. "I don't feel competent to deal with such a dangerous case. And Frank must be telegraphed at once."

"I think I had better see John and have that done without any delay," said Agnes.

However, when the doctor arrived, he said in his opinion Lucy was better, and it was not necessary to have the nurse; but the telegram was already sent.

"Let him come," growled Uncle John,

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whose rheumatism was worse. "It will do him good to worry all the way here; teach him a lesson, and he can spend Christmas with Lucy."

"She will enjoy seeing the shop-windows," said Agnes. "She quite brightened up when I spoke of that."

It was still snowing, but that made no difference. Little Lucy went with Sister and Agnes in a covered sleigh, and the city streets in the shopping district were cleared away to enable them to drive about without much trouble.

"It is very fortunate that little Lucy was not blocked. I hear that they are having a great deal of trouble with the Western trains," remarked Sister.

"I don't know what you would have done if you had been kept days in a snow-bank away from your aunties, do you, darling?" said Agnes.

They visited all the large stores, and saw the beautiful Christmas decorations, and purchased lovely, dainty things for Lucy's wardrobe. But she became more and more sober and perplexed. How could Aunt Emma be out shopping, buying things instead of selling them? Why was she not at her glove-counter? Lucy knew quite well the name of the store where her aunt Emma worked. At last they came to it and entered, and then she thought that Aunt Emma would surely remain, go in behind the glove-counter and sell gloves. But Sister and Agnes walked straight past the glove-counter. Lucy stopped. She looked hard at the counter. It was a long one, with a number of girls and women. One of them, a middle-aged woman, looked the way she would have imagined her aunt Emma to look had she not been walking with Aunt Emma.

She pulled Sister's dress timidly. Sister and Agnes stopped.

"Isn't this where you work, Aunt Emma?" asked little Lucy. Sister and Agnes exchanged glances.

"Yes, dear," replied Sister.

"Of course," said Agnes, hurrying along.

"Are you going in behind that counter and sell gloves?" asked little Lucy, with wide, innocent eyes on Sister's face.

"Oh yes, of course, dear, very soon," replied Sister.

"Very soon," echoed Agnes. "Oh, Lucy darling, look at that beautiful little muff! I think a muff would be sweet for her, Sister."

"So it would," cried Sister. "Do you want a muff to keep your dear little hands nice and warm, darling?"

"Won't you lose your place if you don't go in behind that counter and sell gloves, Aunt Emma?" persisted little Lucy. "I ain't sick."

"Of course you are not, sweetheart," cried Agnes, hurrying her along. Then she asked the saleslady to tell her the price of muffs.

Sister and Agnes were very glad when they reached home. It had been a sore trial to their nerves and their consciences.

"What do you suppose has put it into her head to call me Aunt Emma, and talk about a glove-counter?" asked Sister of Uncle John.

"Who is going to account for the freaks a child that has been allowed to travel all that way alone will take?" he replied, irritably.

The next day was Christmas, and the tree was to be in the afternoon.

"Dr. Jerrold's dear little girl is coming to your Christmas tree. I know you will love her, darling," said Sister.

All that day Lucy was given the most delightful tasks to do; she strung popcorn, she tied strings to paper angels, she filled candy-bags, she tied ribbons on packages for little Edith Jerrold. She would have been radiantly happy had it not been that the doubts, which had tormented her from the first, grew and grew. Then they reached a climax. Little Lucy had just tied a pink ribbon on a package containing a lovely little gold pin for Edith Jerrold. She had one like it, but that she did not know yet.

"Now, dear," said Sister, "can't you print your name on that card to go with it?—Edith, with a Merry Christmas, from Lucy Hooper—this will be your Christmas present to Edith."

Then little Lucy stared blankly at Sister, and dropped the package.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sister.

"That isn't my name!" said little Lucy, piteously.

Sister and Lucy and Uncle John looked at one another.

"What is your name, darling?" Sister asked, faintly.

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"Lucy Ames," replied little Lucy.

"Of course it is Lucy Ames," said Uncle John, quickly. He walked off as if he were angry about something, and Sister and Agnes both said, "Of course, dear," and she need not write her name on the card, after all; and they gave her a little picture-book to look at, though it was to have been one of her Christmas surprises.

But little Lucy was not quite satisfied. Suddenly she looked intently at Sister. "Are you my aunt Emma?" she said.

Sister caught her breath. She looked at Agnes. Then she turned to little Lucy, but her eyes fell before the child's innocent regard. "I am your aunt Alice," she replied. "Not Aunt Emma, but Aunt Alice, darling. You had the name wrong."

"Oh, Sister, what made you?" cried Agnes, as she saw the child's face quiver and pale.

"I can't help it," replied Sister. "I could not, Agnes, really could not, point-blank. You had the name wrong, darling. It is Aunt Alice whom you have come to live with, and who loves you so much, and not your aunt Emma—not Aunt Emma, but Aunt Alice."

Then poor little Lucy knew. She wailed out with an exceedingly great and bitter cry: "I want my aunt Emma! I want my aunt Emma!"

Uncle John came limping into the room, and when the story had been told him, he fibbed unhesitatingly.

"What made you tell Lucy your name was Alice, Emma?" he said, with a half-grin, in spite of his irascibility.

"Oh, John!" Sister cried, helplessly.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, fibbing so, Emma," said Uncle John. "Why don't you have her put to bed and have a nap?"

"It would be a good idea," said Agnes; "then she can rest before Edith Jerrold comes."

Little Lucy, still sobbing under her breath that she wanted her aunt Emma, —for somehow Uncle John had not quite reassured her,—was put to bed, but she could not take a nap.

"I know she must be very ill," Agnes said, after she had gone. "Why, John, only just now she had forgotten her name. She said her name was Ames and not Hooper."

"I shall be glad when Frank gets here and looks after her," said Uncle John.

"I don't feel as if I could endure telling such falsehoods much longer," said Sister, tearfully.

"I am not sure myself that it is not wise to set her right when she has her name wrong. That is going a little too far," said Uncle John.

"I think so too," said Agnes.

When little Lucy came down stairs again they tried, in spite of the doctor's orders, to convince her that her name was Hooper and not Ames. At last they almost succeeded. The child was so docile and bewildered that she almost began to concede that she had been mistaken in her own identity. Finally, when Sister asked tenderly if she did not know her name was Lucy Hooper and not Lucy Ames, she replied, in a small, faltering voice,

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, she is better," cried Sister, in great delight. "You see, it was best to tell the truth. The truth is always best."

"And you know that she is your aunt Alice, and not your aunt Emma, and that she doesn't work at a glove-counter in a store?" asked Agnes.

"Yes, ma'am," said little Lucy.

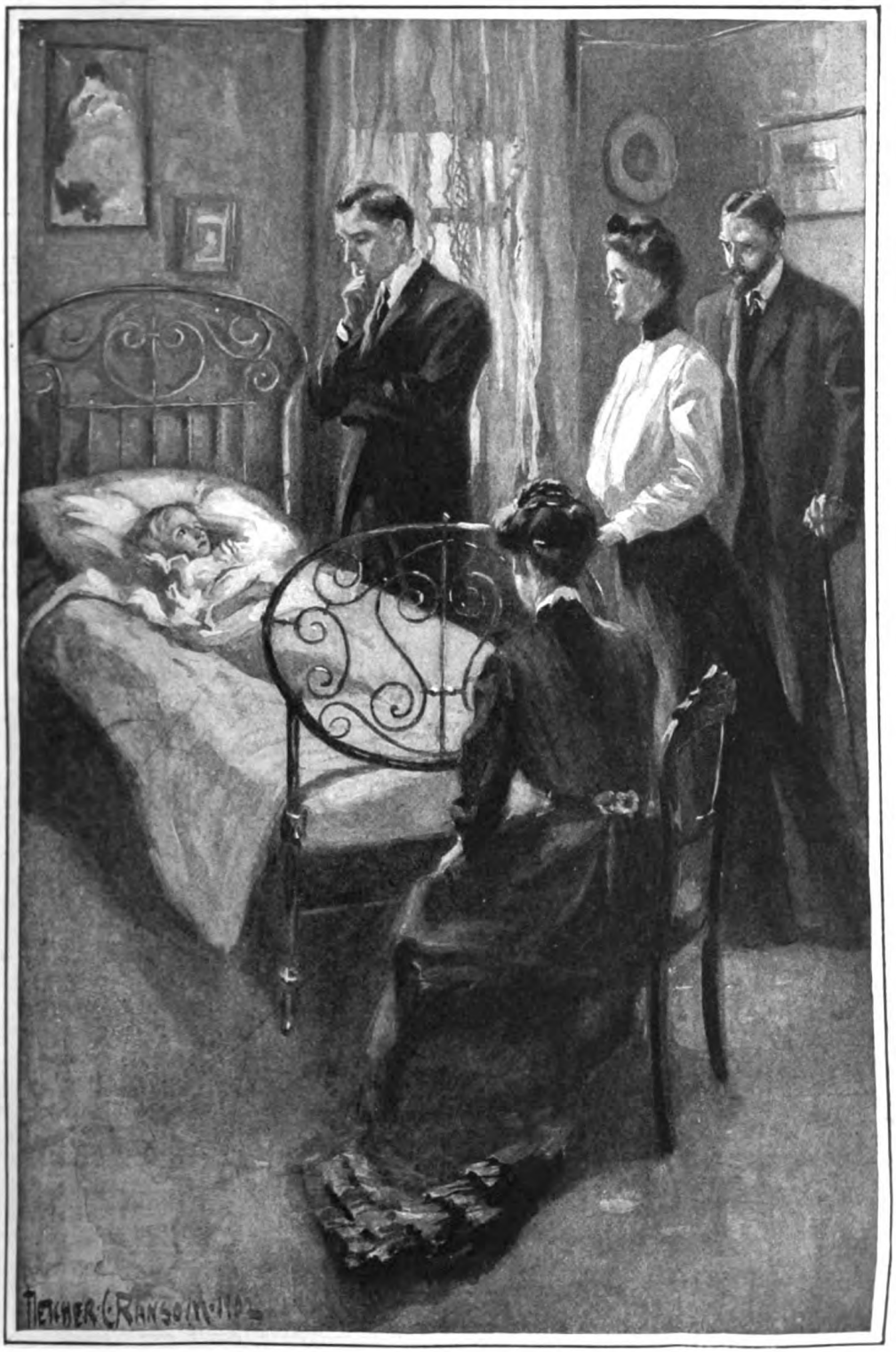
"She is certainly better," said Agnes.

"Oh, you precious darling, your aunties and your uncle John have been so worried about you!" cried Sister; "but now you are almost well again, and we shall all enjoy the Christmas tree."

The Christmas tree was very wonderful. Little Edith Jerrold came, and although Lucy was very much afraid of her, she loved her as soon as she saw her. There were presents and presents. Little Lucy was overwhelmed with riches. Her head whirled, and she doubted her identity more than ever. It did not seem as if she could see at all the old self which had been familiar to her small, untrained consciousness. This, more than anything, served to weaken her grasp of old memories. Previously the delusion had all been on the side of the older people, now it was beginning to infect her.

Poor little Lucy did not for the moment know surely whether she was Lucy Ames

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DR JERROLD FOUND LUCY WAS BETTER

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or Lucy Hooper, come here to live because her dear mamma was dead and had been the beloved sister of the two ladies and Uncle John, and her papa could not well bring up a little girl, and her papa's parents were very old and feeble. She did not know whether she had come from Brookfield, Massachusetts, or from Cleveland, Ohio; whether she had an Aunt Emma who worked at a glove-counter, or an Aunt Alice who did not work anywhere.

She pondered over the strange problem all the afternoon, even while the presents were being distributed. She could not determine whether they were little Lucy Ames's presents or little Lucy Hooper's.

There was a grand Christmas dinner. Dr. Jerrold came as well as his little daughter. Little Lucy had never seen anything like this dinner, and she had never seen anything like herself as she looked in the mirror when she passed by. It seemed more than ever that she could not be the little Lucy whom she used to see there. She wore a new dress of red silk, and red silk stockings, and red shoes, and red ribbons in her hair, and Aunt Agnes pinned some holly with red berries on her shoulder, and told her she looked like a little Christmas carol.

They had finished dinner, but were still sitting over the nuts and raisins, with their paper bonbon-caps on their heads, when there was a loud ring at the door-bell; then Uncle John was called out, and a great noise of talking was heard in the hall.

Then into the dining-room came Uncle John with a gentleman and a little girl, who did not look unlike Lucy, although she was stouter and not quite so pretty.

Agnes and Sister sprang up from the table. "Frank! Frank Hooper! How do you do? We are so glad to—" Then before he could fairly return their greeting they stopped short and stared at the little girl, who looked very sleepy and tired, and had a great smooch of car-smoke across her nose. She rubbed her eyes, and returned the ladies' stare half pitifully and half sulkily.

"Frank," said Sister, slowly, "who is this?" She pointed at the little girl.

Agnes stood looking; she seemed speechless.

"Why, that is little Lucy!" replied the rosy-faced gentleman.

Sister and Agnes and Uncle John all turned and pointed at the first little Lucy in a tragic fashion. "No!" said they—"no; *that* is little Lucy."

"I don't know what you mean," returned Mr. Frank Hooper.

"Mean!" cried Uncle John. "Why, it's plain enough what we mean." He pointed again at little Lucy in the red silk frock. "That is your little Lucy!" said Uncle John, severely. "She came here all alone from Cleveland two days ago, and we don't know what you mean when you say *this* is little Lucy. There can't be two little Lucys."

Mr. Frank Hooper laughed and scowled at the same time. "I don't know what *you* mean," said he, eying the first little Lucy sharply. "*This* is *my* little Lucy, and though she started last Sunday, she has just fetched up here on the same train with me. Her train was stalled in the snow, and some people took her off and took care of her, and, as luck would have it, put her on my train. I don't know what it all means. I don't know why you telegraphed me that Lucy was sick. She wasn't sick, and if she had been, how would you have known? I'm the one who would like to know the meaning of it."

"Who is that child over there?" demanded Uncle John, pointing to the little Lucy.

Sister went close to her and pulled the little yellow head down on her shoulder. "She's a darling, whoever she is," she declared, half weeping.

"I don't know who she is," declared Mr. Frank Hooper. "I never saw her before."

"And she isn't your little girl?"

"I tell you no. Here is my little girl. What in creation is the matter with you all?" At that juncture the second little Lucy began to cry, and Agnes caught her up peremptorily.

"Poor child," she said, "she is all tired out and hungry."

"I expect she is," said Mr. Frank Hooper, shortly.

"There, dear, don't cry," said Agnes, pulling off the second little Lucy's hat and coat. "You shall have your dinner right away."

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"Who is that child?" asked Uncle John, vaguely pointing at the first Lucy.

Then Dr. Jerrold came forward. "I think there is a grave mistake here," he said, "and I think I am partly to blame." Then he turned to the first Lucy. "What is your name, my dear?" he said. "Speak up; don't be afraid; nobody is going to hurt you."

"I rather think nobody *will* hurt her," said Sister, kissing her.

"What is your name, dear?" asked Uncle John.

"Little Lucy."

"Your whole name?" said the doctor.

"Lucy Ames," little Lucy sobbed out.

"That is what she has said all along," said Sister.

"And where were you going?" asked Dr. Jerrold.

"To Boston to see my aunt Emma," replied little Lucy.

"And where was your aunt Emma in Boston?"

"She worked at the glove-counter in R. H. White's store," sobbed Lucy.

"And where did you come from?"

"From Brookfield, Massachusetts."

"That is what the dear little thing has kept saying from the very first, and we would not listen to her," said Sister, fairly sobbing herself. "I call it a shame. We ought to have believed her."

"It was my fault," said Dr. Jerrold, "but I assumed that you knew."

"We acted like a parcel of opinionated idiots," growled Uncle John. "I don't know that you were to blame, doctor. I'm inclined to think *other* people were to blame. Children ought not to be let to travel alone, anyway." Uncle John glared accusingly at Mr. Frank Hooper, who did not seem to notice it.

"But," said Dr. Jerrold, "what is this Aunt Emma doing all this time?"

Then Agnes and Sister and Uncle John all jumped up at once.

"What is your aunt Emma's last name, dear?" inquired the doctor.

"Aunt Emma Avery," replied little Lucy.

"She knew all about it all this time, and here she was dragged in here, whether or no," said Sister, tearfully. "Don't you be afraid, darling."

Uncle John rang the bell violently. "Well," he said, "that woman shall not be kept waiting a moment longer than can be helped. I'll have the carriage out, and I'll find her. The janitor at R. H. White's will know." But it was Dr. Jerrold and Agnes who finally went, on account of Uncle John's rheumatism.

They were not gone very long. It was hardly three-quarters of an hour before the carriage stopped before the house and the front door opened. The family were all in the great drawing-room where the Christmas tree stood. Sister was holding the first little Lucy in her lap and comforting her; Mr. Hooper was holding the second little Lucy, who had eaten her dinner, had her face washed, and looked happier. Now and then she and the first Lucy smiled shyly at each other. Uncle John and Mr. Hooper had been talking rather excitedly, but they hushed when the carriage stopped, and Mr. Hooper, who was somewhat impetuous, jumped up and ran to the drawing-room door. Then Dr. Jerrold and Agnes and a pale but very pretty woman in a black dress, who was Aunt Emma, and old Lysander and Sylvia entered.

Old Lysander saw little Lucy, and he went straight to her, and she slid down from Sister's lap.

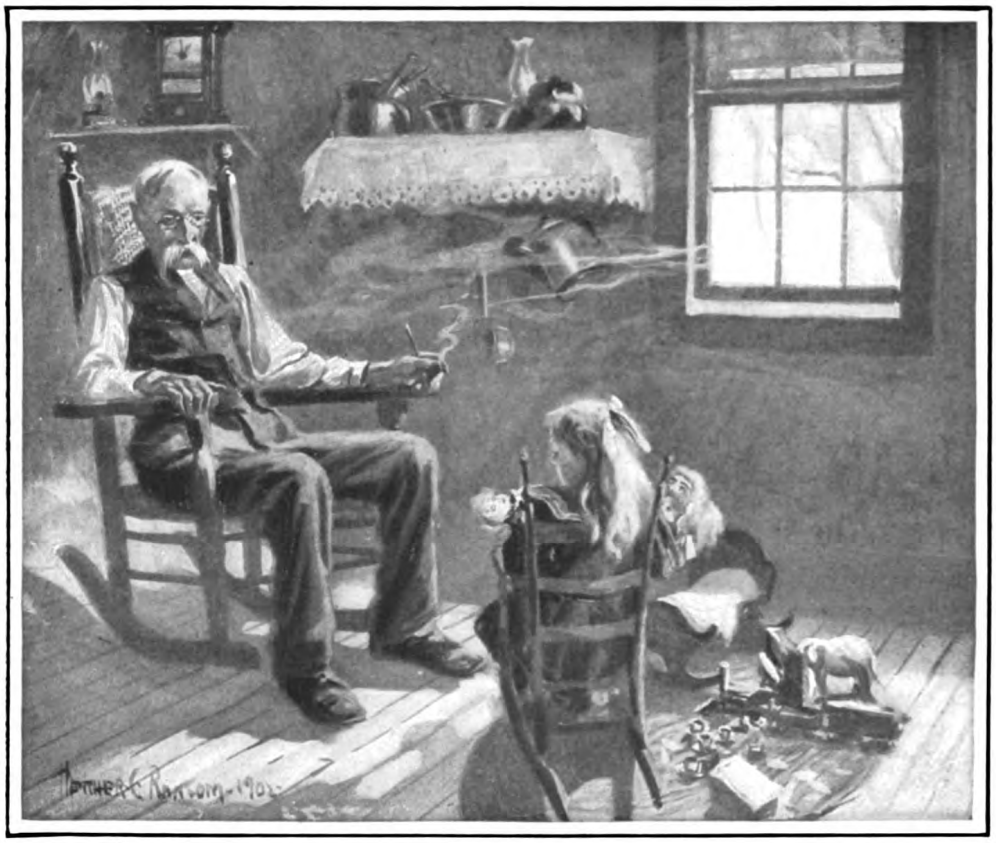
"Oh, grandpa! grandpa!" she sobbed out.

Then old Lysander caught her up in his arms. Sylvia was crying very softly and unobtrusively, with her nicely folded best pocket-handkerchief pressed to her face. Aunt Emma was trying not to cry, and trying to respond politely to Agnes's and Sister's agitated apologies and explanations. As for old Lysander, he fairly shook little Lucy in his joy.

"Grandpa's ducky darlin'," he said, huskily. "Did she get lost, and not know where she was? And here's poor Aunt Emma been almost crazy, and it all happened because it snowed so hard the night little Lucy came, and made Aunt Emma's car late. And poor Aunt Emma sent for grandpa and grandma, and here they be."

Finally, after much explanation and an amiable understanding, little Lucy was taken away in the carriage with her grandfather and grandmother and her aunt Emma to her aunt Emma's boarding-place. She stayed there three days, and the boarders gave her a little Christ-

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IN THE MIDST OF INCALCULABLE RICHES OF CHILDHOOD

mas tree, and one lady took her to see *Cinderella*. Then Sister and Agnes and the other little Lucy came to see her, and they all went to see *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and she went happily through all her aunt Emma's promised list of Christmas joys, with the additional joy of her grandparents' society.

On the Monday after Christmas, old Lysander and Sylvia and little Lucy all returned home to Brookfield. The next morning they were all in the kitchen keeping Christmas, though Christmas was several days old. Old Lysander said that they had not had their Christmas at home yet, and little Lucy had not received the presents which he had purchased at Ebbit's store. So that morning they were given to her, and that made the third set of Christmas presents.

"Three Christmases in one year, ain't it, ducky darlin'?" said old Lysander. He himself had some very nice presents from Aunt Emma and Sister and Agnes and Uncle John, and so had Sylvia. It was still very bitter weather, but clear and bright. The frosted window-panes shone like the pages of a missal, with the tints of jewels on leaves of silver. Sylvia was stirring something on the stove, which gave forth a sweet and spicy odor. Little Lucy sat in her tiny rocking-chair, with her arms full of dolls. She sat in the midst of incalculable riches of childhood, her face radiant with the utmost joy of possession, borne with the gentleness and gratitude of a gentle little girl. Old Lysander was in his arm-chair near her. The kitchen windows faced southeast, and soon the frost began to melt.

The sun shone broadly in athwart the yellow-painted floor; old Lysander and little Lucy, the good old man and the good child, at the close and beginning of innocent and peaceful lives, sat in the same beam of Christmas sunshine.

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"YOU'VE BEEN DOING SOMETHING YOU'RE THOROUGHLY ASHAMED OF!"

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The Mission of Jane

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

LETHBURY, surveying his wife across the dinner table, found his transient conjugal glance arrested by an indefinable change in her appearance.

"How smart you look! Is that a new gown?" he asked.

Her answering look seemed to deprecate his charging her with the extravagance of wasting a new gown on him, and he now perceived that the change lay deeper than any accident of dress. At the same time, he noticed that she betrayed her consciousness of it by a delicate, almost frightened blush. It was one of the compensations of Mrs. Lethbury's protracted childishness that she still blushed as prettily as at eighteen. Her body had been privileged not to outstrip her mind, and the two, as it seemed to Lethbury, were destined to travel together through an eternity of girlishness.

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

Since she never did, he always wondered at her bringing this out as a fresh grievance against him; but his wonder was unresentful, and he said good-humoredly: "You sparkle so that I thought you had on your diamonds."

She sighed and blushed again.

"It must be," he continued, "that you've been to a dressmaker's opening. You're absolutely brimming with illicit enjoyment."

She stared again, this time at the adjective. His adjectives always embarrassed her: their unintelligibleness savored of impropriety.

"In short," he summed up, "you've been doing something that you're thoroughly ashamed of."

To his surprise she retorted: "I don't see why I should be ashamed of it!"

Lethbury leaned back with a smile of enjoyment. When there was nothing better going he always liked to listen to her explanations.

"Well—?" he said.

She was becoming breathless and ejaculatory. "Of course you'll laugh—you laugh at everything!"

"That rather blunts the point of my derision, doesn't it?" he interjected; but she pushed on without noticing:

"It's so easy to laugh at things."

"Ah," murmured Lethbury with relish, "that's Aunt Sophronia's, isn't it?"

Most of his wife's opinions were heirlooms, and he took a quaint pleasure in tracing their descent. She was proud of their age, and saw no reason for discarding them while they were still serviceable. Some, of course, were so fine that she kept them for state occasions, like her great-grandmother's Crown Derby; but from the lady known as Aunt Sophronia she had inherited a stout set of every-day prejudices that were practically as good as new; whereas her husband's, as she noticed, were always having to be replaced. In the early days she had fancied there might be a certain satisfaction in taxing him with the fact; but she had long since been silenced by the reply: "My dear, I'm not a rich man, but I never use an opinion twice if I can help it."

She was reduced, therefore, to dwelling on his moral deficiencies; and one of the most obvious of these was his refusal to take things seriously. On this occasion, however, some ulterior purpose kept her from taking up his taunt.

"I'm not in the least ashamed!" she repeated, with the air of shaking a banner to the wind; but the domestic atmosphere being calm, the banner drooped unheroically.

"That," said Lethbury judicially, "encourages me to infer that you ought to be, and that, consequently, you've been giving yourself the unusual pleasure of doing something I shouldn't approve of."

She met this with an almost solemn

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directness. "No," she said. "You won't approve of it. I've allowed for that."

"Ah," he exclaimed, setting down his liqueur-glass. "You've worked out the whole problem, eh?"

"I believe so."

"That's uncommonly interesting. And what is it?"

She looked at him quietly. "A baby."

If it was seldom given her to surprise him, she had attained the distinction for once.

"A baby?"

"Yes."

"A—human baby?"

"Of course!" she cried, with the virtuous resentment of the woman who has never allowed dogs in the house.

Lethbury's puzzled stare broke into a fresh smile. "A baby I sha'n't approve of? Well, in the abstract I don't think much of them, I admit. Is this an abstract baby?"

Again she frowned at the adjective; but she had reached a pitch of exaltation at which such obstacles could not deter her.

"It's the loveliest baby—" she murmured.

"Ah, then it's concrete. It exists. In this harsh world it draws its breath in pain—"

"It's the healthiest child I ever saw!" she indignantly corrected.

"You've seen it, then?"

Again the accusing blush suffused her. "Yes—I've seen it."

"And to whom does the paragon belong?"

And here indeed she confounded him. "To me—I hope," she declared.

He pushed his chair back with an inarticulate murmur. "To *you*—?"

"To *us*," she corrected.

"Good Lord!" he said. If there had been the least hint of hallucination in her transparent gaze—but no: it was as clear, as shallow, as easily fathomable as when he had first suffered the sharp surprise of striking bottom in it.

It occurred to him that perhaps she was trying to be funny: he knew that there is nothing more cryptic than the humor of the unhumorous.

"Is it a joke?" he faltered.

"Oh, I hope not. I want it so much to be a reality—"

He paused to smile at the limitations of a world in which jokes were not realities, and continued gently: "But since it is one already—"

"To us, I mean: to you and me. I want—" her voice wavered, and her eyes with it. "I have always wanted so dreadfully . . . it has been such a disappointment . . . not to . . ."

"I see," said Lethbury slowly.

But he had not seen before. It seemed curious, now, that he had never thought of her taking it in that way, had never surmised any hidden depths beneath her outspread obviousness. He felt as though he had touched a secret spring in her mind.

There was a moment's silence, moist and tremulous on her part, awkward and slightly irritated on his.

"You've been lonely, I suppose?" he began. It was odd, having suddenly to reckon with the stranger who gazed at him out of her trivial eyes.

"At times," she said.

"I'm sorry."

"It was not your fault. A man has so many occupations; and women who are clever — or very handsome — I suppose that's an occupation too. Sometimes I've felt that when dinner was ordered I had nothing to do till the next day."

"Oh," he groaned.

"It wasn't your fault," she insisted. "I never told you—but when I chose that rose-bud paper for the front room upstairs, I always thought—"

"Well—?"

"It would be such a pretty paper—for a baby—to wake up in. That was years ago, of course; but it was rather an expensive paper . . . and it hasn't faded in the least . . ." she broke off incoherently.

"It hasn't faded?"

"No — and so I thought . . . as we don't use the room for anything . . . now that Aunt Sophronia is dead . . . I thought I might . . . you might . . . oh, Julian, if you could only have seen it just waking up in its crib!"

"Seen what—where? You haven't got a baby upstairs?"

"Oh, no—not *yet*," she said, with her rare laugh—the girlish bubbling of merriment that had seemed one of her chief graces in the early days. It occurred to him that he had not given her enough

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things to laugh about lately. But then she needed such very elementary things: it was as difficult to amuse her as a savage. He concluded that he was not sufficiently simple.

"Alice," he said, almost solemnly, "what *do* you mean?"

She hesitated a moment: he saw her gather her courage for a supreme effort. Then she said slowly, gravely, as though she were pronouncing a sacramental phrase:

"I'm so lonely without a little child—and I thought perhaps you'd let me adopt one. . . . It's at the hospital . . . its mother is dead . . . and I could . . . pet it, and dress it, and do things for it . . . and it's such a good baby . . . you can ask any of the nurses . . . it would never, *never* bother you by crying . . ."

II

Lethbury accompanied his wife to the hospital in a mood of chastened wonder. It did not occur to him to oppose her wish. He knew, of course, that he would have to bear the brunt of the situation: the jokes at the club, the inquiries, the explanations. He saw himself in the comic rôle of the adopted father, and welcomed it as an expiation. For in his rapid reconstruction of the past he found himself cutting a shabbier figure than he cared to admit. He had always been intolerant of stupid people, and it was his punishment to be convicted of stupidity. As his mind traversed the years between his marriage and this unexpected assumption of paternity, he saw, in the light of an overheated imagination, many signs of unwonted crassness. It was not that he had ceased to think his wife stupid: she *was* stupid, limited, inflexible; but there was a pathos in the struggles of her swaddled mind, in its blind reachings toward the primal emotions. He had always thought she would have been happier with a child; but he had thought it mechanically, because it had so often been thought before, because it was in the nature of things to think it of every woman, because his wife was so eminently one of a species that she fitted into all the generalizations on the sex. But he had regarded this generalization as merely typical of the triumph of tradition over experience. Maternity was no doubt the supreme function of primitive woman, the one end to which her whole organism tended; but the law of increasing complexity had operated in both sexes, and he had not seriously supposed that, outside the world of Christmas fiction and anecdotic art, such truisms had any special hold on the feminine imagination. Now he saw that the arts in question were kept alive by the vitality of the sentiments they appealed to.

Lethbury was in fact going through a rapid process of readjustment. His marriage had been a failure, but he had preserved toward his wife the exact fidelity of act that is sometimes supposed to excuse any divagation of feeling; so that, for years, the tie between them had consisted mainly in his abstaining from making love to other women. The abstention had not always been easy, for the world is surprisingly well-stocked with the kind of woman one ought to have married but did not; and Lethbury had not escaped the solicitation of such alternatives. His immunity had been purchased at the cost of taking refuge in the somewhat rarified atmosphere of his perceptions; and his world being thus limited, he had given unusual care to its details, compensating himself for the narrowness of his horizon by the minute finish of his foreground. It was a world of fine shadings and the nicest proportions, where impulse seldom set a blundering foot, and the feast of reason was undisturbed by an intemperate flow of soul. To such a banquet his wife naturally remained uninvited. The diet would have disagreed with her, and she would probably have objected to the other guests. But Lethbury, miscalculating her needs, had hitherto supposed that he had made ample provision for them, and was consequently at liberty to enjoy his own fare without any reproach of mendicancy at his gates. Now he beheld her pressing a starved face against the windows of his life, and in his imaginative reaction he invested her with a pathos borrowed from the sense of his own shortcomings.

In the hospital, the imaginative process continued with increasing force. He looked at his wife with new eyes. Formerly she had been to him a mere bundle of negations, a labyrinth of dead walls

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and bolted doors. There was nothing behind the walls, and the doors led nowhither: he had sounded and listened often enough to be sure of that. Now he felt like a traveller who, exploring some ancient ruin, comes on an inner cell, intact amid the general dilapidation, and painted with images which reveal the forgotten uses of the building.

His wife stood by a white crib in one of the wards. In the crib lay a child, a year old, the nurse affirmed, but to Lethbury's eye a mere dateless fragment of humanity projected against a background of conjecture. Over this anonymous particle of life Mrs. Lethbury leaned, such ecstasy reflected in her face as strikes up, in Correggio's Night-piece, from the child's body to the mother's countenance. It was a light that irradiated and dazzled her. She looked up at an inquiry of Lethbury's, but as their glances met he perceived that she no longer saw him, that he had become as invisible to her as she had long been to him. He had to transfer his question to the nurse.

"What is the child's name?" he asked.

"We call her Jane," said the nurse.

III

Lethbury, at first, had resisted the idea of a legal adoption; but when he found that his wife's curiously limited imagination prevented her regarding the child as hers till it had been made so by process of law, he promptly withdrew his objection. On one point only he remained inflexible; and that was the changing of the waif's name. Mrs. Lethbury, almost at once, had expressed a wish to rechristen it: she fluctuated between Muriel and Gladys, deferring the moment of decision like a lady wavering between two bonnets. But Lethbury was unyielding. In the general surrender of his prejudices this one alone held out.

"But Jane is so dreadful," Mrs. Lethbury protested.

"Well, we don't know that *she* won't be dreadful. She may grow up a Jane."

His wife exclaimed reproachfully. "The nurse says she's the loveliest—"

"Don't they always say that?" asked Lethbury patiently. He was prepared to be inexhaustibly patient now that he had reached a firm foothold of opposition.

"It's cruel to call her Jane," Mrs. Lethbury pleaded.

"It's ridiculous to call her Muriel."

"The nurse is *sure* she must be a lady's child."

Lethbury winced: he had tried, all along, to keep his mind off the question of antecedents.

"Well, let her prove it," he said, with a rising sense of exasperation. He wondered how he could ever have allowed himself to be drawn into such a ridiculous business; for the first time he felt the full irony of it. He had visions of coming home in the afternoon to a house smelling of linseed and paregoric, and of being greeted by a chronic howl as he went up stairs to dress for dinner. He had never been a club-man, but he saw himself becoming one now.

The worst of his anticipations were unfulfilled. The baby was surprisingly well and surprisingly quiet. Such infantile remedies as she absorbed were not potent enough to be perceived beyond the nursery; and when Lethbury could be induced to enter that sanctuary, there was nothing to jar his nerves in the mild pink presence of his adopted daughter. Jars there were, indeed: they were probably inevitable in the disturbed routine of the household; but they occurred between Mrs. Lethbury and the nurses, and Jane contributed to them only a placid stare which might have served as a rebuke to the combatants.

In the reaction from his first impulse of atonement, Lethbury noted with sharpened perceptions the effect of the change on his wife's character. He saw already the error of supposing that it could work any transformation in her. It simply magnified her existing qualities. She was like a dried sponge put in water: she expanded, but she did not change her shape. From the stand-point of scientific observation it was curious to see how her stored instincts responded to the pseudo-maternal call. She overflowed with the petty maxims of the occasion. One felt in her the epitome, the consummation, of centuries of animal maternity, so that this little woman, who screamed at a mouse and was nervous about burglars, came to typify the cave-mother rending her prey for her young.

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OVER THIS ANONYMOUS PARTICLE OF LIFE MRS. LETHBURY LEANED

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It was less easy to regard philosophically the practical effects of her borrowed motherhood. Lethbury found with surprise that she was becoming assertive and definite. She no longer represented the negative side of his life; she showed, indeed, a tendency to inconvenient affirmations. She had gradually expanded her assumption of motherhood till it included his own share in the relation, and he suddenly found himself regarded as the father of Jane. This was a contingency he had not foreseen, and it took all his philosophy to accept it; but there were moments of compensation. For Mrs. Lethbury was undoubtedly happy for the first time in years; and the thought that he had tardily contributed to this end reconciled him to the irony of the means.

At first he was inclined to reproach himself for still viewing the situation from the outside, for remaining a spectator instead of a participant. He had been allured, for a moment, by the vision of severed hands meeting over a cradle, as the whole body of domestic fiction bears witness to their doing; and the fact that no such conjunction took place he could explain only on the ground that it was a borrowed cradle. He did not dislike the little girl. She still remained to him a hypothetical presence, a query rather than a fact; but her nearness was not unpleasant, and there were moments when her tentative utterances, her groping steps, seemed to loosen the dry accretions enveloping his inner self. But even at such moments—moments which he invited and caressed—she did not bring him nearer to his wife. He now perceived that he had made a certain place in his life for Mrs. Lethbury, and that she no longer fitted into it. It was too late to enlarge the space, and so she overflowed and encroached. Lethbury struggled against the sense of submergence. He let down barrier after barrier, yielded privacy after privacy; but his wife's personality continued to dilate. She was no longer herself alone: she was herself and Jane. Gradually, in a monstrous fusion of identity, she became herself, himself and Jane; and instead of trying to adapt her to a spare crevice of his character, he found himself carelessly squeezed into the smallest compartment of the domestic economy.

IV

He continued to tell himself that he was satisfied if his wife was happy; and it was not till the child's tenth year that he felt a doubt of her happiness.

Jane had been a preternaturally good child. During the eight years of her adoption she had caused her foster-parents no anxiety beyond those connected with the usual succession of youthful diseases. But her unknown progenitors had given her a robust constitution, and she passed unperturbed through measles, chicken-pox and whooping-cough. If there was any suffering it was endured vicariously by Mrs. Lethbury, whose temperature rose and fell with the patient's, and who could not hear Jane sneeze without visions of a marble angel weeping over a broken column. But though Jane's prompt recoveries continued to belie such premonitions, though her existence continued to move forward on an even keel of good health and good conduct, Mrs. Lethbury's satisfaction showed no corresponding advance. Lethbury, at first, was disposed to add her disappointment to the long list of feminine inconsistencies with which the sententious observer of life builds up his favorite induction; but circumstances presently led him to take a kindlier view of the case.

Hitherto his wife had regarded him as a negligible factor in Jane's evolution. Beyond providing for his adopted daughter, and effacing himself before her, he was not expected to contribute to her well-being. But as time passed he appeared to his wife in a new light. It was he who was to educate Jane. In matters of the intellect, Mrs. Lethbury was the first to declare her deficiencies — to proclaim them, even, with a certain virtuous superiority. She said she did not pretend to be clever, and there was no denying the truth of the assertion. Now, however, she seemed less ready, not to own her limitations, but to glory in them. Confronted with the problem of Jane's instruction, she stood in awe of the child.

"I have always been stupid, you know," she said to Lethbury with a new humility, "and I'm afraid I sha'n't know what is best for Jane. I'm sure she has a wonderfully good mind, and I should reproach myself if I didn't give her every opportunity." She looked at him helplessly.

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"You must tell me what ought to be done."

Lethbury was not unwilling to oblige her. Somewhere in his mental lumber-room there rusted a theory of education such as usually lingers among the impedimenta of the childless. He brought this out, refurbished it, and applied it to Jane. At first he thought his wife had not overrated the quality of the child's mind. Jane seemed extraordinarily intelligent. Her precocious definiteness of mind was encouraging to her inexperienced preceptor. She had no difficulty in fixing her attention, and he felt that every fact he imparted was being etched in metal. He helped his wife to engage the best teachers, and for a while continued to take an ex-official interest in his adopted daughter's studies. But gradually his interest waned. Jane's ideas did not increase with her acquisitions. Her young mind remained a mere receptacle for facts: a kind of cold-storage from which anything that had been put there could be taken out at a moment's notice, intact but congealed. She developed, moreover, an inordinate pride in the capacity of her mental storehouse, and a tendency to pelt her public with its contents. She was overheard to jeer at her nurse for not knowing when the Saxon Heptarchy had fallen, and she alternately dazzled and depressed Mrs. Lethbury by the wealth of her chronological allusions. She showed no interest in the significance of the facts she amassed: she simply collected dates as another child might have collected stamps or marbles. To her foster-mother she seemed a prodigy of wisdom; but Lethbury saw, with a secret movement of sympathy, how the aptitudes in which Mrs. Lethbury gloried were slowly estranging her from their possessor.

"She is getting too clever for me," his wife said to him, after one of Jane's historical flights, "but I am so glad that she will be a companion to you."

Lethbury groaned in spirit. He did not look forward to Jane's companionship. She was still a good little girl: but there was something automatic and formal in her goodness, as though it were a kind of moral calisthenics that she went through for the sake of showing her agility. An early consciousness of virtue had moreover constituted her the natural guardian and adviser of her elders. Before she was fifteen she had set about reforming the household. She took Mrs. Lethbury in hand first; then she extended her efforts to the servants, with consequences more disastrous to the domestic harmony; and lastly she applied herself to Lethbury. She proved to him by statistics that he smoked too much, and that it was injurious to the optic nerve to read in bed. She took him to task for not going to church more regularly, and pointed out to him the evils of desultory reading. She suggested that a regular course of study encourages mental concentration, and hinted that inconsecutiveness of thought is a sign of approaching age.

To her adopted mother her suggestions were equally pertinent. She instructed Mrs. Lethbury in an improved way of making beef stock, and called her attention to the unhygienic qualities of carpets. She poured out distracting facts about bacilli and vegetable mould, and demonstrated that curtains and picture-frames are a hot-bed of animal organisms. She learned by heart the nutritive ingredients of the principal articles of diet, and revolutionized the cuisine by an attempt to establish a scientific average between starch and phosphates. Four cooks left during this experiment, and Lethbury fell into the habit of dining at his club.

Once or twice, at the outset, he had tried to check Jane's ardor; but his efforts resulted only in hurting his wife's feelings. Jane remained impervious, and Mrs. Lethbury resented any attempt to protect her from her daughter. Lethbury saw that she was consoled for the sense of her own inferiority by the thought of what Jane's intellectual companionship must be to him; and he tried to keep up the illusion by enduring with what grace he might the blighting edification of Jane's discourse.

V

As Jane grew up, he sometimes avenged himself by wondering if his wife was still sorry that they had not called her Muriel. Jane was not ugly; she developed, indeed, a kind of categorical prettiness that might have been a pro-

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jection of her mind. She had a creditable collection of features, but one had to take an inventory of them to find out that she was good-looking. The fusing grace had been omitted.

Mrs. Lethbury took a touching pride in her daughter's first steps in the world. She expected Jane to take by her complexion those whom she did not capture by her learning. But Jane's rosy freshness did not work any perceptible ravages. Whether the young men guessed the axioms on her lips and detected the encyclopædia in her eye, or whether they simply found no intrinsic interest in these features, certain it is, that, in spite of her mother's heroic efforts, and of incessant calls on Lethbury's purse, Jane, at the end of her first season, had dropped hopelessly out of the running. A few duller girls found her interesting, and one or two young men came to the house with the object of meeting other young women; but she was rapidly becoming one of the social supernumeraries who are asked out only because they are on people's lists.

The blow was bitter to Mrs. Lethbury; but she consoled herself with the idea that Jane had failed because she was too clever. Jane probably shared this conviction; at all events she betrayed no consciousness of failure. She had developed a pronounced taste for society, and went out, unweariedly and obstinately, winter after winter, while Mrs. Lethbury toiled in her wake, showering attentions on oblivious hostesses. To Lethbury there was something at once tragic and exasperating in the sight of their two figures, the one conciliatory, the other dogged, both pursuing with unabated zeal the elusive prize of popularity. He even began to feel a personal stake in the pursuit, not as it concerned Jane, but as it affected his wife. He saw that the latter was the victim of Jane's disappointment: that Jane was not above the crude satisfaction of "taking it out" of her mother. Experience checked the impulse to come to his wife's defence; and when his resentment was at its height, Jane disarmed him by giving up the struggle.

Nothing was said to mark her capitulation; but Lethbury noticed that the visiting ceased, and that the dressmaker's bills diminished. At the same time, Mrs. Lethbury made it known that Jane had taken up charities; and before long Jane's conversation confirmed this announcement. At first Lethbury congratulated himself on the change; but Jane's domesticity soon began to weigh on him. During the day she was sometimes absent on errands of mercy; but in the evening she was always there. At first she and Mrs. Lethbury sat in the drawing-room together, and Lethbury smoked in the library; but presently Jane formed the habit of joining him there, and he began to suspect that he was included among the objects of her philanthropy.

Mrs. Lethbury confirmed the suspicion. "Jane has grown very serious-minded lately," she said. "She imagines that she used to neglect you, and she is trying to make up for it. Don't discourage her," she added innocently.

Such a plea delivered Lethbury helpless to his daughter's ministrations; and he found himself measuring the hours he spent with her by the amount of relief they must be affording her mother. There were even moments when he read a furtive gratitude in Mrs. Lethbury's eye.

But Lethbury was no hero, and he had nearly reached the limit of vicarious endurance when something wonderful happened. They never quite knew afterward how it had come about, or who first perceived it; but Mrs. Lethbury one day gave tremulous voice to their inferences."

"Of course," she said, "he comes here because of Elise." The young lady in question, a friend of Jane's, was possessed of attractions which had already been found to explain the presence of masculine visitors.

Lethbury risked a denial. "I don't think he does," he declared.

"But Elise is thought very pretty." Mrs. Lethbury insisted.

"I can't help that," said Lethbury doggedly.

He saw a faint light in his wife's eyes; but she remarked carelessly: "Mr. Budd would be a very good match for Elise."

Lethbury could hardly repress a chuckle: he was so exquisitely aware that she was trying to propitiate the gods.

For a few weeks neither said a word; then Mrs. Lethbury once more reverted to the subject.

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"It is a month since Elise went abroad," she said.

"Is it?"

"And Mr. Budd seems to come here just as often—"

"Ah," said Lethbury with heroic indifference; and his wife hastily changed the subject.

Mr. Winstanley Budd was a young man who suffered from an excess of manner. Politeness gushed from him in the driest seasons. He was always performing feats of drawing-room chivalry, and the approach of the most unobtrusive female threw him into attitudes which endangered the furniture. His features, being of the cherubic order, did not lend themselves to this rôle; but there were moments when he appeared to dominate them, to force them into compliance with an aquiline ideal. The range of Mr. Budd's social benevolence made its object hard to distinguish. He spread his cloak so indiscriminately that one could not always interpret the gesture, and Jane's impassive manner had the effect of increasing his demonstrations: she threw him into paroxysms of politeness.

At first he filled the house with his amenities; but gradually it became apparent that his most dazzling effects were directed exclusively to Jane. Lethbury and his wife held their breath and looked away from each other. They pretended not to notice the frequency of Mr. Budd's visits, they struggled against an imprudent inclination to leave the young people too much alone. Their conclusions were the result of indirect observation, for neither of them dared to be caught watching Mr. Budd: they behaved like naturalists on the trail of a rare butterfly.

In his efforts not to notice Mr. Budd, Lethbury centred his attentions on Jane; and Jane, at this crucial moment, wrung from him a reluctant admiration. While her parents went about dissembling their emotions, she seemed to have none to conceal. She betrayed neither eagerness nor surprise; so complete was her unconcern that there were moments when Lethbury feared it was obtuseness, when he could hardly help whispering to her that now was the moment to lower the net.

Meanwhile the velocity of Mr. Budd's gyrations increased with the ardor of courtship: his politeness became incandescent, and Jane found herself the centre of a pyrotechnical display culminating in the "set piece" of an offer of marriage.

Mrs. Lethbury imparted the news to her husband one evening after their daughter had gone to bed. The announcement was made and received with an air of detachment, as though both feared to be betrayed into unseemly exultation; but Lethbury, as his wife ended, could not repress the inquiry, "Have they decided on a day?"

Mrs. Lethbury's superior command of her features enabled her to look shocked. "What can you be thinking of? He only offered himself at five!"

"Of course—of course—" stammered Lethbury—"but nowadays people marry after such short engagements—"

"Engagement!" said his wife solemnly. "There is no engagement."

Lethbury dropped his cigar. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Jane is thinking it over."

"*Thinking it over?*"

"She has asked for a month before deciding."

Lethbury sank back with a gasp. Was it genius or was it madness? He felt incompetent to decide; and Mrs. Lethbury's next words showed that she shared his difficulty.

"Of course I don't want to hurry Jane—"

"Of course not," he acquiesced.

"But I pointed out to her that a young man of Mr. Budd's impulsive temperament might — might be easily discouraged—"

"Yes; and what did she say?"

"She said that if she was worth winning she was worth waiting for."

VI

The period of Mr. Budd's probation could scarcely have cost him as much mental anguish as it caused his would-be parents-in-law.

Mrs. Lethbury, by various ruses, tried to shorten the ordeal, but Jane remained inexorable; and each morning Lethbury came down to breakfast with the certainty of finding a letter of withdrawal from her discouraged suitor.

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When at length the decisive day came, and Mrs. Lethbury, at its close, stole into the library with an air of chastened joy, they stood for a moment without speaking; then Mrs. Lethbury paid a fitting tribute to the proprieties by faltering out: "It will be dreadful to have to give her up—"

Lethbury could not repress a warning gesture; but even as it escaped him, he realized that his wife's grief was genuine.

"Of course, of course," he said, vainly sounding his own emotional shallows for an answering regret. And yet it was his wife who had suffered most from Jane!

He had fancied that these sufferings would be effaced by the milder atmosphere of their last weeks together; but felicity did not soften Jane. Not for a moment did she relax her dominion: she simply widened it to include a new subject. Mr. Budd found himself under orders with the others; and a new fear assailed Lethbury as he saw Jane assume prenuptial control of her betrothed. Lethbury had never felt any strong personal interest in Mr. Budd; but, as Jane's prospective husband, the young man excited his sympathy. To his surprise, he found that Mrs. Lethbury shared the feeling.

"I'm afraid he may find Jane a little exacting," she said, after an evening dedicated to a stormy discussion of the wedding arrangements. "She really ought to make some concessions. If he *wants* to be married in a black frock-coat instead of a dark gray one—" She paused and looked doubtfully at Lethbury.

"What can I do about it?" he said.

"You might explain to him—tell him that Jane isn't always—"

Lethbury made an impatient gesture. "What are you afraid of? His finding her out or his not finding her out?"

Mrs. Lethbury flushed. "You put it so dreadfully!"

Her husband mused for a moment; then he said with an air of cheerful hypocrisy: "After all, Budd is old enough to take care of himself."

But the next day Mrs. Lethbury surprised him. Late in the afternoon she entered the library, so breathless and inarticulate that he scented a catastrophe.

"I've done it!" she cried.

"Done what?"

"Told him." She nodded toward the door. "He's just gone. Jane is out, and I had a chance to talk to him alone."

Lethbury pushed a chair forward and she sank into it.

"What did you tell him? That she is *not* always—"

Mrs. Lethbury lifted a tragic eye. "No; I told him that she always *is*—"

"Always *is*—?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. Lethbury made a call on his hoarded philosophy. He saw Jane suddenly reinstated in her evening seat by the library fire; but an answering chord in him thrilled at his wife's heroism.

"Well—what did he say?"

Mrs. Lethbury's agitation deepened. It was clear that the blow had fallen.

"He . . . he said . . . that we . . . had never understood Jane . . . or appreciated her . . ." The final syllables were lost in her handkerchief, and she left him marvelling at the mechanism of a woman.

After that, Lethbury faced the future with an undaunted eye. They had done their duty—at least his wife had done hers—and they were reaping the usual harvest of ingratitude with a zest seldom accorded to such reaping. There was a marked change in Mr. Budd's manner, and his increasing coldness sent a genial glow through Lethbury's system. It was easy to bear with Jane in the light of Mr. Budd's disapproval.

There was a good deal to be borne in the last days, and the brunt of it fell on Mrs. Lethbury. Jane marked her transition to the married state by an appropriate but incongruous display of nerves. She became sentimental, hysterical and reluctant. She quarrelled with her betrothed and threatened to return the ring. Mrs. Lethbury had to intervene, and Lethbury felt the hovering sword of destiny. But the blow was suspended. Mr. Budd's chivalry was proof against all his bride's caprices, and his devotion throve on her cruelty. Lethbury feared that he was too faithful, too enduring, and longed to urge him to vary his tactics. Jane presently reappeared with the ring on her finger, and consented to try

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"I CAN'T LEAVE YOU," SHE WAILED

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on the wedding-dress; but her uncertainties, her reactions, were prolonged till the final day.

When it dawned, Lethbury was still in an ecstasy of apprehension. Feeling reasonably sure of the principal actors, he had centred his fears on incidental possibilities. The clergyman might have a stroke, or the church might burn down, or there might be something wrong with the license. He did all that was humanly possible to avert such contingencies, but there remained that incalculable factor known as the hand of God. Lethbury seemed to feel it groping for him.

In the church it almost had him by the nape. Mr. Budd was late; and for five immeasurable minutes Lethbury and Jane faced a churchful of conjecture. Then the bridegroom appeared, flushed but chivalrous, and explaining to his father-in-law under cover of the ritual that he had torn his glove and had to go back for another.

"You'll be losing the ring next," muttered Lethbury; but Mr. Budd produced this article punctually, and a moment or two later was bearing its wearer captive down the aisle.

At the wedding-breakfast Lethbury caught his wife's eye fixed on him in mild disapproval, and understood that his hilarity was exceeding the bounds of fitness. He pulled himself together, and tried to subdue his tone; but his jubilation bubbled over like a champagne-glass perpetually refilled. The deeper his draughts, the higher it rose.

It was at the brim when, in the wake of the dispersing guests, Jane came down in her travelling-dress and fell on her mother's neck.

"I can't leave you!" she wailed, and Lethbury felt as suddenly sobered as a man under a douche. But if the bride was reluctant her captor was relentless. Never had Mr. Budd been more dominant, more aquiline. Lethbury's last fears were dissipated as the young man snatched Jane from her mother's bosom and bore her off to the brougham.

The brougham rolled away, the last milliner's girl forsook her post by the awning, the red carpet was folded up, and the house door closed. Lethbury stood alone in the hall with his wife. As he turned toward her, he noticed the look of tired heroism in her eyes, the deepened lines of her face. They reflected his own symptoms too accurately not to appeal to him. The nervous tension had been horrible. He went up to her, and an answering impulse made her lay a hand on his arm. He held it there a moment.

"Let us go off and have a jolly little dinner at a restaurant," he proposed.

There had been a time when such a suggestion would have surprised her to the verge of disapproval; but now she agreed to it at once.

"Oh, that would be so nice," she murmured with a great sigh of relief and assuagement.

Jane had fulfilled her mission after all: she had drawn them together at last.

Progress

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

I FILL Colombo's westering sail,
I work through Cromwell's spleen,
I crush the Bourbons when they fail,
I break the Guillotine.

Who fares with me along the way,
Nor stays for fear and ruth,
His heresy of yesterday
Shall be to-morrow's truth.

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The Middle West

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ONE afternoon last summer three or four people from New York, two from Boston, and a young man from the Middle West were lunching at one of the country clubs on the south shore of Long Island, and there came about a mild discussion of the American universities.

One of the women from New York nodded pleasantly to the Westerner.

"I am sure, Mr. McWhirter, that you are too broad-minded to resent what I am about to say," she remarked,—a preface which of course braced the young man to receive with a winning smile any insult to his *alma mater* or to his section of the country. "It is only that I have decided that my sons must go to Harvard," she continued, turning to the Bostonians, "because at Princeton or Yale" (Mr. McWhirter's *alma mater* was Princeton) "they might be thrown in contact with Westerners."

She went on to declare that her feeling in the matter was not induced by ignorance; she knew the West well enough, she said, gayly, and did not judge it by its Congressmen alone, having spent some months in Indianapolis twenty years ago, and after that she had lived in Buffalo for a long, long time. Buffalo was sufficiently raw; but Indianapolis she described as a place where the women of a household spent their time sewing in an apartment called "the sitting-room," preserving for the occasional visitor a stiff, hard-swept stuffed chamber, "the parlor," never opened except to receive formal calls.

Another woman of the party at once

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offered as a soothing draught the old, deadly formula, always an immediate restorative of good feeling, "But then, you know, Mr. McWhirter, we never think of *you* as a Westerner!" Variations of this formula are common enough on the lips of New-Yorkers and Bostonians; although no Philadelphian of really good feeling ever reminds the Westerner of his origin, because of a polite fear that the stranger may be sensitive about not being a Philadelphian.

However, this interesting provincialism is confined to no particular quarter along the Atlantic seaboard, neither to East Bridgewater nor to Elizabeth, New Jersey. It was an Albany clergyman who said to the writer, with the most genial approbation of the Central States: "Yes, indeed, the people from your part of the country are improving steadily. Members of the younger generation have come East to our schools and colleges; they visit our young people; they study our manners and ways of life,—and thus, returning home, bring the West more and more toward the standard." Nothing could have reminded one more vividly of the one-time popular song:

> Of course you can never be like us,
> But be as like us as it's possible to be.

Certainly "society" in a middle-sized town of the Central States is in a few respects unlike that to be found in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, or, indeed, anywhere else in the world, and possesses some characteristics of its own. There are no "professional society people"; and "social relaxation" for the young generation of men means a holiday; to the older generation it usually means the necessity for a tired man to go out and get more tired.

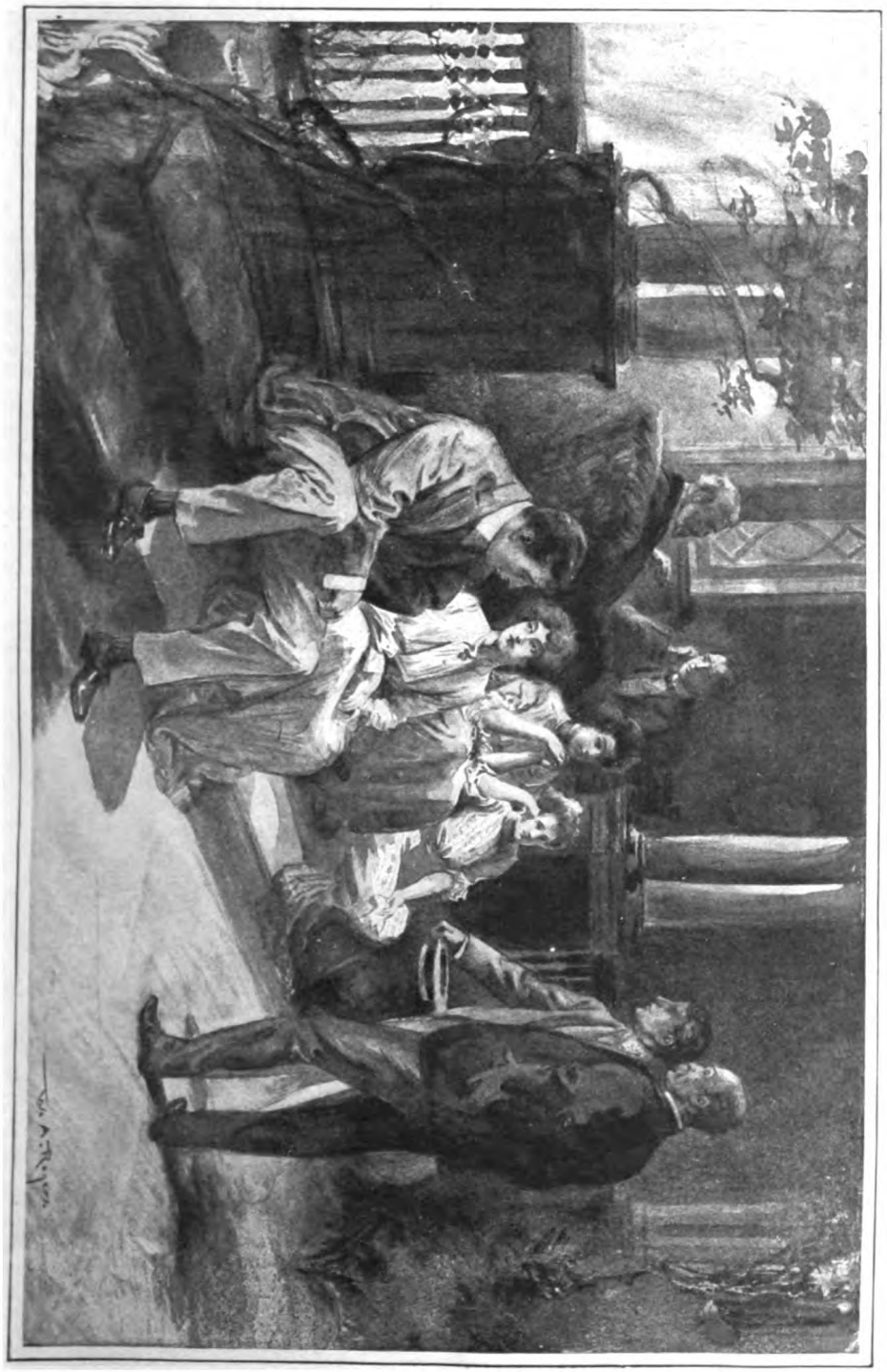
Towns, of course, differ in character quite as widely as individuals differ, and they do not greet with enthusiasm observations concerning their similarities any more than people do. Detroit does not enjoy hearing from the stranger that Detroit reminds him of Indianapolis; nor does Indianapolis too persistently urge any claim that it is like Detroit. Columbus is far from pressing upon the visitor its points of similarity to Detroit, Indianapolis, Springfield (Illinois), Omaha, or St. Paul, yet it is not bitterly resentful of remarks to the effect that it reminds one of New York; though Louisville, which has more civic pride than any other place in the world, somewhat tolerantly allows you to say that New York reminds you of Louisville.

Nevertheless the polite visitor discovers an inward something in almost all the large towns of the Central States that he feels is typical; a resemblance in social spirit that is elusively prevalent, which, evading definition, though often showing itself quite tangibly, is almost as difficult to confine within the bounds of uncontradictory adjectives as that which we mean when we speak of the typically American. Nor can we wholly solve the difficulty by a study of the society of any particular city of this region, for there is none that we dare call an "average city" of the Central States. However, we may come near it by considering one of the large towns in its lighter aspects, forgetting ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. of its population and the graver potentialities which lie in the mass of its people.

An Easterner at a dance, a dinner, a club, or at a theatre in this city would observe very few differences between the people he would meet and those he might encounter in a place of like population (between 150,000 and 250,000) east of the Alleghenies; indeed, the difference that does strike the traveller at first glance is that the former are somewhat more cosmopolitan in point of view; they have "been about" more; they are more tolerant; and they have a greater breadth of thought, geographically.

They are pleasant people to know; easy-going, yet not happy-go-lucky; possessing energy without rush, and gayety without extravagance. They have a way of being hospitable without exertion, which they inherit from half their ancestry, which was Southern, and a way of competently entertaining each other and their visitors without lavishness,—a trait they inherit from the other half, which came from New England. Then, too, pioneer conditions are not so remote that the training of grandfathers and great-grandfathers has been lost. These forebears had a struggle with the earth and the wilderness severe enough to leave a mark upon the fourth generation; therefore the third and fourth generations feel

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THE MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY LIVE ON TERMS OF SINGULAR INTIMACY

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it as a moral necessity that there should be caution in the husbanding of resources. And while nearly all are comfortable and well-to-do, none are "barons"; only a few are rich, and these few live like their neighbors, not displaying their advantage.

It is a society almost wholly without snobbishness. Now and then there becomes apparent a struggle to enter it on the part of some one outside of it; but, because access is so simple, the fact that a struggle is necessary nearly always creates in itself a perpetual disqualification. It is a society exceedingly friendly to the new-comer; very ready to receive him on his own merits; it has no feeling of its own insecurity to make it snub him because it does not know who he was before he came. And while the visitor will be asked many questions about his acquaintances in other cities, he will not be asked if he has met "the Rockmores of Germantown," in order to discover if he "knows the right people." The questions are put in a hopeful way, with the hospitable wish to find mutual friends of whom to talk, and to bring the visitor and native into closer touch.

There is a natural drawing together and interdependence, of course, among the people who form the nucleus of this society; whose fathers and grandfathers have been friends, watching the town grow from a village in the forties to a city of importance in the twentieth century; and although there is a small complacence among the families that were here "from the first," it amounts mainly to greater familiarity with each other, as among relatives. Conditions are all the happier for the absence of the pond-turtle who condescends to the new-comer because his relatives have been a long time in the same pond. Here and there there may be an individual who takes to himself some credit that his family have achieved distinction or continued in respectability through several generations; but he does not push the claim, because he lives among people who would laugh less at "the arrogant strut of new wealth" than at a claim of privilege for "high birth"; because (the people would



AT THE MEN'S CLUBS HE SOMETIMES HEARS THE VOICES OF WOMEN

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TO SEE YOU OFF AND WAVE GOOD-BY

feel) to be tainted with the former means at least that you are proud of something you yourself have accomplished; to possess the latter means that you are in the ludicrous attitude of being proud of yourself because of something that somebody else did.

The members of this society live on terms of singular intimacy with one another, almost as in a village, meeting often, and rarely passing each other on the street without pausing for more than a greeting. When the warm weather begins one has only to stroll or drive about certain pleasant portions of the city during the early evening to see nearly all his friends, who will be lounging each on his lawn, or comfortably taking the air on the broad porches; and the older inhabitant easily remembers the day when he was acquainted with every person of respectable appearance in town. Such intimacy, of course, entails an amusingly large quantity of amazingly small gossip. The details of the arrangements for a wedding, a reception, or a dance receive eager attention in many quarters, nor is the watchful eye at the neighbor's window altogether unknown. Grotesquely impossible stories are passed about, as they are everywhere, and here they have a glamourous relish because every one knows every one else so very well. This latter fact usually precludes the scandal from entire credibility, but not from repetition, for that is "just plain human nature." And yet, in spite of the cross-roads gossipiness, it is a society extraordinarily free from real scandal. Life is exceedingly dull at times, and there is a proper (or improper, if you like) proportion of divorce cases on the docket; but when the young couples separate, it is almost always "because they couldn't

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ON THE RIVER-BANK BELOW . . . THE YOUTH OF THE CITY USUALLY PROPOSE .

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get along together," and the married flirt who carries flirtation beyond a cheering interest is quite unknown. As the literary club essay might remark, "a highly moral tone prevails."

One of the things that surprise a male visitor at the men's clubs is that he sometimes hears the voices of women. Certain portions of the club-houses are accessible to women; they come there for lunch, attended and unattended by members; they give teas and dinners, and even children's parties, at the clubs; and daring indeed would be the bachelor (none but a bachelor can be conceived as thus foolhardy) who offered to amend the rules permitting them to do so.

Only a half-dozen or so families have houses in the country within driving distance of the city; many take cottages or gypsy it expensively in hotels during the summer; but the larger number spend the warm months contentedly at home; for the town is like gardens in a big grove. A bird's-eye view shows only a jutting roof-corner here and there among the thick foliage; and the country club is within easy reach. The country club gives the gayest and happiest and laziest part of town's life, from the first of May until November. It is on a high bluff among tall forest trees, where there is always a breeze and always some coolness. Here there are to be found, nearly always, out-of-town men who serve as an excuse for a dinner, and out-of-town girls for whom dances are arranged; and here, on the terrace or on the river-bank below, or in quiet corners of the long veranda when the music of the Saturday evening hop is going inside, the youth of the city usually propose. This has almost the sanctity of custom.

The vehicles which drive up to the porte-cochère are not such as you would see at Ardsley, for instance. Now and then will come one which might pass muster in that class, but rarely; most of them are of another character. The horses get over the ground rapidly, but without a suggestion of the park; and most of them are of trim, fast, Western breeds; about one in a hundred is docked —and that one wishing, in fly-time, that he were an automobile. Many automobiles come, of course, but runabouts and phaetons prevail, the harness being as neat as it is plain. Sometimes a jovial party will arrive in several big park brakes, but these, alas! are rented, and the drivers slouch on the seats in the rustiest of mixed liveries.

It is an old cry of the Englishman, the objection to the voice and accent of the American woman. The Easterner passes on the complaint, alleging that it is the women of the West and of the Central States who are loud-voiced, nasal, r-burring, and twangy. Mr. Kipling vouchsafed expression of his opinion, once on a time, to this effect: "How pleasant in every way is a nice American whose tongue is cleansed of 'right here,' 'all the time,' 'noos,' 'revoo,' 'raound,' and the Falling Cadence."

Of course the question of rising or falling inflections is only an affair of personal preference with each individual; and the American has a perfect right to object to the rising inflection, what he has chosen to call the "English sing-song"; and, as a matter by-the-way, Mr. Kipling's ear betrayed him when he thought he heard "revoo" for "review," no adult American (without physical impediment of speech) ever having pronounced "review" "revoo," though he does, in most parts of the country, say "constitootional," and has good authority therefor.

There are some peculiarities of the pronunciation in the Central States, common to educated people of such cities as Cincinnati, Omaha, Indianapolis, Columbus, Minneapolis, or Chicago—peculiarities which are not necessarily faults; but the voices of the women of these places have suffered less from the climate than from the old slander; and on the porches of the country club of the city at which we are glancing you will hear a twang no oftener than you will anywhere else. Every society in the world contains individual members who are precisians in speech, and individuals who have voices unpleasing in quality; and of course, as it is everywhere else, so it is here. Europe has long judged Americans by the loud and impertinent American tourist; that is natural, because the loud and impertinent attract attention, while the gentle and well-mannered travellers (largely in the majority) are not noticed. Thus the East has elected to sniff now

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AND HELLO-BELLS EVEN TINKLING MILES AWAY

and then at the West. The Bostonian or New-Yorker, observing a noisy young woman from somewhere in the upper Mississippi or Ohio valley disporting herself conspicuously by the sea or elsewhere, immediately sets her down as a "typical Westerner," whereas she is nothing of the kind, and the chances are does not "belong to the best" in her own home.

The Central West burrs the "r" in about the same proportion that the East snubs it, and shortens the "a" to the same extent that New England incorrectly gives it breadth. The common fault of the whole country is elision; and the West elides no more than does the East. We are all so accustomed to elision that it needs a careful ear to detect it. East, South, and West, you will hear, not only on the street, but sometimes in "the best society," "Gimme," "Lemme," "Don'-chuh," etc., and no writer of fiction may write the American language precisely as it is spoken in any section of the country, because the transcription would be rough, possibly unintelligible, and would often be puzzling to the very reader whose actual manner of speech had been transcribed.

But to return to our own particular semi-typical city. While the hospitality of this place is neither lavish nor given to display, it has a way of being thorough and untiring and glad. You come to visit a friend for a time, which always expands, only to find yourself staying for many days afterward as guest of your friend's friends, who were previously entirely unknown to you. They do not weary you, and yet they have something for you to do all the time; and the weeks go by cheerily until a goodly number of your new acquaintances (who, somehow, already appear to be old friends) come down to the railway station with flowers to see you off and wave good-by.

It is not only that the people are neighborly with each other, but the city is neighborly as well. It keeps in close touch with all the large towns within a radius of a hundred miles or more. In summer the golf clubs visit each other in squadrons, parties of women accompanying the men; and these friendly communities have developed a disposition to treat one another as suburbs. The pretty girls and the dancing men of each are well known to those of the others; there is a

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great deal of interurban dinner-giving, courting, and marrying; the coat-rooms of the clubs of each city know few seasons when they are not often littered with the bags and traps of visiting youth come from a distance to usher it, best-man it, to dance, ride, and dine.

One of the kindliest adjuncts of cheerfulness in this region has been the increase and growth of university clubs. They are the most homelike of all the clubs, especially to the wandering university man from anywhere, be his *alma mater* Oxford or Stanford; and when he enters the portals of any one of them he is on familiar ground again, even after a cold day's business with strange people in a strange city. A graduate of any of the larger universities, entering here, will be unlucky if he fails to run across classmates and old friends to his heart's content. As a New York Harvardian of the eighties said the other day: "In St. Louis, after a hard afternoon's work, somebody took me into the University Club, and there were only four or five men in the place that I didn't know or hadn't heard of in one way or another; and the next morning there must have been a dozen of 'em dropped in at the hotel to meet my wife and take breakfast. And every one of them had plans for us — dinners, dances, polo, and what not—that would have kept us there for weeks if we could have stayed!"

The long-distance telephone is kept ringing across these Central States, ringing up people by their first names, from country club to country club and from one university club to another, old classmates continually arranging reunions, men who played opposite each other on Yale, Princeton, Harvard, and Cornell teams planning various festivities; the hello-bells even tinkling miles away for no more than a Cincinnati man to ask a Louisville girl if he can run over (seven or eight hours to go and come) and call in the evening. After all, though the horizon sometimes seems to bend in rather closely about the towns of this part of the country, there are apertures through which the atmosphere percolates with a very cheerful breeziness.

"Poor Love!" said Life

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

"POOR Love!" said Life, "that hast nor gold,
Nor lands, nor other store, I ween;
Thy very shelter from the cold
Is oft but lowly built and mean."
"Nay: though of rushes be my bed,
Yet am I rich," Love said.

Persisted Life,—"Thrice fond art thou,
To yield the sovereign gifts of Earth—
The victor sword, the laurelled brow,
For visioned things of little worth!"
Love gazed afar with dream-lit eyes,
And answered: "Nay: but wise."

"Yet, Love," said Life, "what can atone
For all the travail of thy years—
The yearnings vain, the vigils lone,
The pain, the sacrifice, the tears?"
Soft as the breath breathed from a rose,
The answer came: "Love knows."

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The Bridal Pair

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

I

"JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS MEETING"

"IF I were you," said the elder man, "I should take three months' solid rest."

"A month is enough," said the younger man. "Ozone will do it; the first brace of grouse I bag will do it—" He broke off abruptly, staring at the line of dimly lighted cars, where negro porters stood by the vestibuled sleepers, directing passengers to state-rooms and berths.

"Dog all right, doctor?" inquired the elder man, pleasantly.

"All right, doctor," replied the younger; "I spoke to the baggage-master."

There was a silence; the elder man chewed an unlighted cigar reflectively, watching his companion with keen narrowing eyes.

The younger physician stood full in the white electric light, lean head lowered, apparently preoccupied with a study of his own shadow swimming and quivering on the asphalt at his feet.

"So you fear I may break down?" he observed, without raising his head.

"I think you're tired out," said the other.

"That's a more agreeable way of expressing it," said the young fellow. "I hear"—he hesitated, with a faint trace of irritation—"I understand that Forbes Stanly thinks me mentally unsound."

"He probably suspects what you're up to," said the elder man, soberly.

"Well, what will he do when I announce my germ theory? Put me in a strait-jacket?"

"He'll say you're mad, until you prove it; every physician will agree with him—until your radium test shows us the microbe of insanity."

"Doctor," said the young man, abruptly, "I'm going to admit something—to *you*."

"All right; go ahead and admit it."

"Well, I *am* a bit worried about my own condition."

"It's time you were," observed the other.

"Yes—it's about time. Doctor, I am seriously affected."

The elder man looked up sharply.

"Yes, I'm—in love."

"Ah!" muttered the elder physician, amused and a trifle disgusted,—"so that's your malady, is it?"

"A malady—yes;—not explainable by our germ theory,—not affected by radio-activity. Doctor, I'm speaking lightly enough, but there's no happiness in it."

"Never is," commented the other, striking a match and lighting his ragged cigar. After a puff or two the cigar went out. "All I have to say," he added, "is, don't do it just now. Show me a scale of pure radium and I'll give you leave to marry every spinster in New York. In the mean time go and shoot a few dozen harmless, happy grouse; they can't shoot back. But let love alone. . . . By-the-way, who is she?"

"I don't know."

"You know her name, I suppose?"

The young fellow shook his head. "I don't even know where she lives," he said, finally.

After a pause the elder man took him gently by the arm: "Are you subject to this sort of thing? Are you susceptible?"

"No, not at all."

"Ever before in love?"

"Yes—once."

"When?"

"When I was about ten years old. Her name was Rosamund,—aged eight. I never had the courage to speak to her. She died recently, I believe."

The reply was so quietly serious, so destitute of any suspicion of humor, that the elder man's smile faded; and again he cast one of his swift, keen glances at his companion.

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"Won't you stay away three months?" he asked, patiently.

But the other only shook his head, tracing with the point of his walking-stick the outline of his own shadow on the asphalt.

A moment later he glanced at his watch, closed it with a snap, silently shook hands with his equally silent friend, and stepped aboard the sleeping-car.

Neither had noticed the name of the sleeping-car.

It happened to be the "*Rosamund.*"

II

Loungers and passengers on Wildwood station drew back from the platform's edge as the towering locomotive shot by them, stunning their ears with the clangor of its melancholy bell.

Slower, slower glided the dusty train, then stopped, jolting; eddying circles of humanity closed around the cars, through which descending passengers pushed.

"Wildwood! Wildwood!" cried the trainmen; trunks tumbling out of the forward car descended with a bang!—a yelping, wagging setter dog landed on the platform, hysterically grateful to be free; and at the same moment a young fellow in tweed shooting-clothes, carrying gripsack and gun-case, made his way forward toward the baggage-master, who was being jerked all over the platform by the frantic dog.

"Much obliged; I'll take the dog," he said, slipping a bit of silver into the official's hand, and receiving the dog's chain in return.

"Hope you'll have good sport," replied the baggage-master. "There's a lot o' birds in this country, they tell me. You've got a good dog there."

The young man smiled and nodded, released the chain from his dog's collar, and started off up the dusty village street, followed by an urchin carrying his luggage.

The landlord of the Wildwood Inn stood on the veranda, prepared to receive guests. When a young man, a white setter dog, and a small boy loomed up, his speculative eyes became suffused with benevolence.

"How-de-do, sir?" he said, cordially. "Guess you was with us three year since—stayed to supper. Ain't that so?"

"It certainly is," said his guest, cheerfully. "I am surprised that you remember me."

"Be ye?" rejoined the landlord, gratified. "Say! I can tell the name of every man, woman, an' child that has ever set down to eat with us. You was here with a pair o' red bird-dawgs; shot a mess o' birds before dark, come back pegged out, an' took the ten-thirty to Noo York. Hey? Yaas, an' you was cussin' round because you couldn't stay an' shoot for a month."

"I had to work hard in those days," laughed the young man. "You are right; it was three years ago this month."

"Time's a flyer; it's fitted with triple screws these days," said the landlord. "Come right in an' make yourself to home. Ed! Oh, Ed! Take this bag to 13! We're all full, sir. You ain't scared at No. 13, be ye? Say! if I ain't a liar you had 13 three years ago! Waal, now!—ain't that the dumbdest—But you can have what you want Monday. How long was you calkerlatin' to stay?"

"A month—if the shooting is good."

"It's all right. Orrin Plummer come in last night with a mess o' pa'tridges. He says the woodcock is droppin' in to the birches south o' Sweetbrier Hill."

The young man nodded, and began to remove his gun from the service-worn case of sole-leather.

"Ain't startin' right off, be ye?" inquired his host, laughing.

"I can't begin too quickly," said the young man, busy locking barrels to stock, while the dog looked on, thumping the veranda floor with his plumy tail.

The landlord admired the slim, polished weapon. "That's the instrooment!" he observed. "That there's a slick bird-dog, too. Guess I'd better fill my ice-box. Your limit's thirty of each—cock an' pa'tridge. After that there's ducks."

"It's a good, sane law," said the young man, dropping his gun under one arm.

The landlord scratched his ear reflectively. "Lemme see," he mused; "wasn't you a doctor? I heard tell that you made up pieces for the papers about the idjits an' loonyticks of Rome an' Roosia an' furrin climes."

"I have written a little on European

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and Asiatic insanity," replied the doctor, good-humoredly.

"Was you over to them parts?"

"For three years." He whistled the dog in from the road, where several yellow curs were walking round and round him, every hair on end.

The landlord said: "You look a little peaked yourself. Take it easy the fust, is my advice."

His guest nodded abstractedly, lingering on the veranda, preoccupied with the beauty of the village street, which stretched away westward under tall elms. Autumn-tinted hills closed the vista; beyond them spread the blue sky.

"The cemetery lies that way, does it not?" inquired the young man.

"Straight ahead," said the landlord. "Take the road to the Holler."

"Do you"—the doctor hesitated—"do you recall a funeral there three years ago?"

"Whose?" asked his host, bluntly.

"I don't know."

"I'll ask my woman; she saves them funeral pieces an' makes a album. . . . Friend o' yours buried there?"

"No."

The landlord sauntered toward the bar-room, where two fellow-taxpayers stood shuffling their feet impatiently.

"Waal, good-luck, Doc," he said, without intentional offence; "supper's at six. We'll try an' make you comfortable."

"Thank you," replied the doctor, stepping out into the road, and motioning the white setter to heel.

"I remember now," he muttered, as he turned northward, where the road forked; "the cemetery lies to the westward;—there should be a lane at the next turning—"

He hesitated and stopped, then resumed his course, mumbling to himself: "I can pass the cemetery later; she would not be there;—I don't think I shall ever see her again. . . . I—I wonder whether I am—perfectly—well—"

The words were suddenly lost in a sharp indrawn breath; his heart ceased beating, fluttered, then throbbed on violently; and he shook from head to foot.

There was a glimmer of a summer gown under the trees; a figure passed from shadow to sunshine, and again into the cool dusk of a leafy lane.

The pallor of the young fellow's face changed; a heavy flush spread from forehead to neck; he strode forward, dazed, deafened by the tumult of his drumming pulses. The dog, alert, suspicious, led the way, wheeling into the bramble-bordered lane, only to halt, turn back, and fall in behind his master again.

In the lane ahead the light summer gown fluttered under the foliage, bright in the sunlight, almost lost in the shadows. Then he saw her on the hill's breezy crest, poised for a moment against the sky.

When at length he reached the hill, he found her seated in the shade of a pine. She looked up serenely, as though she had expected him, and they faced each other. A moment later his dog left him, sneaking away without a sound.

When he strove to speak, his voice had an unknown tone to him. Her upturned face was his only answer. The breeze in the pine-tops, which had been stirring monotonously, ceased.

III

Her delicate face was like a blossom lifted in the still air; her upward glance chained him to silence. The first breeze broke the spell: he spoke a word, then speech died on his lips; he stood twisting his shooting-cap, confused, not daring to continue.

The girl leaned back, supporting her weight on one arm, fingers almost buried in the deep green moss.

"It is three years to-day," he said, in the dull voice of one who dreams;—"three years to-day. May I not speak?"

In her lowered head and eyes he read acquiescence; in her silence, consent.

"Three years ago to-day," he repeated; "the anniversary has given me courage to speak to you. Surely you will not take offence;—we have travelled so far together!—from the end of the world to the end of it, and back again, here,—to this place of all places in the world! And now to find you here on this day of all days—here within a step of our first meeting-place—three years ago to-day! And all the world we have travelled over since, never speaking, yet ever passing on paths parallel—paths which for thousands of miles ran almost within arm's-distance—"

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She raised her head slowly, looking out from the shadows of the pines into the sunshine. Her dreamy eyes rested on acres of golden-rod and hill-side brambles quivering in the September heat; on fern-choked gullies edged with alder; on brown and purple grasses; on pine thickets where slim silver-birches glimmered.

"Will you speak to me?" he asked. "I have never even heard the sound of your voice."

She turned and looked at him, touching with idle fingers the soft hair curling on her temples. Then she bent her head once more, the faintest shadow of a smile in her eyes.

"Because," he said, humbly, "these long years of silent recognition count for something! And then the strangeness of it!—the fate of it,—the quiet destiny that ruled our lives,—that rules them now — now as I am speaking, weighting every second with its tiny burden of fate."

She straightened up, lifting her half-buried hand from the moss; and he saw the imprint there where the palm and fingers had rested.

"Three years that end to-day—end with the new moon," he said. "Do you remember?"

"Yes," she said.

He quivered at the sound of her voice. "You were there, just beyond those oaks," he said, eagerly; "we can see them from here. The road turns there—"

"Turns by the cemetery," she murmured.

"Yes, yes, by the cemetery! You had been there, I think."

"Do you remember that?" she asked.

"I have never forgotten—never!" he repeated, striving to hold her eyes to his own; "it was not twilight; there was a glimmer of day in the west, but the woods were darkening, and the new moon lay in the sky, and the evening was very clear and still."

Impulsively he dropped on one knee beside her to see her face; and as he spoke, curbing his emotion and impatience with that subtle deference which is inbred in men or never acquired, she stole a glance at him; and his worn visage brightened as though touched with sunlight.

"The second time I saw you was in New York," he said,—"only a glimpse of your face in the crowd—but I knew you."

"I saw you," she mused.

"Did you?" he cried, enchanted. "I dared not believe that you recognized me."

"Yes, I knew you. . . . Tell me more."

The thrilling voice set him aflame; faint danger-signals tinted her face and neck.

"In December," he went on, unsteadily, "I saw you in Paris—I saw only you amid the thousand faces in the candle-light of Notre Dame."

"And I saw you. . . . And then?"

"And then two months of darkness. . . . And at last a light—moonlight—and you on the terrace at Amara."

"There was only a flower-bed,—a few spikes of white hyacinths between us," she said, dreamily.

He strove to speak coolly. "Day and night have built many a wall between us; —was that you who passed me in the starlight, so close that our shoulders touched, in that narrow street in Samarcand? And the dark figure with you—"

"Yes, it was I and my attendant."

"And . . . . you, there in the fog—"

"At Archangel? Yes, it was I."

"On the Goryn?"

"It was I. . . . And I am here at last —with you. It is our destiny."

So, kneeling there beside her in the shadow of the pines, she absolved him in their dim confessional, holding him guiltless under the destiny that awaits us all.

Again that illumination touched his haggard face as though brightened by a sun ray stealing through the still foliage above. He grew younger under the level beauty of her gaze; care fell from him like a mask; the shadows that had haunted his eyes faded; youth awoke, transfiguring him and all his eyes beheld.

Made prisoner by love, adoring her, fearing her, he knelt beside her, knowing already that she had surrendered, though fearful yet by word or gesture or a glance to claim what destiny was holding for him—holding securely, inexorably, for him alone.

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IV

He spoke of her kindness in understanding him, and of his gratitude; of her generosity, of his wonder that she had ever noticed him on his way through the world.

"I cannot believe that we have never before spoken to each other," he said,—"that I do not even know your name. Surely there was once a corner in the land of childhood where we sat together when the world was younger."

She said, dreamily, "Have you forgotten?"

"Forgotten?"

"That sunny corner in the land of childhood."

"Had you been there, I should not have forgotten," he replied, troubled.

"Look at me," she said. Her lovely eyes met his; under the penetrating sweetness of her gaze his heart quickened and grew restless and his uneasy soul stirred, awaking memories.

"There was a child," she said,—"years ago; a child at school. You sometimes looked at her; you never spoke. Do you remember?"

He rose to his feet, staring down at her.

"Do you remember?" she asked again.

"Rosamund! Do you mean Rosamund? How should you know that?" he faltered.

The struggle for memory focussed all his groping senses; his eyes seemed to look her through and through.

"How can you know?" he repeated, unsteadily. "You are not Rosamund. . . . Are you? . . . . She is dead. I heard that she was dead. . . . *Are you Rosamund?*"

"Do you not know?"

"Yes; you are not Rosamund. . . . What do you know of her?"

"I think she loved you."

"Is she dead?"

The girl looked up at him, smiling, following with delicate perception the sequence of his thoughts; and already his thoughts were far from the child Rosamund, a sweetheart of a day long since immortal;—already he had forgotten his question, though the question was of life or death.

Sadness and unrest and the passing of souls concerned not him; she knew that all his thoughts were centred on her; that he was already living over once more the last three years, with all their mystery and charm, savoring their fragrance anew in the exquisite enchantment of her presence.

Through the autumn silence the pines began to sway in a wind unfelt below. She raised her eyes and saw their green crests shimmering and swimming in a cool current; a thrilling sound stole out, and with it floated the pine perfume, exhaling in the sunshine. He heard the dreamy harmony above, looked up; then, troubled, sombre, moved by he knew not what, he knelt once more in the shadow beside her,—close beside her.

She did not stir. Their destiny was close upon them. It came in the guise of love.

He bent nearer. "I love you," he said. "I loved you from the first. And shall forever. You knew it long ago."

She did not move.

"You knew I loved you?"

"Yes, I knew it."

The emotion in her voice, in every delicate contour of her face, pleaded for mercy. He gave her none, and she bent her head in silence, clasped hands tightening.

And when at last he had had his say, the burning words still rang in her ears through the silence. A curious faintness stole upon her, coming stealthily like a hateful thing. She strove to put it from her, to listen, to remember and understand the words he had spoken, but the dull confusion grew with the sound of the pines.

"Will you love me? Will you try to love me?"

"I love you," she said; "I have loved you so many, many years;—I—I am Rosamund—"

She bowed her head and covered her face with both hands.

"Rosamund! Rosamund!" he breathed, enraptured.

She dropped her hands with a little cry; the frightened sweetness of her eyes held back his outstretched arms. "Do not touch me," she whispered; "you will not touch me, will you?—not yet;—not now. Wait till I understand!" She pressed her hands to her eyes, then again let them fall, staring straight at him.

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"I loved you so!" she whispered. "Why did you wait?"

"Rosamund! Rosamund!" he cried, sorrowfully, "what are you saying? I do not understand; I can understand nothing save that I worship you. May I not touch you?—touch your hand, Rosamund? I love you so."

"And I love you. I beg you not to touch me,—not yet. There is something —some reason why—"

"Tell me, sweetheart."

"Do you not know?"

"By Heaven, I do not!" he said, troubled and amazed.

She cast one desperate, unhappy glance at him, then rose to her full height, gazing out over the hazy valleys to where the mountains began, piled up like dim sun-tipped clouds in the north.

The hill wind stirred her hair and fluttered the white ribbons at waist and shoulder. The golden-rod swayed in the sunshine. Below, amid yellow tree-tops, the roofs and chimneys of the village glimmered.

"Dear, do you not understand?" she said. "How can I make you understand that I love you—too late?"

"Give yourself to me, Rosamund; let me touch you,—let me take you—"

"Will you love me always?"

"In life, in death, which cannot part us. Will you marry me, Rosamund?"

She looked straight into his eyes. "Dear, do you not understand? Have you forgotten? I died three years ago to-day."

The unearthly sweetness of her white face startled him. A terrible light broke in on him; his heart stood still.

In his dull brain words were sounding—his own words, written years ago: "When God takes the mind and leaves the body alive, there grows in it, sometimes, a beauty almost supernatural."

He had seen it in his practice. A thrill of fright penetrated him, piercing every vein with its chill. He strove to speak; his lips seemed frozen; he stood there before her, a ghastly smile stamped on his face, and in his heart terror.

"What do you mean, Rosamund?" he said at last.

"That I am dead, dear. Did you not understand that? I—I thought you knew it,—when you first saw me at the cemetery, after all those years since childhood. . . . Did you not know it?" she asked, wistfully. "I must wait for my bridal."

Misery whitened his face as he raised his head and looked out across the sunlit world. Something had smeared and marred the fair earth; the sun grew gray as he stared.

Stupefied by the crash, the ruins of life around him, he stood mute, erect, facing the west.

She whispered, "Do you understand?"

"Yes," he said; "we will wed later. You have been ill, dear; but it is all right now,—and will always be—God help us! Love is stronger than all,—stronger than death."

"I know it is stronger than death," she said, looking out dreamily over the misty valley.

He followed her gaze, calmly, serenely reviewing all that he must renounce, the happiness of wedlock, children,—all that a man desires.

Suddenly instinct stirred, awaking man's only friend—hope. A lifetime for the battle!—for a cure! Hopeless? He laughed in his excitement. Despair? —when the cure lay almost within his grasp!—the work he had given his life to! A month more in the laboratory—two months—three—perhaps a year. What of it? It must surely come,—how could he fail when the work of his life meant all in life for her?

The light of exaltation slowly faded from his face; ominous foreboding thoughts crept in; fear laid a shaky hand on his head, which fell heavily forward on his breast.

Science and man's cunning and the wisdom of the world!

"O God," he groaned, "for Him who cured by laying on His hands!"

V

Now that he had learned her name, and that her father was alive, he stood mutely beside her, staring steadily at the chimneys and stately dormered roof almost hidden behind the crimson maple foliage across the valley—her home.

She had seated herself once more upon

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the moss, hands clasped upon one knee, looking out into the west with dreamy eyes.

"I shall not be long," he said, gently. "Will you wait here for me? I will bring your father with me."

"I will wait for you. But you must come before the new moon. Will you? I must go when the new moon lies in the west."

"Go, dearest? Where?"

"I may not tell you," she sighed, "but you will know very soon,—very soon now. And there will be no more sorrow, I think," she added, timidly.

"There will be no more sorrow," he repeated, quietly.

"For the former things are passing away," she said.

He broke a heavy spray of golden-rod and laid it across her knees; she held out a blossom to him—a blind gentian, blue as her eyes. He kissed it.

"Be with me when the new moon comes," she whispered. "It will be so sweet. I will teach you how divine is death, if you will come."

"You shall teach me the sweetness of life," he said, tremulously.

"Yes—life. I did not know you called it by its truest name."

So he went away, trudging sturdily down the lane, gun glistening on his shoulder.

Where the lane joins the shadowy village street his dog skulked up to him, sniffing at his heels.

A mill whistle was sounding; through the red rays of the setting sun people were passing. Along the row of village shops loungers followed him with vacant eyes. He saw nothing, heard nothing, though a kindly voice called after him, and a young girl smiled at him on her short journey through the world.

The landlord of the Wildwood Inn sat sunning himself in the red evening glow.

"Well, doctor," he said, "you look tired to death. Eh? What's that you say?"

The young man repeated his question in a low voice. The landlord shook his head.

"No, sir. The big house on the hill is empty;—been empty these three years. No, sir, there ain't no family there now. The old gentleman moved away three years ago."

"You are mistaken," said the doctor; "his daughter tells me he lives there."

"His — his daughter?" repeated the landlord. "Why, doctor, she's dead." He turned to his wife, who sat sewing by the open window: "Ain't it three years, Marthy?"

"Three years to-day," said the woman, biting off her thread. "She's buried in the family vault over the hill. She was a right pretty little thing, too."

"Turned nineteen," mused the landlord, folding his newspaper reflectively.

VI

The great gray house on the hill was closed, windows and doors boarded over, lawn, shrubbery, and hedges tangled with weeds. A few scarlet poppies glimmered above the brown grass. Save for these, and clumps of tall wild phlox, there were no blossoms among the weeds.

His dog, which had sneaked after him, cowered as he turned northward across the fields. Swifter and swifter he strode; and as he stumbled on, the long sunset clouds faded, the golden light in the west died out, leaving a calm, clear sky tinged with faintest green.

Pines hid the west as he crept toward the hill where she awaited him. As he climbed through dusky purple grasses, higher, higher, he saw the new moon's crescent tipping above the hills; and he crushed back the deathly fright that clutched at him and staggered on.

"Rosamund!"

The pines answered him.

"Rosamund!"

The pines replied, answering together. Then the wind died away, and there was no answer when he called.

East and south the darkening thickets, swaying, grew still. He saw the slim silver-birches glimmering like the ghosts of young trees dead; he saw on the moss at his feet a broken stalk of golden-rod.

The new moon had drawn a veil across her face; sky and earth were very still.

While the moon lasted he lay, eyes open, listening, his face pillowed on the moss. It was long after sunrise when his dog came to him; later still when men came.

And at first they thought he was asleep.

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Lady Rose's Daughter

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART VIII

CHAPTER XV

AFTER the long conversation between herself and Lord Lackington which followed on the momentous confession of her identity, Julie spent a restless and weary evening, which passed into a restless and weary night. Was she oppressed by this stirring of old sorrows?—haunted afresh by her parents' fate?

Ah!—Lord Lackington had no sooner left her than she sank motionless into her chair, and with the tears excited by the memories of her mother still in her eyes, she gave herself up to a desperate and sombre brooding, of which Warkworth's visit of the afternoon was in truth the sole cause, the sole subject.

Why had she received him so? She had gone too far,—much too far. But, somehow, she had not been able to bear it,—that buoyant, confident air, that certainty of his welcome! No!—she would show him that she was *not* his chattel,—to be taken or left on his own terms. The careless good-humor of his blue eyes was too much!—after those days she had passed through.

He, apparently, to judge from his letters to her from the Isle of Wight, had been conscious of no crisis whatever. Yet he must have seen from the little Duchess's manner, as she bade farewell to him that night at Crowborough House, that something was wrong; he must have realized that Miss Lawrence was an intimate friend of the Moffatts,—

Or was he really so foolish as to suppose that his quasi-engagement to this little heiress, and the encouragement given him, in defiance of the girl's guardians, by her silly and indiscreet mother, were still hidden and secret matters?—that he could still conceal them from the world,—and deny them to Julie?

Her whole nature was sore yet from her wrestle with the Duchess on that miserable evening.

"Julie, I can't help it! I know it's impertinent—but—Julie darling!—*do* listen! What business has a man to make love to you as he does?—when— Yes, he does make love to you, he does! Bertie had a most ill-natured letter from Lady Henry this morning. Of course he had!—and of course she'll write that kind of letter to as many people as she can. And it wouldn't matter a bit, if— But you see, you *have* been moving heaven and earth for him! And now his manner to you"—(while the sudden flush burnt her cheek, Julie wondered whether by chance the Duchess had seen anything of the yielded hand and the kiss!), "and that ill luck of his being the first to arrive, last night, at Lady Henry's!—Oh! Julie, he's a wretch!—*he is!* Of course he is in love with you. That's natural enough. But all the time, listen!—that nice woman told me the whole story—he's writing regularly to that little girl;—she and her mother, in spite of the guardians, regard it as an engagement signed and sealed,—and all his friends believe he's *quite* determined to marry her—because of the money. You may think me an odious little meddler, Julie, if you like!—but I vow, I could stab him to the heart!—with all the pleasure in life!"

And neither the annoyance, nor the dignity, nor the ridicule of the supposed victim—not Julie's angry eyes, nor all her mocking words from tremulous lips,—had availed in the least to silence the tumult of alarmed affection in the Duchess's breast. Her Julie had been flouted and trifled with; and if she was so blind, so infatuated, as not to see it, she should at least be driven to realize what other people felt about it.

So she had her say, and Julie had been forced, willy-nilly, upon discussion and

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self-defence. Nay, upon a promise, also. Pale, and stiffly erect, yet determined all the same to treat it as a laughing matter, she had vouchsafed the Duchess some kind of assurance that she would for the future observe a more cautious behavior towards Warkworth. "He is my *friend*, and, whatever any one may say, he shall remain so," she had said, with a smiling stubbornness which hid something before which the little Duchess shrank. "But, of course, if I can do anything to please you, Evelyn—you know I like to please you!—"

But she had never meant, she had never promised, to forswear his society, to ban him from the new house. In truth she would have left home, and friends, and prospects, at one stroke, than have pledged herself to anything of the sort. Evelyn should never bind her to that.

Then, during his days of absence, she had passed through wave after wave of feeling—while all the time to the outer eye she was occupied with nothing but the settlement into Lady Mary's strange little house. She washed, dusted, placed chairs and tables. And meanwhile a wild expectancy of his first letter possessed her. Surely there would be some anxiety in it, some fear, some disclosure of himself, and of the struggle in his mind between interest—and love?

Nothing of the kind! His first letter was the letter of one sure of his correspondent, sure of his reception and of his ground; a happy and intimate certainty shone through its phrases; it was the letter—almost!—of a lover whose doubts are over.

The effect of it was to raise a tempest, sharp and obscure, in Julie's mind. The contrast between the *pose* of the letter and the sly reality behind, bred a sudden anguish of jealousy, concerned not so much with Warkworth as with this little unknown creature, who, without any effort, any desert,—by the mere virtue of money and blood,—sat waiting in arrogant expectancy till what she desired should come to her. How was it possible to feel any compunction towards her! Julie felt none.

As to the rest of Miss Lawrence's gossip,—that Warkworth was supposed to have "behaved badly," to have led the pretty child to compromise herself with him at Simla, in ways which Simla society regarded as inadmissible and "bad form"; that the guardians had angrily intervened, and that he was under a promise,—habitually broken, by the connivance of the girl's mother,—not to see or correspond with the heiress till she was twenty-one,—in other words, for the next two years:—what did these things matter to her? Had she ever supposed that Warkworth, in regard to money or his career, was influenced by any other than the ordinary worldly motives? She knew very well that he was neither saint nor ascetic. These details—or accusations—did not properly speaking concern her at all. She had divined and accepted his character,—in all its average human selfishness and faultiness—long ago. She loved him—passionately!—in spite of it; perhaps, if the truth were known, because of it.

As for the marrying, or rather the courting for money, that excited in her no repulsion whatever. Julie, in her own way, was a great romantic; but owing to the economic notions of marriage, especially the whole conception of the *dot*, prevailing in the French or Belgian minds amidst whom she had passed her later girlhood, she never dreamt for a moment of blaming Warkworth for placing money foremost in his plans of matrimony. She resembled one of the famous *amoureuses* of the eighteenth century, who, in writing to the man she loved but could not marry, advises him to take a wife to mend his fortunes, and proposes to him various tempting morsels:—"une jeune personne," sixteen, with neither father nor mother,—only a brother. "They will give her, on her marriage, 13,000 francs a year, and the aunt will be quite content to keep her and look after her for some time." And if that won't do—"I know a man who would be only too happy to have you for a son-in-law; but his daughter is only eleven; she is an only child, however, and she will be *very* rich. You know, *mon ami*, I desire your happiness above all things; how to procure it—there lies the chief interest of my life."

This notion of things, more or less disguised, was to Julie customary and familiar; and it was no more incompatible in her with the notions and standards of

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high sentiment,—such as she might be supposed to have derived from her parents,—than it is in the Latin races generally.

No doubt it had been mingled in her, especially since her settlement in Lady Henry's house, with the more English idea of "falling in love"—the idea which puts personal choice first in marriage, and makes the matter of dowry subordinate to that mysterious election and affinity which the Englishman calls "love." Certainly, during the winter, Julie had hoped to lead Warkworth to marry her. As a poor man, of course, he must have money. But her secret feeling had been that her place in society, her influence with important people, had a money value, and that he would perceive this.

Well! She had been a mere trusting fool—and he had deceived her. There was his crime—not in seeking money and trusting to money. He had told her falsehoods and misled her. He was doing it still. His letter implied that he loved her? Possibly. It implied to Julie's ear, still more plainly, that he stood tacitly and resolutely by Aileen Moffatt and her money, and that all he was prepared to offer to the dear friend of his heart was a more or less ambiguous relation, lasting over two years perhaps — till his engagement might be announced.

A dumb and bitter anger mounted within her. She recalled the manner in which he had evaded her first questions, and her opinion became very much that of the Duchess. She had indeed been mocked, and treated like a child. So she sent no answer to his first letter, and when his second came, she forbade herself to open it. It lay there on her writing-table; at night she transferred it to the table beside her bed; and early in the spring dawn her groping fingers drew it trembling towards her, and slipped it under her pillow. By the time the full morning had come she had opened it, read and re-read it,—had bathed it indeed with her tears.

But her anger persisted. And when Warkworth appeared on her threshold, it flamed into sudden expression. She would make him realize her friends, her powerful friends,—above all she would make him realize Delafield.

Well, now it was done. She had repelled her lover. She had shown herself particularly soft and gracious to Delafield. Warkworth now would break with her; might perhaps be glad of the chance to return safely and without further risks to his heiress.

She sat on in the dark, thinking over every word, every look. Presently Thérèse stole in.

"Mademoiselle, le souper sera bientôt prêt."

Julie rose wearily, and the child slipped a thin hand into hers.

"J'aime tant ce vieux monsieur!" she said softly—"Je l'aime tant!"

Julie started. Her thoughts had wandered far indeed from Lord Lackington.

As she went up stairs to her little room, her heart reproached her. In their interview the old man had shown great sweetness of feeling, a delicate and remorseful tenderness, hardly to have been looked for in a being so fantastic and self-willed. The shock of their conversation had deepened the lines in a face upon which age had at last begun to make those marks which are not another beauty, but the end of beauty. When she had opened the door for him in the dusk, Julie had longed indeed to go with him and soothe his solitary evening. His unmarried son William lived with him intermittently; but his wife was dead; Lady Blanche seldom came to town; and for the most part, he lived alone, in the fine house in St. James's Square, of which she had heard her mother talk.

He liked her;—had liked her from the first. How natural that she should tend and brighten his old age,—how natural, and how impossible! He was not the man to brave the difficulties and discomforts inseparable from the sudden appearance of an illegitimate granddaughter in his household; and if he had been, Julie in her fierce new-born independence would have shrunk from such a step. But she had been drawn to him; her heart had yearned to her kindred.

No; neither love nor kindred were for her. As she entered the little bare room over the doorway which she had begun to fill with books and papers and all the signs of the literary trade, she miserably bid herself be content with what was easily and certainly within her grasp.

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The world was pleased to say that she had a remarkable social talent. Let her give her mind to the fight with Lady Henry; and prove whether, after all, the *salon* could not be acclimatized on English soil. She had the literary instinct and aptitude, and she must earn money. She looked at her half-written article, and sighed to her books to save her.

That evening, Thérèse, who adored her, watched her, with a wistful and stealthy affection. Her idol was strangely sad and pale. But she asked no questions. All she could do was to hover about "Mademoiselle" with soft, flattering services, till Mademoiselle went to bed, and then to lie awake herself, quietly waiting till all sounds in the room opposite had died away, and she might comfort her dumb and timid devotion with the hope that Julie slept.

Sleep, however, or no sleep, Julie was up early next day. Before the post arrived she was already dressed, and on the point of descending to the morning coffee, which, in the old frugal Bruges fashion, she and Léonie and the child took in the kitchen together. Lady Henry's opinion of her as a soft and luxurious person dependent on dainty living was in truth absurdly far from the mark. After those years of rich food and many servants in Lady Henry's household, she had resumed the penurious Belgian ways at once, without effort, — indeed, with alacrity. In the morning she helped Léonie and Thérèse with the house-work. Her quick fingers washed and rubbed and dusted; in less than a week she knew every glass and cup in Cousin Mary Leicester's well-filled china-cupboard; and she and Thérèse between them kept the two sitting-rooms spotless. She who had at once made friends and tools of Lady Henry's servants disdained, so it appeared, to be served beyond what was absolutely necessary in her own house. A char-woman, indeed, came in the morning for the roughest work; but by ten o'clock she was gone, and Julie, Madame Bornier, and the child remained in undisputed possession. Little, flat-nosed, silent Madame Bornier bought and brought in all they ate. She denounced the ways, the viands, the brigand's prices, of English "fournisseurs," but it seemed to Julie all the same that she handled them with a Napoleonic success. She bought as the French poor buy, so far as the West End would let her; and Julie had soon perceived that their expenditure, even in this heart of Mayfair, would be incredibly small. Whereby she felt herself more and more mistress of her fate. By her own unaided hands would she provide for herself and her household! Each year there should be a little margin; and she would owe no man anything. After six months, if she could not afford to pay the Duke a fair rent for his house, —always supposing he allowed her to remain in it,—she would go elsewhere.

As she reached the hall, clad in an old serge dress, which was a survival from Bruges days, Thérèse ran up to her with the letters.

Julie looked through them, turned and went back to her room. She had expected the letter which lay on the top; and she must brace herself to read it.

It began abruptly:

"You will hardly wonder that I should write at once to ask if you have no explanation to give me of your manner of this afternoon. Again and again I go over what happened; but no light comes. It was as though you had wiped out all the six months of our friendship; as though I had become for you once more the merest acquaintance. It is impossible that I can have been mistaken! You meant to make me—and others?—clearly understand—what?—that I no longer deserved your kindness,—that you had broken altogether with the man on whom you had so foolishly bestowed it?

"My friend, what have I done! How have I sinned? Did that sour lady, who asked me questions she had small business to ask, tell you tales that have set your heart against me? But what have incidents and events that happened, or may have happened, in India, got to do with our friendship, which grew up for definite reasons and has come to mean so much—has it not?—to both of us? I am not a model person, Heaven knows! —very far from it. There are scores of things in my life to be ashamed of. And please remember that last year I had never seen you; if I had, much might have gone differently.

"But how can I defend myself?—I owe you so much! Ought not that, of

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itself, to make you realize how great is your power to hurt me?—and how small are my powers of resistance? The humiliations you can inflict upon me are infinite,—and I have no rights, no weapons, against you.

"I hardly know what I am saying. It is very late, and I am writing this after a dinner at the Club given me by two or three of my brother officers. It was a dinner in my honor, to congratulate me on my good fortune. They are good fellows, and it should have been a merry time. But my half-hour in your room had killed all power of enjoyment for me. They found me a wretched companion, and we broke up early. I came home through the empty streets, wishing myself with all my heart away from England—facing the desert. Let me just say this. It is not of good omen that now, when I want all my faculties at their best, I should suddenly find myself invaded by this distress and despondency. You have some responsibility now in my life and career; if you would, you cannot get rid of it. You have not increased the chances of your friend's success in his great task.

"You see how I restrain myself. I could write as madly as I feel—violently and madly. But of set purpose we pitched our relation in a certain key and measure; and I try at least to keep the measure, if the music and the charm must go. But why, in God's name, should they go? Why have you turned against me? You have listened to slanderers; you have secretly tried me by tests that are not in the bargain; and you have judged and condemned me,—without a hearing, without a word. I can tell you I am pretty sore.

"I will come and see you no more in company for the present. You gave me a footing with you, which has its own dignity; I'll guard it; not even from you will I accept anything else. But—unless indeed the grove is cut down, and the bird flown forever,—let me come when you are alone! Then charge me with what you will. I am an earthy creature—struggling through life as I best can, and—till I saw you—struggling often no doubt in very earthy ways. I am not a philosopher, nor an idealist—with expectations—like Delafield. This rough-and-tumble world is all I know;—it's good enough for me, good enough to love a friend in—as—I vow to God, Julie!—I have loved you.

"There—it's out—and you must put up with it. I couldn't help it. I am too miserable.

"But—

"But I won't write any more. I shall stay in my rooms till twelve o'clock. You owe me promptness."

Julie put down the letter.

She looked round her little study with a kind of despair,—the despair perhaps of the prisoner who had thought himself delivered, only to find himself caught in fresh and stronger bonds. As for ambition, as for literature,—here, across their voices, broke this voice of the senses, this desire of "the moth for the star." And she was powerless to resist it. Ah! why had he not accepted his dismissal—quarrelled with her at once and forever?

She understood the letter perfectly—what it offered, and what it tacitly refused. An intimate and exciting friendship—for two years. For two years, he was ready to fill up such time as he could spare from his clandestine correspondence with her cousin, with this romantic, interesting, but unprofitable affection. And then?—

She fell again upon his letter. Ah! but there was a new note in it,—a hard, strained note, which gave her a kind of desperate joy. It seemed to her that for months she had been covetously listening for it,—in vain.

She was beginning to be necessary to him; he had *suffered*—through her. Never before could she say that to herself. Pleasure she had given him, but not pain; and it is pain that is the test and consecration of—

Of what? . . . Well, now for her answer. It was short:

"I am very sorry you thought me rude. I was tired with talking and unpacking, and with literary work—house-work too, if the truth were known. I am no longer a fine lady, and must slave for myself. The thought, also, of an interview with Lord Lackington which faced me—which I went through as soon as you, Dr. Meredith, and Mr. Delafield had gone—un-

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nerved me. You were good, to write to me, and I am grateful indeed. As to your appointment, and your career, you owe no one anything. Everything is in your own hands. I rejoice in your good fortune, and I beg that you will let no false ideas with regard to me trouble your mind.

"This afternoon at five,—if you can forgive me!—you will find me. In the early afternoon I shall be in the British Museum, for my work's sake."

She posted her letter, and went about her daily house-work, oppressed the while by a mental and moral nausea. As she washed and tidied and dusted, a true housewife's love growing up in her for the little house and its charming old-world appointments,—a sort of mute relation between her and it, as though it accepted her for mistress, and she on her side vowed it a delicate and prudent care,—she thought how she could have delighted in this life which had opened upon her, had it come to her a year ago. The tasks set her by Meredith were congenial and within her power. Her independence gave her the keenest pleasure. The effort and conquests of the intellect,—she had the mind to love them, to desire them; and the way to them was unbarred.

What plucked her back?

A tear fell upon the old china cup that she was dusting. A sort of maternal element had entered into her affection for Warkworth during the winter. She had upheld him and fought for him. And now, like a mother, she could not tear the unworthy object from her heart,—though all the folly of their pseudo-friendship and her secret hopes lay bare before her.

Warkworth came at five.

He entered in the dusk; a little pale, with his graceful head thrown back, and that half-startled timid look in his wide blue eyes—that misleading look—which made him the boy still, when he chose.

Julie was standing near the window as he came in. As she turned and saw him there, a flood of tenderness and compunction swept over her. He was going away. What if she never saw him again?

She shuddered and came forward rapidly, eagerly. He read the meaning of her movement, her face; and wringing her hands with a violence that hurt her, he drew a long breath of relief.

"Why — why," he said under his breath — "have you made me so unhappy?"

The blood leaped in her veins. These indeed were new words in a new tone.

"Don't let us reproach each other," she said. "There is so much to say. Sit down."

To-day there were no beguiling spring airs. The fire burnt merrily in the grate; the windows were closed.

A scent of narcissus—the Duchess had filled the tables with flowers—floated in the room. Amid its old-fashioned and distinguished bareness—tempered by flowers, and a litter of foreign books—Julie seemed at last to have found her proper frame. In her severe black dress opening on a delicate vest of white, she had a muselike grace; and the wreath made by her superb black hair round the fine intelligence of her brow had never been more striking. Her slender hands busied themselves with Cousin Mary Leicester's tea things; and every movement had in Warkworth's eyes a charm to which he had never yet been sensible, in this manner—to this degree.

"Am I really to say no more of yesterday?" he said, looking at her nervously.

Her flush, her gesture, appealed to him.

"Do you know what I had before me —that day—when you came in?" she said, softly.

"No. I cannot guess. Ah, you said something about Lord Lackington?"

She hesitated. Then her color deepened.

"You don't know my story. You suppose—don't you?—that I am a Belgian with English connections—whom Lady Henry met by chance? Isn't that—how you explain me?"

Warkworth had pushed aside his cup.

"I thought—"

He paused in embarrassment, but there was a sparkle of astonished expectancy in his eyes.

"My mother"—she looked away into the blaze of the fire, and her voice choked a little—"my mother—was Lord Lackington's daughter."

"Lord Lackington's daughter?" echoed Warkworth in stupefaction. A rush of ideas and inferences sped through his

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mind. He thought of Lady Blanche—things heard in India—and while he stared at her in an agitated silence—the truth leaped to light.

"Not—not Lady Rose Delaney?" he said, bending forward to her.

She nodded.

"My father was Marriott Dalrymple. You will have heard of him? I should be Julie Dalrymple, but—they could never marry—because of Colonel Delaney."

Her face was still turned away.

All the details of that famous scandal began to come back to him. His companion, her history, her relations to others, to himself, began to appear to him in the most astonishing lights! So!—instead of the mere humble outsider, she belonged all the time to the best English blood? The society in which he had met her was full of her kindred! No doubt the Duchess knew—and Montresor. . . . He was meshed in a net of thoughts—perplexing and confounding; of which the total result was perhaps that she appeared to him, as she sat there,—the slender outline so quiet and still,—more attractive and more desirable than ever. The mystery surrounding her in some way glorified her; and he dimly perceived that so it must have been for others.

"How did you ever bear the Bruton Street life?" he said, presently, in a low voice of wonder. "Lady Henry knew?"

"Oh yes!"

"And the Duchess?"

"Yes. She is a connection of my mother's."

Warkworth's mind went back to the Moffatts. A flush spread slowly over the face of the young officer. It was indeed an extraordinary imbroglio in which he found himself.

"How did Lord Lackington take it?" he asked after a pause.

"He was of course much startled,—much moved. We had a long talk. Everything is to remain just the same. He wishes to make me an allowance, and if he persists, I suppose I can't hurt him by refusing. But for the present I have refused. It is more amusing to earn one's own living." She turned to him with a sharp brightness in her black eyes. "Besides, if Lord Lackington gives me money, he will want to give me advice. And I would rather advise myself."

Warkworth sat silent a moment. Then he took a great resolve.

"I want to speak to you," he said suddenly, putting out his hand to hers which lay on her knee.

She turned to him startled.

"I want to have no secrets from you," he said, drawing his breath quickly—"I told you lies one day—because I thought it was my duty to tell lies. Another person was concerned. But now—I can't.—Julie!—you'll let me call you so, won't you? The name is already"—he hesitated; then the words rushed out—"part of my life! Julie, it's quite true, there is a kind of understanding between your little cousin Aileen and me! At Simla she attracted me enormously. I lost my head one day in the woods, when she—whom we were all courting—distinguished me above two or three other men who were there. I proposed to her upon a sudden impulse, and she accepted me. She is a charming soft creature. Perhaps I wasn't justified. Perhaps she ought to have had more chance of seeing the world. Anyway, there was a great row. Her guardians insisted that I had behaved badly. They could not know all the details of the matter, and I was not going to tell them. Finally I promised to withdraw for two years."

He paused, anxiously studying her face. It had grown very white, and, he thought, very cold. But she quickly rose, and looking down upon him, said:

"Nothing of that is news to me. Did you think it was?"

And moving to the tea table, she began to provide for a fresh supply of tea.

Both words and manner astounded him. He too rose, and followed her.

"How did you first guess?" he said, abruptly.

"Some gossip reached me." She looked up with a smile. "That's what generally happens, isn't it?"

"There are no secrets nowadays," he said, sorely. "And—then there was Miss Lawrence?"

"Yes, there was Miss Lawrence."

"Did you think badly of me?"

"Why should I? I understand Aileen is very pretty,—and—"

"And will have a large fortune? You understand that?" he said, trying to carry it off lightly.

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"The fact is well known, isn't it?"

He sat down, twisting his hat between his hands. Then with an exclamation he dashed it on the floor, and rising he bent over Julie, his hands in his pockets.

"Julie!" he said, in a voice that shook her; "don't, for God's sake, give me up! Don't take your friendship from me. I shall soon be gone. Our lives will go different ways. That was settled—alack!—before we met. I am honorably bound. I can't get loose. But—these last months have been happy—haven't they? There are just three weeks left. At present the strongest feeling in my heart is—" He paused for his word, and he saw that she was looking through the window to the trees of the garden, and that, still as she was, her lip quivered.

"What shall I say?" he resumed with emotion. "It seems to me our case stands all by itself, alone in the world. We have three weeks,—give them to me! Don't let's play at cross-purposes any more. I want to be sincere—I want to hide nothing from you in these days—and to know all, in return, that you desire and hope. So that when I go—we may say to each other—well, it was worth the pain!—these have been days of gold—we shall get no better if we live to be a hundred!"

She turned her face to him in a tremulous amazement, and there were tears on her cheek. Never had his aspect been so winning. Again there stood before her the Warkworth of her first illusions, the Warkworth who had saved his comrade under fire, who had held the fort for England in the lonely Afghan pass.

It was in vain that something whispered in her ear—"This girl to whom he describes himself as 'honorably bound' has a fortune of half a million. He is determined to have both her money and my heart." Another inward voice, tragically generous, dashed down the thought, and, at the moment, rightly,—for, as he stood over her, breathless and imperious, to his own joy, to his own exaltation, Warkworth was conscious of a passionate sincerity flowing in a tempestuous and stormy current through all the veins of being.

With a sombre passion, which already marked an epoch in their relation, and contained within itself the elements of new and unforeseen developments, she gazed silently into his face. Then, leaning back in her chair, she once more held out to him both her hands.

He gave an exclamation of joy, kissed the hands tenderly, and sat down beside her.

"Now, then, all your cares, all your thoughts, all your griefs are to be mine!—till fate call us. And I have a thousand things to tell you—to bless you for—to consult you about. There is not a thought in my mind that you shall not know—bad, good, and indifferent—if you care to turn out the rag-bag. Shall I begin with the morning—my experiences at the Club—my little nieces at the Zoo?" He laughed—but suddenly grew serious again. "No! Your story first,—you owe it me! Let me know all that concerns you—your past—your sorrows—your ambitions—everything!"

He bent to her passionately. With a faint broken smile, her hands still in his, she assented. It was difficult to begin; then difficult to control the flood of memory; and it had long been dark when Madame Bornier, coming in to light the lamp and make up the fire, disturbed an intimate and searching conversation, which had revealed the two natures to each other with an agitating fulness.

Yet the results of this memorable evening upon Julie Le Breton were ultimately such as few could have foreseen.

When Warkworth had left her, she went to her own room, and sat for a long while beside the window gazing at the dark shrubberies of the Cureton House garden, at the few twinkling distant lights.

The vague golden hopes she had cherished through these past months of effort and scheming were gone forever. Warkworth would marry Aileen Moffatt, and use her money for an ambitious career. After these weeks now lying before them—weeks of dangerous intimacy, dangerous emotion—she and he would become as strangers to each other. He would be absorbed by his profession and his rich marriage. She would be left alone to live her life.

A sudden terror of her own weakness overcame her. No,—she could not be alone! She must place a barrier between

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herself and this—this strange threatening of illimitable ruin, that sometimes rose upon her from the dark. "I have no prejudices"—she had said to Sir Wilfrid. There were many moments when she felt a fierce pride in the element of lawlessness, of defiance, that seemed to be her inheritance from her parents. But to-night, she was afraid of it.

Again—if love was to go—*power,* the satisfaction of ambition, remained. She threw a quick glance into the future,—the future beyond these three weeks. What could she make of it? She knew well that she was not the woman to resign herself to a mere pining obscurity.

Jacob Delafield? Was it, after all, so impossible?

For a few minutes she set herself deliberately to think out what it would mean to marry him;—then suddenly broke down and wept, with inarticulate cries and sobs—with occasional reminiscences of her old convent's prayers—appeals half conscious, instinctive, to a God only half believed.

CHAPTER XVI

DELAFIELD was walking through the park towards Victoria Gate. A pair of beautiful roans pulled up suddenly beside him, and a little figure with a waving hand bent to him from a carriage.

"Jacob!—where are you off to? Let me give you a lift."

The gentleman addressed took off his hat.

"Much obliged to you! But I want some exercise! I say—where did Bertie get that pair?"

"I don't know — he doesn't tell me! Jacob—you must get in—I want to speak to you."

Rather unwillingly Delafield obeyed, and away they sped.

"J'ai un tas de choses à vous dire!" she said, speaking low, and in French, so as to protect herself from the servants in front; "Jacob—I'm *very* unhappy—about Julie!"

Delafield frowned uncomfortably.

"Why? Hadn't you better leave her alone?"

"Oh! of course I know you think me a chatterbox. I don't care. You *must* let me tell you some fresh news about her. It *isn't* gossip—and you and I are her best friends. Oh! Bertie's so disagreeable about her! Jacob, you've got to help and advise a little! Now do listen! It's your duty — your downright Catechism duty!"

And she poured into his reluctant ear the tale which Miss Emily Lawrence nearly a fortnight before had confided to her.

"Of course," she wound up, "you'll say it's only what we knew or guessed long ago! But you see, Jacob, we didn't *know.* It might have been just gossip. And then, besides,"—she frowned and dropped her voice till it was only just audible,—"this horrid man hadn't made our Julie so—so conspicuous; and Lady Henry hadn't turned out such a toad! — and — altogether, Jacob, I'm dreadfully worried!"

"Don't be," said Jacob, dryly.

"And what a creature!" cried the Duchess, unheeding. "They say that poor Moffatt child will soon have fretted herself ill, if the guardians don't give way about the two years."

"What two years?"

"The two years that she must wait,—till she is twenty-one. Oh! Jacob—you know that," exclaimed the Duchess, impatient with him—"I've told you scores of times."

"I'm not in the least interested in Miss Moffatt's affairs."

"But you ought to be, for they concern Julie!" cried the Duchess. "Can't you imagine what kind of things people are saying? Lady Henry has spread it about that it was all to see him she bribed the Bruton Street servants to let her give the Wednesday party as usual,—that she had been flirting with him abominably for months,—and using Lady Henry's name in the most impertinent ways. And now suddenly everybody seems to know *something* about this Indian engagement. You may imagine it doesn't look very well for our poor Julie! The other night at Chatton House I was furious. I made Julie go. I wanted her to show herself, and keep up her friends. Well, it was *horrid!* One or two old frights, who used to be only too thankful to Julie for reminding Lady Henry to invite them, put their noses in the air and behaved odiously. And even some of the nicer ones seemed changed—I could see Julie felt it."

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"Nothing of all that will do her any real harm," said Jacob, rather contemptuously.

"Well, no!—I know, of course, that her real friends will never forsake her—never, never! But—Jacob"—the Duchess hesitated, her charming little face furrowed with thought—"if only so much of it weren't true! She herself—"

"Please, Evelyn!" said Delafield with decision, "don't tell me anything she may have said to you!"

The Duchess flushed.

"I shouldn't have betrayed any confidence," she said, proudly. "And I must consult with some one who cares about her. Dr. Meredith lunched with me today, and he said a few words to me afterwards. He's quite anxious too—and unhappy. Captain Warkworth's always there, always!—even I have been hardly able to see her the last few days. Last Sunday they took the little lame child and went into the country for the whole day—"

"Well, what is there to object to in that!" cried Jacob.

"I didn't say there was anything to object to," said the Duchess, looking at him with eyes half angry, half perplexed. "Only it's so unlike her. She had promised to be at home that afternoon for several old friends; and they found her flown, without a word. And think how sweet Julie is always about such things! —what delicious notes she writes, how she hates to put anybody out or disappoint them. And now, not a word of excuse to anybody. And she looks so *ill*—so white, so fixed,—like a person in a dream which she can't shake off. I'm just miserable about her. And I hate, *hate* that man—engaged to her own cousin all the time!" cried the little Duchess under her breath, as she passionately tore some violets at her waist to pieces and flung them out of the carriage. Then she turned to Jacob:

"But, of course, if you don't care twopence about all this, Jacob, it's no good talking to you!"

Her taunt fell quite unnoticed. Jacob turned to her with smiling composure.

"You have forgotten, my dear Evelyn, all this time, that Warkworth goes away — to mid-Africa — in little more than two weeks."

"I wish it was two minutes!" said the Duchess, fuming.

Delafield made no reply for a while. He seemed to be studying the effect of a pale shaft of sunlight which had just come stealing down through layers of thin gray cloud to dance upon the Serpentine. Presently, as they left the Serpentine behind them, he turned to his companion with more apparent sympathy.

"We can't do anything, Evelyn—and we've no right whatever to talk of alarm, or anxiety,—to *talk* of it, mind. It's—it's disloyal! Forgive me," he added, hastily—"I know you don't gossip. But it fills me with rage that other people should be doing it!"

The brusquerie of his manner disconcerted the little lady beside him. She recovered herself, however, and said with a touch of sarcasm, tempered by a rather trembling lip:

"Your rage won't prevent their gossiping, Mr. Jacob! I thought perhaps—your *friendship* might have done something to stop it,—to—to influence Julie," she added uncertainly.

"My friendship, as you call it, is of no use whatever," he said, obstinately. "Warkworth will go away; and if you and others do their best to protect Miss Le Breton, talk will soon die out. Behave as if you had never heard the man's name before—stare the people down!—why, good heavens! you have a thousand arts! But, of course, if the little flame is to be blown into a blaze by a score of so-called friends!—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

The Duchess did not take his rebukes kindly,—not having in truth deserved them.

"You are rude and unkind, Jacob," she said, almost with the tears in her eyes. "And you don't understand,—it is because I myself am so anxious—"

"For that reason, play the part with all your might!" he said, unyieldingly. "Really, even you and I oughtn't to talk of it any more!—But—there *is* one thing I want very much to know about Miss Le Breton!"

He bent towards her smiling,—though, in truth, he was disgusted with himself, vexed with her, and out of tune with all the world.

The Duchess made a little face.

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"All very well, but after such a lecture as you have indulged in, I think I prefer not to say any more about Julie!"

"Do!—I'm ashamed of myself!—except that I don't retract one word,—not one! Be kind all the same, and tell me—if you know—has she spoken to Lord Lackington?"

The Duchess still frowned, but a few more apologetic expressions on his part restored a temper that had always a natural tendency to peace. Indeed, Jacob's *boutades* never went long unpardoned. An only child herself, he, her first cousin, had played the part of brother in her life, since the days when she first tottered in long frocks; and he had never played it in any mincing fashion. His words were often blunt. She smarted and forgave,—much more quickly than she forgave her husband. But then, with him, she was in love.

So she presently vouchsafed to give Jacob the news that Lord Lackington at last knew the secret—that he had behaved well—had shown much feeling, in fact,—so that poor Julie—

But Jacob again cut short the sentimentalisms, the little touching phrases in which the woman delighted.

"What is he going to do for her?" he said, impatiently. "Will he make any provision for her? Is there any way by which she can live in his house—take care of him?"

The Duchess shook her head.

"At seventy-five, one can't begin to explain a thing—as big as that! Julie perfectly understands—and doesn't wish it."

"But as to money?" persisted Jacob.

"Julie says nothing about money. How odd you are, Jacob! I thought that was the last thing needful in your eyes."

Jacob did not reply. If he had, he would probably have said that what was harmful or useless for men might be needful for women—for the weakness of women. But he kept silence, while the vague intensity of the eyes, the pursed and twisted mouth, showed that his mind was full of thoughts.

Suddenly he perceived that the carriage was nearing Victoria Gate. He called to the coachman to stop, and jumped out.

"Good-by, Evelyn. Don't bear me malice. You're a good friend," he said in her ear,—"a real good friend! But don't let people talk to you—not even elderly ladies with the best intentions! I tell you it will be a fight—and one of the best weapons is"—he touched his lips significantly, smiled at her, and was gone.

The Duchess passed out of the Park. Delafield turned as though in the direction of the Marble Arch, but as soon as the carriage was out of sight, he paused and quickly retraced his steps towards Kensington Gardens. Here in this third week of March some of the thorns and lilacs were already in leaf. The grass was springing, and the chatter of many sparrows filled the air. Faint patches of sun flecked the ground between the trees; and blue hazes, already redeemed from the dreariness of winter, filled the dim planes of distance, and mingled with the low silvery clouds. He found a quiet spot remote from nursery-maids and children, and there he wandered to and fro, indefinitely, his hands behind his back. All the anxieties for which he had scolded his cousin had possessed him, only sharpened tenfold; he was in torture, and he was helpless.

However, when at last he emerged from his solitude, and took a hansom to the Chudleigh Estate Office in Spring Gardens, he resolutely shook off the thoughts which had been weighing upon him. He took his usual interest in his work, and did it with his usual capacity.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon, Delafield found himself in Cureton Street. As he turned down Heribert Street he saw a cab in front of him. It stopped at Miss Le Breton's door, and Warkworth jumped out. The door was quickly opened to him, and he went in without having turned his eyes towards the man at the far corner of the street.

Delafield paused irresolute. Finally he walked back to his club in Piccadilly, where he dawdled over the newspapers till nearly seven.

Then he once more betook himself to Heribert Street.

"Is Miss Le Breton at home?"

Thérèse looked at him with a sudden flickering of her clear eyes.

"I think so, sir," she said, with soft hesitation, and she slowly led him across the hall.

The drawing-room door opened. Major Warkworth emerged.

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"Ah! how do you do?" he said, shortly, —staring in a kind of bewilderment—as he saw Delafield. Then he hurriedly looked for his hat, ran down the stairs, and was gone.

"Announce me, please," said Delafield, peremptorily, to the little girl. "Tell Miss Le Breton that I am here." And he drew back from the open door of the drawing-room. Thérèse slipped in; and reappeared.

"Please to walk in, sir," she said in her shy, low voice; and Delafield entered. From the hall he had caught one involuntary glimpse of Julie, standing stiff and straight in the middle of the room, her hands clasped to her breast—a figure in pain. When he went in, she was in her usual seat by the fire, with her embroidery frame in front of her.

"May I come in? It is rather late."

"Oh, by all means! Do you bring me any news of Evelyn? I haven't seen her for three days."

He seated himself beside her. It was hard indeed for him to hide all signs of the tumult within. But he held a firm grip upon himself.

"I saw Evelyn this afternoon. She complained that you had had no time for her lately."

Julie bent over her work. He saw that her fingers were so unsteady that she could hardly make them obey her.

"There has been a great deal to do, even in this little house. Evelyn forgets, —she has an army of servants—we have only our hands and our time."

She looked up smiling. He made no reply; and the smile died from her face,—suddenly—as though some one had blown out a light. She returned to her work, or pretended to. But her aspect had left him inwardly shaken. The eyes disproportionately large and brilliant were of an emphasis almost ghastly; the usually clear complexion was flecked and cloudy; the mouth dry-lipped. She looked much older than she had a fortnight before. And the fact was the more noticeable because in her dress she had now wholly discarded the touch of stateliness, almost old-maidishness, which had once seemed appropriate to the position of Lady Henry's companion. She was wearing a little gown of her youth, a blue cotton, which two years before had been put aside as too slight and juvenile. Never had the form within it seemed so girlish, so appealing. But the face was heart-rending.

After a pause, he moved a little closer to her.

"Do you know that you are looking quite ill?"

"Then my looks are misleading. I am very well."

"I am afraid I don't put much faith in that remark. When do you mean to take a holiday?"

"Oh!—very soon. Léonie, my little housekeeper, talks of going to Bruges to wind up all her affairs there, and bring back some furniture that she has warehoused. I may go with her. I too have some property stored there. I should go and see some old friends—the Sœurs, for instance, with whom I went to school. In the old days, I was a torment to them, and they were tyrants to me. But they are quite nice to me now—they give me *pâtisserie*, and stroke my hands and spoil me."

And she rattled on, about the friends she might revisit, in a hollow perfunctory way, which set him on edge.

"I don't see that anything of that kind will do you any good. You want rest of mind and body. I expect those last scenes with Lady Henry cost you more than you knew. There are wounds one does not notice at the time—"

"Which afterwards bleed inwardly?" She laughed. "No, no—I am not bleeding for Lady Henry! By-the-way, what news of her?"

"Sir Wilfrid told me to-day that he had had a letter. She is at Torquay, and she thinks there are too many curates at Torquay. She is not at all in a good temper."

Julie looked up.

"You know that she is trying to punish me. A great many people seem to have been written to."

"That will blow over!"

"I don't know. How confident I was at one time that, if there was a breach, it would be Lady Henry that would suffer! It makes me hot to remember—some things—I said—to Sir Wilfrid, in particular. I see now that I shall not be troubled with society in this little house!"

"It is too early for you to guess anything of that kind."

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"Not at all! London is pretty full. The affair has made a noise. Those who meant to stand by me would have called, don't you think?"

The quivering bitterness of her face was most pitiful in Jacob's eyes.

"Oh! people take their time," he said, trying to speak lightly.

She shook her head.

"It's ridiculous that I should care. One's self-love, I suppose,—*that* bleeds! Evelyn has made me send out cards for a little house-warming. She said I must. She made me go to that smart party at Chatton House the other night. It was a great mistake. People turned their backs on me. And this too will be a mistake—and a failure."

"You were kind enough to send me a card."

"Yes—and you must come?"

She looked at him with a sudden nervous appeal which made another tug on his self-control.

"Of course I shall come."

"Do you remember your own saying—that awful evening—that I had devoted friends? Well, we shall soon see!"

"That depends only on yourself," he replied, with gentle deliberation.

She started — threw him a doubtful look.

"If you mean that I must take a great deal of trouble—I am afraid I can't. I am too tired."

And she sank back in her chair.

The sigh that accompanied the words seemed to him involuntary, unconscious.

"I didn't mean that—altogether," he said, after a moment.

She moved restlessly.

"Then really I don't know what you meant! I suppose all friendship depends on one's self."

She drew her embroidery frame towards her again, and he was left to wonder at his own audacity. "Do you know," she said, presently, her eyes apparently busy with her silks, "that I have told Lord Lackington?"

"Yes. Evelyn gave me that news. How has the old man behaved?"

"Oh! very well—most kindly. He has already formed a habit, almost, of 'dropping in' upon me at all hours. I have had to appoint him times and seasons, or there would be no work done. He sits here and raves about young Mrs. Delaray—you know he is painting her portrait?—for the famous Beauty series?—and draws her profile on the backs of my letters. He recites his speeches to me; he asks my advice as to his fights with his tenants, or his miners. In short, I'm adopted,—I'm almost the real thing!"

She smiled; and then again, as she turned over her silks, he heard her sigh—a long breath of weariness. It was strange and terrible in his ear—the contrast between this unconscious sound, drawn as it were from the oppressed heart of pain, and her languidly smiling words.

"Has he spoken to you of the Moffatts?" he asked her presently, not looking at her.

A sharp crimson color rushed over her face.

"Not much. He and Lady Blanche are not great friends. And I have made him promise to keep my secret from her, till I give him leave to tell it."

"It will have to be known to her some time, will it not?"

"Perhaps," she said, impatiently. "Perhaps! — when I can make up my mind."

Then she pushed aside her frame and would talk no more about Lord Lackington. She gave him somehow the impression of a person suffocating, struggling for breath and air. And yet her hand was icy, and she presently went to the fire, complaining of the east wind, and as he put on the coal he saw her shiver.

"Shall I force her to tell me everything?" he thought to himself.

Did she divine the obscure struggle in his mind? At any rate she seemed anxious to cut short their *tête-à-tête*. She asked him to come and look at some engravings which the Duchess had sent round for the embellishment of the dining-room. Then she summoned Madame Bornier, and asked him a number of questions on Léonie's behalf, with reference to some little investment of the ex-governess's savings, which had been dropping in value. Meanwhile, as she kept him talking, she leant herself against the lintel of the door, forgetting every now and then that any one else was there, and letting the true self appear, like some drowned thing floating into sight. Delafield disposed of Madame Bornier's affairs,

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hardly knowing what he said, but showing in truth his usual conscience and kindness. Then when Léonie was contented, Julie saw the little cripple crossing the hall, and called to her.

"Ah ma chérie!—how is the poor little foot?"

And turning to Delafield, she explained volubly that Thérèse had given herself a slight twist on the stairs that morning—pressing the child to her side the while, with a tender gesture. The child nestled against her.

"Shall Maman keep back supper?" Thérèse half whispered, looking at Delafield.

"No, no, I must go!" cried Delafield, rousing himself and looking for his hat.

"I would ask you to stay," said Julie, smiling—"just to show off Léonie's cooking. But there wouldn't be enough for a great big man. And you're probably dining with dukes."

Delafield disclaimed any such intention, and they went back to the drawing-room to look for his hat and stick. Julie still had her arm round Thérèse and would not let the child go. She clearly avoided being left alone with him; and yet it seemed even to his modesty that she was loath to see him depart. She talked first of her little *ménage*, as though proud of their daily economies and contrivances; then of her literary work, and its prospects; then of her debt to Meredith. Never before had she thus admitted him to her domestic and private life. It was as though she leant upon his sympathy, his advice, his mere neighborhood. And her pale, changed face had never seemed to him so beautiful,—never, in fact, truly beautiful, till now. The dying down of the brilliance and energy of the strongly marked character which had made her the life of the Bruton Street salon, into this mildness, this despondency, this hidden weariness, had left her infinitely more lovely in his eyes. But how to restrain himself much longer from taking the sad gracious woman in his arms and coercing her into sanity and happiness!

At last he tore himself away.

"You won't forget Wednesday?" she said as she followed him into the hall.

"No. Is there anything else that you wish—that I could do?"

"No, nothing. But if there is—I will ask."

Then looking up, she shrank from something in his face—something accusing, passionate, profound.

He wrung her hand.

"Promise!—that you will ask!"

She murmured something, and he turned away.

She came back alone into the drawing-room.

"Oh! what a good man!" she said, sighing—"what a good man!"

And then—all in a moment—she was thankful that he was gone—that she was alone with and mistress of her pain.

The passion and misery which his visit had interrupted swept back upon her in a rushing swirl, blinding and choking every sense. Ah! what a scene, to which his coming had put an end!—scene of bitterness, of recrimination, not restrained even by this impending anguish of parting!

It came as a close to a week during which she and Warkworth had been playing the game which they had chosen to play, according to its appointed rules,—the delicacies and restraints of friendship masking, and at the same time inflaming, a most unhappy, poisonous, and growing love. And finally, there had risen upon them a storm-wave of feeling,—tyrannous, tempestuous—bursting in reproach and agitation,—leaving behind it, bare and menacing, the old ugly facts, unaltered and unalterable.

Warkworth was little less miserable than herself. That she knew! He loved her,—as it were, to his own anger and surprise. And he suffered in deserting her; more than he had ever suffered yet through any human affection.

But his purpose through it all remained stubbornly fixed; that also she knew. For nearly a year, Aileen Moffatt's fortune and Aileen Moffatt's family connections had entered into all his calculations of the future. Only a few more years in the Army—then retirement, with ample means, a charming wife, and a seat in Parliament. To jeopardize a plan so manifestly desirable, so easy to carry out, so far-reaching in its favorable effects upon his life, for the sake of those hard and doubtful alternatives in which a mar-

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JULIE'S EYES STRAINED INTO THE DARKNESS

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riage with Julie would involve him, never seriously entered his mind. When he suffered, he merely said to himself steadily that time would heal the smart for both of them.

"Only one thing would be absolutely fatal for all of us—that I should break with Aileen!"

Julie read these obscure processes in Warkworth's mind with perfect clearness. She was powerless to change them; but that afternoon she had at any rate beaten her wings against the bars. And the exhaustion and anguish of her revolt, her reproaches, were still upon her.

The spring night had fallen. The room was hot, and she threw a window open. Some thorns in the garden beneath had thickened into leaf; they rose in a dark mass beneath the window. Overhead, beyond the haze of the great city, a few stars twinkled; and the dim roar of London life beat from all sides upon this quiet corner, which still held Lady Mary's old house.

Julie's eyes strained into the darkness; her head swam with weakness and weariness. Suddenly she gave a cry—she pressed her hands to her heart. Upon the darkness outside there rose a face, so sharply drawn, so lifelike, that it printed itself forever upon the quivering tissues of the brain. It was Warkworth's face, not as she had seen it last, but in some strange extremity of physical ill,—drawn, haggard, in a cold sweat,—the eyes glazed, the hair matted, the parched lips open as though they cried for help. She stood gazing. Then the eyes turned, and the agony in them looked out upon her.

Her whole sense was absorbed by the phantom; her being hung upon it. Then as it faded on the quiet trees she tottered to a chair and hid her face. Commonsense told her that she was the victim of her own tired nerves and tortured fancy. But the memory of Cousin Mary Leicester's second-sight, of her "visions" in this very room, crept upon her and gripped her heart. A ghostly horror seized her of the room, the house, and her own tempestuous nature. She groped her way out, in blind and hurrying panic,—glad of the lamp in the hall, glad of the sounds in the house, glad above all of Thérèse's thin hands as they once more stole lovingly round her own.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Silenced Song

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

LOVE stole behind me as I sang,
And laid her sweet, warm finger-tips
Lightly upon my careless lips.
There rang
All round me a transcendent melody
That ever echoes thrillingly in me.

Now since Love came, my lips are sealed; and fain
Would dumb remain
If so my soul may lose no lightest strain
Of that compelling melody.

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The War of the Precentors

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

UNDER the butternut which shaded Cap'en Donald McKay's gate Johnny McCloud lay and gazed dispiritedly on the half-mile of dusty road that yet separated him from the North Kirk. It lacked but a quarter-hour of meeting-time, when he would be expected to lead off the first psalm. Rising on his elbow, he took a prolonged survey of the road, and presently fell back and gazed dreamily up at the shivering leaves. And he was still there when, five minutes later, Neil McDow and Cap'en McKay turned out of the lane.

"Ye'll be goin' till meetin', Johnny?" McDow greeted.

"Who tell't ye as I was goin'?" the precentor growled, without looking up.

"No one, no one!" McDow replied, with a touch of sarcasm. "On'y as it's the Saubath, an' there's a kirk a short half-mile up the Line, I thought—"

"Oh, ye did, did ye?" sneered the precentor. "One wouldna ha' accused ye of it."

Athwart the cap'en's brick-dust visage shot a bellicose gleam. He opened his mouth as though to speak, then altering his mind, shut it tight and stalked off in dignified silence, followed by McDow.

The precentor was still lying in the cool shade when young Neil McDow turned out of the lane and surveyed him with envious eyes.

"Ye're no goin' to kirk," Neil remarked, and the positive conviction in his voice aroused the precentor's curiosity and gave a softer color to his answer.

"How d'ye know?" he queried.

Neil cast a dark look at the distant kirk. "Ye don't have to," he said, looking hungrily at the shade, "but that's no the reason; ye daurna go."

"Why?"

"Becos," continued the imp, "ye're fired, an' they've gotten a new precentor."

Scared by the sudden change in the precentor's face, he turned and ran, but in three strides Johnny had him by the collar and fished him forth from his cloud of dust.

"Neil," he said, slipping off his belt—"Neil, ye know me? Now say that agin."

"An' ye'll hit me!"

"Not if ye tell."

As a surety of good faith, Neil demanded that he be first placed on the other side of the cap'en's stake-and-rider fence, from which coign of vantage he gave the desired information.

"Ye see," he ran on, "father says as how you missed three Saubaths out o' five, an' the meenister gat tired o' givin' out the hymns an' none to raise the toon. So the elders hired him a man frae West Zorra—a steady man wi' a record o' twenty years an' no a Saubath missed."

"An' he's to be there the day?"

"Ay," grinned the urchin. "Ye'd see him an you went, but you daurna."

Raising his belt, Johnny stepped forward, but Neil executed a masterly retreat in the direction of the kirk, and turning, the precentor hurried after.

A family of squirrels scampered over the wagon-stoop of the kirk, and peeped through the wide door, and saw a staid minister and a decorous congregation, but the hush which brooded over them veiled a spirit of unrest. Stealthy glances, uneasy shufflings, and an occasional turn toward the door amply testified to that.

"I reckon," McDow whispered to Elder Peter Murray, of "the Slashing," "as this 'll be one of Johnny's off Saubaths."

But as the minister intoned the first line of the psalm, Cap'en McKay saw Johnny McCloud slip in behind the wooden screen.

"What 'll he be doin' there?" the cap'en wondered.

But just then the new precentor rose. Rapping his desk, he took the note from his fork, and his sonorous voice rolled forth the first notes of "Old Turner."

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

"YE'LL BE GOIN' TILL MEETIN', JOHNNY?"

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The cap'en's chest swelled with wind and pride. "Yon's a voice!" he mentally ejaculated, and in common with the remainder of the congregation he listened and let the precentor have the first line. "A big voice!" he repeated at its end, and taking wind, prepared to follow on.

But as his mouth opened, clear as the note of a lark the tenor of Johnny McCloud floated up from behind the door-screen. He was singing "Pisgah" with all the power of his lungs of brass. A terrific snort emptied the cap'en's chest; then, drawing in a mighty breath, he let out a bellow that would have graced a quarter-deck, and sailed after the new man into the ocean of song. In his wake the minister followed, and the elders after him, and for a time it seemed that Johnny must come to a quick and inglorious end; but the fortune which attends the forlorn hope stepped in to succor him.

So far the younger tribe of Zorra had stood open-mouthed, its wide eyes testifying to its astonishment at this alarming schism; but just when Johnny's fortunes were trembling in the balance the familiarity of his voice beguiled one or two to follow. Then, partly by mistake, a little by sympathy, but principally under the instigation of that mutinous devil which is sometimes scotched but never altogether killed in the young, the tribe raised up its voice in Johnny's favor.

From verse to verse, with contradictory sentiments and ludicrous contrasts, sometimes together but more often apart, the warring vocalists conducted the battle of song. The precentor *de jure* faced the elders and bound up their quavery tones in his thunderous bass. His face was pale, his arm swung to the time of his tune, and his black hair waved sympathetically in the breeze. And Johnny, the precentor *de facto,* strode out from behind the screen and led his adherents from the centre aisle. Up the scale the girl's soprano and the boy's treble chased his tenor, higher and higher, until they hovered above the snorting growl of the older folk.

Now, had the minister selected a longer hymn or Johnny a shorter, the issue might have remained long in doubt; but the latter, being something of a general, had chosen the longest in the book. So, when the precentor and his forces had run out of vocal ammunition, Johnny and the juniors were still in the swing of their song.

"Ye deevil!" Cap'en McKay growled as he ingloriously awaited the close of "Pisgah." "Ye deevil! Bide a wee an' the meenister 'll ha' the bones of ye!"

But thirty years' toil in that stubborn vineyard had made a wise man of the minister. He knew that the only way to lead a Scot is to let him have his head; and when, flushed with triumph, Johnny and his comrades subsided, he quietly laid aside his spectacles, turned up his text, and began preaching.

In his sermon he made no allusion to the scandal just perpetrated, but in the secret conclave which assembled to discuss ways and means of abating this scandal in Israel, he expressed himself strongly enough. He, McDow, Peter o' the Slashing, and Sib Sanderson, the cattle-buyer, met in the vestry. Cap'en McKay, being a man of authority, skilled in driving ungodly sailor-men, was also called in, and the new precentor was there to give advice in matters of music. As they sat about the vestry board, their faces reflected the gravity of the crisis. The minister was serious, McDow glum, the precentor pale but fierce, the cap'en red and angry.

"Rods!" the latter snorted, when asked for his notion of a remedy—"rods! guid birch rods for the backs o' them that followed wrang!"

The minister smiled approvingly, and added, "But what about John McCloud?"

"Weel," suggested Slashing Peter, who was reputed to rival the serpent in wisdom, "I was thinkin' as it wad be fine to give the precentor here the psalms for the next meetin' an' the loan of the Saubath-skule. Through the week, ken ye, he drills the bairns i' the toons, an' next Saubath we jest droon the McCloud vill'in i' hymns of praise."

"Excellent!" commented the pastor.

"Ou, ay," Peter allowed. "But what d'*you* think?" he finished, turning to the cap'en.

"It 'll do!" the latter grumbled. "Though I'd prefer drooning the fellow i' Mud Branch Crik."

So Peter's plan was adopted, and, in-

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"RODS! GUID BIRCH RODS FOR THE BACKS O' THEM!"

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wardly bewailing the schism which added to its stripes and reduced its play, the Sabbath-school labored for a week at the psalms. And the new precentor wrought with them, toiling and sweating, forging like some black Vulcan thunderous melodies and harmonious lightnings to rive the reputation of his foe.

As the minister ascended the pulpit, the following Sunday, the unusual attendance surprised him so much that he tripped and tore his gown. Then, as his eye fell on a score of lusty youth who were busily distributing themselves in the body of the congregation, he thought: "Surely those are Embro boys? What a pity we could not have kept our trouble to ourselves!"

Johnny McCloud came in late. As he strode up the aisle the minister averted his eyes, but not before he had seen that the rebel was cool as a cod. Not a flicker of emotion stirred the muscles of his face; if anything, he wore his funeral manner. A grim smile puckered Cap'en McKay's red face as he noted the unwonted gravity; an expectant leer oiled the countenance of Slashing Peter; as usual, McDow's visage was expressionless as the round of a spring cheese; the new precentor was pale but confident.

A gasp, caused by the sudden intake of many breaths, greeted the minister as he rose to announce the psalm. All eyes turned on Johnny, but his front remained wooden as any maple stump; nor did the fact that the minister was lining "Pisgah" affect his equanimity. The people, however, marked their appreciation of the choice by a deep sigh—it was but right and proper that Johnny be smitten with his own weapon.

"Noo!" Cap'en McKay muttered, as the precentor rose—"noo for your finish, Johnny, my man!"

Through the kirk the tap of the music-fork rang like the snap of a stick; all could hear its hum. The precentor raised it to his ear, and then—the mouths of the twenty lusty youths who had so assiduously hidden themselves in the bowels of the kirk yawned cavernously, and "Old Turner" rolled forth on a mighty wave of sound.

But the precentor came of iron stock. Uncowed by this stroke of fate, he faced his force and launched his song. He might as well have tried to stem a torrent. The Sabbath-school, separately marshalled for the occasion, wavered, then remembering its stripes and the pain and travail of its labors, incontinently bolted. "Turner" flowed through the windows and raised the echoes in the woods. It seized upon all. McDow found himself growling at it; Cap'en McKay was bellowing the words of "Pisgah" to the alien tune; even Slashing Peter was caught in the pit of his own digging and snared in harmonious toils.

"'Twas a terrible time," the latter admitted, when, after kirk-letting, McDow and the skipper cornered him in the driving-shed.

"I thought," the skipper remarked, looking at McDow, but keeping Peter in the tail of his eye, "as I'd heern some fule body talk o' drooning a scoundrel i' hymns o' praise?"

"Ay?" Peter politely rejoined; sardonic acquiescence seemed just then to be the proper line.

"But ye'll allow, Peter," McDow pleaded, "as he wasna drooned?"

"D'ye really think so, Mr. McDow?"

"But was he?" pressed the cap'en. "Tell me that, mon. Was he?"

They stood gazing regretfully northward, until McDow sighed:

"Weel, it's too late noo. An' here comes Johnny." When the cap'en's eye had taken cognizance of the fact, he added, "Think ye he'll keep this up?"

"If he reckons we don't want him to, yes," grumbled the skipper; but just before Johnny came up he added, "Mebbe we can persuade him till the contrary."

The skipper opened up his batteries with a cunning, "I saw ye at meetin' the day, John."

"Yes? I sometimes gang theer."

"Ye've been quite reg'lar in yer attendance o' late," chipped in McDow.

This was unfortunate, as being likely to draw attention to previous lapses in church-going which had culminated in the present trouble. Johnny took it coolly enough, and replied, "Ye think so?"

"Be sure an' come on time next Saubath," the cap'en shouted, as Johnny strode off down the Line.

"I wull!" Johnny bellowed back; and he did—much to the cap'en's disgust—and kept it up for the three following

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Sundays. Indeed, if the last quarter of the minister's salary had not fallen in arrears, he might yet have been as a prophet in his own country, and if the deficit had not been made up by a box social, he would probably have still been raising tunes in the North Kirk. By some he has been blamed for attending that social, and all agree that he ought never to have purchased a box; but who would suspect an innocent cube of cardboard — late receptacle of one pair of Ladies' Fine Dongola Kids—containing pie and cake for two, of being the cause of a man's downfall?

In certain settlements—the very mention of which sets a Zorra man to wagging his pow—the holding of secular services in the place of worship is common enough, but the Zorra folk would rather have burned their kirk than permit such a sacrilege. Therefore, though the social was to make the waste places in the minister's salary blossom with the flowers of plenty, and thus took on a pseudo-sacred character, it was banished to the old log school, where it came off on the Monday of the third week following Johnny's last victory.

By half after seven of that evening the school was crowded to the door with an older growth of lads and lasses. The dominie would hardly have recognized his own demesne. Flowers and green boughs hid the whitened logs, looped tissue-paper draped the rafters, and a pile of beribboned boxes stood on the master's desk. Each of these contained the choicest product of some girl's skill in cookery. Presently they would be auctioned off, and a purchaser acquired along with a box a lien on the company of its owner for the evening.

When Johnny pushed his way through the crowd, at a quarter of eight, Sib Sanderson had opened the auction.

"Who'll be buyin' this?" he called, and his tones were persuasive as though he were selling a horse touched in the wind. "Sic a pretty ribbon! Who's



"Talk o' Drooning a Scoundrel i' Hymns o' Praise"

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wearin' the mate o' this, I wonder? Heck, lads, whaur's yer eyes? There's a bonny lass goes wi' this."

A hesitant silence followed his alluring offer. The boys were slyly glancing from girl to girl, but nowhere could they find a mate for the ribbon on the box.

"Hoo much?" roared Sib.

Seeing a chance for a bargain, young Sandy "Crik" Murray bid five cents. On general principles of economy "Red" Geordie McDonald raised him another five, and there the bidding stuck.

"Ten cents bid!" shouted Sib. "Any advance?"

It seemed as though the box would go at that; but as Sib raised his hammer, Johnny's eye chanced to fall on a girl who sat near by. He had never seen her before, and she was pretty; but though her blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and trim figure instantly captured his fancy, he was more concerned just then with the expression of her face. Its conscious look proclaimed the owner of the box; and really it *was* a shameful thing to be sold for ten cents.

"Going!" Sib yelled. "Go—"

"Wan dollar!" Johnny shouted.

Sib gasped, the people gaped, and Cap'en McKay, who had driven his young folk down, gave vent to a smothered chuckle. Never in Zorra had such a vast sum been bid for a single box—the price of a shoat. It was sinful! But quickly recovering from his coma, Sib handed over the box, and said,

"Mr. McCloud, mak ye acquainted wi' Miss Ross—the young leddy sitting fornenst ye."

A titter passed around the room. The girls whispered together, the boys exchanged knowing winks, while Cap'en McKay was threatened with apoplexy; but taking it as a tribute to his liberality, Johnny took his seat by his purchase and began to do the agreeable.

"Ye're awfu' extravagant," she said.

"Worth double the money," he affirmed, stoutly, and before the evening was over he was ready to swear to it. Finding that she was musical, he quietly put out a feeler to try her.

"'Pisgy's' a fine toon," he remarked with a critical air.

"'Turner's' better," she replied, smiling archly; and McDow, who was passing and caught the remark, went outside and winked solemnly at the moon.

But Johnny was delighted—it was so seldom that one got beauty and taste combined in the one person. To him the evening passed quickly away. Amateur quartets for the nonce escaped his scathing criticism; ill-sung duets raised but a passing shudder; aspiring elocutionists failed to move him. He saw nothing but himself—in the girl's eyes. He had no idea that he was half so handsome. The cracked glass in his bachelor's shanty—which now for the first time seemed very lonesome—never made him look like that. So he sat enthralled, watching his reflection dancing and twinkling, sometimes obliterated by a sweeping lash, to be reinstated by a sparkling glance.

"Ye'll be goin' wi' me till the County Fair?" he whispered.

Startled, she glanced up—this was a point that generally took a good six months to reach—and the look in his eyes made hers droop. But when did a girl blame a man for being over-hasty? Blushing, she whispered a shy assent.

Now for a dozen years Johnny had successfully steered his course amid gins and snares set by crafty mothers, but he fell all the quicker for his previous cunning. The stored-up energy which ought to have been dissipated on a score of loves let loose on this one girl. For the next half-hour he made love at a furious pace. He obtained her opinion on the raising of calves, and found that she favored a handful of flaxseed to a gallon of warm skim-milk; proved her in the mysteries of making and marketing butter, and examined her in all things that pertain to the curing of meats—questions which show the drift of a man's mind just as surely as the publication of the banns. And her answers were so satisfactory that when, at the close of the meeting, they stood outside, he breathed his sudden passion in her ear.

Before she could answer, the cap'en's wagon rattled round the corner, and he began to call the roster of his load.

"Where's Mag Ross?" he shouted, when all the others were in.

"Coming!" the girl called.

"Did you come wi' them?" Johnny stuttered.

"Yes," she answered; "but I'll be home

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SHE WOULD HAVE MADE A DOURER MAN THAN JOHNNY FORGET HIS MANNERS

to-morrow. Come in the evening," she added in a whisper, "an' ask father."

"Come, Maggie!" the cap'en called.

Johnny assisted her in, and after the wagon rolled off he extricated himself from the press of rigs and stood in the shadow of the school until the last load departed. He was trying to realize the mental revolution he had undergone, when he suddenly remembered that he did not know where the girl lived.

"Ah, weel," he murmured, turning his steps homeward, "she came wi' Cap'en McKay's, an' I can fin' oot frae them."

The day following seemed to Johnny to be the longest as well as the most momentous of his life. The sun lagged along its course. He was top-dressing his fallow land, and every time he hauled a load he set up his fork to mark the movement of the shadow. When this had made three-quarters of a circle he knocked off, cleaned up, and at milking-time walked up Cap'en McKay's lane.

The cap'en himself was leaning on the milk-yard bars, smoking his evening pipe. He returned a nod to Johnny's greeting.

"Do I ken the lassie that sat wi' you las' night?" he repeated. "Weel—yes! An' what might ye be wantin' wi' her?"

On Johnny suggesting that his business concerned himself alone, the cap'en nodded politely and intimated that he had better be going about it.

"Weel, if ye must know," Johnny growled, after two unsuccessful attempts to move the cap'en, "her an' I'm thinkin' o' marryin'."

The pipe dropped from the cap'en's hand. His eyes grew round as his open mouth, and his red face underwent a most remarkable series of changes. Surprise, horror, anger, and reprobation took their turns, and finally merged in an expression of comical astonishment.

"So," he said, puffing out his red cheeks, "ye're thinkin' o' marryin'?"

"Ay."

"An' ye don't know who she is?"

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"No."

"Nor whaur she lives?"

"No."

"Weel," mused the skipper, "I'm no under any obligations till ye, but I like yer cheek an' I'll tell. Her father's an Embro man, a stranger i' these parts. He's jes bought the Craig farm on the Ninth Line corners."

At odd intervals during the next half-hour a rumbling chuckle disturbed the cap'en's meditations. As the idea which was incubating within his bald head took on form a smile crept from the centre of his mouth to its wide corners, and just about the time Johnny set foot on the veranda of Craig farm the cap'en smote his thigh and exclaimed:

"Eh, Cap'en lad, that was maist funny. We must awa' over an' tell't till McDow!"

Margaret Ross was shelling peas in the big kitchen, but when Johnny's shadow fell athwart the door she jumped up and set him a chair. Sitting down, he placed his hat between his feet and assumed his company manner—a proper dignity which he might have maintained if she had not happened to take the chair next but one to his. The space between was most provoking; and as he sat there, neat, bare-armed, and prettily flushed, she would have made a dourer man than Johnny forget his manners. He kept them, however, until she looked up and shyly said:

"Father's doin' up the chores. He'll be in soon."

Of course this was a very innocent remark, such a one as any nice girl might make to her young man, but it upset Johnny. He sidled one foot toward her, then the other; but before his body could follow, a heavy footfall sounded on the veranda.

"Here's father!" she exclaimed, jumping up.

As Johnny turned to meet the man he proposed as a grandfather for his children, his expectant and propitiating smile froze into sudden horror. In the doorway standing before him was the new precentor.

"This is the young man as I was speakin' of, father," said the girl, quite shyly.

"Ay!" growled the precentor. "An' what might he be wantin', Margaret?"

But with the last word of the introduction she had slipped quietly away. For a space the rival precentors glared at each other in silence. Johnny's face was red as an underdone beet, and if it had depended on him, the silence might have endured to the crack of doom; but just when it was growing thick enough to cut, the new precentor spoke.

"Weel," he said, "which are ye—dumb or daft?"

Thus encouraged, Johnny found his tongue, and for the next five minutes used it in pouring forth such arguments as find favor with careful fathers. And while he was talking, the precentor sized the situation. From a worldly point of view Johnny was "warm." He owned a hundred fat acres of well-stocked maple land, and was reputed a careful manager. The lassie might go farther and fare worse; but there was the matter of the precentorship.

After Johnny closed his brief, the precentor cleared his throat with a portentous hem; then staring abstractedly at the wall, he tentatively observed,

"Twa precentors is ower-many for the North Kirk."

Johnny wavered. It would be a great come-down, and his following would undoubtedly hold that whereas precentors were born and not made, pretty girls were to be had for the asking. Perhaps a compromise might be managed.

"There'll be off Saubaths," he weakly suggested.

The lines writ by those twenty years of faithful service on the precentor's face seemed to fill with frost.

"Twa precentors is ower-many for the North Kirk," he again assured the wall.

"There's a plack o' lassies i' the twa Zorras," Johnny said to himself; but while he was thinking it, a stir in the parlor caught his ear: "but no the one I'm wantin'," he quickly added. Then he said aloud,

"Ye're right—one precentor's enough for any kirk."

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The Little Widows of a Dynasty

BY MRS. EVERARD COTES

(Sarah Jeannette Duncan)

A HAT-WEARING nation has settled in the land, and ships have gone up the Irrawaddy without rowers or sails. In face of signs like these it is small surprise in Burma to learn that there are no more kings in Mandalay. The prophet has been forgotten, but his words have come to pass, and the prophecy finds fulfilment in a wide and gentle acceptance. Fate, operating through pith helmets and paddle-wheels, would be too strong for any dynasty; that seems to be the feeling; and the people, with their light philosophy, look back upon the closing of all the royal white umbrellas with a smile, as at another lost illusion.

There are no more kings in Mandalay, no more princes even. Thebaw, to his present regret—one conjures up the irritation with which he reviews the circumstance on June nights in Rutnageri—was persuaded, as we know, to deprive the court of most of them by the massacre of 1884. Subsequently we British signalized our disapproval of that by deporting such scions as escaped. We too preferred to have no rivals in popular sentiment, and to-day there are none. There never was anything but royalty and the people; now the pageant has blown away, leaving only the people, the purest democracy in the world; neither is there any order that faces shall be hidden in the dust when the Deputy Commissioner goes to polo. They have lost the thrill of irresponsible Eastern monarchy; they have gained the Deputy Commissioner, who is bored by too many descriptive epithets, and unreasonably irritated if a lady of the country spreads out her square silk shoulder-wrap in formal worship of him. We must of course congratulate them; it is a matter of profoundest national conviction that the Deputy Commissioner is superior to anything such people could evolve for themselves; but the spectacle of the butterfly going back to the grub is not without its poignancy for the light observer.

Nobody, however, thought it worth while to get rid of the queens and the princesses; they—except Supyalat, who went with her king into exile—held no menace for either constitutional fabric, it seems. Thebaw spared them, and we took them over. They live respectably—there is melancholy in this by itself—in Mandalay. A little while ago I went to see some of them there.

In the old days they could see the quarter they live in now by climbing the watch-tower inside the palace walls. The tower was called the "Centre of the Universe," and it did command an extensive view; doubtless there was very little beyond that the court thought worthy of attention. The imaginative Thebaw took pleasure in naming the outer districts of his capital; he was afraid to go abroad in them, but he gave them charming designations. This one was called "The Place to Delight In."

I intended to make a round of calls, and I began with the address of a very minor princess, a lady who might, indeed, have been considered a princess negligible; but I wanted to see all the kinds. I went in no great state; there is only one open carriage for hire in Mandalay—a tiny phaeton drawn by a short-legged, short-tempered Burmese pony; this is true, at least, of last December. I took Bah Too, who could interpret into Hindustani. Doubtless it would be a distorted medium, but one sees or hears as one can. English-speaking Burmese are scarce and valuable; it is not the casual stranger who can pick them up at pleasure or at any tariff. Bah Too had been over the bay to Calcutta; he had brushed his master's clothes in Delhi and fed him in Cawnpore; had even, in the shadow of that august presence, glanced obliquely at the fashions and prescriptions of Simla. I also had seen service in Hindustan;

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A Burmese Belle

we met in the brief phrases of the *lingua franca*. Moreover, Bah Too knew the court etiquette.

To the superficial eye The Place to Delight In looked a trifle desolate. The little shuttered and latticed Burmese houses stood away from the road, stilted on their piles, facing any way (like a party not on speaking terms), unfenced and unpainted. An empty tin on the premises of the Princess Pinha took the sunlight strongly; it was labelled "Thurber's Peaches." A pariah nosed the refuse under the house and ran out to bark. The bird-cage itself was gray with rain, and looked as if any northwester might blow it into rotten wood.

One or two Burmese odds and ends appeared as we arrived; they had a detached and non-essential air, but they showed us the way up the staircase. We were expected, but nobody was there; we could look unrestrainedly about us. Down below, through the cracks in the floor, we could see the pariah still rooting and discriminating. A table stood in the middle of the room, laden with the baser sorts of crockery, blue-rimmed bowls and yellow milk-jugs, there apparently for observation, and on the walls hung gay chromo-lithographs of King Edward and Queen Alexandra when they were Prince and Princess of Wales, he with his blue ribbon and his bonhomie, she with her tiara and her pretty smile. The bland old Queen was there too, and, oddly enough, a Holy Mother. They made a crooked line across the wall. Two or three cane-bottomed dining-chairs were set rigidly expectant, and on the floor lay some strips of soiled matting. The air suggested squalidly that the room was used for all purposes, principally smoking and sleeping; it was hard to wait, even for royalty, in such an atmosphere. However, I sat down, and Bah Too went promptly on his haunches behind my chair; and presently the princess appeared. She came candidly yawning, and adjusting a muslin shawl to cover easily imaginable deficiencies in her attire, one end thrown over her shoulder with a certain grace, nevertheless.

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She wore the invariable *tamein*, the silk petticoat twisted round the body below the waist, with no band, and no side seam—no seam at all, indeed; it is a simple parallelogram, without relation to the fashion in cut. Her black hair was drawn tight back into an oily knot; her small features had bony definition and the tint of old ivory, with wide thin lips drawn down in the manner of one whose patience is forever at an end. So little she was, so outlined a marionnette, so shrewd and shrewish and shrinking, I never saw anything of a femininity more pronounced or less appealing. Bah Too, who deprecated my visit, had told me on the way that "this one" had been responsible in the old days for many executions by beating upon the gullet with bamboos, and that finally she herself had fallen into disgrace, and been banished from court long before the British came firing up the river and frightening everybody. She came over to the pension list with the rest, and perhaps the more readily on this account; but her allowance, Bah Too hinted, was not precisely on the scale accorded to royal ladies with nothing against them. She gave me a perfunctory little cold claw to shake, and sat down, looking at Bah Too,—who must be imagined sitting on his heels, with his hands spread over his thighs and his forehead on the ground. Prostration in the East is acrobatic.

"Ask her," I said to Bah Too, "if she is quite well."

Bah Too asked her, and she said she wasn't. She said it as a little old woman of her aggravating type would say it in any part of the world, head on one side, eye roving and resentful, intimating that of course it made no difference whether she was well or ill; *she* wasn't of any consequence, and she was quite aware of it—pay her an emptier compliment if you could. Bah Too gave me a humiliated glance, which said, "I told you what to expect." Presently, however, she herself bent to the conventionality, with the air of despising it, and asked if I were quite well. Then from within appeared a princess of about ten, with a dirty face, and that neglected look about the nose which it is difficult to associate with rank, even in the East. She dragged a fat mongrel puppy by a string, and stared at me, vacantly scratching herself. We contemplated each other with what I felt to be growing hostility, until Pinha, who grudgingly acknowledged her daughter, inquired of Bah Too whether I knew



A Princess in State Dress

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A LITTLE MAID ON HER KNEES WITH A TRAY OF PICKLED TEA

the Deputy Commissioner. When I said I did, she demanded, with something like interest, why this official was not married. Here we were in a region of conjecture, and one felt, moreover, the delicacy of hypotheses; but she seemed to think I ought to know. It was plainly a grievance, the celibacy of the Deputy Commissioner; I could only imagine that she thought a family man might have a nicer sense of domestic exigencies and corresponding allowances. I was beginning to feel myself entreated with no special civility, considering that I had been pressed to come,—when my hostess showed herself conversant with at least one form of Western civilization. Perfunctorily, as if such trifles might please me but were nothing to her, she produced—of all things!—a photograph-album, and drew her chair nearer to mine. It was the bulky, old-fashioned kind; it rested on both our knees, and the little princess pressed against us to look — the mongrel also attentive, while Bah Too on the floor craned up from behind. We were ourselves a "group" of a certain felicity, I was aware; and the photograph-album seemed for the moment a source of real comedy. It lay with heavy tyranny between us, and we turned over the pages, she explaining, I discreetly admiring, as at any polite tea party in Suburbia. The difference lay in the pictures; Pinha's pictures made the counterfeit presentment of her country's history for two checkered decades, pathetically faded and fly-spotted, but holding for her always the drama she had known. There was the simple, good-natured Thebaw squatting on his royal cushions, with a supya, a queen, on each side — Pinha took special care that I should understand which was *the* supya; and there were Thebaw's generalissimo in robes of state (his admiralissimo too, no doubt, though he had no fleet to speak of), and one commanding old minister's wife, who, not satisfied with the legitimate arts of the camera, had had her court costume put on afterwards in gilt relief! Only the face and hands appeared as nature and the photographer made them; the rest was detailed in arabesques, applied with a brush and faithful to the ceremonial cut. It brought naïvely back the days of foreign intrigue and adventure, when Mandalay was a haven for half the *rastouquouère* of Suez; and there, indeed, they were, some of them, in Pinha's album,—impudent persons of Latin and Levantine extraction, wearing, as if they could not help it, the long lip of comedy over their

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plundering hearts. With flattering inscriptions—"*Votre très-dévoué*"—"*Avec mes grands compliments.*" Her *très-dévoué*, Bah Too communicated, was a barber, and taught the court piquet, retiring with a fortune. But her pride was plainest in her examples of the new dispensation—a lady missionary doctor with short hair; the Deputy Commissioner of an earlier time, fading benevolently from his veranda surrounded by a large and equally anæmic family,—no doubt the origin, in Pinha's mind, of the scandal of a bachelor's condition. I looked with longing, as we closed the book, at the picture of the embossed lady, and the unworthy thought of purchase did visit me, which, I fear, Pinha, as unworthily, might have entertained. But I put it away: there are some kinds of pillage that are impossible; you cannot carry off the wrecks of a dissolving dream. Meanwhile the table was being set forth by a toothless and babbling old Burman, who was plainly not a servant, and whose position in the household I simply dared not inquire into. He brought in with pride a steaming dish of rice and chicken, and other delicacies more ambiguous. Bah Too, on the floor behind me, murmured, "*Mut kao*"—"Don't eat." Bah Too had evidently forgotten any Legitimist sympathies he ever possessed; they had been supplanted by painfully acquired canons as to clean cooking-pots and unimpeachable sources of supplies. We drew up together, however, Pinha and the little princess and the Unexplainable and I, and I compromised upon a mandarin orange, Bah Too only half assenting.

We got away on the plea of other visits to pay, and the next took us to the house of the minister's daughters. There was a garden there, trees and seclusion and a grass-plot. On the grass a strip of matting, and there reclining a young lady of Burma, amusing herself apparently with an empty medicine-bottle and her thoughts. At the sound of wheels she sprang up and fled, leaving a satin sandal. It was a remainder of some piquancy, the strip of matting and the gay pillow, the empty bottle and the sandal; it spoke of idle and imaginative hours, knee cocked up and slipper pendent, and if I had been a suitable prince, I thought, I would have seized the slipper and told the minister's daughter a fairy tale of the West, to gild the ruder things the West had taught her. Instead, I climbed the wooden outer staircase and shook hands with her mother, a plump and elderly lady who radiated kindly interest in her visitor. She seemed simply consumed with desire to express her pleasure; sparks flew up in her eyes; and as that was precisely the way I felt, and there was dumbness between us except for Bah Too, our case was hard. How charming she was in her benevolence, that took me all for granted as another human being as friendly in my curiosity as she was—a fact which there was no need for Bah Too to communicate. And how charming the daughters were, coming in with the inimitable shy Burmese sidle, a dab of fresh powder on either cheek—they had run away, I think, to do that. The mother indicated them with nods, affectionate, explanatory, and humorous.

"Khin—Khin—Galee," the minister's elder daughter.

"Khin—Khin—Gyi," the minister's younger daughter.

Then we all sat on so many chairs and looked at each other as if it were the most fortunate and delightful occasion possible, but rather a joke. It was a comfortable and rather an ambitious room, with its centre-table and its musical box and its antimacassars; curtains too, tied up with bows—all the elements of a parlor, lacking only their relation, as things do in a shop. My hostesses had a proper pride in it—one could see that—and in sitting up straight with their hands folded, making polite conversation through Bah Too. It was almost a scandal, the interruption of the little fat maid who wriggled in on her knees with the ceremonial tray of pickled tea. She came with a serious countenance as a matter of course; all visitors expected *lepet*, and expected it from a little fat maid on her knees; but the minister's daughters smiled at each other and hurried her away as fast as she could stump, while Bah Too, on the floor, explained, "It is the custom." As if I had not known that, and been prepared to find it delightful! But I got no *lepet*. We continued to converse in the European manner; yet it was not quite the same.

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"Who is your father?" inquired Khin Khin Galee.

"Are you a sister of many?" asked the lady of the house.

"Where is your husband?" ventured Khin Khin Gyi, and it was clearly a congenial subject, that of husbands; I had to report quite fully upon mine. "How tall is he?" demanded Khin Khin Gyi, and Khin Khin Galee begged to know "Does he wear an eye-glass?" It was a little depressing to be obliged to say he didn't—so plain an ideal, probably military, lay behind the eye-glass. As we sat, in trotted a two-year-old with the air of having been unpardonably forgotten. His distinctive mark of costume was his blue turban; there was another item, but it was negligible. His astonished pause at the sight of me was a thing I had to kiss him for; and at this demonstration the family burst into peals of laughter, only the baby taking it seriously, though with complacence. We left with many last words — they all promised to come and see me in India—and went on to call upon the queen. I went with misgiving as well as reluctance; the atmosphere of court circles seemed forbidding by contrast with the geniality of regions that were only near the throne. There was a prosperity, too, about the Khin Khin family that was pleasant to perceive. That the minister's daughters should be so obviously happy and amused in face of the crushing destiny which had overwhelmed the minister was calming to the sympathies and soothing to the conscience. On the other hand, I might find the queen in rags, with a mortgage on her bird-cage. In that case I hoped to be informed upon the threshold "*Sa Majesté ne reçoive pas.*"

But the queen was at home, and three of her daughters also. She was a relict of Mindôn, the king before the last. Thebaw had only one consort that counted, and that one is with him now in Rutnageri. But Mindôn's queens are scattered over Mandalay in all degrees of dowagerhood. Let us try not to be scandalized before the fact that some of them have consoled themselves. This one, for example, had bent to a gentleman who was something in printed calicoes, much younger than herself. In a political convulsion which involves the fall of kings democratic opportunity is of a brilliancy! The person of a queen, the lawful custody of three princesses — imagination is troubled by the conjunction of such things with printed calicoes. The net result was comfort, however; my queen could not disguise the fact that she was comfortable, and I think she had to rake her memory for grievances and the royal air. To help her she produced her card. It was engraved in best copperplate, "Mah Khin, Queen"—a precedent and a presentiment for every court in Europe.



"KHIN KHIN GYI," THE MINISTER'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER

There was a permissive note about her interview, an attitude of affability that I observed with infinite pleasure. It remind-

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ed me that though times *were* changed, there was nothing more incontestable than royalty. Then, to my admiration of her striped silk *tamein,* Mah Khin, Queen, replied that my costume, though of cotton, cost more than hers, which was of silk, and I felt with sorrow that the consideration of printed calicoes had been undermining. The princesses appeared one by one and suffered introduction. The first was married, the second was religious. Bah Too learned with reverence and communicated to me with awe that the second kept more fast-days than any one, sometimes two or three in a week, and was forever making offerings. I gathered that she had not wholly dismissed the idea of matrimony, but held an equal eye on an alternative vocation. "In three or four years more," Bah Too informed me, "perhaps she will become a nun." Nunship in Buddhism is not an attractive retreat, and for a princess nothing could be sadder. One could not help hoping that she would grow plump and amiable in time to prevent the catastrophe. As to the third princess, her situation was more romantic still. She was betrothed to a prince whom she had never seen, a prince in banishment on the other side of the Bay of Bengal. No printed calicoes for her—she chose exile, rather, in arid India with a scion of the royal house. Government had given him leave to come to Rangoon shortly to meet his bride; and there they would be married, all under that escorting and paternal eye, and thence he would take her back to his lonely circumstance in Oudh. Not, perhaps, for very long, I was glad to hear. Princes in idle bachelorhood might play with the inflammable hearts of the people; but safely married and "entangled," they were sometimes permitted to return. "After three or four years," explained Bah Too. The third princess was slight, and prettier than the others, and held herself well. "And do you like to be married and go away to live in India?" I asked, with that unconscionable liberty we imagine our privilege with children and Orientals. Truly and inimitably royal was her reply:

"If circumstances require, I like it."

And delivered with an arrogance!

They fondled their large, partly smoked pink and green and gold cheroots. The old lady kept hers in a hole in the lobe of her ear; it hung there balanced. But this seemed to be out of fashion; the princesses wore only topazes there.

"Why don't you smoke?" I inquired, and Bah Too explained that it was because they feared the custom might be unpleasing to a stranger. Not at all, I averred; but they would not be persuaded until I begged to join them, screwing, I confess, my courage to the sticking-point. The cheroots were quite ten inches long, and thick in proportion. At that they all unbent, and amid peals of laughter the third princess herself gave me a light. It was not, after all, in the nature of a carouse; the cheroot seemed chiefly made of sweet-scented herbs wrapped in the young fibre of the bamboo; but it was very combustible, and sparks flew in coruscations from the end of it. I had to be taught, again by the third princess, at peril of setting the house on fire.

So we sat in great felicity, and had a little more conversation.

"What kind of a king was Thebaw?" I asked, boldly, knocking my cinders off into the nearest receptacle. The old queen gave me a shrewd and cautious glance. "It is not good to disclose family failings," she said, and we all puffed in silence for a moment. "You might suddenly be murdered without investigation," she went on presently, "but it is not good to disclose family failings."

There was no denying this; I applied myself thoughtfully to letting my cheroot go out.

"Now there is more peace of mind, but poverty also, and no amusements."

Equally incontrovertible, alas! But it was growing late; Bah Too, with an eye on his master's dinner, had been looking anxious for some time. Twilight is short in the East, and the shadows grew peremptorily about my royal hostesses; fate could hardly overtake them faster. The old queen came with me to the stair; she had her memories; she would hold out longer. The princesses were a slighter tradition, such stuff as regrets are made of. The princesses stood in a row, mute and remote; to my farewell glance they had vanished into vague and fanciful outlines swaying about three round spots that glowed against the dusk.

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The Mocking of the Gods

BY AMÉLIE RIVES (Princess Troubetszkoy)

I

RUTH took off her riding-hat, tossed it on the bed, and rubbing her fingers two or three times across the red mark that it had left upon her forehead, sat down listlessly at the open window. A warm wind was bending the silver poplars just opposite; their shimmering reflection played over her face, making it seem even paler than before. She gazed straight into their swaying depths, until her eyes dazzled, and dark spots swam before them; then she closed her eyelids and remained quite still for some time. When she opened them again, her glance fell upon a hand-glass that lay on the table near her outstretched arm. She raised it with quiet deliberation, and looked close into its revealing depths. She spared herself nothing, and that terrible little confidante of women, which receives all and imparts all in equal silence, told her anew, detail by detail, what she had long known — that her beauty was no longer even on the wane, but had waned, gone out forever.

She looked exactly what she was—a woman of fifty-three who had been beautiful, who still had handsome features, whose rich hair was still abundant but entirely white, save for two broad streaks of golden sorrel that ran from the temples through its whole length.

It was not for these details that she was searching, however. In her deep intensity she brought the mirror so close to her face that it became suddenly dim with her breath. To her fantastically bitter mood it seemed as though a sort of gray blush had overspread its surface.

"It is ashamed—ashamed to show me what I am looking for," she said aloud; then, as if startled, she rose abruptly and thrust it from her, face down, among the other articles upon the table.

Just at this moment some one knocked at the door—a light, soft sound like the whisper of a knock. One could not have imagined the sort of person who entered, from this knock of hers. She was taller than Ruth, but singularly like her, with a stately, imposing figure and the gilt-white hair of age. She was also dressed in white from head to foot. Even her slippers, with their old-fashioned, quilled-ribbon rosettes, were of pure white "Marseilles"; and fastening her hair, which was rolled back into a single great coil like Ruth's own, was a delicately carved ivory comb, the exact hue of the ears which it touched on either side.

"Pussy . . ." she said; then stopped, smiled, advanced a step or two, holding out her hand, on the open palm of which lay a little parcel, primly tied in tissue-paper and ribbon yellow with age.

"You know you persuaded me to wear one . . . and I thought . . . I felt . . . The truth is, dearie, I've the strongest feeling that this evening means a crisis in our lives."

Her voice had changed entirely as she uttered these last sentences, and, from being rather timid, had become firm, while full of emotion. As she ended, she slipped one arm about Ruth's shoulders and drew her close, kissing her pale cheek.

"You see . . . I have mine on," she continued. "And I want you to wear yours . . . Yes, yours! . . . They will both be yours some day, and I want the pleasure of seeing you wear it. . . Of seeing it with these same old eyes of mine, that may see . . . in His mercy. . . Yes, that may see. . . Ah, my brave, good, darling child! Think, think, just think what this meeting may mean to all of us, and forgive . . . forgive your silly old aunt!"

She broke down entirely at this point, and Ruth was obliged to hold her sob-shaken body with both arms. Could the kind soul have seen her niece's face, she would have been even more overcome. The bitterness of death seemed to con-

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geal it. She looked fixedly over her aunt's bowed head, as though at some vague form, and the expression in her set, steady eyes seemed to say: "So it's you, is it? So you've come? . . . I know you. I am in mortal fear of you, but I shall not run from you."

After a little while she heard her own voice saying gently:

"That's all right, auntie dear. I know. . . . But hush now. Try to quiet yourself. They'll hear. They're just under the window." And as she spoke she pressed the still shaking form into an arm-chair towards which she had guided it while speaking.

"I know,—I think I know, dearest auntie," she repeated. "And I'll do just what you wish—that is—"

She had not time to add more before the other broke in quickly:

"No, no. You don't realize. . . Look. . . . Here it is." She sat up eagerly, not waiting to find her handkerchief, but smearing the tears from her eyes with her mittened thumb. "Here it is, dearie,—your great-grandfather's knee-buckle. You know you so often begged me. . . You told me how pretty it would look, and not out of place; and so this evening . . . for this evening, you know, I've put mine on my waistband. Look. . . And I want you to do the same. . . It seems like a sort of consecration,—as if . . ."

"I see," said Ruth, hastily. She bent her head over the quivering hand and began to untie the little parcel, and she kept thinking as she did so: "It only needed this. . . This makes all complete;—this especial reminder of 'His great mercy' on this particular evening."

"It would have seemed almost blasphemous to me at any other time," Miss Mackenzie was whispering, her tears dried by her keen interest in her niece's action, "but now, . . . as I said . . ."

"Yes, yes, dear. As you said."

A large, very old-fashioned knee-buckle of paste set in silver, such as were worn by high dignitaries of the Church in Virginia about sixty years ago, lay among its yellow wrappings upon Ruth's palm.

"Yes, . . . your dear bishop-grandfather's knee-buckle," murmured the old lady, answering her swift look of surprise. "I thought that for each of us to wear one this evening would—"

"Very well, dear, I will. It was sweet of you to think of it. Just let me change my habit."

When the two women went out upon the lawn a little later, Ruth was also in white, and on a broad silk ribbon at her waist shone the famous buckle. Her husband and his friend rose to meet them, and the latter, Walter Thurlow by name, wondered that he had not noticed before the perfect symmetry of her figure. Then he remembered that when he had first seen her that afternoon she was in her habit and loose covert-coat, and that her hat had also concealed the extraordinary hair which now rose thickly from her low, fine forehead. Such hair he had never imagined. It looked as though a broad brush dipped in gold dust had been drawn over masses of spun glass, leaving two brilliant bands across the curve of the head, and spiralling through the thick coils to their very ends. She held her head nobly, almost defiantly, as though somewhat conscious of its strange crown. Thurlow thought that above the pleasant smile with which she greeted him her eyes looked out rather coldly.

"A strange, very reserved nature," he told himself. Then he recalled her as he had seen her an hour ago, and was puzzled. She had been mounted on a powerful bay mare, leading her husband's horse by a lunging-rein; for he, Hugh Davidge, was completely blind. Both horses had been startled by a bit of paper blowing along the road, and he recalled the eager look of anxiety on her face. Her eyes had not been cold then, nor her voice, as she murmured low words of encouragement and explanation to her husband.

It had been delightful to watch the quiet power with which she calmed the startled animals, for she was a consummate horsewoman. There had been something infinitely pathetic also in the whole scene; in the way that the blind man's eyes turned instinctively toward the sound of that low voice,—his utter helplessness, athlete though he was,—and the woman's tender, protecting gestures.

Here, too, on this sunlit lawn, the difference in their ages struck him as appalling. Davidge was only forty, and

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looked several years younger, with his thick brown curls, clean-shaven face, and eager smile. His movements, too, were almost boyishly impetuous,—the true expression of his high-strung, artistic nature chafing, though not bitterly, under the thrall of blindness.

Thurlow recalled, with a sense of personal pain, the way that she had looked upon her wedding-day fifteen years ago. Then that strange hair had been one splendid web of pure gold—the cheeks richly tinted, the lips full and red. Then, too, Davidge had not been blind.

"Is it possible?" he asked himself. "This grief has made her an old woman, while he . . . he seems to have grown younger under it."

In truth, there was a sort of repressed joyousness, a certain restless anticipation as of some happy event, that informed Davidge's whole manner. It showed itself now in the way in which he grasped his friend's arm, pulling him forward a pace or two, and shaking him slightly the while.

"We've got him, Ruth! We've got the 'famous man' at last! After fifteen years! . . . Just think of it! . . . The humbug! . . . And called himself my best friend at college!"

"She notices it, too,—and it pains her," continued Thurlow in his thought. "A strange woman. . . I doubt if one could ever know her well." Then he laughed and began to excuse himself, to join in gay reminiscences.

II

The Davidges' had been a love match of the most ardent description, in spite of the difference in their ages. At that time she was a singularly beautiful woman of thirty-eight, and he a brilliant young painter of twenty-five. Friends and enemies, of course, predicted disaster, and it had come, but in a totally different shape from any that had been foretold. When he was just beginning to distinguish himself in the world of art, and chiefly as a remarkable colorist, sudden blindness had come upon him—blindness so total and of so unique a kind that the most celebrated oculists had in vain attempted even to give it a correct name. For many years their time had been spent in seeking out one famous scientist after another, only to receive the same tragic answer: "We cannot give you any hope. We scarcely know more than yourselves. Perhaps with time . . . with further discoveries . . ."

At first he had wished only for death, but little by little, with the divine patience of a wife who has also something of the mother in her, Ruth had won him from his despair; little by little, day by day, month by month, she had persuaded him to use those wonderful finger-tips, which are the blind man's eyes, in the art of sculpture, and at thirty-three he was as well known for his plastic work as he had once been for his rare coloring.

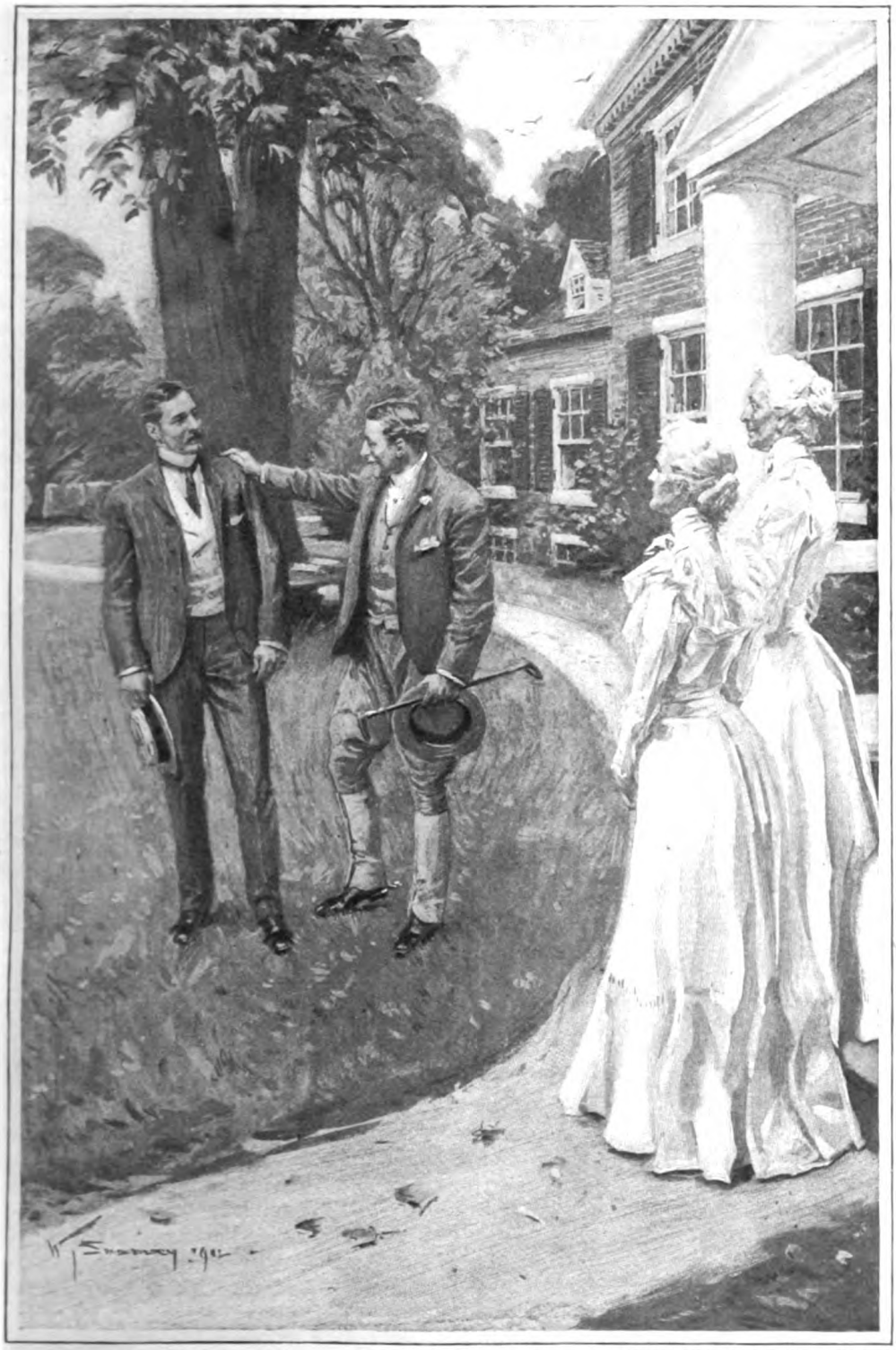
As for his love for her, it was neither more nor less than idolatry. He could scarcely bear her to be away from him for a moment. She sat with him in his studio, read to him, walked and rode with him, and this love of his kept, moreover, all the passionate ardor of its beginning. He was her lover, her worshipper. In some subtle way his blindness seemed to have descended like a cloud upon them, veiling immortal youth of feeling.

At the time when Walter Thurlow had met them so unexpectedly they were spending the summer with Miss Mackenzie at her old home, "The Mallows," in Albemarle County, Virginia. She was Ruth's aunt, but her devotion to both was equal, for they were distant cousins as well as husband and wife, and Miss Mackenzie had considered Hugh as a son ever since his boyhood, when he used to spend all his holidays at "The Mallows." Ruth was also her adopted daughter, and this dear old soul, this "maiden lady," as she insisted upon being called, lavished enough love upon the two to have amply provided for a family of ten. Her agitation over Thurlow's arrival will be partly explained by the fact that he was one of the most distinguished oculists of his day, and had just performed a successful operation upon a man long ago pronounced to be hopelessly blind.

This thought crossed Thurlow's mind as he watched Ruth's expression and the nervous excitement of his friend's manner. His heart contracted suddenly as though squeezed.

"Poor chap! . . . Poor chap! . . ." he said to himself. "But she . . . I don't understand her. . . . She seems to dis-

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"THE HUMBUG! . . . AND CALLED HIMSELF MY BEST FRIEND AT COLLEGE!"

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like me . . . to be forcing herself to be civil. . . One would think . . ." He broke off, more at a loss than ever.

At the tea table a rather singular incident occurred. This tea table was charming, by-the-way, with its bare mahogany surface polished as only time and what Miss Mackenzie called "elbow-grease" can polish mahogany, with its antique silver tray of huge proportions, and cut-crystal bowls filled, the one with candied melon-rind and the other with red currants, that looked like heaps of jade and rubies; its old china plates, holding thinly shaven rolls of brown and white bread, already buttered; its great flagons of milk and iced tea; its mound of moss-roses in the centre. They had been talking of resemblances, and Davidge had asked Thurlow, suddenly,

"Don't you think that my wife looks very like her aunt?"

"Extraordinarily so," he had answered. "If it were not for the difference in their . . . ." But his sentence was interrupted by the sharp sound of broken glass, and he had looked up to see Miss Mackenzie, her face scarlet, trying with trembling fingers to gather up the pieces of the pitcher which she had just let fall. He started to her aid, glancing at Mrs. Davidge as he did so. She was sitting like a statue, her eyes downcast, her lips blanched.

"Well, of all extraordinary households!" thought the young man. "Does the dear old lady think I'm going to make love to her? And the other, . . . what in the name of Heaven does she think?"

The rest of the evening was passed in pleasant if somewhat commonplace fashion on the old stone portico. Yet another thing was to happen, however, before Thurlow's curious impressions of that first day at "The Mallows" was complete. A room had been given him on the ground-floor in one of the wings, and as he undressed he walked to and fro, delighted with everything — the quaint solid wooden shutters that barred from the inside; the folding-screen of yellow glazed paper, on which were pasted silhouettes of gentlemen in knee-breeches and ladies in hoops; the old water-colors done with a fine camel's-hair brush; the little steps that were to help him into his mountainous bed; the brass candlestick in which the candle moved up and down in a little groove, and which had been given him to light him down the winding corridor that led to this east wing.

As he blew out the light a whippoorwill began to call, so near that he thought it must be upon the window-sill. At first it seemed pleasant, very Virginian, like everything else about him. "My mother was a Virginian too," he told himself, with a sleepy sensation of pleasure and a sort of comradeship with the bird. After a while, however, the persistent, rhythmic sound began to grow annoying. He counted the notes—"Two hundred and one, two hundred and two, three, four—

"Confound the thing!" he suddenly broke off, and jumping up, or rather down, from his bed, went to the window, intending to frighten the persistent serenader away. Just as he had put his hand on the sill, a sound as of some one brushing through the grass startled him. The next moment a tall figure, all in white, the head uncovered, passed close by him on the lawn outside. He recognized her by that strange hair even in the starlight. It was Mrs. Davidge. She went up to a fringe-tree about ten feet from the window and began to rustle the branches softly with a long stick.

"Go away! go away!" she kept saying in a whisper; and presently, with a quhirr of indignant wings, the whippoorwill fled. She stood still for a moment, looking after it, and pressing back the hair from her forehead with a deep breath of relief.

"I'm all at sea," reflected Thurlow, as he climbed back upon his Alp-like resting-place. "I should never have called her a nervous woman."

III

When the Davidges had met Thurlow on the old turnpike along which Thackeray and Dickens had travelled on their way to Richmond, he was going to "The Mallows" to spend a few hours only. But Davidge had so urged him, seconded by Miss Mackenzie and his wife, that it had ended in his promising to stop for at least a week.

His luggage had been sent for, his mail forwarded—everything, in fact, done for his comfort and ease of mind. It was

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not until some time afterward that he recalled a certain lack of warmth in Mrs. Davidge's manner from the first. As has been said, Davidge and he had been old college chums, until his departure for Germany, where he had lived ever since. They were about the same age, but Thurlow was unmarried. He had never been what is called "in love." His profession absorbed all his vitality. And yet he was very human, affectionate, tender-hearted. He would have liked to lie down at night feeling the universe at peace, healed, and happy,—by his hand perhaps; that was only the more human. As the next day passed, he found himself more interested in observing Davidge than his wife. Something in the whole appearance of his blind, vividly blue eyes, their movements, their lustre, the way in which they turned swiftly toward any bright point of light, arrested his attention, filled him with thought,—with a certain thought that concentrated all his mind.

"Perhaps," he said to himself—"perhaps."

Great specialists had been mistaken before now. He even smiled at this last thought. Was he not himself a "great specialist"? But so serious were his ponderings, so weighty the conclusions to which he came, that on the third day of his visit to "The Mallows" he felt himself justified in speaking to Ruth about the matter. He even went to seek her in order to do so, and he never forgot the tepid, sickly-sweet odor that flowed about them while they talked.

She had been helping her aunt to preserve damsons in the old-time Virginia way—that is, by using a little charcoal-oven for boiling the kettle. He found her under a gnarled pear-tree, close by the thicket from which the damsons had been gathered. A little negro girl, in one faded red garment, was fanning the coals with a palm-leaf fan neatly bound with black. From the laundry near by came the smell of strong lye soapsuds and the scorched ironing-board. Ruth had on one of the big "grass" hats that Virginia farmers wear, her cheeks were burnt a dark pink, her blue gingham skirt pinned up under her white apron. She held in one hand a ladle full of purplish "scum," which she was just about to throw away, when the little negress darted up, crying:

"Don' tho it 'way, Miss Ruth! . . . Gi' it to we! . . . We'll make sally-bubbles wid it!"

"She means 'syllabub,'" Ruth had explained, smiling, and this smile had emboldened him to speak.

"Can I talk with you just a minute, Mrs. Davidge?" he asked, bluntly. She became grave at once, looked him straight in the eyes, and pulling down her turned-back sleeves, handed the ladle to the little darky.

"Aunt Ruth!" she called, and Miss Mackenzie emerged from the laundry, also a little flushed, but anxious for the welfare of her preserves. She was only too willing to superintend for a while.

Ruth and Thurlow went a little apart under some old acacia-trees. She took off the uncouth hat and fanned herself with it while he spoke. At each word that he uttered she grew paler and paler, until her face was ghastly under those scorched patches of color.

"And you say . . . you mean . . . you mean you think it would be worth while,—that there would be no danger?" she at last managed to mutter in a hoarse voice. She did not look at him now.

Thurlow answered, firmly: "Yes. What I mean is this: we can but try. There will be no danger at all."

"Well, then . . ." She still looked away from him; he saw the folds of lawn at her throat move with its heavy beating.

"All this is the most natural thing in the world," he argued to himself; but something in her air, in her way of taking it, baffled him, even annoyed him.

"She ought to be beside herself with joy at the bare hope," he thought. "She ought to look at me . . . to ask questions . . . the strange woman!"

She did neither, however. After waiting a moment she merely said in a low tone, "I suppose you have told him?"

"No," he said; "I wanted to speak to you first."

"Thank you," she answered, absently. Then, as if remembering something, "Thank you," she added, in a louder voice. She even began to move away from him, then turned suddenly and came back, still without meeting his eyes. "When will you tell him?" she asked.

He stammered in his astonishment.

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"But you . . . but you . . . It's you who . . ."

"I would rather you would tell him to-morrow morning," she went on, calmly. "If you told him now, it would keep him awake all night. And, if you would be so kind, I would like you to tell my aunt, too. It would be very kind of you. . . At any time."

Before he could reply she had gone back to the preserving-kettle, and taking the great ladle again into her hands, was carefully skimming the purplish froth from its surface.

A few hours later, as they were all sitting together under the silver poplars on the lawn, he noticed a little ring, very antique, that Miss Mackenzie wore on her finger. As he bent forward, admiring it, the old lady, pleased with his interest, took it off and handed it to him to examine more closely. It was of different shades of hair woven together and set in chased gold. As he talked he slipped it upon his own finger, which it fitted perfectly.

"Just see!" cried Miss Mackenzie. "It fits him! But then he has those wonderful hands of . . . of . . ."

She broke off, confused, and Thurlow glanced up. Ruth's eyes were fixed upon his hands with a look of such loathing, of such hostile repulsion, that involuntarily he drew off the ring and hastened to return it to her aunt, at the same time thrusting his hands into his pockets. After a few moments he rose and strolled away to the river-side. He stood looking down at the water as it quivered by him without seeing it.

"My God!" he said, aloud, finally, "*she doesn't want it!*"

IV

Nothing could have been more touching than the way in which Davidge and Miss Mackenzie received Thurlow's statement, qualified as it was by all the scientist's doubt of himself, of results. Had it not been for his Anglo-Saxon blood he could have taken them both in his arms and wept over them, so full of genuine human pathos was the whole situation: these two so evidently looked upon him as a ministering god; he knew himself to be so mere an atomy, so absolutely another like themselves.

Meanwhile Ruth's manner remained unchanged; the same stilly evenness of voice and look and gesture; the same reserve. Her eyes did not again betray her. No slightest action of hers gave the least clew to her real state of mind; but the human side of him asserted itself strongly. He grew to dislike her, with an active dislike that made him silent in her presence, that kept him from voluntarily looking at her.

He had been at "The Mallows" four days before Davidge suggested that he should visit his studio. This was a large building of glass and rubble, situated near the little river, with a clump of Lombardy poplars rising stiffly at one end. The smell of clay and moist cloths pervaded it. On the shelves lining the walls were the usual collection of plaster casts, both antique and taken from Davidge's own work. The poplar leaves cast a tremulous, greenish light across these pale images, causing them seemingly to smile, to frown, to wink, with various expressions as of ghostly life.

It was evidently a workshop where the master worked hard, with no thought of guests or pretty decorations; but upon a rough wooden table there was a great bowl of eglantine, quite fresh, its pungent, woody scent mingling with that of the damp clay.

Davidge went straight to it, and thrust his face into the cool leaves. "She never forgets," he said, as if to himself; and then turning, went with equal certainty to the stand upon which was his latest piece of work, swathed in its wet, discolored bandages. He had insisted upon his wife coming with them, and she walked a little behind him as he went toward it. She was very pale to-day. Her forehead showed haggard, upright lines in the side-light; her hair seemed to drag back from the temples, slightly lifting the ends of her long eyebrows. Thurlow thought that she looked ill. It was only yesterday that he had spoken of his plans about the restoration of his friend's eyesight. The others had talked of almost nothing else ever since; she only had been silent, save when forced to give assent or dissent to certain particulars; and always she had kept that deathly pallor, as of some secret disease that was consuming her inch by inch.

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Now, as she followed her husband, as he put his hand on the swathed form upon the stand, a flood of color welled painfully over her throat and face. It was as if he had touched and hurt her, instead of touching the clay form.

"Listen," began Davidge, in his lovable, gay voice—"listen, Walter; I'm going to give you a real proof of friendship. This is the love of my life, or, rather, the work of my life. No one has ever seen it but Ruth—not even that blessed old aunt of ours. But I want you . . . Well, you shall judge for yourself. . ." And with deft touches he began unwinding the wet cloths.

Suddenly, as though impelled by some force she could not resist, Ruth moved—started from a trance, as it were, seizing with both hands her husband's arm.

"No, . . . no, . . . You must not. . . You must not. . . No!" she said, in a thick, broken voice. "No, I tell you!" And she held his arm, her breast heaving, her throat contracting visibly in her effort to control herself. . . For a moment the blind eyes were turned on her almost with expression in their wide gaze, so great was his evident surprise; then his whole face quivered and broke suddenly like water under a touch.

"Of course, dearest, of course. . . I ought to have known," he hastened to assure her. "I ought to have understood. . ." He took her hand and held it in both his own while continuing to speak, now addressing Thurlow: "It was to be just for us two. . . My idea of her, you know. As I told you, no one else has seen it. And perhaps. . . Very likely . . ." He broke off, his brows contracting as at a painful thought. "The truth is," he went on, in a quieter way, "she's probably flattered me, this dear thing here: she spoils me so. I can't tell, but probably the likeness is wretched, and she doesn't want me to give myself away to you. That's it! I've hit it, I know. Come, Ruth, be honest! Don't deny that's your chief reason. After all . . ." He lifted his hand from hers suddenly and rested it upon her thick hair. "Who am I—who is any man that he should try to put sunlight into clay? No, don't mind, Ruth. We oughtn't to mind him, Walter, you know, after all that's happened these last days. He's like one of us. . . Besides"—here his voice grew gay again, half teasing,—"why shouldn't an artist comment on his wife's beauty? Lord, how she hates it, dear thing! She never did think herself a beauty, but I'll put it to you, Walter, as a cool man of science,—leaving out the deplorable mouth and chin, etc., did you ever see such coloring in your life? Could you match me this hair, even in memory? Sometimes"—his voice dropped—"when I touch this living gold, as I do now, . . . sometimes, yes, I seem to see."

And during all this speech, during those unutterable moments in which Thurlow felt as though mentally impaled, some awful fascination glued his eyes to the face beneath the hair, . . . a face which seemed to be dead and yet alive, like some mask in a nightmare, upon which the sweat stood in fine beads, in which the eyes were more like those of one blind than the eyes of the man beside her. And those steady eyes were fixed upon his, compelling, holding them, as though they said, "You see a soul stark naked . . . a soul stark naked." While at the same time the smell of the clay became the smell of fresh-dug graves,—in his throat, in his nostrils,—stifling, sickening him.

He did not remember how they parted, whether they spoke; how he came to be walking alone by the river, very fast, pressing through the dense undergrowth of birch and willow, not heeding the path, only walking, walking.

"My God! what a horrible thing! . . . My God! what a horrible thing!" he kept saying over and over in time to his own footsteps. Bits of Scripture, of nonsense rhymes, of music-hall ditties—odds and ends from Heaven knows where crowded higgledy-piggledy into his mind:

"He maketh the blind to see. . ."

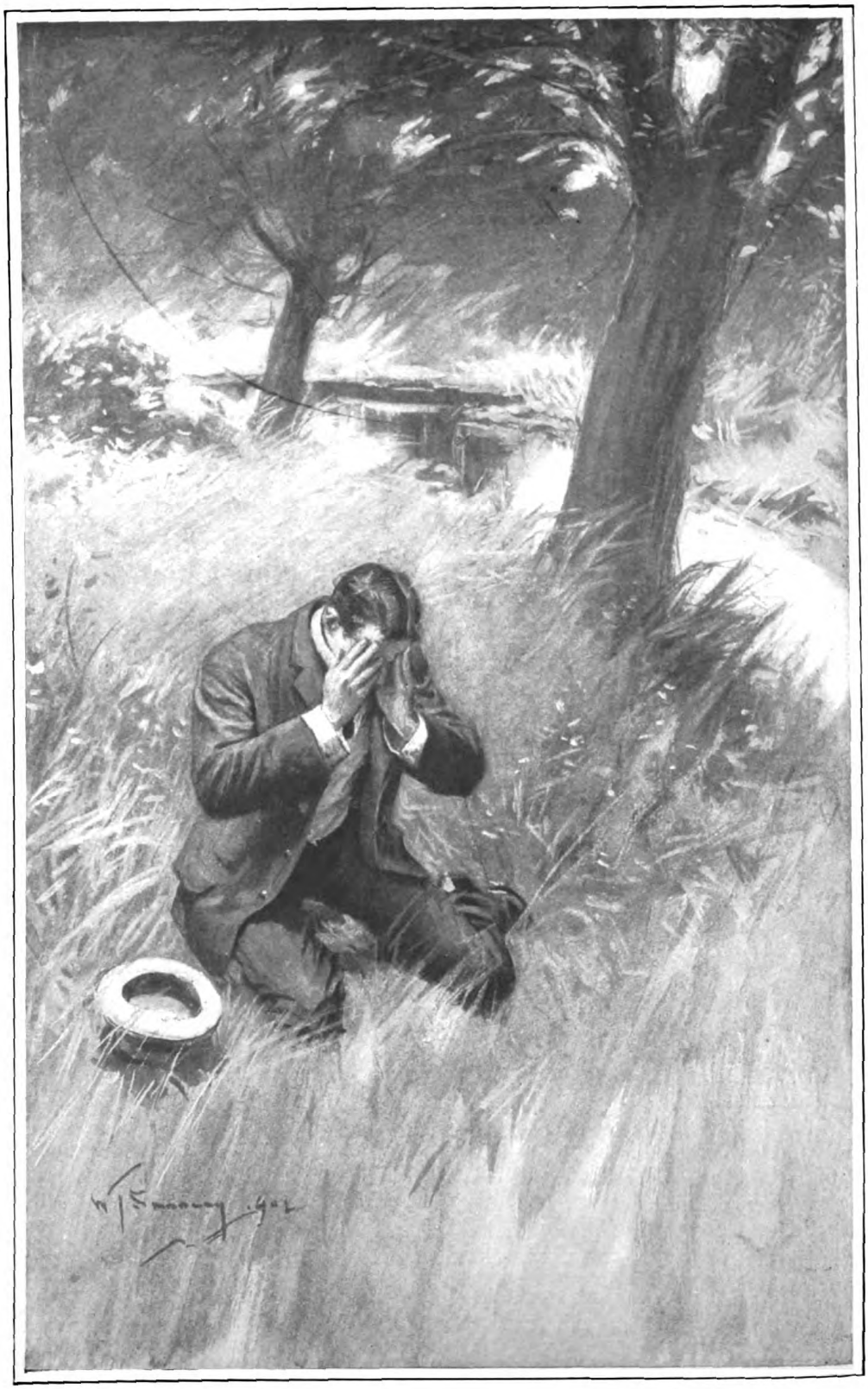
"There was an old man who said how
Shall I 'scape from this terrible cow. . .?"

"Eyes is to the blind. . ." "Rise up in dee cha'yot, early in dee mawnin'. . ." Then again:

"My God! what a horrible thing! . . ."

All at once he sank down on the matted river-grass, dropping his head into his hands. But his thoughts whirled on more tumultuously than ever.

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HE SANK DOWN ON THE MATTED RIVER-GRASS

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"I must go away. . . No. I can't go away now. I cannot see her again. . . I will have to see her. But I cannot. You must. You will have to. You will have to go back and speak to her and look at her and be near her—near that woman whose naked soul you have shamelessly gazed at. You ass. You dolt. You worse than blind leader of the blind. You fool who have taken it upon you to play God and crush two lives in your hand like empty shells!"

He opened and shut his right hand, that true surgeon's hand, with its narrow, supple palm, its long, nervous, pliant fingers tapering from the second phalange. He stared down at it, much as that poor woman had once stared, and it seemed to him for an instant as though he were really she,—that this hand, in which he had often felt such an almost childish pride, were loathsome, smeared with blood, a regular butcher's hand. . . He started to his feet and began to walk onward again, faster than before. What to do? When? What to say? How to say it? It was of no use. His thoughts were a hopeless tangle of mere shreds. He came to no conclusion. His one longing was to get away, without being seen, without saying farewell to any one. . . And this was impossible, and yet this was all that he could think of.

"Oh, it's damnable, damnable!" he said, aloud. "The whole thing is an accursed shame!"

"Yes," repeated a low, clear voice close beside him, "it is damnable, and it is an accursed shame."

V

He sprang around, to find himself face to face with Ruth Davidge, who stood looking at him calmly, even compassionately.

"That is why I have come to speak with you about it," she went on. "You have borne a great deal to-day, and I have borne a great deal for fifteen years,—almost everything that a woman can bear, I think . . . except a child," she ended, with a smile so shocking that Thurlow turned away his head. He was trembling slightly; she was as quiet as her low voice.

"No—don't turn away. Don't be afraid of me. I have come to help you, not to make scenes. I am not hysterical, but I feel that I can help you; so why should I let shame keep me back? Souls have their modesty as well as bodies. You have seen mine stripped before you to-day. You will have to look at it again, because I can help you only in that way. Do you understand? I mean, of course, do you understand that I am going to try to help you? You could not understand the rest until I've explained; even then perhaps you won't be able to. People have always thought me strange—every one but — Hugh." Again she smiled, and, still smiling, added, "And afterwards perhaps even he will think me 'strange.'"

Thurlow literally could not speak. She looked about her and then said:

"Let us walk on a little to the right. There is an old cherry-tree that has fallen there, near the water. It will make a nice seat, and no one will interrupt us."

She went ahead, looking, with her beautiful victorious gait, as though she had just discovered joy's hiding-place, and were on her way thither. It was indeed a charming spot to which she had led him. The old tree had fallen in such a way that half its roots still nourished it, and the branches among which they placed themselves were thick with leaves and young fruit already beginning to turn a faint waxen scarlet. Overhead an ash spread its tent of foliage, set here and there with flowerlike gleams of sky.

For some moments after they were seated Ruth said nothing, just remained very still, her hands resting, palm upward, one within the other, upon her knee, her gaze following the flow of the little stream.

At last, without moving, she lifted her eyes and fixed them upon his. They were remarkable eyes, of a clear, greenish hazel, with clusters of small dark red spots near the pupils. Thurlow recalled a description of the eyes of William Rufus that he had read when a boy, and those same eyes seemed now to be regarding him with a look of tranquil hatred. Never had he imagined a look of such frank and at the same time such implacable hostility. When she spoke the sweet composure of her voice startled him so that he blushed.

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"Mr. Thurlow," she said, "you dislike me very much, and I think I have hated you from the first moment I saw you. No, I am not going to be melodramatic. You will see that for yourself after I've talked to you for a few moments. I am simply going to tell you the truth—to try to, that is. It's a very hard thing to do even when one tries. After what happened in the studio just now, you can imagine that my—well, say dislike for you, hasn't lessened. No . . . please don't. Why should you say anything? It wasn't your fault. You were put in almost as hateful a position as I was. . . And yet . . . Yes, it's true. A woman never forgives a man for having seen her worst weakness, even by accident. To be found out in a crime . . . that would be bearable. . . But the other . . . something that smacks of the ridiculous. . . I believe most people are glad when a person who knows something ludicrous about them dies. And it's not your fault, either, that I . . . dislike you. You are a good man; yes, you are good, even noble—one feels that. But it is strange, strange how little that has to do with one's liking or disliking people—nothing at all. Now I am not good. No; I ask you not to interrupt me. I know that I am not, but I didn't know it fully until I met you. Just let me go on speaking, please, and you will understand. When I first saw you, from the very moment I looked at you, I felt how it was going to be, how it must be. And I hated, hated you. I knew everything that was going to happen. Yes, even what happened just now in the studio. I knew I was to be spared nothing, and when I realized how I could feel, how it was in me to feel, I hated myself more than I hated you. I fought with myself. I tried my best. I struggled—how I did struggle! It was no use. When I thought of the humiliation before me, of my happiness all broken, ground into powder, into the dirt, of how it would come through you—when those thoughts came to me I used to kill you in imagination. I used to say over and over: 'Let him fall dead—let him fall dead. Here,—now—before it happens.' Do you remember the night I drove the whippoorwill away near your window? Well, I knew you were there, watching me. And I came there, close beside your room, because something drew me. I thought, 'If I could only kill him quietly and slip back to my room, no one would ever suspect me.' I laid awake all night thinking of it, and I came back several times. I prayed that you would go away or die. It may seem strange to you that I pray, but I do, sometimes; and sometimes I believe in a God, and sometimes I don't. Sometimes I think of Him as a great bully who plays with us, and laughs, laughs . . ."

She paused a moment and stared up at the sky with a look of bold insolence.

"When I was quite a little thing," she continued, in a reflective, half-dreamy tone, "I tried to arrange things for myself. I used to read the Bible a great deal, and one day I came across the words, 'God repented Him that He had made man.' This seemed to let in a wonderful light. I could never believe that He required the blood of His Son before He would forgive the world, and these words seemed to explain everything to me. I thought that since God repented, He must have done something to repent of; so, in that case, He was not perfect. And I made out a belief for myself. I believed that He saw what a cruel thing He had done when He made man so wicked and full of suffering, and that in order to forgive Himself, and be forgiven by men, He must also become a man for a time and share their pain and misery, and in that way He would expiate His fault in having created them, and become 'perfect through suffering.' *That* God I could love. . . . And I did love Him for a long time. Then afterwards, when He made Hugh blind—" She broke off,—recommencing the next moment, however: "And now, when He is about to give him back his sight . . ."

Thurlow would have forfeited half his reputation to escape these deadly eyes. A cold sweat broke out upon his forehead. He moved slightly, tried to speak. With inexorable calmness she went on:

"But you must have understood something of what I mean, there in the studio, when he spoke of my . . . beauty, of this golden hair of mine. Something, not all, perhaps. I am going to explain quite clearly—that is, unless you have guessed. But no; I will explain.

"It is like this. He thinks me beauti-

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ful, he thinks of me as he last saw me, because I have taken advantage of his blindness, because for fifteen years I have posed as being a second Ninon de l'Enclos. And I have been helped in this by that dear, good, orthodox aunt of mine. . . Yes, she has helped me bravely . . . fibbed by silence and equivocation, out of sheer love for us both, all the while that she felt it to be a sin. And because of our sin, as I suppose you would call it, he has been happy and 'in love' with me; and I . . . I have been happy too, all these years—until you came—"

"For God's sake . . ." Thurlow managed to utter.

"God has nothing to do with it," she said, composedly. "There is such a thing as Fate. It had to be. Only"—here she rose and stood looking down at him, a sudden flame in her cheeks and those curious eyes of hers—"only I want to warn you—in spite of seeming dramatic, I must warn you—that I might do you harm . . . if a good chance offered and he would never suspect. I am not all bad, you see. I came here to warn you of that, and also to beg you to go on,—to do all that is in your power for him."

"But afterward," groaned Thurlow,—"afterward . . . for you both . . ."

She turned from him in silence, but he could not endure it. He sprang to his feet and stood full in her way. "It is not necessary. . . It can't be! . . . It will be hell,—hell for you both . . ."

"'Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it,'" she quoted, slowly; and as he gazed at her, half stupefied, she smiled once more, and holding him with her compelling eyes, stepped past him, and so out of sight among the willows.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Poverty

BY S. E. KISER

THE people call him rich: his lands
Stretch very far and very wide;
They call him rich, yet there he stands
Ill-clad and bent and hollow-eyed.

The people call him rich: his gold
Is piled in many a yellow heap,
But he is all alone and old,
And when he dies no one will weep.

They call him rich, but where he dwells
The floors are bare, the walls are bleak:
They call him rich; he buys and sells,
But no fond fingers stroke his cheek.

They call him rich: he does not know
The happiness of standing where
Sweet winds across the meadows blow
And toss the verdant billows there.

They call him rich, but he is blind
To beauties of the earth and sky:
Distrustful of all humankind,
They call him rich—I know not why.

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The Apotheosis of the Reverend Mr. Spangler

BY MARGARET DELAND

I

MISS ELLEN BAILY kept school in the brick basement of her old frame house on Main Street.

The children used to come up a flagstone path to the side door, and then step down two steps into an entry. Two rooms opened on this entry; in one the children sat at small, battered desks and studied; in the other, Miss Baily heard our lessons, sitting at a table covered with a red cloth, which had a white Grecian fret for a border and smelt of crumbs. On the wall behind her was a faded print of Belshazzar's Feast; in those days this was probably the only feasting the room ever saw—although there were two decanters (empty) on a thin-legged sideboard, and a silver-wire cake-basket which held always three apples. Both rooms looked out on the garden;—the garden and, in fine weather, *Mr. David Baily!*... Ah me—what it was, in the dreary stretches of mental arithmetic, to look across the flower-beds and see Mr. David —tall and dark and melancholy—pacing up and down, sometimes with a rake, oftener with empty hands; always with vague, beautiful eyes fixed on some inner vision of heart-broken memory. Miss Ellen's pupils were confident of this vision because of a tombstone in the burial-ground, which recorded the death of Maria Hastings, at the romantic age of seventeen; — and, as everybody in Old Chester knew, Mr. Baily had been in love with this same seventeen-year-old Maria. To be sure, it was thirty years ago; but that does not make any difference, "*in real love*," as any school-girl can tell you! So, when David Baily paced up and down the garden paths, or sat in the sunshine under the big larch, we all knew that he was thinking of his bereavement.

In the opinion of the older girls, grief had wrecked Mr. David's life; he had intended to be a clergyman, but had left the theological school because his eyes gave out. "He cried himself nearly blind!" the girls told each other with great satisfaction. After that he tried one occupation after another, but somehow failed in each; which was proof of a delicacy of constitution induced by sorrow. Furthermore, he seemed pursued by a cruel fortune; "Fate," the girls called it. Elderly, unromantic Old Chester did not use this fine word, but it admitted pursuing disaster.

For instance: there was the time that David undertook the charge of a private library in Upper Chester, and three months afterwards the owner sold it! Then Mr. Hays found a job for him, and just as he was going to work he was laid up with rheumatism. And again, Sam Wright got him a place as assistant bookkeeper; and David, after innumerable tangles on his balance-sheet, was obliged to say, frankly, that he had no head for figures. But he was willing to do anything else; "*any* honest work!—that is not menial," he said, earnestly. And Sam said, why, yes, of course; only, he'd be darned if he knew what to suggest. But he added, in conjugal privacy, that David ought to be hided for not turning his hand to something. "Why doesn't he try bootblacking? Only, I suppose, he'd say he couldn't make the change correctly! He doesn't know whether two and two make five or three;—like our Sam."

"Why, they make four, Sam," said Mrs. Wright. And Samuel stared at her, and said, "You don't say so!"

There had been no end of such happenings;—"and none of them my brother's fault," Miss Ellen told the sympathetic older girls; who glanced sideways at Mr. David, and wished that they might die

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and be mourned as Mr. David mourned Maria!

The fact was, the habit of failure had fastened upon poor David; and in the days when Miss Ellen's school was in its prime (before the new people told our parents that her teaching was absurdly inadequate), he was depending on his sister for his bread and butter. That Miss Ellen supported him never troubled the romantic souls of Miss Ellen's pupils any more than it troubled Miss Ellen—or Mr. David. "Why shouldn't she?" the girls would have demanded if any such rudely practical question had been asked; "he is so delicate;—*and he has a broken heart!*" So that was how it happened that the pupils were able to have palpitating glimpses of him, walking listlessly about the garden; or dozing in a sunny window over an old magazine, or doing some pottering bit of carpentering for Miss Ellen; but never losing his good looks, or the grieved melancholy of his expression.

Miss Ellen had been teaching for twenty years.

It is useless to deny that unless one has a genius for imparting knowledge, teaching is a drudgery. It was drudgery to Ellen Baily, but she never slighted it on that account. She was conscientious about the number of feet in the highest mountain in the world; she saw to it that her pupils could repeat the sovereigns of England backwards. Besides these fundamentals, the older girls had Natural Philosophy every Friday; it was not, perhaps, necessary that young ladies should know that the air was composed of two gases (the girls who had travelled and seen the lighted streets of towns knew what gas was), nor that rubbing a cat's fur the wrong way in the dark would produce electric sparks;—such things were not necessary. But they were interesting, and, as Mrs. Barkley said, if they did not go too far and lead to scepticism, they would do no harm. However, Miss Ellen counteracted any sceptical tendencies by reading aloud, every Saturday morning, Bishop Cummings on the Revelation, so that even Dr. Lavendar was not wiser than Miss Ellen's girls as to what St. John meant by "a time, and a time, and a half of a time"; or who the four beasts, full of eyes, before and behind, stood for. For accomplishments, there was fine sewing every Wednesday afternoon; and on Mondays, with sharply pointed pencils, we copied trees and houses from neat little prints; also, we had lessons upon the piano-forte, so there was not one of us who, when she left Miss Ellen's, could not play at least three pieces, viz., "The Starlight Valse," "The Maiden's Prayer," and "The Last Rose of Summer."

Ah—well, one may smile! compared to what girls know nowadays, it is of course very absurd. But all the same, Miss Ellen's girls knew some things of which our girls are ignorant: reverence was one; humility was another; obedience was a third. And poor uneducated folk (compared with our daughters) that we of Old Chester may be, we are, if I mistake not, glad that we were taught a certain respect for our own language, which, though it makes the tongue of youth to-day almost unintelligible, does give us a joy in the wells of English undefiled which our children do not seem to know;—and for this, in our dull Old Chester way, we are not ungrateful! However, this may all be sour grapes.

At any rate, for twenty painstaking years, Miss Ellen's methods fed and clothed Mr. David. Then came the winter of Dr. Lavendar's illness, and the temporary instalment of the Rev. Mr. Spangler, and Ellen Baily realized that there were other things in the world than David's food and clothes.

Dr. Lavendar, cross, unbelieving, protesting, was to be hustled down South by Sam Wright; and the day before he started, Mr. Spangler appeared. That was early in February, and Dr. Lavendar was to come back the first of May.

"Not a day sooner," said Sam Wright.

"I'll come when I see fit," said Dr. Lavendar. He didn't believe in this going away, he said. "Home is the best place to be sick in. The truth is, Willy King doesn't want me to die on his hands,—it would hurt his business," said Dr. Lavendar, wickedly; "I know him!"

But to Mr. Spangler Dr. Lavendar said other things about Willy, and Sam Wright, too; in fact, about all of them. And he pulled out his big red silk pocket-handkerchief with a trembling flourish

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and wiped his eyes. "I don't deserve it," he said. "I'm a dogmatic old fogey, and I won't let the new people have their jimcrackery; and I preach old sermons, and I've had a cold in my head for three months. And yet, look at 'em! A purse, if you please! And Sam Wright is going down with me. Sam ought to be ashamed of himself to waste his time; he's a busy man! No, sir; I don't deserve it. And if you take my advice, you'll pray the Lord that your people will treat you as you don't deserve."

Mr. Spangler, a tall, lean man, very correctly dressed, who was depended upon in the diocese as a Supply, made notes, solemnly, as Dr. Lavendar talked; but he sighed once or twice, patiently, for the old man was not very helpful. Mr. Spangler wanted to know what Sunday-school teachers could be relied upon, and whether the choir was very thin-skinned, and which of the vestry had chips on their shoulders.

"None of 'em. I knocked 'em all off, long ago," said Dr. Lavendar; "don't you worry about that! Speak your mind."

"I have," said Mr. Spangler, coughing delicately, "an iron hand when I once make up my mind in regard to methods; but I think it best to canvass a matter thoroughly before making up my mind."

"It is generally wise to do so," said Dr. Lavendar, very meekly.

"Of course," Mr. Spangler said, kindly, "you belong to a somewhat older period, and do not, perhaps, realize the value of our modern ways of dealing with a parish—I mean in regard to firmly carrying out one's own ideas. I suppose these good people do pretty much as they please, so far as you are concerned?"

"Perhaps they do," said Dr. Lavendar, very, very meekly.

"So, not wishing to offend, I will ask a few questions: I have heard that the parish is perhaps a little old-fashioned in regard to matters of ritual. I have wondered whether my cassock would be misunderstood?"

"Cassock?" said Dr. Lavendar. "Bless your heart, wear a pea-jacket if it helps you to preach the Word! It will only be for ten Sundays," he added, hopefully.

The Rev. Mr. Spangler smiled at that; and when he smiled one saw that his face, though timid, was kind.

So Dr. Lavendar, growling and scolding, was bundled off, and Mr. Spangler settled down in the shabby Rectory. His iron will led him to preach in his surplice, and it was observed that a silver cross dangled from his black silk fob. "But it's only for ten weeks," said Old Chester; and asked him to tea, and bore with him, and did nothing more severe than smile when he bowed in the creed;—smile, and perhaps stand up a little straighter itself.

This, of the real Old Chester. Of course the new people were pleased; and one or two of the younger folk liked it. Miss Ellen Baily was not young, but she liked the surplice better than Dr. Lavendar's black gown and bands, and the sudden sparkle of the cross when Mr. Spangler knelt gave her a pang of pleasure. David, too, was not displeased. To be sure, David was rarely stirred to anything so positive as approval or disapproval. But at least he made no objections to the cross; and he certainly brightened up when, on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Spangler called. He even talked of Gambier, to which he had gone for a year, and of which, it appeared, the clergyman was an alumnus. Miss Ellen had a pile of compositions on the table beside her, and she glanced at one occasionally so that she might not seem to expect any share in the conversation. But all the same, Mr. Spangler noticed her. He was not drawn to the brother; still, he talked to him about their college, for Mr. Spangler believed that being agreeable was just as much a clergyman's duty as was changing the bookmarks for Advent of Lent;—and duty, as Mr. Spangler often said, was his watchword! Furthermore, he was aware that his kindness pleased the silent, smiling woman seated behind the pile of compositions.

It pleased her so much that that night, after David had gone to bed, she went over to Mrs. Barkley's to talk about her caller.

"Well, Ellen Baily," Mrs. Barkley said, briskly, as Miss Baily came into the circle of lamp-light, where Mrs. Barkley, sitting very erect, was hemming a red flannel petticoat for the missionary barrel, "so you had a visitor to-day? I saw him, cross and all!"

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"It was a very small one," Miss Baily protested; "and only silver."

"Would you have had it diamonds?" demanded Mrs. Barkley, in a deep bass. "Oh, well; it doesn't really matter; there are only nine more Sundays. But Sam Wright says he shall mention it when he writes to Dr. Lavendar."

"I suppose Dr. Lavendar saw it before he went away," Ellen said with some spirit.

Mrs. Barkley grunted, and twitched the petticoat over. "Well, it's to be hoped he doesn't take his religion out in crosses, that's all! He's not a very active laborer in the Vineyard, anyhow. I suppose you know about him?"

"Why, no," Ellen said; "nothing except that he supplies a good deal."

"Supplies? yes; because his mother left him a house in Mercer, and enough to live on in a small way; so he likes supplying better than taking a charge where he'd have to work hard and couldn't have his comforts."

"Why doesn't he take a charge where he could have his comforts?"

"Can't get the chance," Mrs. Barkley explained, briefly. "Not enough of a preacher. And besides, he likes his ease in Zion. Rachel Spangler's old house, and her Mary Ann, and his father's library, and, well, the flesh-pots of Mercer! —and supplying, just enough to buy him his ridiculous buttoned-up coats, that's what he likes. I suppose he uses the same old sermons over and over. Doesn't ever have to write a new one. However, he's here, and maybe Old Chester will do him good. Ellen Baily, did you know that we have a new-comer in Old Chester? A widow. I don't like widows. Her name's Smily. Foolish name! She's staying at the Stuffed Animal House. She's Harriet Hutchinson's cousin, and she's come down on her for a visit!"

"Maybe she'll make her a present when she goes away," said Ellen, hopefully.

"Present! She needs to have presents made to her. She's not got a cent but what her husband's brother gives her. He's a school-teacher, I understand; and you know yourself, Ellen Baily, how much a school-teacher can do in that way?"

Miss Ellen sighed.

"Well," proceeded Mrs. Barkley, "I just thought I'd tell you about her, because if we all invite her to tea, turn about, it will be a relief to Harriet;—she isn't well, that girl! I'm really uneasy about her. And I guess the Smily woman won't object to Old Chester food, either," said Mrs. Barkley, complacently. "I've asked her for Tuesday evening, and I thought I'd throw in Mr. Spangler and get him off my mind."

"David likes him so much," Miss Ellen began.

"Does he?" said Mrs. Barkley. "Well, tell him to come; he can talk to Mr. Spangler. I'm afraid I might hurt the man's feelings if I had to do all the talking. I seem to do that sometimes. Did you ever notice, Ellen, that the truth always hurts people's feelings? But I knew his mother, so I don't want to do anything to wound him. I won't ask you, Ellen; I don't like five at table. But just tell David to come, will you?"

And Miss Baily promised, gratefully. Poor David was not often asked out in Old Chester.

II

The supper at Mrs. Barkley's was a great occasion to David Baily. Right after dinner he went up to the garret, and Ellen heard him shuffling about overhead, moving trunks. After a while he came down, holding something out to his sister.

"Guess I'll wear this," he said, briefly. It was an old black velvet waistcoat worked with small silk flowers, pink and blue and yellow.

"I haven't seen gentlemen wear those waistcoats lately," Miss Ellen said, doubtfully.

Mr. David spread the strange old garment across his narrow breast, and regarded himself in the mirror above the mantel. "Father wore it," he said.

Then he retired to his own room. When he reappeared he wore the waistcoat. His old black frock-coat, shiny on the shoulders and with very full skirts, hung so loose in front that the flowered velvet beneath was not conspicuous; but Mr. David felt its moral support when, at least ten minutes before the proper time, he started for Mrs. Barkley's.

His hostess, putting on her best cap before her mirror, glanced down from her window as he came up the path.

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"Ellen ought not to have sent him so early," she said, with some irritation. "Emily!" she called, in her deep voice, "just go to the front door and tell Mr. Baily to go home. I'm not ready for him. Or he can sit in the parlor and wait if he wants to. But he can't talk to me!"

Emily, a mournful, elderly person, sought, out of regard for her own feelings, to soften her mistress's message; but David instantly retreated to walk up and down the street, keeping his eye on Mrs. Barkley's house, so that he could time his return by the arrival of Mr. Spangler.

"He'll come at the right hour, I presume," he said to himself. Just then he saw Mrs. Smily stepping delicately down the street, her head on one side, and a soft, unchanging smile on her lips. As they met she minced a little in her step, and said:

"Dear me! I'm afraid I've made a mistake. I'm looking for Mrs. Barkley's residence."

"Mrs. Barkley resides here," said Mr. David, elegantly.

She looked up into his sad, dark eyes, with a flurried air. "Dear me," she said, "I fear I am late!"

"Oh, not *late*," said poor David. "Perhaps we might walk up and down for a minute longer?"

Mrs. Smily, astonished but flattered, tossed her head, and said, Well, she didn't know about *that!* But all the same, she turned, and they walked as far as the post-office.

"I'm afraid you are very attentive to the ladies," Mrs. Smily said, coquettishly, when David had introduced himself; and David, who had never heard a flirtatious word (unless from Maria), felt a sudden thrill and a desire to reply in kind. But from lack of experience he could think of nothing but the truth. He had been too early, he said, and had come out to wait for Mr. Spangler,—"and you, ma'am," he added, in a polite after-thought. But his hurried emphasis made Mrs. Smily simper more than ever. She shook her finger at him and said,

"Come, come, sir!" And David's head swam!

At that moment Mr. Spangler, buttoned to his chin in a black waistcoat, came solemnly along, and, with his protection, David felt he could face Mrs. Barkley.

But, indeed, she met her three guests with condescension and kindness. "They are all fools in their different ways," she said to herself, "but one must be kind to them." So she made Mrs. Smily sit down in the most comfortable chair, and pushed a footstool at her. Then she told Mr. Spangler, good-naturedly, that she supposed he found Old Chester very old-fashioned. "Don't you be trying any candles on us," she threatened him, in a jocular bass. As for David, she paid no attention to him except to remark that she supposed time didn't count with him? But her bushy eyebrows twitched in a kindly smile when she said it. Then she began to talk about Dr. Lavendar's health. "It is a great trial to have him away," she said. "Dear me! I don't know what we will do when the Lord takes him. I wish he might live forever! Clergymen are a poor lot nowadays."

"Why, I heard," said Mrs. Smily, "that he didn't give entire satisfaction."

"What!" cried Mrs. Barkley, in her deep voice. "Who has been talking nonsense to you? Some of the new people, I'll be bound!"

Mrs. Smily, very much frightened, murmured that no doubt she was mistaken. Wild horses would not have drawn from her that she had heard Annie Shields, that was, say that Dr. Lavendar had deliberately *advised* some one she knew to be bad; and that he had refused to help a very worthy man to study for the ministry; and that the Ferrises said he ought to be tried for heresy (or something) because he married Oscar King to their runaway niece; and that he would not give a child back to its repentant (and perfectly respectable) mother. "And a mother's claim is the holiest thing on earth!" Mrs. Smily had said when this was told her. After hearing these things, Mrs. Smily had her opinion of Dr. Lavendar; but that was no reason why she should let Mrs. Barkley snap her head off. So she only murmured that no doubt she had made a mistake.

"I think you have," said Mrs. Barkley, dryly; and rose, and marshalled her company in to supper. "She's a perfect fool," she told herself, "but I hope the Lord will give me grace to hold my

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Half-tone plate engraved by S. P. Smith

DAVID'S HEAD SWAM

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tongue!" Perhaps the Lord gave her too much grace, for, for the rest of the evening, she hardly spoke to Mrs. Smily,—she even conversed with David rather than look in her direction.

For the most part the conversation was a polite exchange of views upon harmless topics between Mrs. Barkley and Mr. Spangler, during which Mrs. Smily cheered up, and murmured small ejaculations to David Baily. She told him that she was scared nearly to death of the stuffed animals at Miss Harriet's house.

"They make me just scream!" she said.

David protectingly assured her that they were harmless.

"But they are so dreadful!" Mrs. Smily said. "Isn't it strange that my cousin likes to—to do that to animals? It isn't quite ladylike, to my mind."

Mr. Baily thought to himself how ladylike it was in Mrs. Smily to object to taxidermy. He noticed, too, that she ate almost nothing, which also seemed very refined. It occurred to him that such a delicate creature ought not to go home alone; the lane up to Miss Harriet's house was dark with overhanging trees, and furthermore, half-way up the hill it passed the burial-ground. In a burst of fancy David saw himself near the low wall of the cemetery, protecting Mrs. Smily, who was shivering in her ladylike way at the old head-stones over in the grass. He began (in his own mind) a reassuring conversation: "There are no such things as spectres, ma'am. I assure you there is no occasion for fear";—and at these manly words she would press closer to his side. (And this outside the burial-ground: oh, Maria, Maria!)

But this flight of imagination was not realized, for later Emily announced that Miss Harriet's Augustine had come for Mrs. Smily.

"Did she bring a lantern?" demanded Mrs. Barkley. "That lane is too dark except for young folks."

Augustine had a lantern, and was waiting with it at the front door for her charge; so there was no reason for Mr. David to offer his protection. He and Mr. Spangler went away together, and David twisted his head around several times to watch the spark of light jolting up the hill towards the burial-ground and the Stuffed Animal House. When the two men said good-night, Mr. Spangler had a glimpse of a quickly opened door, and heard an eager voice—"Come in, dear brother. Did you have a delightful evening?"

"How pleasing to be welcomed so affectionately!" said the Rev. Mr. Spangler to himself.

III

The gentle warmth of that welcome lingered persistently in Mr. Spangler's mind.

"I suspect that she *kissed* him," he said to himself; and a little dull red crept into his cheeks.

Miss Ellen, dark-eyed, gentle, with soft lips, made Mr. Spangler suddenly think of a spray of heliotrope warm in the sunshine. "That is a very poetical thought," he said, with a sense of regret that it probably could not be utilized in a sermon. But when he entered the study he banished poetry, because he had a letter to write. It was in answer to an offer of the secretaryship of a church publishing-house in a Western city.

Dr. Lavendar, it appeared, had mentioned his name to one Mr. Horatius Brown, stating that in his opinion Mr. Spangler was just the man for the place; —"exact, painstaking, conscientious," Mr. Brown quoted, but forbore to add Dr. Lavendar's further remark that Mr. Spangler would never embarrass the management by an original idea. "He'll pick up pins as faithfully as any man I know," said Dr. Lavendar, "and that's what you religious newspapers want, I believe?" Mr. Spangler was not without a solemn pride in being thus sought out by the ecclesiastical business world, especially when he reflected upon the salary which Mr. Brown was prepared to offer; but acceptance was another matter. To leave his high calling for mere business! A business, too, which would involve exact hours and steady application;—compared with that, and with the crude smart bustle of the Western city, the frugal leisure of his placid days in Mercer assumed in his mind the sanctity of withdrawal from the world, and his occasional preaching took on the glow of missionary zeal. "No," said Mr. Spangler, "mercenary considerations do not move me a hair's-breadth!" Mr. Spangler did not

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call his tranquil life in Mercer, his comfortable old house, his good cook, his old friends, his freedom from sermon-writing, mercenary considerations. On the contrary, he assured himself that his "circumstances were far from affluent; but he must endure hardness," he added, cheerfully. And very honestly his declination seemed to him something that Heaven would place to his credit. So he wrote to the publishing-house that he had given the proposition his most prayerful consideration; but that he believed that it was his duty to still labor at the Sacred Desk;—and duty was, he hoped, the watchword of his life. And he was Mr. Brown's obedient servant and brother in Christ,

AUGUSTUS SPANGLER.

Then he settled down in Dr. Lavendar's arm-chair by the fire in the study; but he did not read the ecclesiastical paper which every week fed his narrow and sincere mind. Instead he wondered how often Dr. Lavendar called upon his female parishioners; would twice in a fortnight be liable to be misunderstood? Mr. Spangler was terribly afraid of being misunderstood. Then he had a flash of inspiration: he ought, as rector, to visit the schools. That was only proper and could not possibly be misunderstood. "For an interest in educational affairs is part of a priest's duty," Mr. Spangler reflected.

If he was right, it must be admitted that Dr. Lavendar was very remiss. So far as we children could remember, he had never visited Miss Ellen's school and listened to recitations, or heard us speak our pieces. Whether that was because he did not care enough about us to come, or because he saw us at Collect class and Sunday-school and church and in the street and at the post-office and at home, until he knew us all by heart, so to speak, may be decided one way or the other; but certainly when Mr. Spangler came, and sat through one morning, and told us stories, and said we made him think of a garden of rose-buds, and took up so much of Miss Ellen's time that she could not hear the mental arithmetic, it was impossible not to institute comparisons. Indeed, some hearts were (for the moment) untrue to Mr. David! When Miss Ellen called on us to speak our pieces, we were so excited and breathless that, for my part, I could not remember the first line of "Bingen on the Rhine," and had to look quickly into the Fourth Reader; but before I could begin, Lydia Wright started in with "Excelsior," and she got all the praise; though I'm sure I—well, never mind! But Dr. Lavendar wouldn't have praised one girl so that all the others wanted to scratch her! All that first half, the pupils, bending over their copy-books, glanced at the visitor sideways, and if they caught his eye, looked down, blushing to the roots of their hair—which was not frizzled, if you please, or hanging about like the locks of Skye-terriers, but parted and tied with a neat ribbon bow on the tops of all the small heads. But Mr. Spangler did not look often at the pupils; instead he conversed in a low voice with Miss Ellen; nobody could hear what he said, but it must have been very interesting, for when Miss Ellen suddenly looked at the clock she blushed, and brought her hand hurriedly down on the bell on her desk. It was ten minutes after the hour for recess!

For the rest of that day Miss Ellen Baily moved and looked as one in a dream. Her brother, however, did not seem to notice her absent-mindedness. Indeed, he was as talkative as she was silent.

"Sister," he said, as they sat at tea, "I need a new hat. One with a blue band about it might be—ah—becoming."

"Blue is a sweet color," said Miss Ellen, vaguely.

"Mrs. Smily remarked to me that before her affliction made it improper, she was addicted to the color of blue."

"Was she?" Ellen said, absently.

"Don't you think," David said, after a pause, "that my coat is somewhat shabby? You bought it, you may remember, the winter of the long frost."

"Is it?" Miss Ellen said.

"Yes; and the style is obsolete, I think. Not that I am a creature of fashion, but I do not like to be conspicuous in dress."

"You are not that, dear David," Miss Ellen protested. "On Sunday I often think nobody looks as handsome as you!"

David blushed. "You are partial, Ellen."

"No, I'm not," cried Miss Ellen, com-

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ing out of her reveries. "Only yesterday I heard some one say that you were very fine-looking."

"Who said it?"

"Never mind!" Ellen said, gayly.

"Do tell me, sister," he entreated; "that's a good girl."

"It was somebody whose opinion you care a great deal about."

"I think you might tell me," said Mr. David, aggrieved. "Not that I care, because it isn't true, and was only said to please you. People know how to get round you, Ellen!—but I'd just like to know."

"Guess," said Miss Ellen.

"Well, was it—Mrs. Smily?"

"Oh dear no! It was somebody very important in Old Chester. It was Mrs. Barkley."

"Oh," said Mr. David.

"A compliment from her means so much, you know," Miss Ellen reminded him.

David was silent.

"But all the same," Ellen said, "you do need a coat, dear brother. I'm afraid I've been selfish not to notice it."

Mr. David made no reply.

Miss Ellen beamed at him. "You always look well, to my eyes; but it pleases me to have you well dressed, too."

"Well, then, to please you, I'll dress up," said Mr. David, earnestly.

IV

"Does not Mr. Baily take any part whatever in his sister's work?" Mr. Spangler said. He was calling upon Mrs. Barkley, and the conversation turned upon the guests whom he had met at the tea party.

"That is a very foolish question," said Mrs. Barkley; "but of course you don't know poor David, or you wouldn't have asked it. David means well, but he has no mind. Still, he has tried, poor fellow." Then she recited the story of David's failures. "There is really nothing that he is capable of doing," she ended, thoughtfully; "though I think, if his eyes hadn't given out, he might have made a good minister. For David is a pious man, and he likes to visit."

A faint red came into Mr. Spangler's cheeks; although he had been in Old Chester nearly a month, he had not yet become acclimated to Mrs. Barkley. The watchword of duty made him call, but he closed her front door behind him with an emphasis which was not dutiful.

"That's done!" he said; and thought to himself how much pleasanter than parochial visits were educational matters!

Mr. Spangler felt their importance so deeply that he spent two more mornings watching Miss Ellen's pupils work out examples on the blackboard and hearing them read, turn about, in the Fourth Reader. In fact, the next month was a pretty happy time for Miss Ellen's girls.

"I skipped to the bottom of the page in Cataline's Reply," Lydia Wright said, giggling, "and she never knew it!"

The girls were tremendously interested but not very sympathetic, for "she's so dreadfully old!" they told each other. Had Miss Ellen been Maria's age and had a beau (by this time they called Mr. Spangler Miss Ellen's beau, the impudent little creatures!), how different it would have been! But Miss Ellen was forty. "Did you *ever* know anything so perfectly absurd?" said the older girls. And the second-class girls said they certainly never did. So when Mr. Spangler came and listened to recitations we poked each other, and put out our tongues behind our Readers, and made ourselves extremely obnoxious—if dear Miss Ellen had had the eyes to see it, which indeed she had not. She was very absent in those days; but she did her work faithfully, and saw to David's new coat, and asked Mrs. Smily to tea, not only to help out Miss Harriet at the Stuffed Animal House, but because David told her a piteous tale of Mrs. Smily's loneliness and general forlornness. David had had it directly from Mrs. Smily herself, and had been greatly moved by it; she had told him that this was a sad and unfriendly world.

"But I am sure your brother-in-law's family is much attached to you?" David said, comfortingly.

Then poor Mrs. Smily suddenly began to cry. "Yes; but I am afraid I can't live at my brother-in-law's any longer. His wife is—is tired of me," said the poor little creature.

David was thunderstruck. "Tired? Of *you!* Oh, impossible!"

Then she opened her poor foolish heart to him. And David was so touched and

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interested that he could hardly wait to get home to pour it all into Ellen's ears. Ellen was very sympathetic, and made haste to ask Mrs. Smily to tea; and when she came, was as kind and pitiful as only dear kind Ellen could be. But perhaps she took Mrs. Smily's griefs a little less to heart than she might have done had she heard the tale a month before. She had other things to think of; church-going took much of her time just then, and she was in the whirl of Old Chester hospitality; she was asked out three times in one week to meet the Supply!—and by that time the Supply had reached the point of hoping that he was going to meet Miss Ellen.

Yet, as Mr. Spangler reflected, this was hardly prudent on his part. "For I might become interested," he said to himself, and frowned and sighed. Now, as everybody knows, the outcome of "interest" is only justified by a reasonable affluence. "And," Augustus Spangler reminded himself, "my circumstances are not affluent." Indeed, that warm, pleasant old house in Mercer, and Mary Ann, and his books, and those buttoned-up coats needed every penny of his tiny income. "Therefore," said Mr. Spangler, "it is my duty to put this out of my head with an iron hand." But, all the same, Ellen Baily was like a spray of heliotrope!

For a week, the second week in April, while Old Chester softened into a mist of green, and the crown-imperials shook their clean, bitter fragrance over the bare beds in the gardens—for that week Mr. Spangler thought often of his income, but oftener of Miss Ellen. Reason and sentiment wrestled together in his lazy but affectionate heart; and then, with a mighty effort, sentiment conquered. . . .

"It seems," said Mr. Spangler, nervously, "a little premature, but my sojourn in Old Chester is drawing to a close; I shall not tarry more than another fortnight; so I felt, my dear friend, that I must, before seeking other fields of usefulness, tell you what was in my mind. Or may I say heart?"

"You are very kind," Ellen Baily said, breathlessly.

. . . . Mr. Spangler had invited Miss Ellen to walk with him on Saturday afternoon at four. Now, as everybody knows in Old Chester, when a gentleman invites you to walk out with him, you had better make up your mind whether it is to be "yes," or "no," before you start. As for poor Ellen, she did not have to make up her mind; it was made up for her by unconquerable circumstances. If she should "seek other fields of usefulness," she could not take David with her. It was equally clear that she could not leave him behind her. Where would he find his occasional new coat, or even the hat with the blue band, if there were no school in the basement? Compared to love-making and romance, how sordid are questions about coats,—yet, before starting on that Saturday afternoon walk, poor, pretty Miss Ellen, tying the strings of her many-times retrimmed bonnet under her quivering chin, asked them, and could find no answer except that if he should "say anything," why, then, she must say "no";—but of course he wasn't going to say anything! So she tied her washed and ironed brown ribbons into a neat bow, and started down the street with the Rev. Mr. Spangler.

David Baily, watching them from the gate, ruminated over obvious possibilities. Mrs. Barkley had opened his eyes to the fact that Mr. Spangler "was taking notice," and David was not without a certain family pride in a ministerial proposal. "He'll do it this afternoon," said David, and went pottering back into the empty school-room to mend a bench that Ellen told him needed a nail or two. But the room was still and sunny, and Ellen's chair was comfortable; and sitting there to think about the bench, he nodded once or twice, and then dozed for an hour. When he awoke it seemed best to mend the bench the next day; then yawning, and staring vacantly out of the window, he saw Mrs. Smily, and it seemed only friendly to go out and tell her (confidentially) what was going to happen.

"It will make quite a difference to you, won't it?" Mrs. Smily said.

"Oh," David said, blankly, "that hadn't occurred to me. However," he added, with a little sigh, "my sister's happiness is my first thought."

Mrs. Smily clasped her hands. "Mr. Baily, I do think you are real noble!" she said.

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Mr. David stood very erect. "Oh, now, you mustn't flatter me, ma'am."

"Mr. Baily, I never flatter any one," Mrs. Smily said, gravely. "I don't think it's right."

And David thought to himself how noble Mrs. Smily was! Indeed, her nobility was so much in his mind that, strangely enough, he quite forgot Ellen's exciting afternoon. He remembered it the next morning, but when he essayed a little joke and a delicate question, the asperity with which the mild Ellen answered him left him gaping with astonishment. Evidently Mr. Spangler had not spoken! David would have been less (or more) than a human brother if he had not smiled a very little at that. "Ellen expected it," he said to himself. "Well, I did myself, and so did Mrs. Barkley." It never occurred to him that the Rev. Mr. Spangler might also have had expectations which left him disappointed and mortified. Yet when a gentleman of Mr. Spangler's age—one, too, whose income barely suffices for his own comfort, and who, added to this, has had his doubts whether the celibacy of the clergy may not be a sacrament of grace—when such a gentleman does make up his mind to offer himself—to offer himself, moreover, to a lady no longer in her first youth, who is pleasing perhaps to the eye, but not, certainly, excessively beautiful, and whose fortune is merely (and most meritoriously, of course) in her character and understanding,—it is a blow to pride to be refused. Mr. Spangler found it hard to meet his sacred duties that morning; yet no one would have thought it, to see the fervor with which, as Old Chester said, he "went through his performances!"

But he read the service, hot at heart and hoping that Miss Baily observed how intensely his attention was fixed on things above. When he stood in the chancel waiting for the collection-plates, and saying, in a curious singsong, absolutely new to Old Chester,

"Zaccheus stood forth, and said, Behold, Lord—"

his glance, roving over the congregation, rested once on Ellen Baily, and was as carefully impersonal as though she were only a part of the pew in which she sat. Miss Ellen thrilled at that high indifference; it occurred to her that even had David's circumstances been different, she could scarcely have dared to accept the hand of this high creature!

"—the half of all my goods—" said Mr. Spangler. Yes, it was inconceivable, considering what he was offering her, that Ellen Baily could let her brother stand in the way!

All that long, pleasant spring Sunday Augustus Spangler was very bitter. All that week he was distinctly angry. He said to himself that he was glad that Dr. Lavendar was soon to return; he would, after making his report of the parish, shake the dust of Old Chester from off his feet as witness against Miss Baily, and depart! By the next Sunday he had ceased to be angry, but his pride was still deeply wounded. By Wednesday he had softened to melancholy; he was able to say that it all came from her sense of duty. Unreasonable, of course, but still duty. Then, on Thursday, suddenly, he was startled by a question in his own mind: Was it unreasonable? If she gave up her teaching,—"what would that fellow live on?"

That was a very bad moment to the Rev. Mr. Spangler. Pride vanished in honest unhappiness. He began to think again about his income; he had known that to marry a wife meant greater economy; but sacrifices had not seemed too difficult considering that that wife was to be Miss Ellen Baily. But if the wife must be Miss Baily *plus*—"that fellow"!

"It is out of the question!" said poor Mr. Spangler, and arose, and paced up and down the study. He was very miserable; and the more miserable he became, the more in love he knew himself to be. "But it is madness to think of the matter further," he told himself, sternly; "madness!"

Yet he kept on thinking of it—or of Miss Ellen's dark eyes, and her smile, and the way her hair curled in little rings about her temples. "And I have never met a lady who had such veneration for—for my sacred calling," said Mr. Spangler, modestly; "but it's impossible! impossible!" Then, absently (and uselessly, of course), he made some calculations: To meet the support of David Baily he would have to have an

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increase of so much in his income, or a decrease of so much in his expenses. "Madness!" said Augustus Spangler, firmly. "But how her eyes crinkle up when she smiles!"

Yet it took another day before the real man conquered. His expenses should be decreased, and *David should live with them!* Yes, it would mean undeniable pinching; he must give up this small luxury and that; his Mary Ann could not broil his occasional sweetbread; and the occasional new book must be borrowed from the library, not purchased for his own shelves. He must push about to get more supplying. He had meant to come down one step when he got married; well, he would have to come down two—yes, or three!—But he would have Miss Baily. And warmed with this tender thought, he sat down, then and there, at nearly midnight, and wrote Miss Ellen a letter. It was a beautiful letter, full of most beautiful sentiments, expressed with great elegance and gentility. It appreciated Miss Ellen's devotion to her family, and acknowledged that a sense of duty was a part of the character of a Christian female. It protested that it was far from the Rev. Mr. Spangler to interfere with that sense of duty; on the contrary, he would share it; nay, more than share it, he would assist it. If Miss Baily would consent to become his wife, Mr. Baily, he hoped, would make his home with his sister?

Mr. Spangler may have been addicted to petticoats (in his own toilet), and given to candles and other emblems of the Scarlet Woman, but his letter, beneath its stilted phrase, was an honest, manly utterance, and Ellen Baily read it, thrilling with happiness and love.

That was Friday, and she had only time to read those thin blue pages and thrust them into the bosom of her dress, when it was time to go to school and hear her girls declare that the Amazon was the largest river in South America; but they might have said it was the largest river in Pennsylvania, and Miss Ellen would have gone on smiling at them. At recess we poured out into the garden, eager to say, "Goodness! do you suppose he's popped?" The older girls were especially excited, but they took their usual furtive look about the garden before sitting down on the steps to eat their luncheons. Alas, He was not there!

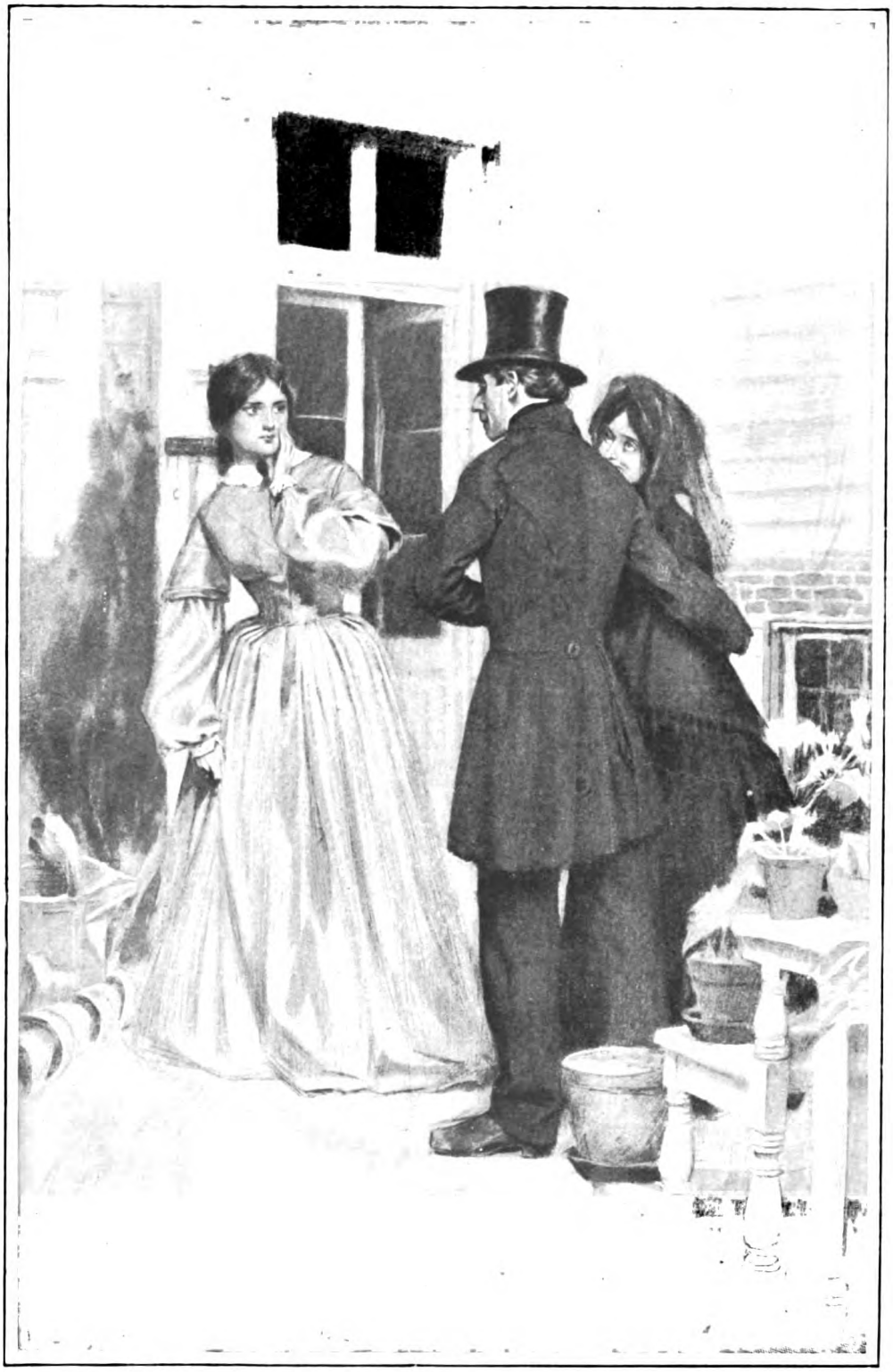
"Perhaps," said Lydia Wright, "he has gone to the tomb!"

This, for the moment, was deliciously saddening; but, after all, real live love-making, even of very old people, is more fascinating than dead romance! Through the open window we could see Miss Ellen sitting at her desk, writing. There were some sheets of blue paper spread out in front of her, and she would glance at them, and then write a little; and then glance back again, and smile, and write. But she did not look troubled, or "cross," as the girls called it; so we knew it could not be an exercise that she was correcting. But when she came out to us, and said, in a sweet, fluttered voice, "Children, will one of you take this letter to the post-office?" we knew what it meant—for it was addressed to the Rev. Mr. Spangler! How we all ran with it to the post-office!—giggling and palpitating and sighing as our individual temperaments might suggest. In fact, I know one girl who squeezed a tear out of each eye, she was so moved! When we came back, there was Miss Baily still sitting at her desk, her cheek on one hand, her smiling eyes fastened on those sheets of blue paper. "Gracious!" said the girls, "what a long recess!" and told each other to be quiet, and not remind her to ring the bell.

Then suddenly something happened.

An old carryall came shambling along the road; there were two people in it, and one of them leaned over from the back seat and said to the driver: "This is my house. Stop here, please!" The girls, clustering like pigeons on the sunny door-step, began to fold up their luncheon-boxes, and look sidewise, with beating hearts, towards the gate—for it was *He!* How graceful he was, how elegant in his manners! Ah, if our mothers had bidden us have manners like Mr. David!—but they never did. They used to say, "Try and behave as politely as Miss Maria Welwood," or, "I hope you will be as modest in your deportment as Miss Sally Smith." And there was this model before our eyes! It makes my heart beat now to remember how He got out of that rattling old carriage, and turned and lifted his hat to a lady inside, and gave

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"I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU—A SISTER!"

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her his hand (ah me!), and held back her skirts as she got out, and bowed again when she reached the ground. She was not much to look at; she was only the lady who was visiting at the Stuffed Animal House, and she was dressed in black, and her bonnet was on one side. They stood there together in the sunshine, and Mr. David felt slowly in all his pockets; then he turned to us, sitting watching him with beating hearts.

"Little girls," he said—he was near-sighted, and absorbed as he always was with sorrow, we never expected him to know our names—"little girls, one of you, go in and ask my sister for eight bits, if you please."

We rose in a body and swarmed back into the school-room—just as Miss Ellen with a start looked at the clock and put out her hand to ring the bell. "Mr. David says, please, ma'am, will you give him eight bits?"

Miss Ellen, rummaging in her pocket for her purse, said: "Yes, my love. Will you take it to my brother?" Just why she followed us as we ran out into the garden with the eight bits perhaps she hardly knew herself. But as she stood in the doorway, a little uncertain and wondering, Mr. David led the shabby, shrinking lady up to her.

"My dear Ellen," he said, "I have a present for you: a *sister!*"

Then the little shabby lady stepped forward and threw herself on Miss Ellen's shoulder.

"A sister?" Ellen Baily said, bewildered.

"We were married this morning in Upper Chester," said Mr. David, "and I have brought her home. Now we shall all be so happy!"

V

That evening Dr. Lavendar came home. Of course all the real Old Chester was on hand to welcome him.

When the stage came creaking up to the tavern steps, the old white head was bare, and the broad-brimmed shabby felt hat was waving tremulously in the air.

"Here I am!" said Dr. Lavendar, clambering down stiffly from the box-seat. "What mischief have you all been up to?"

There was much laughing and hand-shaking, and Dr. Lavendar, blinking very hard, and flourishing his red silk pocket-handkerchief, clapped Mr. Spangler on the shoulder.

"Didn't I tell you about 'em? Didn't I tell you they were the best people going? But we mustn't let 'em know it; makes 'em vain!" said Dr. Lavendar, with great show of secrecy. "And look here, Sam Wright! You fellows may congratulate yourselves: Spangler here has had a fine business offer made him,—haven't you, Mr. Spangler?—and it's just your luck that you got him to supply for you before he left this part of the country. A little later he wouldn't have looked at Old Chester! Hey, Spangler?"

"Oh, that's settled," Mr. Spangler said. "I declined—"

"Oh," said Dr. Lavendar. "Well, I'm sorry for 'em. Ain't you, Sam?"

And Augustus Spangler smiled as heartily as anybody. He had a letter crushed up in his hand; he had read it walking down from the post-office to the tavern, and now he was ready to say that Old Chester was the finest place in the world! He could hardly wait to get Dr. Lavendar to himself in the Rectory before telling him his great news, and giving him a little three-cornered note from Ellen Baily which had been enclosed in his own letter.

"Well, well, *well!*" said Dr. Lavendar.

He had put on a strange dressing-gown of flowered cashmere and his worsted-work slippers, and made room for his shaggy old Danny in his leather chair, and lighted his pipe. "Now tell us the news!" he said. And was all ready to hear about the Sunday-school teachers, and the choir, and Sam Wright's Protestantism, and many other important things. But not at all.

"*I'm engaged to be married!*"

"Well, well, well!" said Dr. Lavendar, blinking and chuckling with pleasure; then he read Ellen's little note. "I had to tell you myself," Ellen wrote him, "because I am so happy!" And then there were a dozen lines in which her heart overflowed to this old friend. "Dear child! dear child!" he murmured to himself. To no one but Dr. Lavendar—queer, grizzled, wrinkled old Dr. Lavendar, with never a romance or a love-affair that anybody had ever heard of—

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could Miss Ellen have showed her heart. Even Mr. Spangler did not know that heart as Dr. Lavendar did when he finished Ellen's little letter.—And Dr. Lavendar didn't tell! "I am so happy," said Miss Ellen. Dr. Lavendar may have looked at Mr. Spangler and wondered at the happiness. But, after all, wonder, on somebody's part, is a feature of every engagement. And if the wonder is caused only by the man's coat, and not by his character, why be distressed about it? Mr. Spangler was an honest man; if his mind was narrow, it was at least sincere; if his heart was timid, it was very kind; if his nature was lazy, it was clean and harmless. So why shouldn't Ellen Baily love him? And why shouldn't Dr. Lavendar bubble over with happiness in Ellen's happiness?

"She's the best girl in the world!" he told Mr. Spangler. "I congratulate you! She's a good child—a good child."

Mr. Spangler agreed, in a somewhat solemn manner.

"But David—how about David?"

"My house shall always be open to Mrs. Spangler's relatives," said Mr. Spangler, with Christian pride.

"You are a good fellow, Spangler," Dr. Lavendar said, cheerfully, and listened, chuckling, to Mr. Spangler's awkward and correct expressions of bliss. For indeed he was very happy, and talked about Miss Ellen's virtues which so eminently qualified her to become a clergyman's wife, as fatuously as any lover could.

"Hi! you, Danny!" said Dr. Lavendar, after half an hour of it, "stop growling."

"There's somebody at the door," said Augustus Spangler, and went into the entry to see who it was. He came back with a letter, which he read, standing by the table; then he sat down, and looked white. Dr. Lavendar, joyously, was singing to himself:

> "Ten-cent Jimmy and his minions
> Cannot down the Woolly Horse!

"Spangler, we must drink to your very good health and prospects. Let's have Mary bring the glasses."

"Doctor," said Mr. Spangler, "I fear"—he stopped; his voice was unsteady. "I regret—"

"Hullo!" said Dr. Lavendar, looking at him over his spectacles; "what's wrong?"

"I'm extremely sorry to say," said poor Mr. Spangler, "that—it can't be."

"A good glass of wine," said Dr. Lavendar, "never hurt—"

"I refer," said Mr. Spangler, sighing, "to my relations with Miss Ellen Baily."

Dr. Lavendar looked at him blankly.

"I have just received a letter," the poor man went on, "in which she informs me that it can never be." His lip trembled, but he held himself very straight, and placed the letter in his breast pocket with dignity.

"Spangler, what are you talking about?"

"It appears," said Mr. Spangler, "that her brother—"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Dr. Lavendar. "Has Ellen started up some fantastic conscientiousness? Spangler, women's consciences are responsible for much unhappiness in this world. But I won't have it in my parish. I'll manage Ellen; trust me!" He pulled at his pipe, which had gone out in these moments of agitation. "I tell you, sir," he said, striking a match on the bottom of his chair, "these saintly, self-sacrificing women do a fine work for the devil, if they only knew it, bless their hearts!"

"You misapprehend," said Mr. Spangler, wretchedly; and then told Miss Ellen's news. It was brief enough, this last letter; there was no blame of David; indeed, he had displayed, Miss Baily said, "a true chivalry; but of course—" "Of course," said Mr. Spangler.

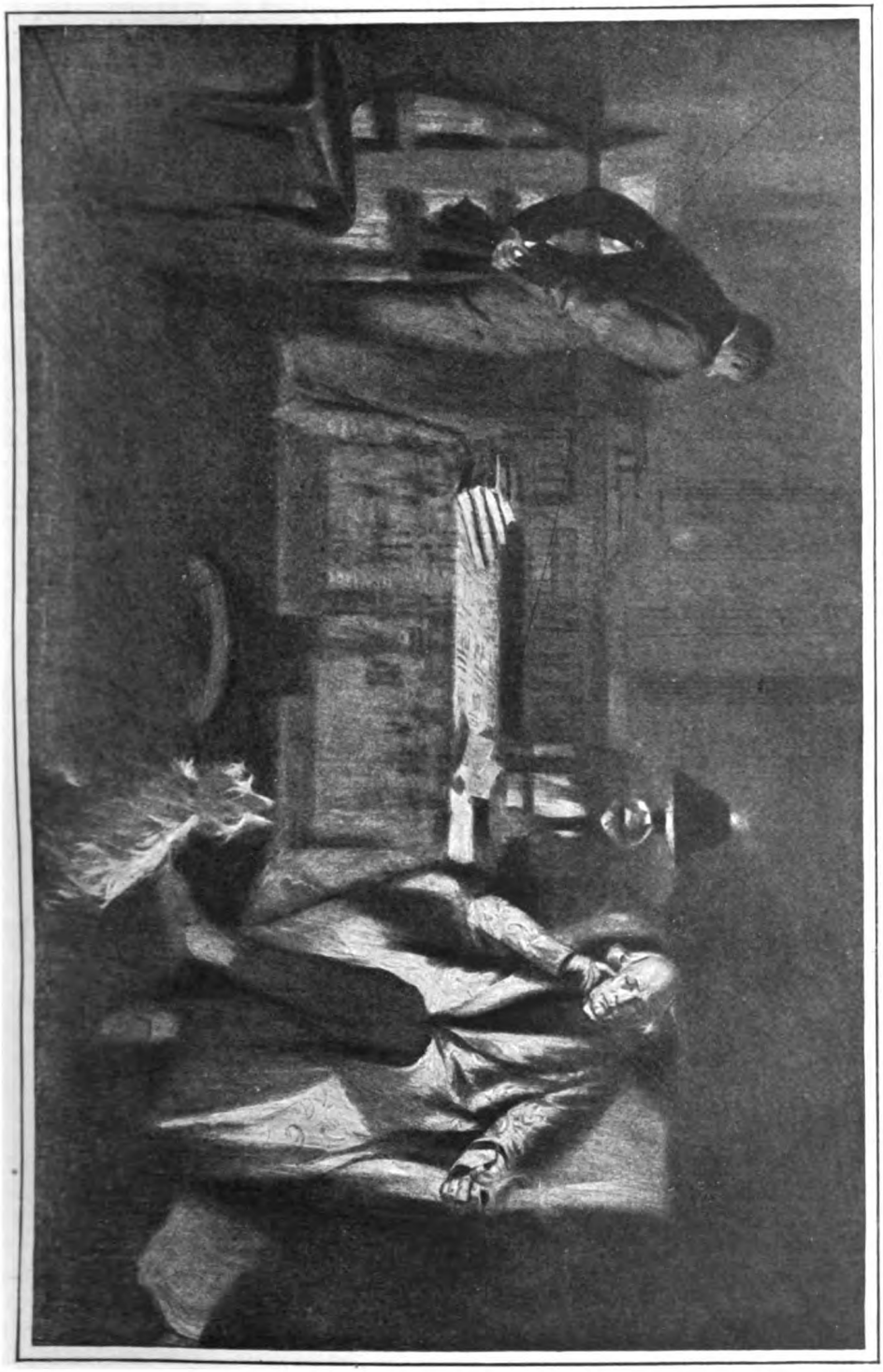
But Dr. Lavendar broke out so fiercely that Danny squeaked, and jumped down out of the chair. "Upon my word! upon my word! Spangler, what were you thinking of to let it go on? If I had been at home, it would never—upon my *word!*" This was one of the times that Dr. Lavendar felt the limitations of his office in regard to language. Mr. Spangler, his elbows on his knees, his chin on hands, was staring miserably at the floor.

"I shall, I trust, meet it in the proper spirit," he said.

Dr. Lavendar nodded. "Of course," he said. "Fortunately, she is dealing with a man who has backbone; no doubt."

Mr. Spangler sighed. "I regret to say

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DR. LAVENDAR LOOKED DOWN AT HIS PIPE

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that her presence in her school under the circumstances does seem imperative."

Dr. Lavendar lighted his pipe. "Do you mean on account of money, Spangler?"

The support of Mr. David Baily and the —and this female—must be met, I suppose, by Miss Baily's school."

"You are not so situated, yourself, that you—" began Dr. Lavendar, delicately.

"My circumstances," said Augustus Spangler, "are not affluent. I have my residence in Mercer; and I supply, as you know. But my income barely suffices for one. Four — would be out of the question."

Dr. Lavendar looked at Ellen's little, happy note, lying half open on the table. "Poor old jack-donkey of a David!" he groaned.

"His selfishness," said Augustus Spangler, between his teeth, his voice suddenly trembling with anger, "is perfectly incomprehensible to me! perfectly incomprehensible! I endeavor always to exercise charity in judging any human creature; but—really, *really!*"

"It isn't selfishness as much as silliness. David hasn't mind enough to be deliberately selfish. The poor fellow never thought. He never has thought. Ellen has always done the thinking for the family. Well, the harm's done. But, Spangler—" the old man stopped, and glanced sharply at the forlorn and angry man opposite him. Yes, he certainly seemed very unhappy; and as for Ellen! Dr. Lavendar could not bear that thought. "Spangler, I'll stand by you. I won't let her offer you up as well as herself. There must be some way out!"

Mr. Spangler shook his head hopelessly. "The support of four persons on my small stipend is impossible."

"Spangler, my boy!" said Dr. Lavendar suddenly, "there is a way out. What an old fool I am not to have thought of it! My dear fellow"—Dr. Lavendar leaned over and tapped Mr. Spangler's knee, chuckling aloud—"*that secretaryship!*"

"Secretaryship?" Mr. Spangler repeated, vaguely.

"You declined it? I know. But I don't believe Brown's got a man yet; I heard from him on another matter, yesterday. Anyway, it's worth trying for. We can telegraph him to-morrow," said Dr. Lavendar, excitedly.

Mr. Spangler stared at him in bewilderment. "But," he said, breathlessly, "I—I don't think—I fear I am not fit;" he felt as if caught in a sudden wind; his face grew red with agitation. "I declined it!" he ended, gasping.

"Fit?" said Dr. Lavendar; "my dear man, what fitness is needed? There's nothing to it, Spangler, I assure you." Dr. Lavendar was very much in earnest; he sat forward on the edge of his chair and gesticulated with his pipe. "Don't be too modest, my boy!"

"Business entails such responsibilities," Mr. Spangler began in a frightened voice.

"Oh, but this is mere routine," Dr. Lavendar interrupted; "they want a clergyman;—somebody with tact. There's a good deal of church politics in it, I suppose, and they've got to have somebody who would never step on anybody's toes."

"I would never do that," said Mr. Spangler, earnestly, "but—"

"No," said Dr. Lavendar, abruptly, his voice changing—"no, Spangler, you never would." Then he was silent for a moment, pulling on his pipe, wondering perhaps, in spite of himself, at Ellen. "No, you never would. You see, you are just the man for the place. Brown said they wanted somebody who was presentable; he said they didn't need any particular abil—I mean any particular business ability," Dr. Lavendar explained, very much embarrassed.

"But," said Mr. Spangler, "to give up my sacred calling—"

"Spangler, come now! you don't '*call*' very loudly, do you? There, my dear boy, let an old fellow have his joke. I merely mean you don't preach as often as if you had a regular parish. And you can supply, you know, there just as well as here."

"The Master's service is my first consideration," said Augustus Spangler.

Dr. Lavendar looked at him over his spectacles. "Mr. Spangler, the Christian business man serves the Master just as well as we do."

"I should wish to reflect," said Mr. Spangler.

"Of course."

"Miss Baily would, I fear, object to going so far away."

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"If the place is still open, I'll manage Ellen," said Dr. Lavendar; but he looked at Mr. Spangler narrowly. "And your own entreaties will, of course, weigh with her if you show determination. I think you told me you were pretty determined?"

"I have," said Mr. Spangler, "an iron will; but that would not justify me in insisting if Miss Baily—" His voice trailed off; it rose before him—the far-off, bustling city, the office, the regular hours, the people whose toes must not be stepped upon, the letters to write and read, the papers to file, all the exact minutia the position involved. And his comfortable old house? his leisure? his ease? And Mary Ann? Mary Ann would never consent to go so far! "I—I really—" he began.

Dr. Lavendar frowned. "Mr. Spangler, I would not seem to urge you. Ellen is too dear to us for that. But if you appreciate her as I suppose you do—"

"I do indeed!" broke in poor Augustus Spangler, fervently.

"The way is probably open to you."

"But—" said Mr. Spangler, and then broke out, with marked agitation; "I—I really don't see how I could possibly—" Yet even as he spoke he thought of Ellen's sweet eyes. "Good heavens!" said Mr. Spangler, passionately, "what shall I do?"

But Dr. Lavendar was silent. Mr. Spangler got up and began to walk about.

"My affection and esteem," he said, almost weeping, "are unquestioned. But there are other considerations."

Dr. Lavendar said nothing.

"It is a cruel situation," said Mr. Spangler.

Dr. Lavendar looked down at his pipe.

There was a long silence. Augustus Spangler walked back and forth. Dr. Lavendar said never a word.

"A man must consider his own fitness for such a position?" Mr. Spangler said, pleadingly.

"Perhaps," Dr. Lavendar observed mildly, "Ellen's affections are not very deeply engaged? It will be better so."

"But they are!" cried Mr. Spangler. "I assure you that they are! And I—I was so happy," said the poor man; and sniffed suddenly, and tried to find the pocket in his coat tails.

Dr. Lavendar looked at him out of the corner of his eye.

Mr. Spangler stood stock-still; he opened and shut his hands, his lips were pressed hard together. He seemed almost in bodily pain, for a slight moisture stood out on his forehead. He was certainly in spiritual pain. The Ideal of Sacrifice was being born in Mr. Spangler's soul His mild, kind, empty face grew almost noble; certainly it grew very solemn.

"Dr. Lavendar," he said, in a low voice, "*I will do it.*"

Dr. Lavendar was instantly on his feet; there was a grip of the hand, and, for a moment, no words.

"I'll telegraph Mr. Brown," said Mr. Spangler, breathlessly.

"So will I!" said Dr. Lavendar.

Mr. Spangler was scarlet with heroism. "It means giving up my house and my very congenial surroundings, and I fear Mary Ann will feel too old to accompany me; but with—with Ellen!"

"She's worth six Mary Anns, whoever Mary Ann may be," said Dr. Lavendar.

"You may have thought me hesitant," said Mr. Spangler, "but I felt that I must weigh the matter thoroughly."

"Why, certainly, man. It was your duty to think what was best for Ellen."

"Exactly," Mr. Spangler said, getting his breath again, and beginning to feel very happy. "And duty is, I hope, my watchword; but I had to reflect," he ended, a little uncomfortably.

But Dr. Lavendar would not let him be uncomfortable. They sat down again, and Dr. Lavendar filled another pipe, and until long after midnight they talked things over—the allowance to be made to David and his bride, the leasing of the house in Mercer, the possible obduracy of Mary Ann, and, most of all, the fine conduct of the Rev. Mr. Spangler.

But when they had said good-night, Dr. Lavendar sat awhile longer by his fireside, his pipe out, his fire out, too, his old white head on his breast.

"The minute I get back," he said to himself after a while, sheepishly—"the minute I get back I poke my finger into somebody else's pie! But—I think 'twas right: Ellen loves him; and he's not a bad man.—And Brown don't want brains."

Then he chuckled and got up, and blew out the lamp.

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A Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence

WITH no really great men as rivals, without being a genius himself, Sir Thomas Lawrence shone brilliantly among the painters of his time. Reynolds and Gainsborough, who had raised English art to its highest level, were gone when Lawrence left his tentative days behind him; Romney, the vivacious and brilliant painter of women, had laid down his brush; Beechey and Raeburn, who had been at work for more than half a century, had failed to reach the first rank; while the death of Hoppner in 1810, Lawrence said, left him without a rival. He became court painter at twenty-two years of age. He was sent by his sovereign abroad to paint the portraits of various distinguished persons, and these canvases, embracing some of his best work, may still be seen in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor. His fame spreading abroad, he received diplomas of his election to honorary membership of various Continental academies; also of the Academy of New York, in recognition of which honor he sent to New York the portrait of Benjamin West, the Anglicized American painter, instead of his own.

In spite of the trying fashion in dress of his time—the high-belted gowns, the ringleted coiffure, the puffed-out sleeves of the women, and the gay-colored coats, the stocks, and many waistcoats of the men—Lawrence was able to present his sitters in a dignified and agreeable way. His style was his own, and took nothing from Sir Joshua or Gainsborough, and he did much to give permanency to the curtain-and-column genre of portraiture by his clever composition, his beautiful drawing, and his grace. His technique, while able, is often heavy, and his florid color, which time has greatly mellowed and improved, must have been at times garish; but his composition of line is marked by taste, his use of draperies gives dignity, and his presentation of his subjects reflects the serenity and grace of his own mind.

The portrait, from the gallery of George A. Hearn, Esq., which Mr. Wolf has engraved, is that of one of the striking women of the time, and shows the best characteristics of the painter. W. STANTON HOWARD.

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the original Painting

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On a Bright Morning

BY A. A. SEWALL JAMES

THIS morning all the little paths
That I have seen and never trod,—
Those that the silent cattle make
With gentle feet in blackened sod;

Those that run out from broken wall,
Across the open hay-field climb
And fade upon the hill-top, lost
In purpose and in light sublime;

Those that are darkened by a spring
That bubbles in sweet solitude,
Where he who drinks feels those who drank
In other noons and grateful mood;

Those that are craggy and unkind,
With bridges, pine-trees, torrents, steeps,
Where even sunlight brings to mind
A foregone thunder-storm that sleeps;

All little paths where I have said,
"Sometime I'll follow you!" Ah yes.
This morning how they call to me
In fresh wind and in idleness!

I see the sleek warm cattle stand
In contemplation by the gate;
I see a mighty shining cloud
Sit on the hill-side path in state;

I see the dragon-fly and toads
Companioning the chatty spring;
I see the craggy mountain roads
Most solemn and most ravishing;

And oh with beating in my brain
I feel the vagabond arise,
And find how meagre and how vain
The duty which around me lies!

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The Man and the Boy

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN

THE lonely stretch of uphill road, upon whose yellow clay the midsummer sun beat vertically down, would have represented a toilsome climb to a grown and unencumbered man. To the boy, staggering under the burden of a brimful carpet-bag, it seemed fairly unscalable; wherefore he stopped at its base, and looked up in dismay to its far-off, red-hot summit.

He was a slender little fellow, not more than eight years old at most. The rough "hands" at the "works" in Ketchum's, seeing his delicate mould and sensitive nature, derisively called him "Sissy," and that was one of the reasons why he was leaving Ketchum's. Ketchum's was the factory town that lay a couple of miles behind him, 'way back along the burning road, where he and his father had lived after his mother died. His father had worked in one of its "shops," but he had never liked Ketchum's—the boy remembered that—which was another one of the reasons why he was leaving it now. Still another reason, and the most powerful of all, was that he could not stay. Some inward impulse, as compelling as a strong hand upon his shoulder, was forcing him away. But now that he had got away from them, he remembered that though the men at the "works" had called him "Sissy," and had sworn a good deal, and got "tipsy," they had often been roughly kind to him; and Mrs. Hourigan, the "boarding-house lady," had even cried when his father was taken away; and, after all, they were the only friends he had now. He sat down on the carpet-bag and rubbed the sweat out of his eyes with his knuckles, and the harder he rubbed the faster the drops fell, until his shoulders quite shook, and he had to gulp a great deal to keep from choking.

The silence of mid-day was on the birds; the air was intensely still. A clear heat quivered over the fields, as gas over a furnace.

The boy's elbows were on his knees, his palms propping his forehead. Suddenly his bowed shoulders stopped heaving, and he slowly, slowly raised his head. A gentle shadow had fallen upon him, which somehow seemed to shed a soothing coolness on the air. He slowly, slowly raised his head; he slowly, slowly raised his eyes. The object that stood between him and the sun did not move. It remained silently looking down upon him with a deep, steadfast, eloquent gaze. The boy got upon his feet as if moving in a dream; his face was pale and awe-struck. He drew a step forward, his eyes never leaving the other's eyes. Suddenly his lips began to quiver.

"Father!" he whispered, breathlessly.

The man extended his arms, and the boy sped to his breast, and clung there in mute, impassioned joy, hiding his face in his father's neck.

A light breeze had sprung up. It came on very softly, first stirring the crests of the moving meadow-grass, then the under stems, and then the slender stalks themselves, until the whole field was in motion, as a tide. There were soft stirrings among the sun-parched leafage, sounding almost like footfalls. Through a break in the trees beyond was a far hill steeped in sunlight. Near by one could hear a hidden cricket chirp, while a sequestered song-sparrow and meadow-lark both turned tuneful of a sudden. The boy lifted his head, and saw the meadow-lark make a swift dart from its ambush and go skimming over the field, its white-tipped tail twinkling in the sunlight. The whole world seemed to the boy to be singing. He locked his arms about the dear neck and strained closer to his father's heart.

"I was goin' away from Ketchum's," he explained, with shy irrelevance.

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The tall head bent forward in grave assent, and the boy unlocked his clasp and slipped gently to the ground.

He hesitated an instant before speaking again, and his cheeks flushed. "I—I—I didn't know you would come back," he murmured, diffidently.

The man made no reply.

"I—I—I didn't know," continued the boy, almost inaudibly, speaking as if to himself, — "I didn't know — you — you could ever come back, when you had gone—*there*."

Still the man made no reply, simply looked down at the child with liquid eyes of love.

"They—they wouldn't let me see you after—" confided the boy in an undertone. "They took you away without lettin' me see you. I cried all the night. All the nights I cried. I tried not to, 'cause you—you said men didn't. But I couldn't help it. I had to cry. It was so lonesome, an' I wanted you so."

The large hand tightened lovingly about the two little ones, and the boy looked up with a vivid smile.

"But—but you *knew* I was lonesome, didn't you?" he asked. "An' you came back 'cause a father couldn't leave his little boy alone like that, could he? An' now you won't go away again, will you, —not ever, ever again?"

Then for the first time the man spoke.

"Listen, son," he said, slowly, musingly, in a voice singularly low, penetrating, plaintive. "I came back to you because, as you say, a father couldn't leave his little boy alone—like that. There's love —and there's law. It was love brought me back. It's stronger than law, son, stronger than law. It was so strong it broke the bonds and I came back. But the law is strong too. Oh yes, the law is strong; and so I shall have to leave you again. But—don't cry, my man; don't cry, son. I'll have to leave you again, but not till the time is fit; not till I've found some one here to look after you as I would do. Come, take up your load and we'll go. I'll lead the way."

The boy inclined his head toward the bag. "It's heavy," he articulated,— "dreadful heavy."

The man's eyes held a smile in the depths of them that was too evanescent for muscles to register. "I came back to help," he returned, but he did not move toward the burden.

The boy looked at him questioningly. The man nodded. The boy, seemingly little reassured, dragged himself unwillingly toward his burden and bent to brace for the heft of it. Suddenly a vivid light broke over his small, anxious face.

"Why, it isn't heavy almost at all," he shouted, in quick surprise. "It's ever an' ever much more better than it was."

IT was sundown before they reached a town. The boy was tired, but not exhausted; the man showed no sign of weariness at all; but they had both of them fallen into silence long before. The town itself proved a much larger and more prosperous place than Ketchum's, boasting three churches, a town-hall, and what seemed to the boy a wilderness of shops upon the grand boulevard of its main street. There was a river somewhere beyond, shining opaline in reflection of the setting sun, and the boy wondered if a river did not, somehow, make a place seem clean. Certainly this place looked cleaner than Ketchum's. His father did not ask the way to lodgings; he appeared to know by instinct where they were to be had, for when they turned into an orderly gateway opening in upon a spruce door-yard, it appeared they had reached their destination. A neatly clad woman stood on the house-step with a baby on her hip. She listened to the man as he told her of their need of shelter for the night, and then, with baby hanging gurgling upon her arm, led the way up narrow, oil-cloth-covered stairs to a little room above, whose windows looked out upon the river, and were now illuminated with the emblazoning sun. Whatever their bargain was, it appeared to be closed at once without hesitation or distrust on either side, and soon the two were left to themselves to wash and make clean, while savory odors of tea and toast filled the air and gave promise of comfort to the boy's empty stomach.

"This is a nice place, isn't it, father?" queried he, surveying the limited quarters with the wide impartial eyes of boyhood.

The father nodded assent.

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gentle shadow had fallen upon him

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"We'll stay here, won't we, father, unless it's too dear?"

"It won't be too dear, boy."

"Did you bring any money with you, father? I didn't know there could any one have any—*there*. *I* haven't got any, butceptin' what Mrs. Hourigan got out of your pockets after—before they—took you away."

The man bent grave eyes on the boy. "There will be enough," he said, simply.

They soon slipped quietly into a place of their own in the little community.

"He's a decent feller, the father is," their hostess assured her neighbors. "Dretful quiet and close-mouthed—scurcely ever speaks,—but pleasant-mannered, and has a certain way with him I never saw the likes of. The boy is a reel good young one; ain't a mite of trubble in the house; and the store them two sets by each other, it's a caution."

Undoubtedly the woman knew their names, but if she mentioned them to her inquiring friends at all, it must have been in a general, unimpressive sort of fashion, between sentences, as it were, for the two became known about the little place by the purely generic titles of "the man" and "the boy."

The man soon secured employment in one of the "shops" in the neighborhood, where his skill as a machinist stood him in good stead. The boy he sent to school as soon as the early autumn opened the doors of the district school-house.

Together they slipped into church every Sunday morning, sitting far back in the shadow of the pews under the organ-loft, and slipping out again in advance of the rest of the congregation as soon as "meeting" was over. The boy was drawn to attend the Sunday-school, and the man went with him there also. The minister often tried to waylay the pair on their way to or from service, but in some wise he always was thwarted. One evening, however, he saw them at a "sociable," the first they had ever attended. The boy was for the moment absent from his father's side, having been cajoled into the "refreshment-room" by some hospitable member of the reception committee. The man stood watching him from afar with a wonderful look of wistful love in his pale, ascetic face. The minister made a swift dart through the impeding crowd of appreciative parishioners and held out his hand in cordial welcome.

"I'm glad to see you here, sir, very glad indeed," he said, with a hearty earnestness. "I've caught sight of you at church often, and at Sunday-school too of late, but when I've tried to get at you I've always been prevented. Now you will let me repair my seeming negligence, won't you? I'd like to call upon you at your home and become better acquainted with you and your dear little chap yonder. You're strangers here, I believe? Yes, I thought so. Not altogether a pleasant experience changing from one place to another, is it? Apt to be lonely at first. We ministers know what that means."

The man regarded him with deep, kind, unsmiling eyes. At length the pastor was called away, and when he again sought his new friend with his glance he was gone, and with him the boy.

One day the minister made a special pilgrimage to the "works" for the purpose of winning the man to make a formal profession "of the faith that was in him"; to gain his promise to unite with the church.

The man listened with earnest attention, but at the close he shook his head. "I cannot," he confessed.

The minister pressed him for a reason.

"I cannot," the man repeated. "I never did—I cannot now."

"Ah, but that is hardly what I should expect of you," persisted the other. "That is scarcely the intelligent view. Because we have not done a thing is no reason why we should not do it—if it be a good thing. Since you have not already done it, now is the best time."

But the man still repeated he could not; not obstinately, rather in the tone of one who accepted an inevitable limitation. The clergyman left him at length, disappointed but not discouraged.

"If I could only bring him to recognize the fact that his former neglects need in no way fix the bound of his duties now," he said to himself as he went his way. "But when I brought up his love for the boy as an illustration, he replied: 'I always loved the boy. If I had not, I could not begin now. I would have given my life for him. I am—I would do it now. But if I had not loved him, I could

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not begin now. You cannot understand. I cannot explain.' And that's how it lies. But I'll bring him round some day."

The boy seemed to take an interest in the simple social diversions of the little place, and although the man presently realized that there was a good deal of gossip afloat concerning him, he did not let it prevent him from accompanying the little fellow to whatever service or gathering he chose to attend. The minister felt an inward drawing to the silent, uncommunicative stranger, and went out of his way to be cordial to him, although his wife cautioned him repeatedly against any overt evidence of interest, lest it later prove compromising.

"You know, Arthur," she explained, "they say he was imprisoned somewhere —I can't say where or for what,—but it's quite generally known that he was in custody somehow. I think the boy told some one — said his father had 'come back,' and referred to 'when they took him away,' and things of that sort."

The minister nodded gravely. "Well, Janet," he said, "then there's all the more reason why we should give him a helping hand, and I for one mean to do it. If—if—Robin had lived, he'd have been pretty much the sort of little chap that boy is, I fancy. Sometimes it almost seems as if I could see a look of Robin in him. I gave him a dime the other day, and he looked up to thank me with eyes so like Baby's when he was pleased that it made my heart leap. I declare, if I could I'd adopt that boy, Janet, and make the man of him I meant to make of Robin."

He repeated this to the boy's father himself an evening or so later, thinking to please him through his love for the child, but he was quite unprepared for the effect of his words: the look of transfiguring joy that swept, like a sunburst, over the usually grave and pallid face; for the deep, impassioned significance of the tones that made the man's utterance seem like a sacrament.

"You say," he demanded in almost a whisper, "you would take him—the boy? Make him your own? Love him as if he were your own? Rear him in honor and righteousness, to be the man he ought to be? You would guard him, guide him, govern him? Watch over him through the uncertain days of his childhood, his youth, his manhood? You would curb him and chide him with the love that sees? You would bear with him and believe in him with the patience that is blind? You would cherish his love for you, and faithfully seek to be, as far as in you lies, the man that in ideal is the man he would so love? You would do all this? You would be—his *father*?"

The minister lowered his head as if he had been taking vows before an altar. "I would," he said.

There was a deep silence. Then the man lifted his bowed head, and the clergyman, looking up, saw that his eyes were suffused with a great light, before which his own grew dim.

AT the works the business of the day was being accomplished to the accompaniment of tapping hammers, buzzing wheels, and the occasional shrill hiss of escaping compressed air. A wilderness of leathern belts revolved, perpendicularly and horizontally, with dizzying rapidity. A soft yet pungent odor of oil was in the air. There were no distinguishable human sounds. Here in this world of wheels it was the machinery that was articulate, the men that were mute.

Depending from the roof-beams of one of the larger "shops," on horizontal rails that ran the length of the room, was a slender frame-work of iron. From time to time a mighty arm swung out from under this, caught up a colossal hulk of iron, and carried it, groaning, to some distant point. This was the travelling-crane. A thing of might and majesty, fed by the breath of compressed air, and capable of lifting the weight of a score of tons.

The man had been prompt at his post as the whistle blew seven, and now, in the late afternoon, he was still laboriously toiling away, striving with the stubborn metal before him until it should take on the form of some specific part of a machine that was one day to revolve and chatter and whir as these about him were doing now. His face was singularly pale, his eyes full of a strange lambent light. More than one of his fellows had noted

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the extraordinary pallor and the unusual radiance.

In the outside world the light was growing mellow. A church-bell in the distance sent softly vibrating notes along the air, announcing even-song. The hills across the river were purple, dim, ineffable. The man let his eyes wander from his work and through the window, beyond which all this beauty lay. His hand still guided mechanically the metal plate he was "feeding" between two revolving cylinders. His lips moved, but he did not speak. A little knot of men a few yards off were tackling a huge dead-weight of iron to the arm of the crane. A moment later they shifted place, and the mammoth thing stirred, lifted, swung. The din grew louder—which was always the way when the crane was set in motion. The man did not hear; he heard nothing save the softly vibrating notes of the bell that was chiming for even-song. He did not hear the sudden harsh clang of slipping chains; he did not hear the quick, hoarse shouts of horror that followed it. He heard nothing—nothing but the bell announcing even-song.

For one moment he stood there, pale, motionless, listening. Then—

The men about him were blinded with consternation. They could not see. They knew it all, but they dared not look. The chains had slipped; the weight had fallen; the man was dead.

Strong hands that trembled weakly readjusted the tackle to the weight. The mighty hook was secured. Again the way was cleared for the passage of the crane. It took a deep draught of the air that fed it, waited as if to fill its lungs, and then—slowly, slowly the weight was stirred, was lifted, was swung aloft.

The crowd of men drew closer and gazed at the spot where the weight had been; gazed at first with sickening expectation, then with wonder, then with awe. The thing they had shuddered to think that they must touch was not there. Nothing was there!

It was the minister who consented to tell the boy. He dimly wondered as he went along what phrases he should use that would inform the lad; that would not, on the contrary, hopelessly bewilder him. He could not, though he painfully tried, succeed in finding the right ones, or ones that approached the right ones. He almost lost courage as he reached the gate, and his steps lagged as he passed through it and up the little garden path.

THE boy was sitting upon the door-step with a bulging carpet-bag beside him. His elbows were on his knees, his forehead propped by his palms. He did not raise his head as the minister drew near. He did not raise it when the kind hand was laid upon his shoulder, but his slender body shook.

"My boy," began the minister, softly.

The boy did not look up.

"My boy," repeated the pitying voice.

Suddenly the child raised his eyes, great tear-filled eyes, to the minister's and gave a choking sob.

"I—I—I didn't mean to cry," he explained, piteously; "*he* said I mustn't—and I didn't mean to,—but—but—your voice—it harks so sorry it *makes* me cry. An'—an'—he's gone, you know, an'—I can't help but cry."

The minister's eyes deepened. "Gone? Then you know? Some one has told you?" he whispered.

The boy nodded sadly. "*He* told me himself. I knew it before. He told me right away—when he came back, first-off. But then he stayed, an' I almost forgot, an' then—this morning—when he went away—he told me again, an' now—he can't ever come back, 'cause there's you to take care of me, he said."

The minister thrust forth his hand and grasped the door-frame tremblingly. He did not understand!

"Your father is *dead*," broke out the clergyman, with brutal bluntness born of his bewilderment. "He was killed at the works an hour ago. He *couldn't* have told you *that*."

The boy made no reply. He opened his coat and took from his bosom a wad of crushed newspaper. He smoothed its wrinkles neatly out with nervous precision, and then offered it to his companion.

The minister took up the flimsy sheet and scanned it carefully. It bore the

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description of a fatal accident that had occurred a year ago to the man at the Ketchum's works. It was in every particular and to the last detail an exact repetition of the story he had just heard of the death of the man that afternoon. The newspaper bore the date of a twelvemonth since.

The boy waited in patient silence while the minister read and re-read the article. Then he softly ventured:

"He said—my father said—when he came back—that love—love was stronger than— I guess I've forgot what he said it was stronger than, but he said it was so strong it helped him to come back. He said I was too little—a fellow to be left alone; it wasn't fair; I wouldn't know what was right,—an' at Ketchum's they wasn't presackly good,—an' he said—my father said, that love was stronger—an' he came back, but he couldn't stay, an' I knew it, an' now—he told me not to cry, an' I want to mind him; but—he told me you had said—"

A sudden wave of recollection swept across the minister's mind. It brought with it illumination.

He bent down and took the boy's hand in his. "Come, my son," he said.

The Crowing of the Cock

BY S. H. M. BYERS

THE cock crows loud from yonder barn
His midnight bugle call;
Though darkness hangs o'er field and tarn,
And silence over all.
He watches for the setting star,
The daybreak coming on,
And trumpet-throated, near and far,
He welcomes in the dawn.

O bird of joy, no saddened note
From thee has ever sprung;
No ring-dove's moan is in thy throat,
Thy heart is ever young.
Brave—to the death, and if perchance
The battle, long and grim,
Fall to thy own victorious lance,
Thou singst a battle hymn.

Proud of thy splendor, warrior bird,
And of thy clarion tone;
No Orient breezes ever stirred
A radiance like thine own.
No other voice but sometimes sings
A note at sorrow's call;
Thou singst the song the morning brings,
Or singest not at all.

Like thee, I too would joyous be,
Like daylight's coming on,
And call to heaven and earth and sea
The gladness of the dawn.
Though but a single note were mine,
If it with music rang,
I'd fill my cup with pleasure's wine
The happiest bard that sang.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IT would be interesting to know, if one could, why the American county and State fairs took the form of shows rather than sales. In Europe, of old at least, the fairs were markets, and people brought their best not to be seen only, but to be sold also. The causes that determined the difference in our fairs are now lost in the mists of antiquity, as we have antiquity, but the causes seem to have operated from the beginning, if our cattle shows, as they used to be called, really had their beginning fifty or seventy years ago, and were not of much remoter origin. Something, no doubt, of the native pride had to do with the result: your American likes well enough to get gain, but he likes to get it on a large scale, and to appear personally in the transaction as little as possible. If he has a fine thing, he would rather display it than huckster it; so that to this day no one knows what becomes of the perishable things, the fruits and flowers and vegetables, that take, or that fail to take, the prizes at our fairs, and are not sold on the ground.

But we only plunge from mystery to mystery in suggesting an explanation of the prime riddle. What is certain is that the somewhat formal and arid character of our fairs, which are shows and not sales, and therefore want the drama of encountering wits and interests, has not been friendly to the simple literature of ballads and songs which has gathered upon the old-world fairs as naturally as growths of moss on time-worn roofs and walls, with birds nesting in them and self-sown flowers and grasses nodding from them. Nobody goes to an American county fair to buy anybody a bunch of blue ribbon to tie up her bonny brown hair, and if he takes her there in his buggy, he strolls stiffly with her through the various buildings and past the various pens, with no thought of buying anything but cooling drinks and cloying sweets, and a seat finally on the grand stand at the trotting-course. Yet the heart of poetry is at the fair in that immemorial, immortal pair, and the human spectacle is as fascinating as ever, no matter what form it takes. If literature will only be simple and frank and honest enough, it will find abundant motives in our local fairs; and it is in the interest of literature, always so dear to us, that we are entreating the reader (the reader is as much a part of literature as the writer) to go with us to a typical fair visited in the dim remoteness of last September, and agree with us that a day spent there must have been charming.

I

In the little manufacturing city where the fair makes its sojourn the air was electric with the holiday emotion imparted by heavily laden special trains arriving from every quarter, across the green fields and through the mantling woods, and the town was in a glow of venal hospitality instantly expressed to the stranger by loudly clamored offers from a score of four-seated buckboards at the station, to carry him to the fair-grounds for ten cents. All along the route was the spectacle of traffic which the fair would sternly forbid itself in its buildings proper. Booths and tents so thickened by the way that it must always remain a wonder how one failed to have one's fortune told, or one's tintype taken at half a dozen different places before the wooden walls of the fair shut one in with the more authorized seers and artists who equally abounded there.

The space was so ample that the glories of the scene rather scattered and withdrew themselves at first, but the eye was presently aware of the exhibition buildings, the long rows of cattle-pens, the race-track, with the grand stand spreading fanwise up from it, and the tents of the Midway Plaisance, that perpetual and universal gift to the State and county fairs from the great Columbian Fair at Chicago. Flaunting their pennants in the air, and tempting the fancy with the outward blazon of their inward wonders, they allured the senses with the strains of that music which is nowhere heard except in circuses and at fairs. But before the reader abandons himself to the delights offering themselves to him, he need scarcely be reminded that with the boyish

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enthusiasm of his expectation he has brought also the appetite of youth, and at high noon is hungrier than he can remember to have been since boyhood. A great choice of sheds and tents where he may satisfy his famine at boards flanked by backless benches, and covered with white oil-cloth and white porcelain, presents itself, and whichever he chooses, he cannot escape a doubt that he has failed to choose the best. If he chooses hard by the gate the large shanty calling itself, for reasons of its own, a café, a corps of elderly women will take motherly care of him, and will give him clam chowder, with roast pork or beef, and boiled corn or baked beans, and tea or coffee, and mince pie or apple pie, for a sum of fifty cents, and will see that he has twice of each if his greed insists. It is not at all a bad meal; it is a very good one, as the reader, if he is honest, will own, while he walks away to the tent where he has now decided to have his tintype taken, and is succeeded, on a rustic bank before a resolute background of mountain and lake, by a gentleman whose scruples for a due personal effect will perhaps reproach the reader for his own indifference to detail. Not till the artist has arranged this sitter's hair with a comb and brush, and given just the fitting curve to the lock above the temple, is the sitter satisfied; and in fact if one is to have one's tintype taken, why not have it taken properly? To whom will it go, that fastidious effigy, and on what dressing-table of what fond girl will it stand with the leaf of its pink paper envelope folded back?

II

Such a question relegates itself to the background in the presence of the multifarious interest of the scene, where, in the space conveniently overlooking the palings of the race-track, hundreds of teams are picketed behind their respective buckboards and buggies and carryalls, and thousands of people are lunching at their ease in the vehicles, and strewing the earth beneath with their lunch papers and boxes. These must be the people from the farms, who do not qualify the human spectacle at the fair so largely as one could wish, and who in dress and manner do not distinguish themselves in our homogeneous civilization greatly from the folk, who are imaginably the townsfolk, filling the gradines of the grand stand to such denseness that half an hour later it will be impossible to find a seat there. But why should town and country continue to differ as they once did with us? Now we are all schooled at the same kind of schools, and clad from the same fashion pages and clothing-stores, and mannered upon one model of unmannerliness, and the town is nothing but the country assembled in a social mass, as the column is simply the gathering of the wall into a compacter bulk.

The material is scarcely changed at all. As the manners of town and country are now much the same, so are their tastes and their pleasures alike. What they both prefer at the fair is the trotting; and the management generously provides for this, with other spectacles to fill the vacant spaces between the racing events. Yet the trotting race never had the picturesqueness of the running race, and with the drop from the lofty tire of the old-fashioned sulky to the low pneumatic wheels of the modern vehicle, it has lost indefinitely in dignity. Besides, the horse, which is always so corrupting an associate of man, seems to get in its demoralizing work far more effectually at a trotting race. As the reader will retrospectively witness, there was not one honest start in all the races at that fair. The jockeying was infamous, transparent, and triumphant; and the baleful influence of the horse seemed to have spread even to the ticket-seller outside the paling who continued uncandidly to sell admissions long after every seat on the grand stand was filled. It was perhaps the innate cruelty of the horse which was expressed in carrying a line of barbed wire along the tops of the paling next the track, where the spectator's hand would unconsciously be laid, for surely a device so abominably and wantonly dangerous could hardly have been the prompting of a human breast.

The trotting drew ninety-hundredths of the crowd away from the other attractions of the fair which, the reader will bear the writer out in saying, were of superior claim upon the civilized spectator. There were fowls, of every breed and kind, that forlornly appealed to a few

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straggling visitors in the house filled with their coops, and there were pens of admirable pigs, both black and white, comfortably recumbent, that no observer had curiosity active enough to punch up to a more respectful, if less characteristic attitude. The show of sheep was excellent, and if these sheep and their accompanying Cashmere goats were so exclusively from Canada as to wound patriot pride, still their primacy as sheep could not be denied. The balance was dressed in favor of the Republic when one came to the cattle, which were of all the elect races contributed by Europe to the future of the American cow. Besides the deerlike Jerseys, the prim, clean, old-maid-like Alderneys, the stately dark red Durhams, the Holsteins spaciously dappled in white and black, there were Dutch kine, beginning black and ending black, but amply banded in white that described a breadth about their generous middles as definite as if it had been a snowy table-cloth encircling them.

These beautiful creatures were all of New England birth, though of old-world stirps, and they were in a New England keeping which seemed to have been strangely soured by their association, for there is no record that the company of kine is apt to curdle the milk of human kindness. Perhaps their keepers had been overquestioned by the public, or perhaps they had been reduced to a dumb rage by the sight of curiosity abandoning the inspection of their charges for the base excitement of the trotting races.

One of the official judges of the cattle, magisterially impressive in proportion to his breadth rather than his height, silently examined into the claims of a stately bull for the first premium, with no sort of public attendance except from the writer and the reader, and no visible or audible interest on the part of the cattle-keepers. Yet these were not more forsaken than the exhibitors of agricultural implements, or fine arts, or rare fruits and vegetables, or floral products, or field crops. The exhibits were all of an unusual merit, with a weight of desert in favor of the pears, peaches, apples, plums, tomatoes, turnips, cabbages, and potatoes, in which nature had shown a feeling for form and color not so apparent in the pictures. But nature is very old with us, and art is new, and has only come to its first consciousness. Later, no doubt, our pictures will outrival our potatoes at the county fairs; but now they are distinctly second; though in the decline of what was once known as household art there is much to encourage constructive criticism.

The reader and the writer were almost alone in the buildings they passed through, listening now, audience fit though few, to the female orchestra discoursing music from a gallery, and now to the antagonistic notes of half a dozen embattled pianos, all firing off at once like so many machine-guns. At last even the writer and the reader abandoned the fair buildings, feeling perhaps through their frail wooden walls the strong allure of the trotting matches. As they emerged they cast indeed a hesitating glance down the gaudy avenue of the Midway Plaisance, but it was only for a moment that they faltered. These bold delights would keep for an indefinite repetition, but the race once run is forever over; and besides, high on the platform behind the judges' stand, two gymnasts showed figures of statuesque beauty against the pale sky.

The races ran their nefarious course, jockeying and cheating from start to finish; with now and then the tumult incident upon rumor of disaster at points beyond the ken of the spectators clinging to the barb-wired palings. There would be a rush of footmen along the course, and then a convulsive thumping of uniformed horsemen, neither men nor horses in condition for the violent exercise, and then the rumor and the tumult would quiet, and the jockeying and cheating would begin anew, and the reader and the writer would give themselves to the gymnasts again.

III

If in nothing else, the American fair affirms its unity with the old-world world-old fairs of the mother-lands by the outside shows which are now inside shows through the hospitality of the management. The management has not only invited within its gates the monsters, marvels, fortune-tellers, dancers, who now since the Columbian Fair inhabit

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minor Midway Plaisances which it will not do to call modester than their great exemplar, but employs and pays many mountebanks of high type to entertain the crowd without additional expense to it. The first posturers whom our observers saw were followed by others in civil dress whose acts indeed were as wonderful, but who wanted the marble grace lent by the snowy tights. Men in black trousers and sack-coats may have the beholder's esteem as they build themselves in human edifices on one another's heads and shoulders, and lightly twirl, in human spheres, from one another's feet and hands, but the adoration which follows every curve and bow and bend of the glorified beings in tights cannot be theirs. Every virtue, every merit, may be theirs, but they want tradition, they want atmosphere. It was with a disappointment too keen for expression that the writer and the reader saw, at the end of one of the races, a figure clad in a slight exaggeration of the simple dress of an American citizen, clumsily ascending a tall mast to the tight wire that stretched a hundred feet or more above the ground. It wore heavy rubber boots, a long overcoat and a slouch-hat, and when once arrived at the platform where the balancing-pole was made fast, it began to amuse the crowd by a series of remarks, in our native parlance, flowing with American humor; and it is to the lasting discredit of the partners of the literary enterprise that they did not instantly divine in this figure the valued friend of early days who used to begin a bareback act in the circus as a tipsy countryman, and finish it as a shining athlete in silken hose and silvern spangles.

The uncouth equilibrist, after many feints of falling in his first essays upon the wire, discarded his garments one by one, and dropped them fluttering through the air—the boots did not exactly flutter—until he came to that last long garment of all, from which he entreated the eyes of modesty, with frantic gestures of protest and appeal, to turn themselves, and then from which, as from the last fold of a chrysalis, he emerged resplendent. He then became silent, and devoted himself to the blood-curdling feats that ended in his making up a bed and going to sleep on it in mid-wire.

It would be hard to say why his culminating repose should have been so edifying, but everybody felt it so, and rested in it as a sort of grace beyond the reach of art, so that when he went back to his little perch above the mast, and began to habit himself in a long white sack, with draw-strings to tie over his head, all the spectators felt it a lapse from the exquisite climax. But just at this moment, a balloon hitherto almost unnoticed in its mammoth swayings and twistings, as it struggled to fill its vast maw with gas, began to take the public eye from the athlete, who hesitated with his sack about his neck, as if he too were so much interested in the balloon that he could not at once begin to grope back over the wire, bound hand and foot and shrouded to utter helplessness. At an unseen signal the balloon rose into the air, with something in shape like a fire-extinguisher dangling from the ropes that usually sustain the aeronaut's car. A murmur ran through the crowd that this strange object was the torpedo, but to the uninstructed it was not evident why a balloon should take up a torpedo, till the oval bulk reached a height of two or three thousand feet, when the torpedo exploded with a noise like a very large squib, and from the scattered fragments a parachute softly unfurled itself, and hanging from what was effectively the handle of an umbrella, a figure showed somewhat like a caterpillar and somewhat like a mark of interrogation, against the pallid blue sky, and drifted away to leeward. The aeronaut had adopted this means of return to the earth as combining the greatest elements of novelty and surprise, with superior and unprecedented peril thrown in.

His success was so complete with every observer, so triumphant, that the athlete waiting in his shroud, profited of the occasion to hide his diminished head, not in his shroud, but in the obscurity at the foot of the mast, which he descended unnoticed by the anxious eyes following the aeronaut, sinking slowly eastward, slowly earthward, and wriggling more and more like a caterpillar and more and more like an interrogation mark. In the character of the last he served to point the query which arose in the minds of the writer and the reader, as to just which form of

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the higher education the spectacle of his daring must be classed with. Beyond the fact that it formed a wholesome relief from the chicanery of the trotting races, the ideal was not apparent.

IV

The crowd was the average American crowd, serious, humorous, and intelligent, and imaginably most willing to be elevated and refined. But the authorities of our fairs, which are almost without number for multitude, seem to have not yet truly imagined their duty to the crowd. Their duty was simple enough when they had merely to afford shelter to the creatures and things exhibited, and to arrange a list of premiums, but now that they have taken under their protection the outcast shows that once amused the public beyond the bounds of the fair, they have assumed an obligation which they do not seem to feel. The acrobats and the aeronauts are well enough; they minister to the sense of beauty and give a lift to the fancy, but the friend of his species must look with misgiving at the allurements of the Midway Plaisances, which now so abound that if they were put end to end they would stretch a hundred miles in the season of the fairs. A wild man from the Philippines, who was once from Borneo, appeals to an active interest in our colonial possessions, and a lady who comes to life from a statue, and dies back into the cold marble again, has merits in the direction of the classic; but what of that sad sisterhood of native American Egyptians, serpents of Old Nile from our own slimy pools, who wriggle through their obscene dances in every Midway Plaisance? Such things corrupt youth, good sirs who have these matters in charge, and minister to its raw taste the poison of their deadliness, an old, old poison, as old as sin and shame; and there is no antidote for it in the fact that it was first purveyed at the Columbian Fair.

Our country fairs might do so much good for our people that it is not without indignation that their friend can consider what harm they do by such lewd shows. When the authorities have been well reformed, though their minds rather than their morals are probably at fault, they would do well to consider what harmlesser and wholesomer diversions they might favor. Little plays, light and cleanly, would not be amiss, or pantomimes, or any histrionics; now and then "a traveller from an antique land" might well tell the crowd, at ten cents a head, of the wonders he had seen; a concert, even of the sable minstrels who are our own invention in music, would please without depraving; a lecture on the gayer sides of science, illustrated with experiments; a good round oration on some public, not political, interest; all these are possibilities in the path up out of Egypt toward which the managers might well bend their wandering steps. If the aeronaut could be canvassed in and brought to dilate on the emotions of a man exploded from a torpedo in mid-heaven, or if the equilibrist could be made to say what dreams may come to a person reposing in his couch on a single wire a hundred feet high in air, these were lessons in psychology which the multitude would imaginably make their pleasure as well as their instruction.

Such were the reflections, we should be glad to say, if we honestly could, with which the reader and the writer quitted the fair where they had spent a charming afternoon; but we are obliged to own that they thought only of getting places homeward in their special train; and that their joint intelligence was engaged rather in taking note of that disintegration of the holiday impulse which was filling the streets of the town with human particles, weary in body and brain, dishevelled, draggled, dusty, often censorious and sometimes cross. Holidays will end so, for so they have ended from the beginning of time, and it is for Time, who is so wise in such matters, to arrange a perspective in which by next summer last fall's fair shall be all enchantment again, and the fair of the coming fall shall tempt with iridescent promises, lovely as the green fields and mantling woods through which the various trains now bore the holiday-makers away into the twilight.

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Editor's Study.

I

WE said in our last Study that deep and right feeling, with true art, would always make a good story. Yet the new writer's main solicitude is generally one concerning his plot—how to invent some novel situation, which, if invented, is in itself a point of very little importance. Invention, in this sense, is not the prerogative of either art or genius; it is but the product of ingenuity. The effects of art, the impressions made upon us by creative genius, depend rather upon what happens in the common course of nature than upon anything that is striking because it is unusual or accidental. The scientific genius is bent upon finding the usual, the thing according to law. The best fiction of to-day is better than any that has before been produced because it portrays human nature in its inevitable procedure, and repudiates the monstrous and exceptional. We do not mean to say that our writers of fiction excel in genius those of any previous age, but we do claim for their work that it is more excellent in spirit and meaning.

The novelty of a situation is, of course, an element of interest, something piquant in itself, but it falls flat if there is not the genius of the artist to justify and sustain it by bringing it home and making it, after all, a familiar situation. The novel aspect is striking, but we are not satisfied till the familiar is disclosed, till we can trace the old habit of the human spirit in these strange lines.

II

Often it happens that when a writer hits upon some very unusual turn or situation, some other writer, far away,—wholly removed, that is, from any possible association with the circumstances prompting the former,—hits upon the same thing. We have a very curious and interesting instance of this in two stories printed in this number: "The Man and the Boy," by Julie M. Lippmann, and "The Bridal Pair," by Robert W. Chambers. The unusual feature in each case is the appearance, for love's sake, upon the earth of one who has died. Miss Lippmann's story is an allegory, and by that fact the critic is disarmed, since he cannot hold the author bound to any logical consistency in the objective situations. Mr. Chambers, on the other hand, presents a psychological story, and thereby subjects himself to every possible demand the critic may make on the score of consistency; and he fully meets every such demand. The leading *motif* in these two stories is strangely similar. In the one case there is the insistency of the human spirit that "Love is stronger than Law"; in the other, that "Love is stronger than Death." But in this latter case—as developed in Mr. Chambers's story—the love that in the maiden overcomes the barrier fixed by Death, so as to bring her back to earth, can in her lover have satisfaction only by his submission to Death; for him the barrier becomes the door.

The correspondence of usual features in the plots of stories passes unnoticed. In such cases our attention is arrested only by a wholly similar use of the circumstances. In "The Mocking of the Gods," in this number, Amélie Rives, without herself being aware of it, makes use of a circumstance already used by Mary E. Wilkins, in a story published in our August number, that is, the blindness of one of the characters. But in every other respect the stories are as unlike as are these authors themselves in their distinctive genius.

In our October number Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, in his story "Perdita's Simple-Cupboard," made much of the curious astrological intimations in an old book by Nich. Culpepper. This book may have been familiar to our great-grandfathers, but it is seldom read or even seen nowadays; yet in the same number with Mr. Le Gallienne's story was one by Mr. Norman Duncan, "The Healer from Far-Away Cove," in which this rare book furnishes as potent suggestions to the superstitious Ishmael Roth as those which dominate the mind of the romantic Perdita.

The instances of coincidence in plots come often under the editor's notice, and

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in some there is almost a suggestion of telepathic correspondence. Some ideas, however novel, are sometimes, so to speak, "in the air." There is a progressive course of scientific development, and it does not seem strange to us that the idea of the origin of species as advanced by Darwin in one quarter of the globe should correspond with that conceived at the same time and so soon after advanced by Wallace in another. But we confess to some surprise when within the same week, as once happened, we receive two stories, one from a well-known writer in New England and the other from a promising new Western author, both dealing with a very uncommon and yet almost identical situation in which the Governor of a State was called upon to exercise his prerogative of pardon.

III

While the bold trope and the strange incident and situation will to the end of time arrest the attention of the human mind and engage its interest—as is intimated in our use of the term "novel" as applied to works of fiction generally—yet, as we have said, the reader of cultivated sensibility is not satisfied until he sees the old, the eternal, spirit in the new thing or condition. Therefore it is that the greatest modern fiction depends for its interest mainly upon the subjective mystery of our common human nature rather than upon the unusual external circumstance.

The greatest creative authors of ancient and modern times do not owe their distinction to the faculty of invention. Taking Shakspere as the most eminent example, all his plays, if we except *The Tempest,* are, as to their material, borrowed from other sources. He was no inventor of plots. To him the familiar and the eternal only were present, and wherever he found these he was at home, and his genius was prompted to the creative transformation of the material at hand, from whatever source this material may have been derived.

What supreme significance there is in this creative transformation is very well shown in Professor Lounsbury's comparison of Shakspere's *Antony and Cleopatra* with Dryden's *All for Love,* in which the same characters are presented, but without a trace of those characteristics which make the former play "one of the most astonishing exhibitions the poet has afforded of that almost divine insight and intuition which enabled him to comprehend at a glance that complete whole of which other men after painful toil learn but a beggarly part."

Shakspere was no scholar, and he, less than Ben Jonson of his own time, or than Milton later—or, indeed, than any other great English poet—represented in his spirit, in a direct line of continuity, that culture which began in Hellas, and was revived and extended by the Renaissance. He stood alone. Not only was his whole work as a dramatic artist in such complete revolt from the canons of classicism that for a century and a half, from Ben Jonson to Voltaire, the critics declared that he had no art, but his creative work in no way depended for its charm, as did Milton's, upon association with any older art; it was a fresh and wholly original embodiment like that he gave his Ariel. He was the source of a new stream of human culture, characteristically English, which was, indeed, to unite with all other streams, but yet remain as distinct and singular as the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic.

What wonder that the distinguished artist, to whom the best of his craft in America and England delight to give preference, should find in the world of Shakspere's creation the noblest *motifs* for his ripest art?

IV

It is difficult to conceive of any high art as homelike in the rigidly domestic sense—it is so free, so unroofed, so out in the open. But Shakspere's art—as being nearest nature, nearest the human heart, and, with all the conceits on the surface of its expression characteristic of Elizabethan literature, so primary and elemental at its depths—is nearest home. Especially near to the English home, though in an Italian setting, is the sentiment of romantic love as developed in *Romeo and Juliet*—so natural is it, so free from intrigue. And what is the impression that by inevitable contrast is created in our minds as we contemplate King Lear out on the heath in the pitiless storm? We do not need the Fool's words,

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He that has a house to put his head in,
has a good head-piece.

to lead us to the thought of a sheltered home where is all that the old King lacks —love like Cordelia's, comfort and peace.

No poet is so fitly associated with the Yule-tide and the Yule-flame. The first recorded enactment of *King Lear* on the stage is "as plaid before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon S. Stephen's Night, in Christmas Holidaies." As in Shakspere, so in the Christmas season, the primitive and elemental prevail. Almost it might be called the Pelasgic season, so closely is it associated with native conditions and with sentiments entertained by the old peoples who were rooted in the soil, and to whom the bond of family was a sacrament. For the time we repudiate modernity, and are even indulgent to old pagan superstitions which belonged to the season before its Christian transformation. Santa Claus is but a survival of the friendly sprites of the underworld—dwarfs, maybe, but surely of old Titanic kinship—who at this season were wont to be especially busy in offices of good-will to men. The oldest humanity is thus brought into the new fold.

Yet at this season, when the home feeling seems to have its strongest and fullest expression, it is interesting to consider how far we are removed from the narrow and despotic bond of that ancient time to which we have momentarily reverted. Freedom has been gained for us through the progressive development of human culture. Hellenic and, later, the Roman culture was distracted from the old primitive feeling, drawn towards objects of æsthetic and intellectual interest in no way associated with domestic sentiment —towards external architecture, the statues, the temple, the forum,—life becoming mostly an out-of-door affair. But in our life of to-day culture enters and enriches the home. Life itself has become so much an art, on natural lines, that all art is in intimate alliance with it.

In this country the domestic feeling is not so intense as it was two or three generations ago, when it was intimately associated with the country life that depended upon the actual tillage of the soil and was content with the simple conditions of a purely agricultural economy. But just as we are now beginning to see a new and better kind of country living as a result of progress in science and the arts and of increased wealth, so do we also see what transformation of home life has been going on, to its great advantage and enlargement, through the very influences that, while broadening domestic feeling and giving it greater scope and variety, have diminished its intensity. As in all other forms of human progress, the operation of a blind but imperative instinct has given place to a higher rational development.

This reasonable conduct of family life, though it weakens what we may call domestic solidarity, formerly almost compulsory, conduces to greater domestic happiness, through the freer play of home activities, as must be evident to any one who can recall the older conditions, so intolerant of individual freedom.

The effect of this transformation of home life upon literature, whether in the form of books or of periodicals, has been very great. These happy homes—happier because they are hospitable to a broad and generous culture—have through that hospitality stimulated our writers to efforts which in every field of literary activity have had results surpassing the products of any other period. The artistic requirements of such work are more exacting, and they are better met.

Conventions once despotic are relaxed; but the relaxation is not so great or so general as to give the family magazine that freedom of scope and treatment which is accorded to the book. As a matter of choice, that freedom is not desirable; the lack of it in no way diminishes the flexibility and variety of magazine literature, which is ever becoming more and more distinct from that of the book, and, because of that distinction, more attractive in its own proper field. We have thus a new kind of literature, the development of which is exceedingly interesting. In so far as it is a literature of fiction—if we may return to our first note, at the opening of this Study—it depends for its distinction not mainly upon the inventive ingenuity of writers, or upon their rigid adherence to classic standards of form and diction, but, first of all, upon their creative power and insight—upon the informing spirit.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

For His Old Partner

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

WE were proud of that tree when we got it ready a half-hour before the exercises were advertised to begin. It was the first Christmas tree that the camp had ever known.

Everything was going smoothly when a man came in leading an immense mongrel dog of sinister expression.

"Gents," he said, with a manner which was a mixture of the impertinent and the diffident—"gents, are you going to do a favor for an old man?"

"Why, certainly, certainly," replied the minister; "certainly."

"I wouldn't ask it ord'narily," he continued, "but I reckoned at this season of good-will mebby you mightn't object."

"Certainly," chirped the good man again; "certainly."

"Mebby some of you might know me—Old Man Plummer. I live over in Ghost Gulch, betwixt Sinclairville and Forty Rod. Might any of you gents know my old pardner, Caleb Huff?"

One man said he thought he did, and the dominie started to say "certainly," but checked himself when he realized it was not the truth.

"What I want to do, if it ain't going too fur," he went on, smilingly, "is to put a little Christmas gift on your tree for my old pardner Cale."

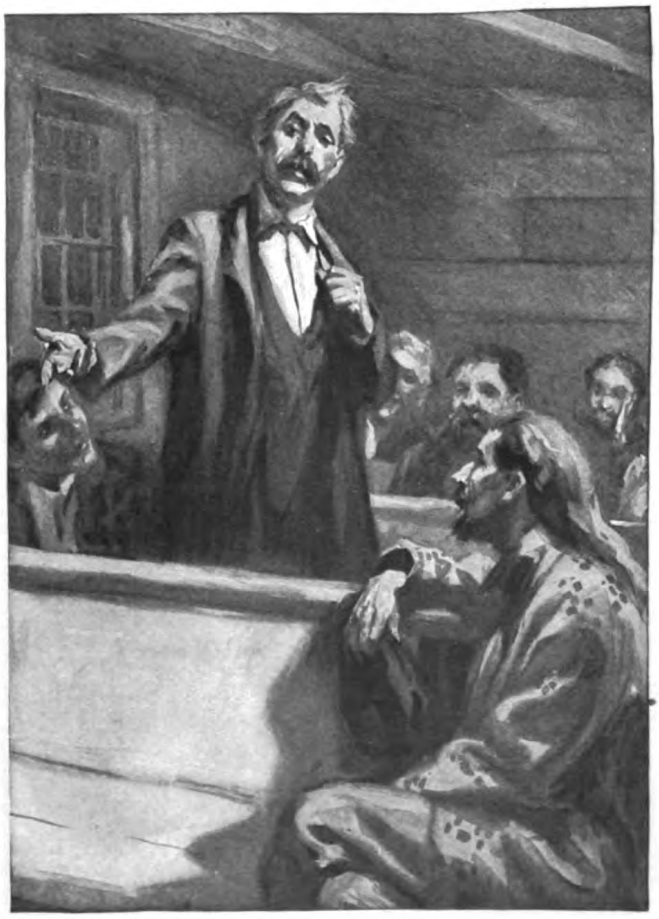
We all said we'd be delighted to have him do so, and he went on:

"Cale will be tickled to death to find that his old pardner has remembered him at this-year hollerday season. He's soft that way, Cale is.

"It's the dorg, gents, what I want to give to my old pardner Cale. Can you handle a dorg on your tree for a poor old man, gents?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Plummer," said the minister, quickly, "and be very glad indeed to do so."

"Thank you, Parson. That dorg comes from the heart, that dorg does, and my old pardner Cale will feel it. It ain't the money value of a gift what counts, gents, but the heart what's in it." He pulled the dog a little forward and went on: "He won't be no bother to you. He ain't that kind of a dorg. He's a *fambly* dorg, that dorg is. That dorg may *look* cross, but in p'int of fact he's a lamb. He'll just roost up on one



HE SWEPT A WIDE CIRCLE WITH HIS HAND

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of them biggest limbs, that dorg will, just like a jay-bird. Lemme show you."

He dragged the dog up to the tree and spent ten minutes in trying to induce him to "roost," but failed.

"Well, never mind," he said, cheerfully; "we'll just tie him to the foot of the tree—so. There, lay down, Fido—nice old boy. Wouldn't hurt a babby, sir, that dorg wouldn't. Now won't my old pardner Cale be tickled when that there dorg is read off to him—won't he, though! Him and that dorg will get along like twin brothers. With your kind permission, gents, I'll just loaf around and see for myself how my old pardner Cale takes it—that's what I'll do. I just want to see that nobody don't laugh at my old pardner if he breaks down and cries when he gets the dorg. Them tears will be manly tears, gents, and I won't see my old pardner made game of." It must be confessed that we were all more or less touched by the old man's sincerity and evident devotion to his friend.

It may as well be said, too, without further delay, that what might have been expected happened.

The minister made the usual semi-humorous remarks and then turned to begin taking off the presents. The dog jumped at his throat. The chain saved the dominie, but the jerk on it was so severe that half the pop-corn and most of the candles came tumbling off the tree. There were sounds of indignation in the audience. The minister peered toward the rear of the church and said:

"If Mr. Plummer will kindly step forward, I presume the animal will recognize his master, and there'll be no further difficulty."

There was an impressive silence for a full minute, when a man, who had just come in, rose, and after an elaborate bow, in which he scraped his right foot around on the floor in a wide circle, the corresponding hand performing a similar gyration, he said:

"By the which if you mean Old Man Plummer, him being the only Plummer hereabouts, I want to report that I just met up with him streaking along Plug Hat trail, headed for Ghost Gulch. It's my opinion that he ain't likely to step for'ards—not to any great extent." He bowed again with a circular sweep, and sat down.

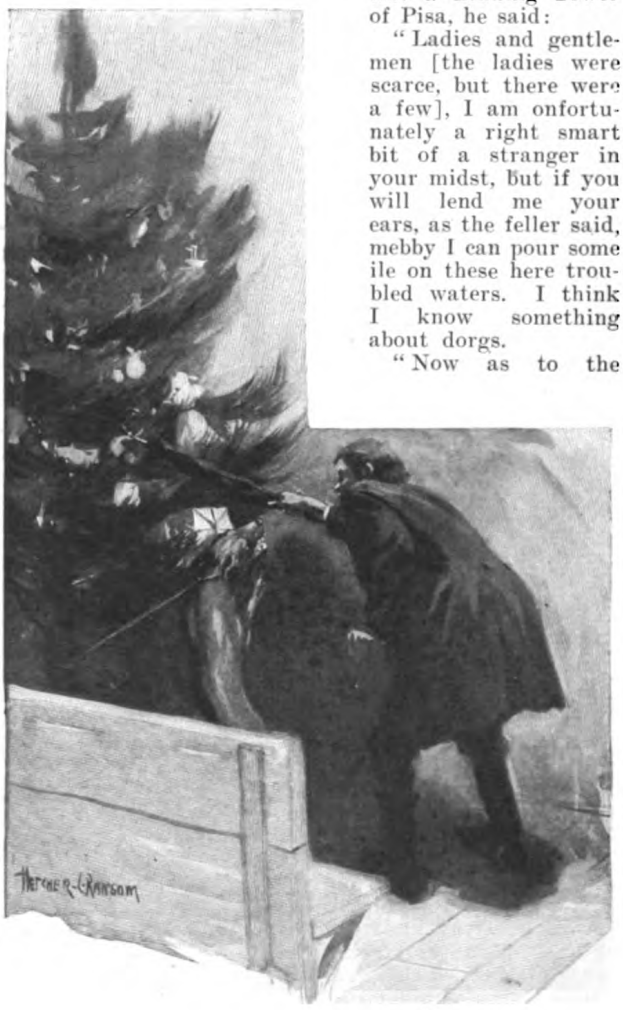
Open threats were now heard, but the minister advised moderation. Conciliation was tried. We called the dog Fido, good doggie, and nice old fellow in hypocritical tones, and offered him pop-corn and molasses candy. But he only grew worse.

Then Harley Brown volunteered to shoot the creature, at the same time producing an implement for the purpose.

At this point we noticed agitation in an unshaven citizen standing on the other side of the church. Then the head of the man slowly began to rise, and we saw our mistake. When some five feet of him had become visible above the heads of those seated about him we realized that he had at first been sitting. The uplifting had been performed slowly, and with slight pauses, and even now we were not sure that he was all up; he might be simply on his knees. He surveyed the scene spread out below him for some time in impressive silence, then bowing like a Leaning Tower of Pisa, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen [the ladies were scarce, but there were a few], I am onfortunately a right smart bit of a stranger in your midst, but if you will lend me your ears, as the feller said, mebby I can pour some ile on these here troubled waters. I think I know something about dorgs.

"Now as to the



THE UMBRELLA PLAN PROVED FUTILE

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HE WENT ON INTO SPACE, THE DOG AT HIS HEELS

present case in hand, I may say it is pecooliar. This here dorg is excited. But perhaps it might be expected. As the feller said, let dorgs delight to bark and bite, for that's just like a dorg. But the case is pecooliar. If a man had come to me fifteen minutes ago and said to me, 'Mr. Huff—'"

"Pardon me," broke in the minister, springing up, "but are you Mr. Caleb Huff?"

"I may say, sir, with trooth—in fact, it is my dooty to say—that I am that indervidual."

"Then you are the man that the dog is intended for. Your name is on the tag," and the minister pointed to the creature, who was sitting up on his haunches and occasionally licking his chops in anticipation as he looked at the good man.

"My name? That dorg for me?" cried the stranger, throwing up both hands and striking the ceiling.

"Yes, sir. The dog is yours. If you'll just remove him, please, we can go on with our exercises as planned."

Mr. Huff was seen to sway violently for some moments. Then he gradually gained control of himself and said, in a husky voice:

"May I ask the particulars of this onfortunate event? Mebby I can prove an alieby. The law, gentlemen, founded on that there great insterment, the Maggie Carter, wrung from King John, supposes every man innercent till he is proved guilty—"

"I think there can be no mistake about it," broke in the minister. "The animal was brought here by a Mr. Plummer and—"

"My old pardner!" cried Mr. Huff. "That dorg comes to me in the name of friendship. I accept him in the sperret in which he is give." He sidled out into the aisle, and slowly advanced toward the front. His hand had advanced reluctantly almost to the dog's collar. The animal flew up like a steel spring. Mr. Huff went backward over a pew. Some said his feet grazed the ceiling, but this, though undoubtedly a physical possibility, was not probably the fact. Amid the raucous baying of the dog his new owner struggled to his feet, swaying violently. "In the sperret in which he was give," he went on, his conversational flow in no way impaired. "He is my dorg, but I shall have to ask, gentlemen, to leave him where he is for the present. He must become acquainted with me graderally. He must learn to love me. I must conciliate him. Do any of you ladies or gentlemen happen to have a shank bone in your pocket which I can borrow? Kindness wins where—"

"In my opinion," said Harley Brown, rising, "the only way is to shoot the critter, as I said before. We want our presents sometime to-night."

"Young man," replied Mr. Huff, "don't talk of such violent perceedings at this-year time of peace on yearth. That dorg is mine, and I'll have the law on any man what touches him. No; we'll get them gifts, precious remembrances from loved ones, by mild ways. If nobody will come for'ard with a shank bone, will somebody lend me an umbrell'?" He was accommodated in this respect, and again advanced cautiously toward the tree. The dog stood up and growled. "There, now, young man," he

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continued, "you see these things can be removed easily with this-year umbrell'. Come for'ard, my young friend, and show that your desires for them there gifts is genyooine, and that you are not acchooated merely by a thirst for the blood of a feller-critter." Harley Brown stepped up and took the umbrella, but his efforts met with rather meagre reward. The dog constantly tugged at his chain and made the most frantic efforts to reach the throat of Harley. After ten minutes' work he succeeded in hooking off a china doll and a meerschaum pipe, but as the labels had been lost from both articles the situation was not materially improved.

"Gentlemen," began Caleb, keeping at a safe distance from the tree, "we must try other tactics. We must not be discouraged."

"See here, old man," interrupted Harley Brown, "let up on that and tell us what we're going to do." The scientist swayed around and looked down at Harley.

"Young man," he said, slowly, "your very brilliant igee of an umbrell' don't seem to pan out. I never thought it would. Set down and remain calm. I will now propose a plan myself. We will rope off them gifts. Is there any cow-man here who knows how to sling a lariat?"

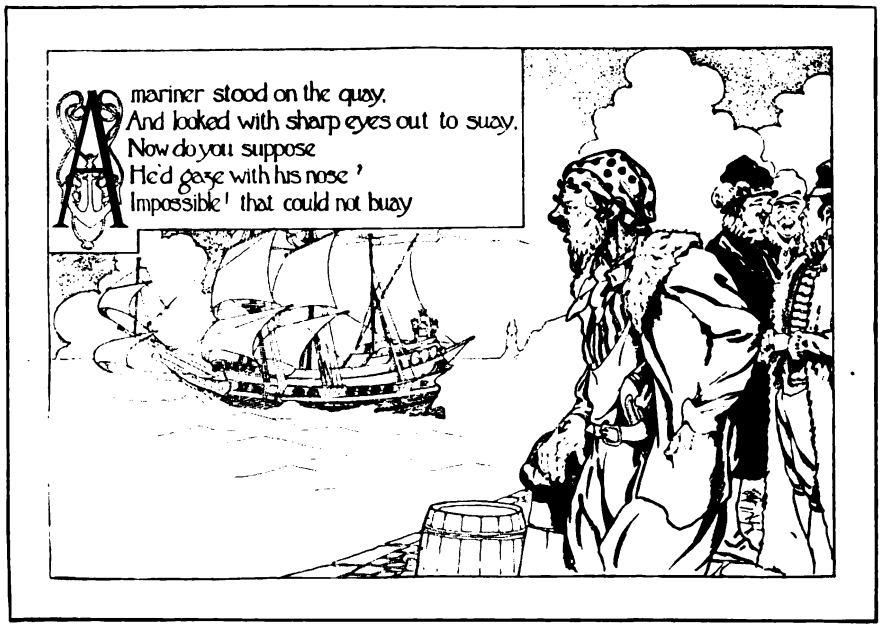
The stock-growing interests did not seem to be represented, probably from the fact that there was also a Christmas entertainment that night down at South Fork.

"Very well; I can do it myself," resumed Caleb. "Somebody please get me a clothesline." Uncle Dan Bannock departed for the line, and while he was gone Mr. Plummer's partner entertained us with a slight dissertation on the dog in literature. When the line came he made a noose and began operations, but he soon found that he stood too near the ceiling for successful effort, so he turned it over to Harley Brown. All Harley succeeded in doing was to get the noose fast around a top branch, and to shake off a few parcels, all of which fell within the dog zone, and only served to exasperate him further.

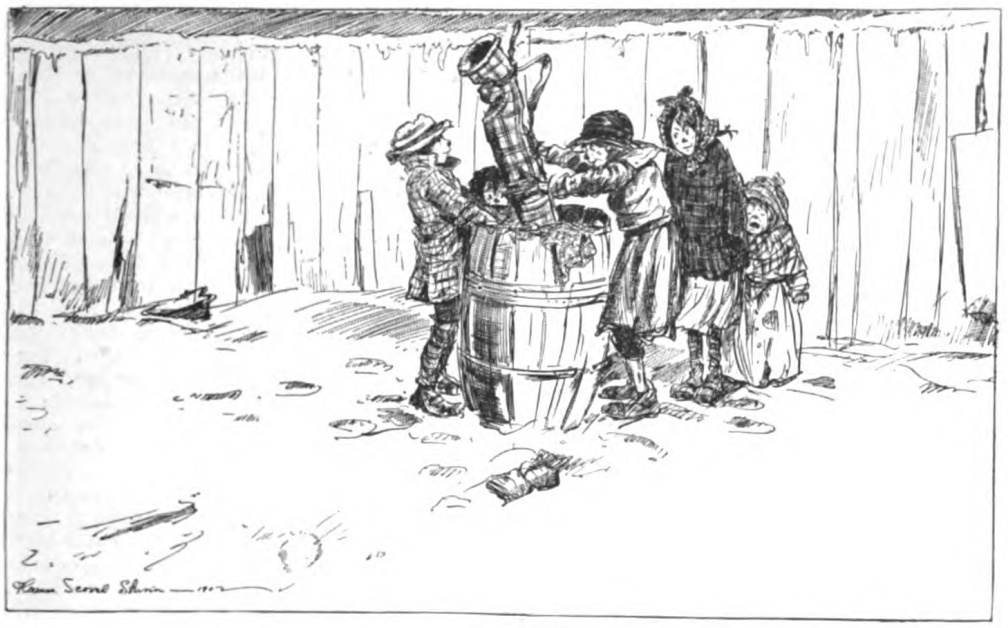
Caleb Huff again offered a suggestion: "Let the party what got the line go and fetch a good bamboo fish-pole." Uncle Dan was back with the pole so soon that Caleb had scarcely warmed up on the probability of dogs on other planets, much to his disappointment. He took the pole, affixed a shingle nail in the end, and with an elaborate flourish turned and began angling for presents. This plan proved rather effective, and he continued to operate it.

He had taken off perhaps half of the presents and gracefully waved them to the people on the end of the pole, after presenting each to the minister, twenty feet away, for him to read the label, when, on starting to turn back to the tree to get another, and in the midst of an apropos quotation from "the feller," suddenly at a terrific leap of the baby's pet the chain snapped. The old partner uttered one yell of consternation. Then he projected himself down the aisle head first, like an arrow. His velocity was no greater than the occasion demanded; the lamb was close behind. In the past the church door had opened in, but this time, in graceful recognition of the exigencies of the situation, it opened out. Caleb Huff went on into space, with the dog at his heels. The minister and Harley Brown distributed the rest of the presents.

We kept the tree standing in a back lot for months, hoping to have the pleasure of lynching Plummer on it; but he was never seen in our camp again.



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THE CADDIE'S CHRISTMAS IDEA

"Oh, gee, fellers! just the ting to hang up if yers 'ain't got no stockings!"

The Man from Pittsburg

WE pride ourselves in our town on being awake. When Fortune knocks at our municipal door we swing wide the portal.

The stranger arrived at our leading hotel. He had a businesslike air, and there was also a touch of the scholar about him. After some commonplace conversation with the landlord he asked, casually, if we had a public library. The landlord replied in the negative and glanced at the register. He saw that the man was from Pittsburg. This was enough. Handing out one of his best cigars, the host begged the stranger to sit down and enjoy it. Then he hurried out.

In ten minutes he was back, followed by our Mayor and two other leading citizens. With a fine flourish the landlord introduced them to his guest. The man bowed and smiled, but seemed a bit bewildered; however, he showed himself composed and willing to await developments. The callers were cordial but dignified, and after a few minutes the Mayor suggested a drive about our beautiful town. The stranger acquiesced, though with an inquiring manner. They drove him about for a couple of hours, and showed him many fine sites for public buildings. Then they mentioned luncheon, and again the stranger was not averse. After this was over the Mayor thought it was time to come to the point. So he begged to know, in a deferential tone, what report the stranger purposed making to Mr. Carnegie on the subject of presenting our beautiful and deserving town with a library building, since of course we had all known just what he had come to our beautiful and appreciative town for. The fellow had the effrontery to say that he didn't represent Mr. Carnegie and had never set eyes on him.

"Then I should thank you, sir," said the Mayor, his virtuous indignation rising, "to tell us why you came here from Pittsburg and asked if we had a public library. Explain yourself, sir!"

"I am selling the Ne Plus Ultra newspaper file," he replied. "Allow me to show you a sample," and he drew out a contrivance three feet long from an inside pocket which must have reached to the hem of his coat skirt. "It's the greatest thing on earth for filing newspapers and—"

But they rose from the table with righteous wrath and left him. While a posse of the best citizens were gone for a rail the scoundrel sneaked out of town.

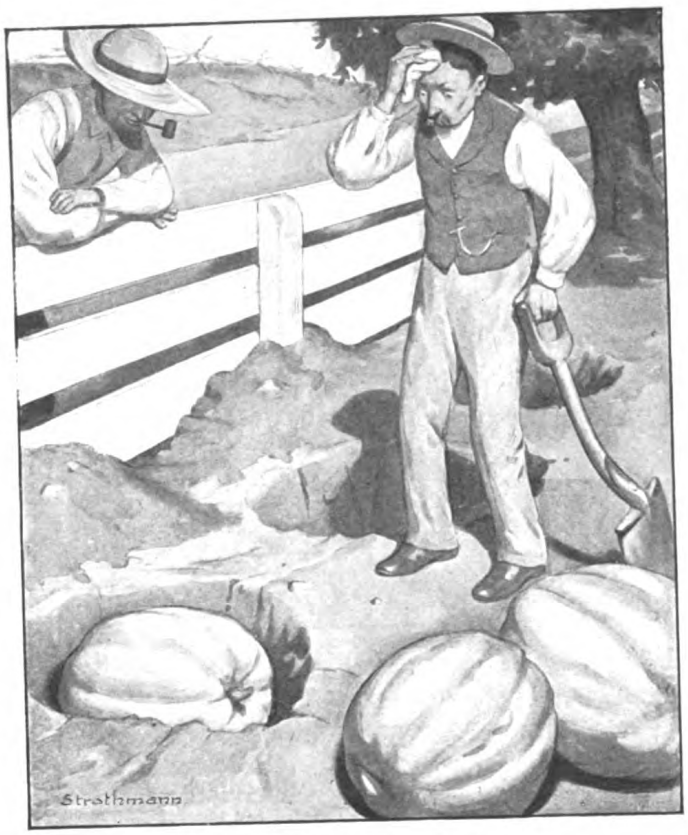
Retribution

JAMES, four years old, had been naughty to the point of evoking a whipping from his long-suffering mother, and all day long a desire for revenge rankled in his little bosom.

At length bed-time came, and kneeling beside her, he implored a blessing for each member of the family individually, she alone being conspicuous by her absence. Then rising from his devout posture, the little suppliant fixed a keenly triumphant look upon her face, saying, as he turned to climb into bed,

"I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it."

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THE CITY MAN IN THE COUNTRY

"I love to plant the pease and beans, the cucumbers, and such;
But I must say the pumpkins are a little bit too much!"

A Practical Appeal

MRS. CARTARET, on the death of her husband's step-mother, assumed the care of six small half brothers and sisters. A few years later Mr. Carteret was very ill. Just before the crisis was reached Mrs. Carteret went one evening to send the small boys to bed. She found all six kneeling around the dinner table, with Irvine, aged five, leading in prayer, and this is what she heard:

"O Lord, please come down here and do something mighty quick! Brother's temperature is 105 8-10, and *you know what that means!* If it doesn't soon come down, he'll be a *goner*, sure! Please don't let him die; but if he has to, send sister another husband, and please send him quick; for I tell you what, with all these children to look after, we certainly do need a man in the house."

For the benefit of the reader who asks, I will add that Mr. Carteret recovered. N. B. T.

Community of Interest

A GIRL I know most fair to see,
So lovely in her best array,
Her every pose enraptures me.
She lives at Tenafly, N. J.

When things go wrong and I am blue,
Straight to a second maid I fly
For sound advice and counsel true.
She lives near Stapleton, S. I.

No joke I need elucidate
Unto a third I call my friend
Who lives, I much regret to state,
In Brooklyn, at the farther end.

A fourth knows many a toothsome dish,
Sweetmeats she makes amazing well,
Rabbits and salads too. I wish
She did not live at New Rochelle.

If some one maiden I could find,
In whom these traits, the gay, the grave,
And all the others, were combined,
Think of the car fares I could save.

Just such economies as this
Have made the trusts so rich and great;
Thus, my supposititious Miss
Would be, indeed, a syndicate.

A merger of the fair and good,
A trust in femininity,
Of which I only wish I could
The holding corporation be.

PHILIP L. ALLEN.

A Young Patriot

A VERY dear little girl, who had to "go to bed by day," was allowed to celebrate the Fourth of July by sitting up after dark. That night, for the first time, she was shown the stars. Long and wonderingly did she regard them. When bed-time came she was most reluctant to quit a spectacle so absorbing. As she obeyed her mother's call, she cast a lingering glance backward, saying, "Will you please call me when the *stripes* come out?"

That evening this small patriot reverently mentioned "Uncle Sam" in her prayers.

C. E. C.

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Ad Myrtillam

MYRTILLA, the distance between us
  Is measured by miles and by days,
So Mars is compelled to court Venus
  Afar in the dullest of ways:
I hate to make love in a letter,—
  But what is a fellow to do?
I like the old-fashioned way better;
    Don't you?

There's little of news. Indeed, only
  One topic comes pat to my pen,—
It's *you*, and you don't know how lonely
  I am,—most impatient of men!
The club or a drive in a hansom,
  The theatre,—these are a few
Diversions. I'd give a queen's ransom
    For you!

Time never before took the trouble
  To loiter and lag in his flight:
And when you come back he will double
  His regular speed, just for spite:
I know of the chips on his shoulder;
  I think I have hit one or two.
Who cares! It is I who grow older,
    Not you.

So here is the hope that your heart is
  Not wholly forgetful of me,
And here is a kiss,—but the chart is
  A trifle obscure, as you see.
Of absence, of course, as you wander,
  You find the old adage is true:
I know of one heart that grows fonder
    Of you.

FELIX CARMEN.

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THE MARINER

THE top of that old feather bed looks like
the surf at sea,
As white and rough around some bluff it
dashes angrily;
I never saw the surf I dread
The way I do that feather bed.

Because, you see, the lashing foam is hissing
in your face,
Howling because Death's dripping jaws are
just within an ace
Of catching you. You're glad you're home
When you can see that lashing foam.

But yet I kind o' like to think I'm daring of
the deep,
And so I grin when I am in the nearest way
to weep;
I go right up to danger's brink
In spite of it, I like to think.

And so I cast my moorin's off with a husky
seaman's cry,
And bid the crew to "hold her true"; when
billowy waves are high
As mountains, from their crest to trough,
It's brave to cast those moorin's off.

And now the sea begins to roar and toss
and pitch and roll,
And caution screams that in my seams *per-haps* there is a hole;
It looks a long ways to the floor
When that old sea begins to roar.

But still I always put to sea when I stay
home from school.
I'm counted brave, and far more knave,
they say I am, than fool;
I should not dare to let them see
That I am scared to put to sea.

ALDEN CHARLES NOBLE.

Serenading a Widow

ALL Hawleyburgh knew that the young man was making a fool of himself. Hawleyburgh didn't sympathize with lovers at the best, but it could stand a little foolishness when the object of the lover's attention was a young girl. But when she was a widow it was going too far to ask it to swallow poetry and romance in the courtship. Though in this case she was a young widow, and pretty, very pretty—but still a widow: and she was possessed of a couple of children, and poor Hawleyburgh couldn't uphold his actions at all.

Not that the young man cared a rap what folks thought. He went right ahead courting that widow on the lute-and-love-lamp basis. He seemed to think that she was an only daughter, aged about seventeen, and lived in a castle, and that rope ladders and palfreys were still extant. But at last he got his eyes opened.

Not content with flowers and notes and pretended stolen interviews, he must need serenade the widow. With a guitar, too, and with Shelley's *Lines to an Indian Air*, of all selections! He was a little younger than the widow, and the most romantic young man!

So he planted himself under her window late one summer evening and began touching his guitar—it was a lute to him. He got on swimmingly with the first verse—the winds breathed low, and the stars shone, and the spirit in his feet led him properly. As he finished this he strummed off some variations on the lute in a bolder manner, and then plunged into the second verse a little louder, his soul vibrating in unison with the strings. The wandering airs—the dark—the silent stream—the champak odors—the sweet thoughts—the nightingale's complaint; then a window opened above. The widow leaned out. "George," she whispered, "thank you ever so much, but please go away. You've already woke up the baby, and Willie is nestling around. It's beautiful. Can't you send me the rest by mail?"

They were married the next week, and it has always been said at Hawleyburgh that he made the best of step-fathers.

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Arctic Whaling of To-day

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

IN the old days, after the lookout's cry of "There she blows!" it was out with the boats, a long row and a fearsome approach, a hand-harpoon at close range, a hurried backing to be at a safe distance when the "flurry" should be on, and following that, if they were in luck, a hazardous tow in the wake of the enraged whale, with a final tedious trying-out aboard ship. But the modern method is different.

It was in northern latitudes, and nearing the end of a characteristic sort of day for that part of the world,—lowering sky and a gently tossing green-gray sea,—when from the rock-marked passage of Troldfjordsund this little whaler steamed out into the open. Southwest'ard, as she left the last hill of the Norwegian shore astern, arose, red and white banded, the high shaft of Fruholmen, farthest north of all the world's light-houses; and eastward, somewhere beyond the mists, was North Cape, rough and jagged, farthest north for summer tourists, and doubtless at that very moment beset by a ship-load or so of them, awaiting the advent of that most unreliable performer the midnight sun.

Only eighty feet over all, with less than two feet of freeboard at her waist, the *Skytten* seemed a puny craft for the rather large business of whale-killing. It was her equipment, of course, that made her strength. Forward, on a platform set directly in her bow, she mounted a heavy-built muzzle-loading harpoon-gun; and on her forward deck she carried a lot of appurtenant machinery—winches, hoists, and one thing or other, which were to warp in the whales by-and-by; and in the hold under all of that were any number of lance-harpoons and miles of stout line, the harpoons laid out in even rows, and the line precisely coiled.

Aloft and lashed to the foremast-head was a barrel in which the lookout stood, buried to his eyes, and on a comfortable plank beside the wheel sat the helmsman. Behind the helmsman was the skipper, who, leaning easily against a supporting beam, head and shoulders above the roofless wheel-house, swept the sea ahead and all about with blue eyes that had searched the sea for thirty-five years with just the same keen sweep. On her port quarter, half a mile away, and also painted a dull sea-green, was the *Skytten's* tender, a powerful iron tug, which was later on to tow the whales to the trying-out station at Troldfjord.

So we steamed into the Arctic.

Three nights later the *Skytten* is cruising between the seventy-fourth and seventy-fifth degrees of north latitude, and to the eastward of Bear Island, that lonely half-way station for Norway and Spitzbergen. It is a perfect arctic evening. The sea is still gently tossing, but the shifting clouds are gone; the sky is clear and the midnight sun is glowing.

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A call comes from the crow's-nest.

"Yes?" responds the skipper, and stands at once erect. "Where away?"

"Forward, straight forward—into the eye of the sun almost."

Directly into the north we point the glasses, and manage to make out their fountain-play when next they blow.

"Two of them—and blue whales—and large whales, both," observes the skipper. One might think it a difficult matter to determine their species at that distance, and particularly when that flaming, quivering sun is flashing into one's eyes; but this is Morthen Ingebrygtsken, the most successful whaler of Norway, which means possibly in all the world, and he knows.

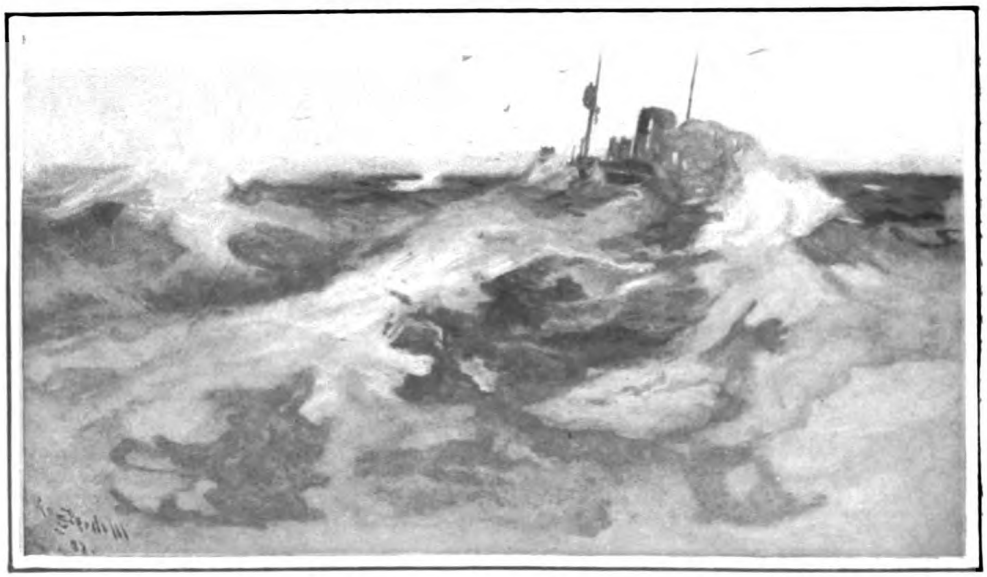
Another spouting, another look. "Make ready the gun," is the skipper's command, and a most carefully attended operation begins.

The gun, a solid, cumbrous affair of about three-inch calibre, is swung around so that the muzzle points inboard, and then the chamber is swabbed out by the skipper himself, who plainly regards every step of this preliminary work as of the greatest importance. The number of times that this man has missed his whale is so small that he takes pride in his record; and, in addition to his reputation, there is the value of the whale. A good-sized blue whale means twelve hundred dollars or so to himself, who, besides being skipper and harpooner, is also owner of the ship and of the trying-out plant ashore. So, after inspecting the harpoon and wadding brought from below, he swabs out the gun a second time, and then takes a pound of quick-burning powder in a little white cotton bag, and rams it home. A big fistful of rope-ends is stuffed in after the powder, and following the rope-ends a thick rubber disk; after that another batch of rope-ends.

Then ensues a most critical examination of the bomb-lance, a heavy piece of cast iron, perhaps eighteen inches in length, sharp-pointed forward, but enlarged toward the rear, where is enclosed a grenade that is timed to explode a few seconds after it is shot into the whale and deal the mortal wound.

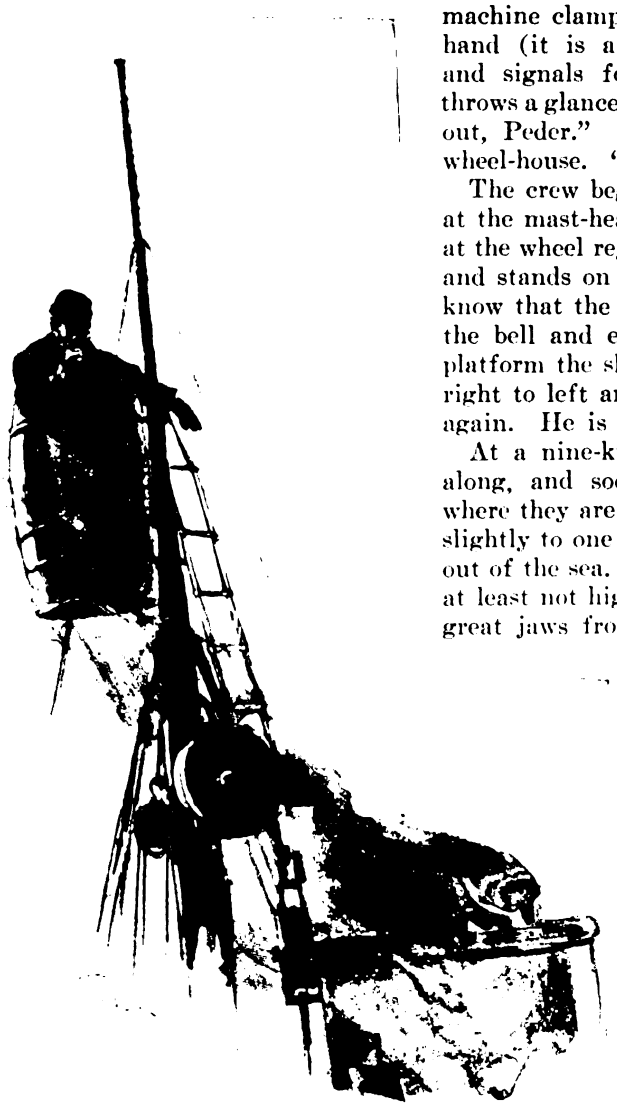
The harpoon line, a two-hundred-foot length of soft, pliable, five-inch stuff, has now to be coiled by the most skilful of the deck-hands, and that done, coiled in five layers, with each layer flat and neat after the pattern of the cute little mats that adorn the decks of men-of-war in harbor; the skipper himself connects the inboard end to one of the immense coils below, while the outboard end is being attached to the shank of the harpoon.

Now the skipper takes his stand on the platform, slews the gun from right to left on its pivot, works it up and down by



A WHALING-STEAMER RIDING OUT A "NOR-WESTER"

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THE CROW'S-NEST. "WHALE AHEAD!"

way of its trunnions, pats the breech of it, nods his head, shoots a look at the sea around, then up at the mast-head, and, "Where away?" he hails.

"Ahead—a point on the port bow."

The skipper watches until they blow again. "I see—still the two." His eyes scan the sea about him. "And off to the east is another—also a blue whale—and a large one. See him blow! And yet another one—a fin"—he waves his hand toward the spot—"that one away to the west—yes. But the two ahead for us."

He reaches for the key of the telegraph-machine clamped to the rail at his right hand (it is an invention of his own), and signals for full speed ahead. He throws a glance to the mast-head—"Watch out, Peder." He half-turns toward the wheel-house. "Have a care now, Fred."

The crew begin to wake up. The man at the mast-head leans forward; the man at the wheel rejects the comfortable plank and stands on his feet. Down below, we know that the engineer has ears only for the bell and eyes for the dial. On the platform the skipper works the gun from right to left and up and down, and nods again. He is waiting.

At a nine-knot clip the *Skytten* hops along, and soon we begin to get near where they are playing. Ahead of us and slightly to one side they come heaving up out of the sea. The head rises—not high, at least not high enough to let us see the great jaws from the deck; but we know the jaws are there, a dozen feet in length. A long, lazy plunge, and the head is submerged. Up again. Whuss-s-s! one blows—Whuss-s-s! the other blows. And they bowl along as companionably as a pair of ponies to harness. Without for an instant taking his eyes off them, the skipper reaches his hand for the telegraph-machine, and sets the key at the six-knot mark.

Even at this lower speed we are gaining rapidly on them,—too rapidly for the skipper, who always likes to know how they are heading, and what their probable movements are to be, before he gets to too close quarters, so that at the crucial moment there will be no mistake. He signals for five knots. We are within two hundred yards of them, within the region of the oily, bubbly spots that show where they lately broke water. It is a choppy little sea all about, but these spots, where all is smooth as velvet, suggest the power and size of the creatures.

Four knots. We have drawn nearer by

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THE SKIPPER LOADING THE HARPOON-GUN

fifty yards, and the skipper whisks the tarpaulin off the harpoon line. Facing straight forward, eyes on the whales, and back square to the ship, he gives his orders —a great broad-backed man who commands without uttering a sound. A loud voice and they might be off; so he makes his arms and fingers talk.

He swings his right arm from him, and the man at the wheel points the ship to starboard. He sweeps his arm across his body, and she goes to port. A quick strong swing, and she goes over with a rush; a slow warning drag, and she comes back cautiously. She is coming too slowly, and the big right arm moves and hurries her up; too quickly, and the big arm, impatient, rises and threatens, and she is checked.

Three knots and we are within a hundred yards. To a man ashore a hundred yards may seem a respectable distance, but a hundred yards at sea is but a narrow space; here it means less than four lengths of the immense fellows ahead, and we are getting nearer all the time.

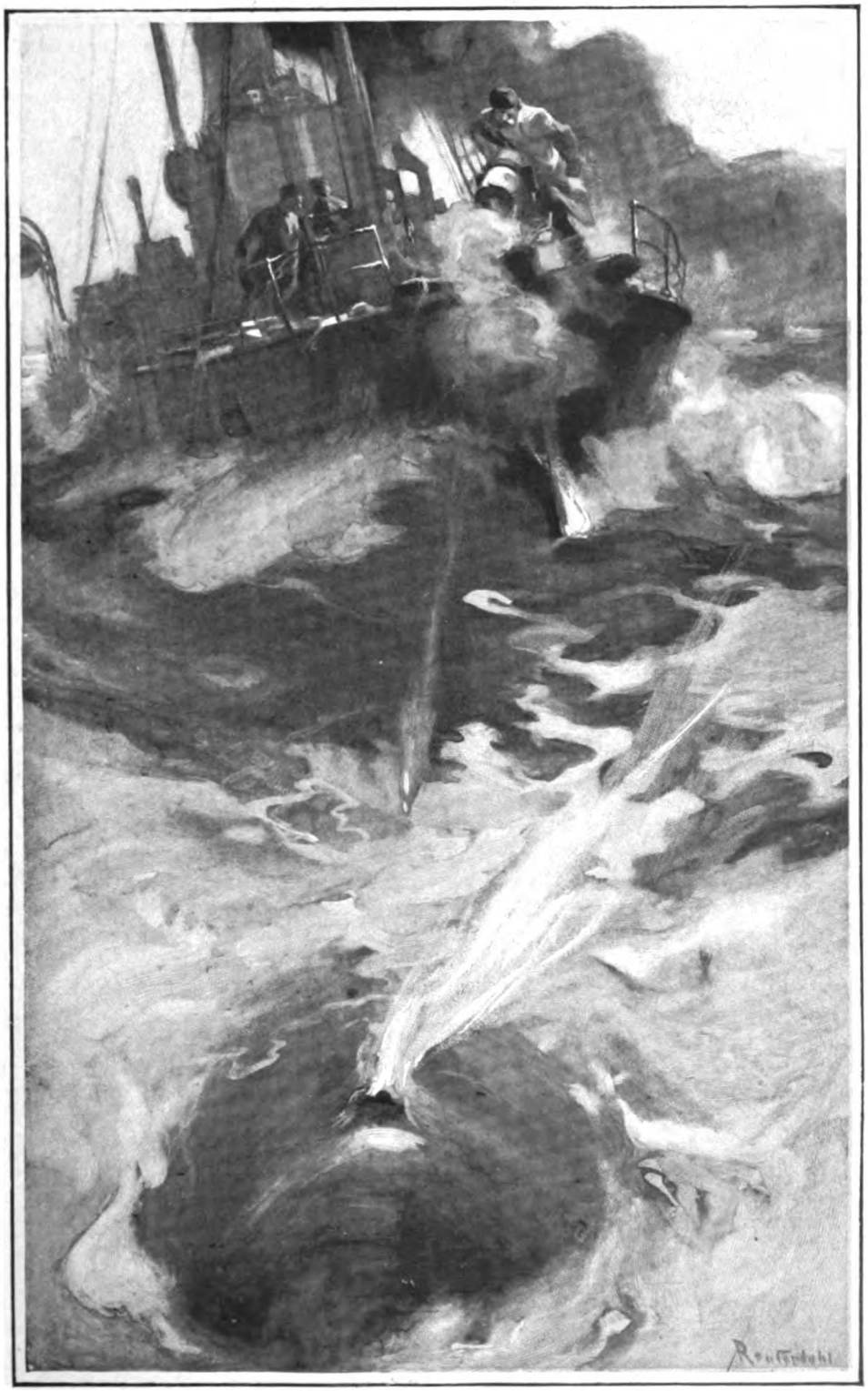
Three knots—two knots it is. At two knots her engines give out no more jar than the works of a watch, and her hull is slipping through oil. Fifty yards away they are now, and humping grandly into view. Head, shoulder, back, and the immense flukes wagging gently behind. The size of them! Longer than the ship and fifteen feet across the flukes. If they only knew their strength or how to use it! The mere bulk of them is impressive. A lift, a heave, a blow —Whuss-s-s! — the untrimmed spout of water not thick and solid, but more like a bit of fountain-play where it leaves the back of the head, and thinning away to mist as it rises high. A slow heave of the immense back, a lazy lunge below, a scoop of two or three lengths under water, first one, then the other, with a second's difference between them, and up again.

They are almost under our bow now and about to drop below again. The skipper, his eyes never off the whales, gropes for the speed key, and switches it to the lowest-speed notch. The skipper's arms are no longer in play. The work is too delicate now for that. Only quivering fingers can gauge the niceties of his conversation with the man at the wheel. He is bending over his gun, following the course of their dark bodies by the wake they leave on the surface—by that and long experience and the special instinct that has made him a great whaler.

At that last plunge we are almost on top of them. The skipper's back is stiff, indicating tense sinews. The man at the wheel is all nerves too; so is the lookout, who from his vantage-point aloft can see their bodies under water. In case they go too deep to be followed from the deck, he will sing out. But these do not go too deep for the skipper, who never loses the wake of them. Before they are up again, having estimated their break in advance, his signal has stopped the engine altogether.

We threaten to overrun them, to be between them while they are yet under

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"HARPOONED!"

(The sketch for this drawing was made under the light of the midnight sun)

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water, and there is dread throughout the ship. The man at the wheel grips the spokes till his wrists cramp—he is aching to do something, but dares not speak; the man at the mast-head is almost out of his barrel, and speaking soft words to the skipper, who, with his fingers to the trigger and body crouched, seems to hear nothing, but betraying by the sinews in the back of his neck that his jaws are clinched. Up they come with their backs looming roundly. From the deck you think you could leap on the back of either, but their great bulk lends deception—they are yet fifty feet away. They blow and the vapory spray comes almost aboard. They take a sudden slant across our bow. The skipper crooks his forefinger, and the ship swings in behind them. We are near them again, nearer than ever. The skipper holds the gun on one and then on the other—he seems to be uncertain which he will try for; they are moving ahead all the time—he can't get them both, and one is bigger than the other. Only a man of genius or one with nerve entirely gone would hesitate at such a moment. But the skipper hesitates—and we try to remember the tales they tell of his skill. He lets them go under again. He decides upon one — follows the dark shadow under water, keeps the sights on while the head comes up, while the spouting spray blows back,—keeps the sights on while the great head goes down and the immense back rises and humps again. A cross-sea catches the *Skytten* and threatens to shift his aim—he swings the gun back; the level sun shoots into his eyes and forces him to pull down the peak of his cap. He says something softly, lets the dark body sink again, picks the shadow of it up—it rises, head, shoulder, back—the wind blows the spouting steam aboard, but he minds it not—picks out his spot, waits for it, lowers the muzzle, raises it, depresses it—"Good God!" breathes somebody, "won't he ever shoot?" — rises on his toes once more, crouches, and then—

"Wee-hay!" he roars, this man who has killed his thousands—"Wee-hay!" he bellows, under the strain of it, and he has been hunting whales for thirty-five years. Wee-hay! and boom!—they come together — the flame and the cloud of smoke. The harpoon we are not quick enough to see, but the line that follows it we do see. From our bow to the back of that great creature it leaps—a long leap—a hundred feet—and where the line stops we know the harpoon is buried. Back of the shoulder and just above the waterline we know it has gone—lance and shank beneath the shiny dark blue skin —five feet of iron into the middle of the whale.

The huge bulk stops dead for one short amazed breath, and then goes down. We see his great body shooting under the surface. He is barely clear of us on the other side when he comes up, and so close that—but we forget the closeness in the great red jag on his side.

He quivers with rage or pain—which, we do not know—and furiously beats the sea. Head up, and bam! Flukes up, and whack! Fifteen feet from tip to tip—we are glad to be aboard something that is not in the way of those flukes. New foam and new waves mark the surface of the sea; the foam is tinged with red, and the waves rock the little *Skytten* like a short cross-chop. A hundred frantic leaps to tear loose from this thing that has got him, a minute's furious flurry, and he is off.

Head beating and tail lashing out, he is off, with a red wake behind him, and we are off after him. The skipper reaches for the indicator—that is for the engineer; his right arm waves—that is for the helmsman. The screw churns, the spokes whirl, and we come about on our heel so fast and abruptly that our scuppers scoop into the sea, and the line whipping out of the hold, along the deck and through the chock in her bow, is like an electric thing.

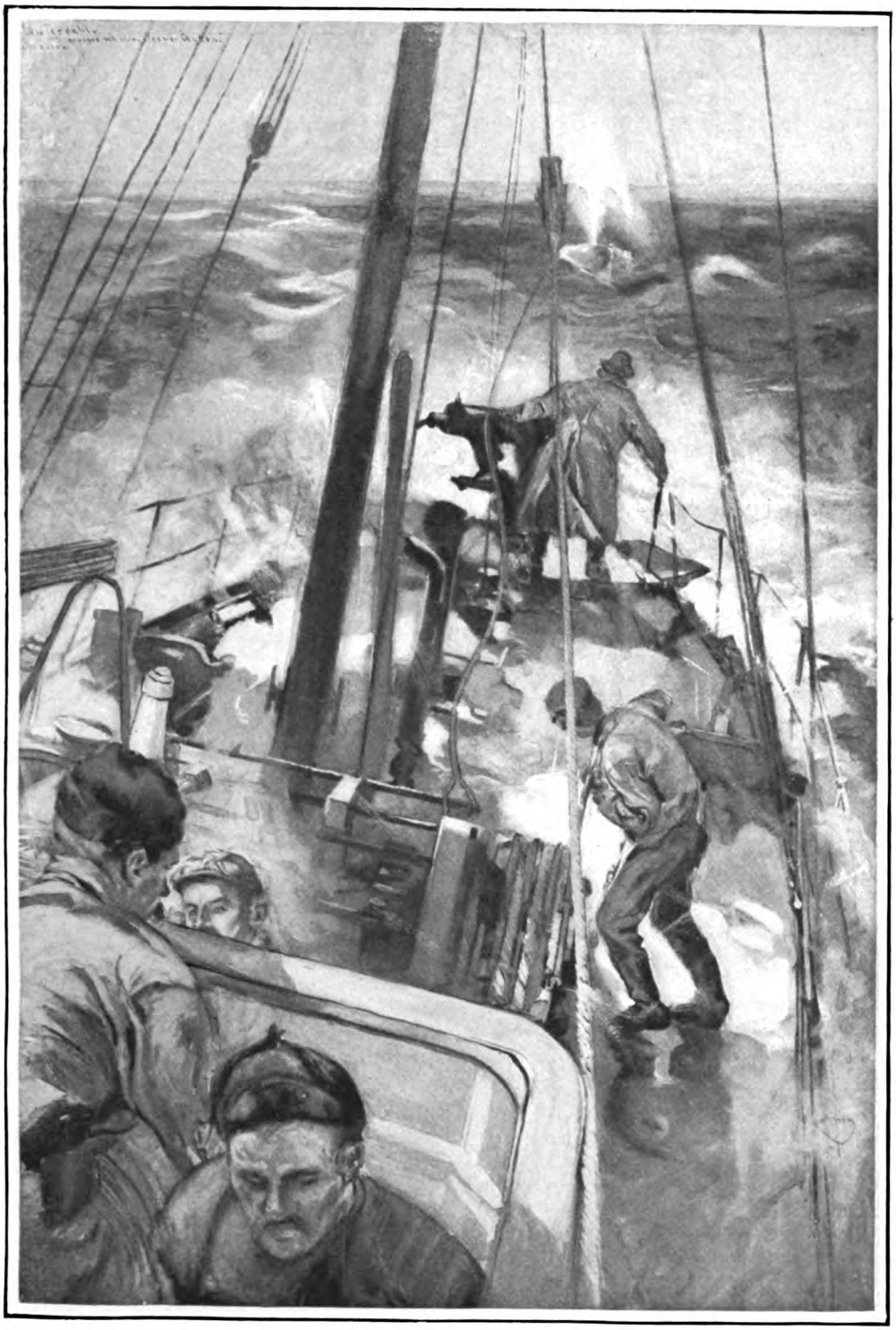
"The grenade, it did not explode?" inquires the skipper.

"I did not hear it," says the man aloft.

"No, I think not. Let him have plenty of line, then, for he is a strong fellow."

He certainly is a strong fellow, and runs out two hundred fathom of line in the first burst, towing the *Skytten* faster than she ever went under her own steam. Fifteen knots is her pace now, with twelve hundred feet of line out, and going faster than ever. When for one moment the line slacks it is whisked into the

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THE LAST EFFORT

(Drawn from a sketch made at midnight)

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double winch, and the clutch put on. The clutch means that all the steam-power of the *Skytten* is put up against the whale; but he, walking off again, minds not the clutch, and the line is slacked away for him, for when he does that he is mad. "What's the use? let him run it out," says the skipper. The line is slacked away for him, and over her bow and outboard it goes, squirming like a live wire. Were she a wooden vessel there would be fire and smoke forward, but she is all iron, and the line only whips out and whirs away.

"A strong fellow, and longer than the ship. A hundred barrels if he does not part the line." The skipper is standing on the platform, while the spray of the head-sea comes over the ship's bow and splutters over his boots.

Four hundred fathom are out now—nearly half a mile. The five-hundred mark is in sight below, and another five-hundred fathom is bent on. The first coil goes—five hundred fathom that is; six hundred go—seven—more than three-quarters of a mile of line. The eight-hundred-fathom mark is in sight before he slacks.

"When the bomb does not explode, it makes work—warp in," says the skipper.

Slowly rolling back comes the line. It is a long heavy heave with the whale on the end of it. It is nearly all in at last; fifty fathom are yet to come, when he is off again. Straight ahead he goes, and we cannot see that he has lost any of his speed. But the skipper is impatient. "Bring another harpoon and take a turn on the winch. There are those other fellows spouting about, and fine weather for whaling."

Against that friction the line goes out more slowly. He is getting tired now. He slacks perceptibly, and the line comes in more rapidly. It is all dead-weight until there are less than twenty fathom left, with the line running straight down towards bottom. The strain comes off suddenly, and we gather about to see him rise. He must be pretty near a dead whale by this time. He comes up, but not dead. Almost beneath the bow he rises. Bam! bam! the great flukes are lifted into the air and brought down in what we conceived to be his dying struggle. They almost strike the rail, he is so close; and his round back, as he throws himself, is above us as we look at him from the deck.



THE FINAL LANCE-THRUST

We have forgotten the skipper, when suddenly, Wee-hay! we hear his warcry — the second explosion — the smoke—the leaping line behind the lance—the chunk of the buried harpoon, the startled pause, the shooting dive, the rise, the flurry, and then the spouting blood.

He swims in blind circles, and we follow him with the wheel. Around and around, and with every spout growing feebler. Around and around until he drifts rather than swims, and the red fountain-play has become no more than a weak little bubbling. One last weak little thrashing rise, one last weak little trickling of thin red blood, one last little roll, and — quiet. "Did you hear it, Peder—the bomb?" asks the skipper.

"The bomb? yes," answers the man

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aloft. "Well forward and into his lungs, I think."

"Into his lungs, yes; that's what did the business. Haul him now and make him fast alongside. A great big fellow. The biggest whale of all is the blue whale—and this one of the biggest of all the blue whales—longer than the *Skytten*—more than eighty feet—yes. Warp him in and stand by with the chains. A hundred barrels of fine oil—warp him in."

He was the fourth of seven whales killed by the skipper and turned over to the tug that week. All told, there were eight harpooned. Among the other seven were those that resisted more fiercely during some particular stage of the killing. Thus, there was the whale that towed us at better than a twenty-knot clip in a lively chop, during which the skipper stood on the gun-platform watching for a chance to take in the slack, with sea and spray deluging him; there was the whale that fought us hard for two hours, and who, when we had him under the bow and were happy in the belief that he was ours, with the skipper about to give him the second iron, suddenly dived, parted the line, and left us forever; there was the big fellow that stood off a whole school of blubber-cutters—"the little fighting whales," they call them up there—fought fifteen or twenty of them for an hour or more—and the little fighting whales with teeth like horse's teeth—fought them until the skipper said that even the iron was more merciful, and the iron let him have, at which, the blubber-cutters fleeing, he fought us for another hour, and then was not vanquished until he had been given the second harpoon and, after that, double-lanced with a long knife as he was winched alongside. He was a powerful fellow—they were all powerful—but that one of whose hunt and death the details are given offered possibly the most typical example of all-round action.

So it is done nowadays. It is more businesslike than the old way. That it is as interesting may be a matter for argument; but it offers variety and excitement, it is quicker and more certain, and more in keeping with modern notions.

A Husband to a Wife

BY MARY SINTON LEWIS

TELL me, my dearest, that thy love for me
Is dead, then turn and look into my eyes:
Thou still shalt find a share of Paradise
Has lingered there—my boundless love for thee.
So thou shalt hear nor pleadings, dear, nor sighs,
But I shall coldly stand and quietly,
Nor touch thy hand, nor smooth thy hair, nor be
Thy lover, for my love will make me wise
And strong to be thy helper, that we bide
Together—though apart. Not hand in hand
Into the morning, as true lovers might,
But still together, ever side by side—
Because we share one grief and understand—
Let us walk bravely forth into the night.

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Chinese and Western Civilization

BY WU TING-FANG

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of China to the United States

IT was Madame Roland who uttered these burning words, on the scaffold: "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Civilization in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, like liberty in the eighteenth, is one of those catchwords that have been used to cover up all sorts of wickedness. What crimes have not been committed in the name of civilization? The division of continents into spheres of influence; the seizure of territory by the strong in utter defiance of right and justice; the laying waste of populous and prosperous regions, with reckless shedding of innocent blood and wanton destruction of private and public property—all such crimes have been committed on the plea that the cause of civilization would be advanced thereby. It would be indeed strange if the cause of civilization could ever be advanced by a resort to barbarous methods. One might as well try to kindle a fire by pouring water on the fuel.

I grant that the civilized nations of the West have done a great deal of good in helping to raise mankind to a higher level. But it cannot be denied that the means often employed to this end deserve just condemnation. The way to lift up a nation from a lower to a higher plane of civilization is not by waging against it a war of conquest, or by killing off the inhabitants of the country. If it be said that the end justifies the means, then ought we to do evil that good may come? Such a policy surely does not commend itself to a wise and practical statesman, any more than to a rigid moralist.

There is a disposition in some quarters to confound civilization with political ascendency. Civilization does not mean merely the possession of the most powerful battle-ships or the most effective guns. It means rather the victory of man over his environments. It is a curious fact that those nations which have contributed most to civilization have fallen a prey to their less civilized foes. Did not Egypt bow to the supremacy of Persia? Did not Greece pass under the Roman yoke? Rome herself had to yield to the barbarous Teutonic hordes from the north. The truth is that civilization is the natural fruit of peace, not of war.

Civilization is the sum of man's efforts to advance from a lower to a higher level. Every nation has had problems to solve in the course of its history, and in reckoning human achievements the contributions of each people should be taken into account, so that the experience of one should inure to the profit of all. Civilization may also be said to be a progress from a natural to an artificial state. The civilized man is a product of evolution, and cannot come into being in a day.

It is to be expected that the civilization of the East should be different from that of the West, owing to differences in climate, racial characteristics, and physical environments. China is a true representative of the Eastern civilization, and the United States that of the Western. For some time these exponents of the two principal forms of civilization stood facing each other on the opposite shores of the Pacific. But now the United States has crossed the ocean and carried the Western civilization to the very gates of China. This may be called an American invasion, but there should be no conflict. On the contrary, each should try to learn something from the other.

In the direction of material progress America easily leads the world. With a country rich in natural resources, and a people inventive and enterprising, it is not strange that she should grow great and prosperous. But there is grave danger that Americans may devote too much of their time and energy to money-

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Drawn by William Nicholson.

Wu Ting-Fang.

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getting. In trying to become rich by the shortest road, it is to be feared that the cultivation of the higher qualities of the heart and the intellect may suffer.

In connection with this subject, I may mention the fact that business men seem to go on the theory that "time is money." In order to clip a minute or two from the time they have to give to their meals, they bolt down their food as rapidly as possible. For the same reason, they turn night into day. The pursuit of the "Almighty Dollar" is practically unremitting. Money, indeed, is a good thing. But the price given for it in this country is a little too high. Flesh and blood cannot possibly bear such continuous strain. No wonder we frequently hear of business men falling dead in the street or at their desk from heart-failure.

I had an American friend in China, who died only a short time ago. The story of his life is rather interesting. He went to China when he was a young man. He learned the language of the country, and became an accomplished Chinese scholar. He adapted himself to the ways and habits of those among whom he had cast his lot, and thus became to all intents and purposes Chinese in his mode of life. After spending the greater part of his life in China, he made up his mind that he would pass the remainder of his days in the land of his birth, among the scenes of his childhood. Accordingly, he left China with no intention of returning. But he reckoned without his host. No sooner had he found himself in New York than the noise and bustle of the metropolis of the New World drove him to distraction. He did not know which way to turn to find rest and quiet, and he took the earliest opportunity to go back to China. Thus it is possible that a man born and bred in strenuous America may prefer the quiet surroundings of China.

Strange as it may seem, China is a country that does not recognize the aristocracy of wealth. Greater importance is given to intellectual and moral superiority. A scholar and gentleman commands greater respect than a mere millionaire. Indeed, the aim of Chinese education is to make a man a useful and desirable member of society,—a kind father, a dutiful son, a loyal subject, a good husband, and a faithful friend,—with enough intellectual culture to impart the necessary polish to the person. Moral training may be regarded as the foundation of the Chinese educational system, while mental training is the superstructure. For this reason, Chinese schools have until recent times given comparatively little attention to the study of anything else besides the language and literature of China. But in intellectual endowment the Chinese are not inferior to any other people in the world. The good work which Chinese students in European and American universities have done is proof of this. They have been able not only to keep up with their studies, but also to take high rank among their classmates.

Since a man is bound by so many social ties in China, there is naturally less freedom given to the individual there than in America. A man in this country is not tied down to any place by family associations. At the age of twenty-one, he is at liberty to cut loose from the home of his parents and go elsewhere to seek his fortune. He is not obliged thenceforth to do anything for his father or mother at home. This is impossible in China. Every one in China is taught from his childhood that he owes certain duties to the family to which he belongs, and that of these duties those to his parents are paramount. He is not allowed to leave them in their old age to shift for themselves. He must provide for their comfort and support.

It may be an interesting question to ask, which is the happier nation—China or the United States? If wealth can give happiness, the United States ought to be one of the happiest nations on the face of the earth, as it is certainly one of the richest. Unfortunately happiness is one of those things which wealth alone cannot buy. Discontentment seems often to be an accompaniment of wealth. At any rate, this country has its full share of it, as the increasing number of strikes in recent years indicates.

It has been said that discontent in an individual as well as in a nation is the most potent incentive to progress. But somehow every one strives after happiness, and no one wants discontent. Notwithstanding China is a comparatively poor country, I doubt that the sum of

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happiness in this country is greater than in China. The Chinese as a people are, on the whole, satisfied with their lot. Once some one remarked to Prince Kung that the Chinese are easily governed. "Yes," replied the Prince, "because they are contented,—unless there is a famine." They are unmanageable only when they find themselves face to face with starvation and death.

It may be rather far-fetched to trace the inherent characteristics of Chinese and American civilizations to the teachings of the Golden Rule as enunciated respectively by Christ and Confucius. Christ says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." The command is positive, and in some respects aggressive. It requires something to be done. It fosters proselytism, and tends indirectly to encourage national expansion.

On the other hand, what does Confucius teach? "Do not do to others," says he, "what you do not wish others to do to you." Non-interference with other people's affairs is the key-note of this injunction. This accords perfectly with the spirit of Chinese civilization. It manifests no desire to extend its sway over other nations. It seeks to benefit only those who come voluntarily under its influence. "The Book of Rites," moreover, has this passage in support of the teaching of Confucius: "It is for the learner to come to learn, and not for the teacher to go to teach." The tendency of Chinese civilization is to bring peace and contentment, while the tendency of American civilization is to engender a spirit of restlessness and enterprise.

What will be the probable result on China of the meeting of Chinese and Western civilizations? Will Chinese civilization give way, or be able to maintain itself? In other words, what is the future of Chinese civilization? It is a civilization that has weathered out all the violent storms of the past, and it is not likely that anything short of a mighty convulsion of nature will be able to tear it up by the roots. I do not say that China does not stand in need of reform in order to meet the demands of the times. She lacks many things that go to make up a modern nation. These are too obvious to require specification. Her transportation system is too primitive for these days of steam and electricity. The slow-going junk and the pack-mule cannot possibly compete with the iron horse and the trolley. Her educational system is still too mediæval to satisfy modern requirements. Essay-writing and calligraphy must give place to the study of modern sciences. In short, she must introduce modern machinery and inventions, and learn to profit by modern discoveries. By adopting what is useful in the Western civilization, she will not lose those sterling qualities that have enabled her to outlast all the great nations of the past.

These observations are not made with a view to criticise, much less to depreciate, American civilization. Nothing would be further from my purpose. I yield to no one in just appreciation of the benefits of American civilization. It must be remembered, however, that all such benefits are more or less relative in their nature. The electric light is a case in point. Its superiority, as an illuminant, is obvious to all. But is there any one that blames the man who has experienced a shock from a live wire for preferring the kerosene lamp? I may also instance the automobile. It is delightful to whisk through the streets in a vehicle of this type. But the man who has just escaped with his life in one of those frequent smash-ups may be pardoned for thinking differently. All depends on the point of view.

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The Poem

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL

ONCE upon a crumbling tower,
By the lady's ancient seat,
Came an early flower.
Frail and brief its blossoming—
A flower has but a day in spring—
But its breath is 'live and sweet
With me to this hour.

And once a singer with a strain
Of heavenly beauty wandered by,
Chanting once again.
And the shadowy melody,
Dwelling secretly in me,
Makes a joy so strange that I
Almost deem it pain.

There's a bird the traveller hears
Singing in the April wood
Ere the green appears.
Every sense is exquisite
With the youthful lilt of it—
A heritance of morning mood
Through many and many years.

And to-day I come upon
This poem—simple as the dew
Trembling forth at dawn.
Tears and sunshine in its heart
Play the old unfailing part—
Each as old and each as new
As in ages gone.

Past and present harbor both
In the beauty of the rhyme.
It avails to soothe
Every trouble, and belongs
With the blossom and the songs
In some unforgotten time
Of immortal youth.

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A Chronicle of Convictions

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

I

IT was the antithesis between Camilla's complexion and what she was pleased to call her System of Reform that made her not without interest to a certain small corner of the world. While both were, in a measure, astonishing, neither was unique, nor wholly peculiar to Camilla; so that it was undoubtedly in their conjunction that lay the irritating charm that even Gregory, who appeared to be most powerfully affected by it, could not have explained if he had tried. But Gregory never did try. He contented himself, until circumstances drew him into a more active rôle, with blinking remotely at this unusual young woman's flow of speech and of activity, and in saturating himself intemperately with the delights of her complexion. Gregory, as Camilla once said herself, was primitive.

For whereas Camilla's complexion was of an exotic delicacy, an unpaintable radiance, yet with the exquisite freshness of something that springs up pure and pale-tinted through the mossy floor of a wood, her System of Reform, which she held always at arm's-length before her, as a warrior his shield, so that there was no human possibility of overlooking it, was, if not positively garish, at least quite lacking in æsthetic graces.

It was at the very edge of her career that Roslin Gregory first saw the apostle of co-operation. It chanced also to be at the apogee of the man's brief period of youthful impulsiveness. This stage of ebullition, foreign to his temperament, had been singularly transitory with him, and he had settled promptly into the habits, prejudices, convictions, that were to be his life-long accoutrements. This fact partially explained to his friends the phenomenon that his first conception of Camilla, his first attitude toward her, persisted so wonderfully.

"You have ambition?" she had demanded of him, during the first few minutes they ever spent together. They had met in such perfectly conventional surroundings that the inquiry startled him out of his self-possession.

"I suppose so." He was boyishly embarrassed. "I don't expect to be President, but—"

"I hope not," Camilla reproved him. She was twenty then. "I don't, of course, mean politics and money-making and that sort of thing. I thought possibly you wanted to count in the world."

Gregory spent the hours from nine to five daily in the employ of an enterprise that if not "money-making" failed of its object, and conscientiously identified himself with political concerns.

"What is your own ambition, Miss Fay, if I may ask?" He finally wrung the question from himself. Abstractions were anguish to his temperament, but the plunge seemed worth while for the sake of holding his vantage-ground so far as a view of the very pink-and-white Miss Fay was concerned.

"Why," replied the girl, without the slightest hesitation, "to reform things in general. Matters are in such bad shape, you know."

"Shall I fetch you an ice?" Gregory hazarded, wildly, in a gallant attempt to save her from herself.

"Oh no; I never take anything of that sort. Pray don't mistake me for the ordinary girl, Mr. Gregory!"

"On the contrary," protested Gregory, looking straight at her complexion, "you seem to me most extraordinary—"

Naturally, she thought he was gauging her intellect.

"You're penetrating," smiled Miss Fay, distinctly pleased. "But you must not attempt to flatter me. We shall never get on if you flatter. Tell me, Mr. Gregory, which interests you most, something general, like the Anti-Superstition League, or something concrete, like my own dear Co-operative Kitchen hobby?

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Just so I may know where to place you!"

The unfortunate Gregory had never been so bewildered as by this singular variety of small-talk. He entertained no hostility to superstition. Yet he decided immediately that he would undertake to demolish anything, however formidable, if the enterprise would but serve to procure him another interview—

But just here her hostess appropriated Camilla, and Gregory found himself face to face with Lamson.

There was usually an undercurrent in Lamson's geniality. "What have you subscribed to, Gregory?" he laughed. "You look so gently passive. That girl is worse than a professional cripple for extorting your spare change."

"Good Lord, she's pretty!" exclaimed Gregory, still staring foolishly after her.

"Wax doll," said Lamson, brutally. But he too had thought Camilla pretty in the beginning. And as Gregory continued to stare, he went on, reflectively: "Camilla would be enchanting if she couldn't talk. Mute, she would be a goddess. That is, if she patronized a proper dressmaker."

"What is the matter with her dress?" For the first time, Gregory glanced below the beauty's chin.

"Camilla thinks it's intellectual to be dowdy. It's her particular form of vanity."

"I don't know what you mean," said Gregory, sincerely. "She's very lovely, I think—and very womanly." But he was yet a long way from understanding Camilla.

The next time Gregory met Camilla —he had manœuvred rather elaborately to bring the meeting about—he, in his characteristically direct fashion, asked her to marry him. This was his impulsive stage. He already loved Camilla to distraction. And why not? Her complexion was the most radiant he had ever seen. And if you should object that it was Camilla's complexion and not Camilla to which he should have addressed his protestations of affection, you ignore the fact that many men fall in love with, and marry, factors of a personality that are much slighter than a complexion. An eyelash is often passionately wooed, a dimple strenuously won. And then, of course, he did not realize it was the complexion. He would have called it his Youthful Ideal.

Camilla smiled ravishingly when Gregory—who was so moved, poor fellow, that he couldn't finish his sentences or control his voice—begged her to make some answer to his love. She smiled a great deal, and the worst of it was that she seemed always to be smiling at you. Yet this was only one of the ways in which this rather mysterious young woman gave the impression of infinitely greater personal significance than she was ever to possess.

"I'm disappointed in you, Mr. Gregory," she announced, after a little, glancing at the clock. It was her only response to the passionate affection poor Gregory so tremblingly offered her.

"I know I'm a worthless fellow," apologized Gregory, thereby doing himself great injustice. But the humility that is the concomitant of such emotion as his is only too well known.

"I can't believe that," she sweetly patronized him. "It is your attitude toward me that disappoints me—"

"But I love—" he began, vehemently.

"Exactly," said she, raising her hand to smooth her shining brown hair. "But you've failed to see—to place me properly. My sympathies are entirely—oh, entirely —with the life of the intellect." She drew a thick note-book from the table and consulted it, as if to indicate her preoccupation with purely intellectual concerns. "I doubt if I shall ever marry. At all events, it's a—a detail. You've strangely misunderstood me, Mr. Gregory." For the first time in the interview, she looked gently distressed.

"I see I do not understand you at all." Gregory's instinct was to abase himself endlessly. "It's likely I've been too precipitate. But you will forgive me, won't you? And I may come again?"

"Oh, by all means. We must be very good friends indeed." She rose with an air of dismissing him. Gregory was distinctly a pathetic spectacle as he groped about for his hat. His face, as he struggled to look calm and self-possessed, would have moved anybody; anybody but the serene and beautiful Camilla.

She let him press her hand quite warmly at leaving, and her singularly vivid eyes expressed to her despairing lover

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vaguely beautiful messages that, had he but known it, had no counterpart in Camilla's not too complex brain, nor, indeed, in the amazingly rudimentary organ that she called her heart. As he reached the door she called him back.

"Oh, have you a minute more, Mr. Gregory?" Her manner was quite as if he had called about the gas bill.

Revived hope shone radiantly in his face. He was prepared for the utmost revelation of feminine coquetry.

"I should so like to interest you in this co-operative nursery scheme," she explained, charmingly. "It's really going to result in the positive emancipation of the mothers. I find I've fifteen minutes before my committee comes, and if you care to wait—"

Gregory was absurdly nervous. "I'm very sorry, Miss Fay," he stammered, "but I am obliged to go."

"Oh, very well," said she, in a businesslike tone. And she did not think of Gregory again for a day or two.

II

Gregory had a good deal of the sturdily heroic in him. For a week he had wrestled with the inevitable. His love for Camilla had in the barren interval grown greater rather than less. But his every impulse was toward a direct and simple wooing. To arrive even at the bliss he longed for by the devious and hopelessly uncongenial byways of discussions on the co-operative nursery seemed to him a test impossibly severe. But, of course, hapless Gregory succumbed, and love and the inevitable were victorious. After seven days the lover earnestly acknowledged to himself that he would believe anything, discuss anything, pretend anything, so long as Camilla, delicately lovely Camilla, remained the possible prize. Thus determined, he rather pitifully threw himself on Lamson's mercy.

"I'm no more than the fly on the wall to her," declared the lover, still shrouded in his new garment of humility. "But she hasn't barred me out. I've the opportunity to expand in importance if I can. Tell me,—you've known her a long time—are there any other duffers about? and who are they?"

Lamson looked serious. He was very fond of Gregory.

"Lots of men fall in love with Camilla, if that's what you mean," said he.

"So I supposed," said Gregory, sadly.

"But they get over it." Lamson looked grim.

"She's not—encouraging," Gregory admitted, growing mellow in the delight of having found a partner to this most enthralling of discussions.

"She's a stick," said Lamson, with a spurt of vindictiveness; then apologized vehemently as he saw the wounded look creep into poor Gregory's serious face.

"We'd better not discuss her, I suppose," sighed Gregory.

"Doubtless. Camilla's a lesson one learns by experience."

"The difficulty is," said Gregory, forgetting his decision and rather assuming the air of an illuminate, "that she has a soul. That's what she is—a soul. We clayish creatures aren't equipped to meet her half-way."

"Nevertheless it is the clay Camilla that first ensnared you," laughed Lamson. "Nobody, on the night you first met, could have thought you indifferent to the extremely delicate varieties of clay that make up Camilla's—to you—so very soulful face. There's a complexion for you!"

"And her smile!" supplemented Gregory.

"Poor fellow!" condoled Lamson. "And I suppose you're already strong on co-operation?"

Gregory looked slightly confused.

"Those are all her father's notions, you know. She had a curious girlhood. It's rather interesting, isn't it?—how unusual family conditions, no mother, and all that sort of thing, can give that particular twist to a normal woman's perfectly normal vanity? Camilla, you know, was cut out to be somebody's prosperous and domineering wife. But she got to fancying herself a reformer, and—well, you can see for yourself. However, keep right on. Read her pamphlets. Go to hear her lecture. Feed her vanity in every way you can think of. Some day, if you are ingenious enough in that direction, she may marry you. In which case—"

"Good-night," said Gregory. "I think we would better not talk of her again, old fellow."

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"Forgive me," said Lamson. "And, as I was saying, Heaven help you!"

III

Five years later, when consulted as to her "work," Camilla would declare that her life was so full and her duties so many and engrossing that she could supply information only as to her general interests. For the details, she really must refer you to Mr. Gregory. "In fact," Camilla would add, "he represents me!"

Which he did, indeed. As completely, that is, as a rather dull, simple-hearted, perfectly prosaic man could represent the indescribable Camilla. In his earlier experience with the business house that employed him, they had expected something of Roslin Gregory. While completely destitute of shrewdness and imagination, he had the absolute honesty, the hungry love of detail, the industrious aptitude for articulating trifles into a coherent something, that certainly promised some little success, as the world understands the word. That he still remained in a subordinate position was due to a curious half-heartedness that at an inexplicably early stage of his career had most disastrously overtaken him. Without zeal, was an axiom of Gregory's employer, success is impossible. So Gregory was rated as a failure and retained in a clerkship.

Meanwhile Camilla had been, in the line she had chosen, showily successful. Even if it be admitted that the greater part of her audiences had but little concern with "the life of the intellect," that her lectures ranked high as a time-killing device among women of uneasy leisure, that as a Reformer she never once hit the mark she may have been supposed to aim for,—all this will not alter the fact that she was vociferously in demand and that she made a sensation as often as she stepped upon a platform. To see, indeed, that beautiful face of hers, a modified classic in type, unmarred by any irrelevant plumpness, its exquisite and as yet unfaded tints deepening into a delicious bloom as she would discourse, with an air of assured authority and wisdom, on "The Twentieth Century Kitchen," or "The Fallacies of the Marriage System," or what not,—was quite sufficient recompense, many people thought, for taking the trouble to go to hear her. And with this Camilla may have been content. At all events, she appeared always to be swimming in a sea of satisfaction, and a certain self-protective instinct forbade her making confidants.

Now, of course, the drudgery of this animated career, the letter-writing, the copying of manuscripts, the remembering of dates, the picking up of loose threads of one sort and another, was a burden to be borne by somebody. That he was held worthy to bear it Roslin Gregory soberly considered the most precious privilege of his life. And it was one of the fruits of his diligence that the devoted lover, overcoming his antipathy to abstractions by sheer patience, obtained an excellent understanding of many principles that Camilla herself, relying always upon her innate superiority, may never have taken the trouble to assimilate. One cannot be a reformer and a student at the same time. Camilla found it more diverting to reform. So, although Gregory was decidedly not the quickest of her disciples, he was by all means the most relentlessly logical—a fact which might at times have been disconcerting had he not also been so blindly loyal. But the sublimity of this loyalty, of his belief in her, Camilla herself could never have approximately understood. He was only her rejected suitor and unsalaried secretary. How could he interest her? He had become so completely, so pitifully, a Matter of Course! Her temperament and understanding screened from her the fact that Gregory had first a thousandfold magnified what he conceived to be her standards, and then done his prosaic best to live up to them. Behind this endeavor there lurked naturally the unquenchable hope that some day, if he were docile enough, Camilla might marry him. But for the most part he had schooled himself to be content with her tolerance.

IV

It is an uncomfortable fact to record, but as the years imposed their relentless burden upon her superlatively graceful back, the antithesis, so often remarked upon, between Camilla's complexion and her system of reform grew less insistent. One or two, indeed, of the more unearthly tints in the extraordinary tone-har-

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mony of her cheek and brow vanished altogether as Camilla verged perilously near the formidable mile-stone of thirty. And, which was doubtless more remarkable, as her coloring became less radiant a marvel, not only did her whole aspect, as it were, assume a more terrestrial tinge, but the System she had so vehemently promulgated became less strident, less aggressive. In ever and ever so impalpable a fashion, Camilla, as a personality, had faded.

"At fifty," had prophesied Lamson,—who, still a bachelor at forty, had acquired much of the habitual spitefulness supposed to be peculiar to the unwedded of the other sex,—"Camilla will be a commonplace."

She was yet a score of years from this period of lamentable extinction when there happened, one day, an unprecedented thing: Roslin Gregory called on Friday, at three in the afternoon!

Now Camilla had never seen her devoted lover by daylight except on Sunday in winter, and on an occasional Saturday during the warmer months of the year. So inflexible was the nine-to-five routine, and so rigidly adapted to it had Gregory become, that Camilla sat stupefied at the incredible sight of him. So wanton an infraction of custom seemed to her almost an impertinence. But as she continued to stare amazement at the unfamiliar look of excitement on Gregory's patient face, and the nervous movements of his firm, efficient hands, she wondered dimly if he could have come to reproach her for having rejected him—was it for the eleventh time?—the week previous. She had read, indeed, that refusing to marry a man sometimes had an unpleasant effect on him, and, though she scarcely believed it, was this, possibly, to be an illustration of that very point? Was Gregory, simple, submissive Gregory, going to become troublesome?

"An imperative matter of business brings me here, Camilla," she heard him say, hurriedly. "You will forgive me if I disturb you."

"Why, I thought we had everything nicely straightened out for a month." Camilla looked bored, and tapped dully with a pencil on her desk.

"But this," said he, smiling faintly, "is something that concerns *me*."

The very use of the unfamiliar pronoun infused an element of strangeness into the situation.

"I had to consult you," he explained. "I'm—throwing away a fortune."

"And why, conceivably, should you do that?" coolly demanded Camilla, with her curious smile.

"Really, do you ask? Why, my dear Camilla, your own convictions—"

Camilla bit her lip. "Are you not rather vague?"

"Of course," said Gregory. "It's my brother's mine,—our mine, I mean,—in Colorado. I may never have told you that once upon a time, so long ago that I had forgotten it, I bought a third of the thing. It's a secret yet—they are desperately afraid it will become known; but Charles has come on here to tell me of the sudden miraculous yield of gold, and to persuade me to go back with him and help to attend to it,—to reclaim, you see, my own property. It's rather a picturesque incident, isn't it?—so many thousands of dollars—potentially, that is—so suddenly, out of the heart of the earth and into the hands of the Gregorys!"

"Exactly. And you are flinging them away?"

"Why, I see no alternative," said Gregory, seriously. "Although, as you know, the individual ownership of property has never seemed to me as black an iniquity as it does to you—nevertheless, I could not—"

"My dear Roslin," said the ever-surprising Camilla, "why are you always so narrow in your applications? A tremendous responsibility seems to have been forced upon you. I should by all means advise you to reflect a little, Roslin. Indeed, I never credited you with such impetuosity!"

Well might the loyal disciple look distressed.

"Good heavens, Camilla," he exclaimed, "but it is your scruples I'm respecting, not mine. To me the thing looks innocent enough. But after these many years do I need to remind you that your approval—your toleration even—is more to me than— Why, Camilla, I know I'm very dull—but it did not, I confess, occur to me—"

Camilla, a picture of disdain, had risen to pace the floor.

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Half-tone plate engraved by S. P. Smith

CAMILLA, A PICTURE OF DISDAIN

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"Have you ever heard of a workman so scrupulous that he threw away his tools? Have you not thought what the money might accomplish for our—for your projects? Or have you already sacrificed it past recall? Oh, why was I ever led to believe you wiser than the others of your very stupid sex!"

"The shares in the mine still await my disposition," said Roslin, gently. "But perhaps you do not realize that my acceptance of this responsibility would mean my immediate departure for the West; would mean my leaving—everything;—leaving—you—and indefinitely."

"Would it?" asked Camilla, pondering.

"Unquestionably."

"And you think we could not do without you?" She smiled at him in the way that had held him captive so many years. Poor fellow! it was precisely what he thought, so proud was he of his petty usefulness.

"You know what I fear," said he, and the wistfulness that filled his eyes was in singular contrast to his undistinguished, every-day appearance: the rough tweed suit, the dotted red and black cravat, the honest ruddy face with its stubbly brown mustache, the slight stoop, the already noticeable baldness,—and, in his guileless brown eyes, so pitiful a heart-hunger!

"What I fear is that I cannot do without *you*. What training have I had to be a rich man? It's a profession by itself, and of the most difficult. You asked me, the first time we met,—you remember, Camilla?—if I were ambitious. Stupid young ass that I was, I hardly knew! But I see now that it's precisely what I've always lacked—ambition! I'm not the sort of man that plots to own, to control things. Upon my word, I've never wished strongly but for one thing in my life, and you know what that is, Camilla. Oh yes, I'm quite aware you've given me but the slightest hope. But I find that it is easy enough to give up money—good heavens, what is *money?*—because it would involve the eternal sacrifice, I suppose, of even the dim hope of you! Sometimes I wish you were a little less like a goddess, Camilla. . . . Somebody called you a goddess once. If you were—like some women, I could simply have laid this at your feet!"

As she half listened to this stumbling speech, Camilla discreetly permitted her thoughts to leap the long flight of years she had yet to climb. Then came an electric realization of the worth of what she had already wrenched from life. To her own intelligence she flashed the query whether the ambition which she had hitherto cherished and which, after all, she had practically achieved, had been worthy of her, of her talents. Had she not underrated her own brilliant capacity for Being? With her magnificent heritage, had she not been content with too obscure a triumph? For one brief, educative moment, the apostle of co-operation pictured herself a Power. The influence of that moment abided.

It was quite another woman who, thrilling with the consciousness that she was at last doing justice to her undervalued Self, turned, a moment later, to the monument of patience that sat near her.

"It's quite impossible to fancy you starting off alone, to become a plutocrat," she observed, indulgently; and Gregory who feared that the intolerable moment of parting was near, looked at her with the accumulated tenderness of years.

"Yet, after all," said he, grimly, "if, as you say, you no longer need me—"

Camilla's eyes shone enchantingly.

"I believe, Roslin," she said, in a new voice, "that we do need each other."

Were the heavens falling? Gregory looked uncomprehending.

"You've often told me something of this sort, and you may have thought me unfeeling. But I am far from that—and now, if it really seems best for you to go—it may be my duty to— Well, Roslin, must I say it myself?"

But lacking as he may otherwise have been in subtlety, Roslin Gregory needed, after ten years of waiting, no reiteration to convey to him a message of so stupendous import.

"Thank God!" cried this simple man, out of the fulness of his surcharged heart. Nor was his rapture tinged with the least shadow of distrust, as, for the first time in his life, he bent low and kissed her.

As for Lamson he appears to believe that Fate has quite gone out of her way to point the moral and adorn the tale on which he has been so uncharitably fond of dwelling.

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In Ethan Allen's Country

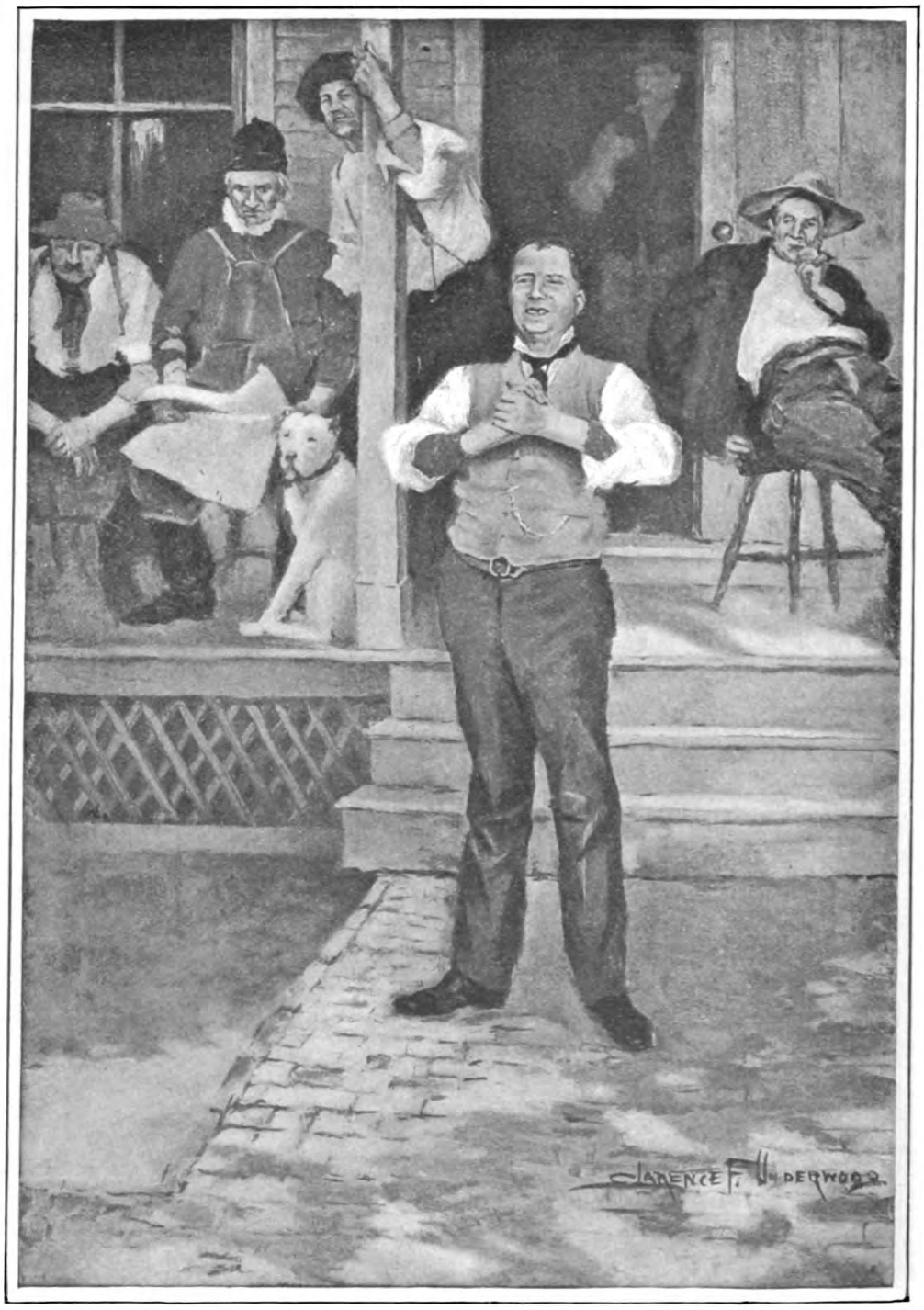
BY JULIAN RALPH

WHAT is called "the most beautiful drive in New England" is that from Brandon, Vermont, to Rochester in the same State, over the Rochester Mountain. Brandon is itself the subject of a well-placed laudatory nickname, for those who know it speak of it as "the drawing-room village of Vermont." It is like a fanciful painting of what a town ought to be, or like a collection of model villas scattered over a rich green sward decked with spreading elms, and ready to be shipped to the next universal exposition in confident expectation of taking a first prize. The prettiest villages in England can only surpass it in the minds of those who value relics and monuments of a remote past above the living beauties of the instant, yet when it comes to the history of the place it cannot be said of Brandon, as Matthew Arnold said of our thousands of Western towns, that "nothing ever happened in them and nothing ever will." Was not Stephen A. Douglas born in Brandon, and does not the house where he was born stand in perfect order there to-day?

The drive over Rochester Mountain is one of precisely fifty attractive carriage journeys which may be made from Brandon to as many different places, or to a large number of points by fifty different routes. All this section is what may be called Ethan Allen's country. Beside Lake Dunmore the people show you the hero's cave in which he hid and to which he retreated with his Robin-Hood-like followers during the time when he resisted the efforts of the Governor of New York to parcel out Vermont among his English and Scotch favorites, while New Hampshire's executive claimed a better right to the practice, and had the Green Mountain Boys on his side. One has to read about this cave in order to revere and admire it. In its actuality it is a small hole or chamber in a rock. It is only when you read Judge Thompson's glowing pen picture of it in his *Green Mountain Boys* that you discover how well and almost ingeniously suited it was as a fortress and retreat. In the book it has a natural porch outside, and several chambers opening out of a central hall within. But it is sixty-two years since Judge Thompson wrote his thrilling story, and that is, perhaps, time enough for even a cave to undergo great changes. Fortunately for us, the marvellous beauty of the mountain lake is as great as ever, and I doubt whether any other feature of the immediate region has suffered material modification in the lapse of time. The thick woods which clothe the mountainous walls of this blue jewel must appear to our eyes almost exactly as they did to the eagle vision of the daring ranger who ruled the tree-clad emerald hills and wooded valleys all the way between the borders of the Bay State and of Canada.

Not to miss any experience so highly praised, I took the drive over Rochester Mountain one autumn afternoon. As the livery-stable steed who dragged me and my artist companion played the chief part in the adventure, it is best that he should tell the story in his own words. He was a tall and stately frame-work covered with grayish-white hide, and of such age and degree of experience as to render him chronically sleepy and exceedingly ingenious in seizing every opportune moment for indulging his fondness for dozing. Being as artful as a fox, and coupling his cunning with a clumsy gait and meditative manner, he succeeded in inducing us to relish his periods of sleep as preferable to the peculiar rocking-horse movement with which he varied it when aroused. He could jog, or trot, as well as any horse, but he knew better than to air this accomplishment. It suited his purpose best to make a laughing-stock of us by teetering and bobbing over

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"I WOULD BE PROUD IF I COULD ENTERTAIN GENTLEMEN LIKE YOU"

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the road with head and tail alternately tossing up and down whenever he was roused. He did this with humiliating success as we drew up in front of a line of farmers before the Rochester Hotel.

"My master and I came to the front of the Brandon Inn at half past one o'clock," he told his mate in the next stall afterward. "We believed we were going to get a scolding because we were late, but it did not happen. Instead, we sent word into the hotel that we had arrived, and then we both went to sleep and slept two hours. All of a sudden, there shot out of the hotel a stout and sober-looking man in a cap, and a short, slender, excitable man in a hat almost as large as an umbrella. The manager and two bell-boys came with them, lugging things that fairly took my breath away, so that I wanted to shriek like a camel when it sees a heavy load brought out to be put on its back. There was a huge valise apparently full of lead, a smaller valise that made one of the boys perspire, a mandolin in a case, a camera, overcoats, storm-coats, an awful lot of canvas stretched on frames ready to be made into oil-paintings—why, there was so much more than could be loaded into the buggy, that the stout man had to hang his tobacco-pouch on the frame of the buggy-top, outside, over the wheels. And I heard him say that he weighed two hundred pounds. Just think of such cruelty!—to expect a horse to take such a load nine miles up in the air over bumpy rocks! And the horse being at that time unaccountably sleepy in the bargain.

"I always start off like a Derby winner, so we dashed down the main street in a way to make all the little boys hurrah from the sidewalks. When I have made this first fine impression I always expect to slow up and catch a quiet doze while my fares are discussing which road to take; but the nervous slender man, who looked like an umbrella because of his thin body and huge hat—he was the driver, and he took out the whip and yelled at me very rudely. I was so hurt in my feelings that I began to rock along and brandish my thin tail at one end and my open mouth at the other. This generally brings a fare to his senses; but I never took out a wild Indian before in my life, and I must confess you have to learn all over again to have your way with wild Indians. He called me 'Kazooka Kazook,' also 'Hi, there, Rabble,' and kept shouting 'Wriggle, Rabble,' until I never was so ashamed and mortified in my life. The solid man, who was cast in a foundry, and weighed two hundred pounds, kept writing in a little book and saying: 'We never can get over the mountain before dark. We shall not be able to see anything. Oh, why is my sad lot cast in with artists, and why does the law allow artists to go freely about when so many more rational animals are kept fenced in?'

"Suddenly, when we reached Forestdale, where they make what they call wooden toys, three miles on our way, the umbrella man, who was driving, suddenly reined me up and said, 'There! I've got to go back; I've left something.' The cruelly heavy man asked if it was his head he had forgotten, or was it something of importance, and the umbrella man said it was his box of paints. Then I was turned around and had to race all the way back, while the wickedly heavy man said terrible things about his being chained to artists until he was afraid of catching their disease, and the umbrella man laughed and whipped me and yelled 'Hi! Rabble, wriggle!' 'Bob along, wobbly one!' 'Cazook-cazookas,' and ever so much more of his gibberish. When we once again reached Forestdale I knew that my troubles were over. They could not run my legs off, because it grew darker and darker until it was pitch black, and they said they could not see the road or the sky or anything. Of course, I knew the road very well, but I could not tell them, so at every farmhouse and cabin where the windows shone yellow and the women were carrying smoking and steaming dishes to the men who sat at tables in their shirt sleeves, the umbrella man stopped me and asked if he was on the right road for Rochester. The criminally heavy man was nasty to the umbrella man. He kept asking him how he enjoyed the most beautiful ride in New England, and whether he was going to spill a bottle of black ink on a sheet of paper and call it 'a scene on the ride.' He had been ready to take the ride at breakfast-time, he said, and now it was so much time and money

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THE VALLEY FROM OUR "WALDORF"

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wasted, but a man who would travel with an artist was lucky if he reached home alive. The umbrella man only chuckled and called me 'nice old Rabble,' and told the brutally heavy man that the less he saw, the less he would be hampered by facts.

"Just before it grew too dark for my fares to see large objects, a fat bay horse that I knew very well, but do not recognize, because once when we were hitched together he kept biting my neck, and his master slapped me instead of him—well, he appeared with a buggy that was pushing him along down the mountain. I tell you, I envied him—going home and down hill in the bargain. The man that slapped me was in the buggy, and he leaned out and shouted, 'Look out! there's a bear loose in the woods!' I could feel my skin begin to twitch all over, I was so frightened; but the outrageously heavy man and the umbrella man were not a bit afraid. They were angry instead. They said that the country bumpkin had called out about the bear, thinking it fun to try to scare them because they came from New York. The man that weighed almost as much as all the rest put together kept saying that he would like to give that bear man a piece of his mind. I wish he would, because that man had no right to slap me when his own horse was to blame."

Here the horse's story ends with exclamations of delight over the fact that the heavy man gave the hostler at Rochester twenty-five cents for a "tip," and the hostler gave him—the horse—four quarts of oats, plenty of hay, a fresh bed of straw, a good drink, and a washing of his hoofs. My story goes on with a note of my surprise at the manner in which we dropped down from a mountain-top into a tidy prosperous village ablaze with electric light. All through Ethan Allen's country electric light is abundant.

What we had missed on our journey there was no means of judging, therefore it was determined that we should go back the way we came. In the mean time we meant to push on to a village called Hancock, famed all through the Ethan Allen country for possessing a hotel in which the most delicious game dinners, enriched by peerless garden produce, are to be enjoyed. Nowhere had it been said that the journey to Hancock was noteworthy in any respect, and we set out upon it as pilgrims start for Mecca, with no thought of anything on the journey except its end. Thus it fell out that this tail-end of our little voyage in the Green Mountains startled and then entranced us by its wondrous charms. To-day, after having taken, in broad day, the famed ride to which we had looked so eagerly forward, it is remembered only as a fairly pleasant prelude, and we declare "the most beautiful drive in New England" (that we have seen) to be the half-hour journey from Rochester to Hancock.

The mountain folk say that there are three days in autumn, following the first hoar-frost, when the gaudy coloring of nature is to be seen in its full glory. That is, when few leaves have fallen, when the way-side flowers are still blooming, the maples are towering tongues of flame, the oaks are red and yellow, the grass is richly green, and the sumac bushes touch the dark edges of the woods with strokes of red. On two of these three gorgeous days we made this journey.

The youngster who wondered "why rivers always flow by large cities" should travel in the mountains, and then put his next question, "Why do rivers always run beside roads?" Here it was the White River that displayed a fraternizing friendship for the earthen highway. The White River, just out of Rochester, recalls the appearance of the Thames above Maidenhead, yet has such noble accessories as the English river nowhere boasts: soft hills sloping down towards it on either hand, and everywhere showing a carpeting as rich in soft harmonious colors as an Oriental rug. The tiny valley bottom—a spreading level ledge but little higher than the stream—was decked with the capacious white homes and still larger red farm-buildings of a prosperous band of farmers, some of whose houses could be moved into our own New York suburbs without losing their attractiveness or seeming out of place. The wires of the telephone and electric light ran across the pastures to some of these homesteads, and suggested the bold thought that in another decade or two, perhaps, our most enterprising agriculturists may light up their farms

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at night, and hurry in their hay or do their early summer hoeing while their slower neighbors lie abed.

A thin white spire capping a cloud of tree leaves announced the neighborhood of Hancock. It is a place of only a dozen houses. Upon the porch of the commonplace-looking hotel stood the proprietor, an easy, kindly, rough-kept Boniface, troubled by the bad news he felt certain he must break to us. His cook —the best in all that country-side—had left him for the winter, his wife was ill, he was alone and could entertain nobody. He said over and over again that he was very sorry, and to these words he added phrases so flattering to us and so well chosen that we magnified our misfortune in our minds, and grew to respect in ourselves all the importance his words imputed to us: "It is hard to have to turn you gentlemen from the door. I would be proud if I could entertain gentlemen like you." How subtle is the high art of a true genius at hotel-keeping! It is born in men and cannot be acquired. As we drove up to the door of the Hancock Hotel we thought it poor and uninviting. To-day we would go many miles out of our way to stop there. The gifted proprietor led us into his kitchen, and taking up a fine large partridge, handed it to us with the air of a man who hesitates to offer a gift which he considers beneath the deserts of a friend. He bade us take this poor apology for the dinner we had expected, and drive three miles farther along the valley to a logging-camp. "The woman who has done all my cooking for me is the cook of that camp," said he. "Tell her I said that she would give you a first-class dinner and would cook this bird as it should be done."

The journey onward was delightful. The mountains drew very near together, and we got the sensation of squeezing in between them beside a rushing stream that filled all the air with a loud silvery protest against our trespass upon its domain. A mere trail encumbered with bowlders led at an upward angle of forty-five degrees to the logging-camp, and by means of it we came to a clearing before our dining-place — our "Waldorf," as the artist called it. It was a rusty old cabin with a shiny new addition of white boards, and the clearing before it was littered with firewood, a demijohn, a grindstone, a box, a hand-cart, and a clothes-line weighed down with drying clothes. A wholesome, brisk, matronly woman in a clean and tidy calico gown came to the door to inspect us, and we, in turn, looked over her shoulders and on either side of her into her inviting dining-room. It was as clean as any room in Holland. A jovial red-faced stove near the door contributed its high spirits to the pots and pans that streamed and sputtered on its lids. A table set for half a dozen persons proudly displayed its irreproachable plates and dishes, spoons and knives and forks, upon a snowy cloth. A heavy and ancient brass clock shone upon a shelf, a colonial mirror hung upon one wall, a well-scrubbed sink occupied one corner, and through an open door we saw the boudoir of La Cuisinière — a homely bed-room, but orderly and proud.

We had been received as a matter of course, and as if New-Yorkers dropped in, two at a time, by the dozen every day. When we stated our errand and delivered our partridge, madame said, "All right; you'll hev to wait a half an hour"—quite in the way you would expect the matter to be dealt with in a road-house where meals were served to strangers at all hours of every day. It was indeed a good repast she gave us. Whether it was because it was nearly two o'clock and we had been long in the fresh mountain air, or whether the novelty of the experience added sauce upon sauce to our hunger, it still was true that we enjoyed that meal and rated it among the best that have fallen to us.

"Could the men hear me if I called to them?" I inquired of this solitary figure in the wilds.

"No, sir," she replied; "they can't hear me, but I can hear them, sometimes, when they holler at the horses. They're up on top of the mounting." (They always pronounce the word "mounting" in Ethan Allen's country.)

"What a wild region this is," I remarked; "there is never a break in the woods. The land must look as it did when it was discovered."

La Cuisinière said nothing for a moment, and then remarked: "There's one man up here who gits all the bear's skins

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and deer's horns and heads and sells most on 'em in Boston. He makes a good living at it, too."

"Bears?" the artist and I both exclaimed.

"The men surrounded two on 'em last week," she continued, "out one on 'em got away. The one 't was killed weighed 450 pounds."

"Then that man who warned us that there was a bear in the woods was not inventing a yarn to frighten us, after all," the artist thought aloud.

"What would you do if you met a bear and he did not run away?" I asked.

"Then I'd run, you bet!" said La Cuisinière.

"I'd climb a tree," the artist ventured.

"The class in backwoods-ology is dismissed," said I. "A bear can outrun and outclimb you both; but if you pretended to be dead, by merely lying quite still on the ground, he would only sniff at you and roll you one way and another with his snout, then go off about other business."

"Jimmaneddi!" La Cuisinière exclaimed, "I'd as soon he'd eat me."

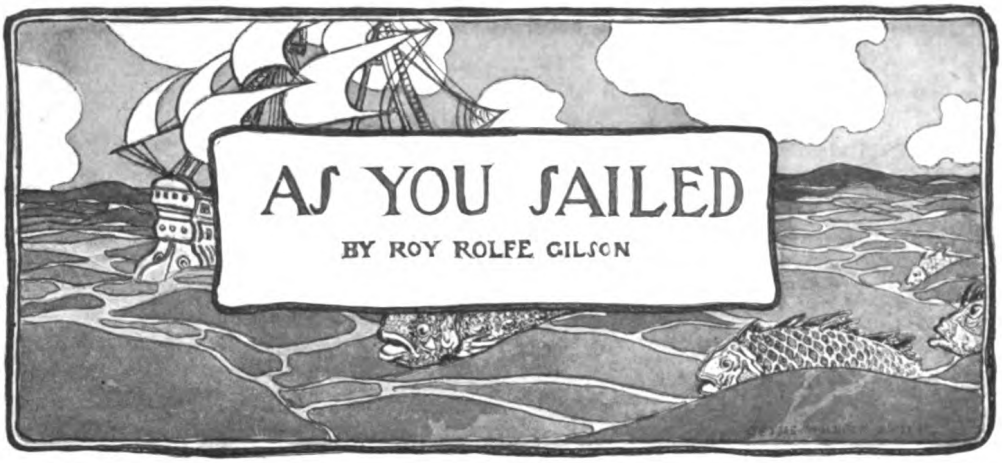
After dinner the artist discovered that the court of our Waldorf commanded a noble and lovely view of the whole valley behind us, ending where the farms climbed to the knees of the distant hills, and lay in green and yellow terraces above Rochester and its neighboring up-to-date farm-houses. Knowing that his exclamations of delight were but the prelude to two or three hours of painting, I threw myself on the grassy carpet of the court.

"Let me make you up something for ye to lay on, to keep ye off'm the ground," said the kindly woman, and in a moment she had thrown down our carriage seat, put a pillow against the back of a chair turned upside down, and gone back to her stove, leaving me to sleep and my companion to paint.

We returned by the now disparaged "most beautiful drive in New England," and found it a mere woodland ride admirable only at the ends. From the Rochester side we saw the sumptuous valley of the White River from a slight elevation, and from the western end the noble expanse between the Green and the Adirondack mountains spread wide and glorious beneath us as we stood upon a bare shoulder of Rochester Mountain. As if held by the wings of some huge bird high above the earth, we overlooked this great region of summer delight. Close by was the picturesque valley of the Otter merging into the fertile, populous basin of Lake Champlain. And in that basin we saw a territory more rich in interest to all Americans who love their country than almost any other on the continent; the largest page bearing the historical records of our people.

If the most sacred buildings in Boston and Philadelphia are properly rivals in claiming the title of the Cradle of our Liberty, then here in the Champlain Valley is surely the scene of its birth. From this eyrie on Rochester Mountain one may see the great "lake that is the gate to the country," as the Indians named Lake Champlain; one may see the Otter up which the paint-smeared savages crept to make their murderous attacks deep in Connecticut and Massachusetts; one may scan where Ticonderoga lies in shameful abandonment, the spot where Champlain fought the red men 293 years ago, where the French built their most important fort in the chain that ran from Montreal to New Orleans, where Amherst took it from them, where our dashing friend and leader, young Lord Howe, fell and was secretly buried. It required but little imagination for the mind's eye to see the path that Ethan Allen and his band took to gain, at this fortress, our first great victory in the Revolutionary war. From where the white church-spires marked the seats of Rutland, Pittsford, Brandon, Whiting, Castleton, and Middlebury, one fancied he might almost see again the tall, rugged "Mountain Boys" stalking the trails to the rendezvous with Allen at Shoreham — newly noted now as the birthplace of Levi P. Morton. All of these villages are prosperous and beautiful places to-day—the summer resorts of well-to-do folk from a score of distant cities. Even the edge of the rich valley, where the lake waters lap the Vermont shore, now shows the beginning of a movement to stud the lake-side and the islands in the lake with fine summer hotels and palatial mansions set in great estates.

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IT was a wild day in the year 18—. The good ship *Sea-Gull,* bound from Boston to Liverpool with a cargo of fall pippins, rocked and creaked in a northeast gale. She dipped her prow in the white foam. She rose proudly, riding the waves like a swan.

"Will we make the harbor, Jack, my lad?" asked You, the captain, of Yourself, the mate, as a wave broke over you. The mate dashed the salt spray from his eyes. Long and carefully he gazed through the spy-glasses of his curled and grimy hands. He scanned the ragged horizon and the lowering sky.

"Shiver my timbers!" was his only answer. He was an old salt, the mate was, with rings in his ears. Four times had he rounded the Horn; thrice was he cast ashore, half strangled, by the waves; once captured by cannibals, and all but eaten, on a South Sea isle. "Shiver my timbers!" Then he growled, and spat grimly into the trough of the sea.

The wind rose higher. A strange and ominous light fell upon the waves. The sailors in their oil-skins groped like yellow ghosts through the splashing spray.

"Hi!" you shouted, hoarsely, from the quarter-deck of the old apple-tree. "Hi, you lubbers! Reef them sails there!"

"Ay, ay, sir," came your own reply through the tumult—for you were lubbers and captain too when you sailed in the orchard. "Ay, ay, sir," you cried, heartily, leaping into the trembling shrouds. Up you went, hand over hand, up aloft where the wind blew freest and fiercest through the humming cordage of bent and swaying boughs. You gripped them with scratched fingers; with arms and legs and heels you hugged the slippery spars, and so, scrambling, climbing dauntlessly, tugging at the ropes of branches, shouting a rude jargon, singing defiance to the gale, you reefed the topsails in the hissing apple leaves. The stout ship rose on a mighty wave, leaping from the swirling sea into the eddying sky, and while she lingered, reeling, quivering on the crest, you saw below you, as you clung there breathless in the dizzy rigging, the green abyss of orchard waters foaming with clover and marguerites.

The spar swung back again in a lull of the wind. You sat in a rough crotch, hugging the mast. Your head was bare, but there were no longer any curls for the breeze to tangle. You were a big boy now, your cheeks rosy with your sailing. Your eyes were on the billowy meadow, but your thoughts were on the sea.

You would be a sailor; yes, that was settled, even though they forced you to run away. . . You would leave stealthily. You would put the ladder against your window ere you kissed them good-night and went up stairs. . . It would be hard to leave them so, but it would be harder

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still to leave the blue, wild sea tumbling and splashing against the white ships and the yellow sands. If you stayed at home, it would go on tumbling and splashing, and you would not see it. It would go on smiling at sailor-boys, and you would never be one of them to climb aloft in the mesh of rigging and sing there with the wind. It would go on raging, and you would never be there to dare and conquer it, lashed to the wheel! . . . Yes, you would be a sailor-boy. Already you were old enough. Running away would be bad of you, but running back again would be fine, at the end of your first long voyage; running home again, tall and tanned and in spotless blue, to see Mother and Father and Lizbeth; to bring them pearls from India and silks from China and gold from Peru. . . Mother would cry, like the sailor-boy's mother in the picture, when she saw your face at the window, but you would hold her tightly in your strong arms — your tattooed arms that had fought Malay pirates, and rescued a princess, maybe, and saved, perhaps, a crown. . .

For to them that go down to sea in story-books and apple-trees all things are possible; though to a sailor-boy in topmost branches a call to dinner may stop a golden dream. Mother's voice it was, coming out to you across the waters. You had climbed a ship. You scrambled down a tree.

You said nothing of your sailing. You did not tell them what sort of man you had chosen to be. It would have been useless. Every one knows — every one who knows anything at all of the sea and its ships and its stories—that parents never let their boys go willingly. There is only one way, and it leads through your bed-room window and down a ladder and out of the front gate, with your bundle in your hands.

"How still he is!" they said, looking at you wonderingly. It was afternoon, and you lay motionless in the grass.

"Don't you feel well, dearie?" they asked you.

"No, I don't feel very well."

"Does your head ache?"

"N-no. It isn't my head."

"Is it your stomach?"

"N-no."

"Well, where is it, then?"

"I d-don't know, Mother."

It was a lie, but you had to tell it. How could you let them know it was sea-sickness that kept you quiet in the grass?

"Come here, darling, and let me see your tongue."

You rose dutifully and thrust it out till its red tip rested on your chin.

"Let me feel your brow. A little feverish," Mother said.

"Give him some of that medicine the doctor left the other day," suggested Aunt Jane.

"Oh no, Mother," you cried—remembering.

"But, my boy, if you don't feel well—"

"Oh, I'm all right, Mother! I feel better *now*."

Mother laughed. "You must go to bed early to-night," she said.

You went into the house; you stole up stairs. In one corner of your room, up there beneath the rafters, you got down upon your hands and knees. You listened. Then you lowered your head till it touched the carpet. You peered under the bureau. There in the darkness you saw It lying, white and still. You raised your head and listened; then lowered it again. You thrust your hand under the bureau and drew It forth to you, and spread It lovingly upon your knees. Then with one forefinger you traced the current of that mad, sweet tale:

". . . Jack, the Boy Cap-tain, smil-ed grim-ly and shook his fist at the near-ing pi-rate sail.

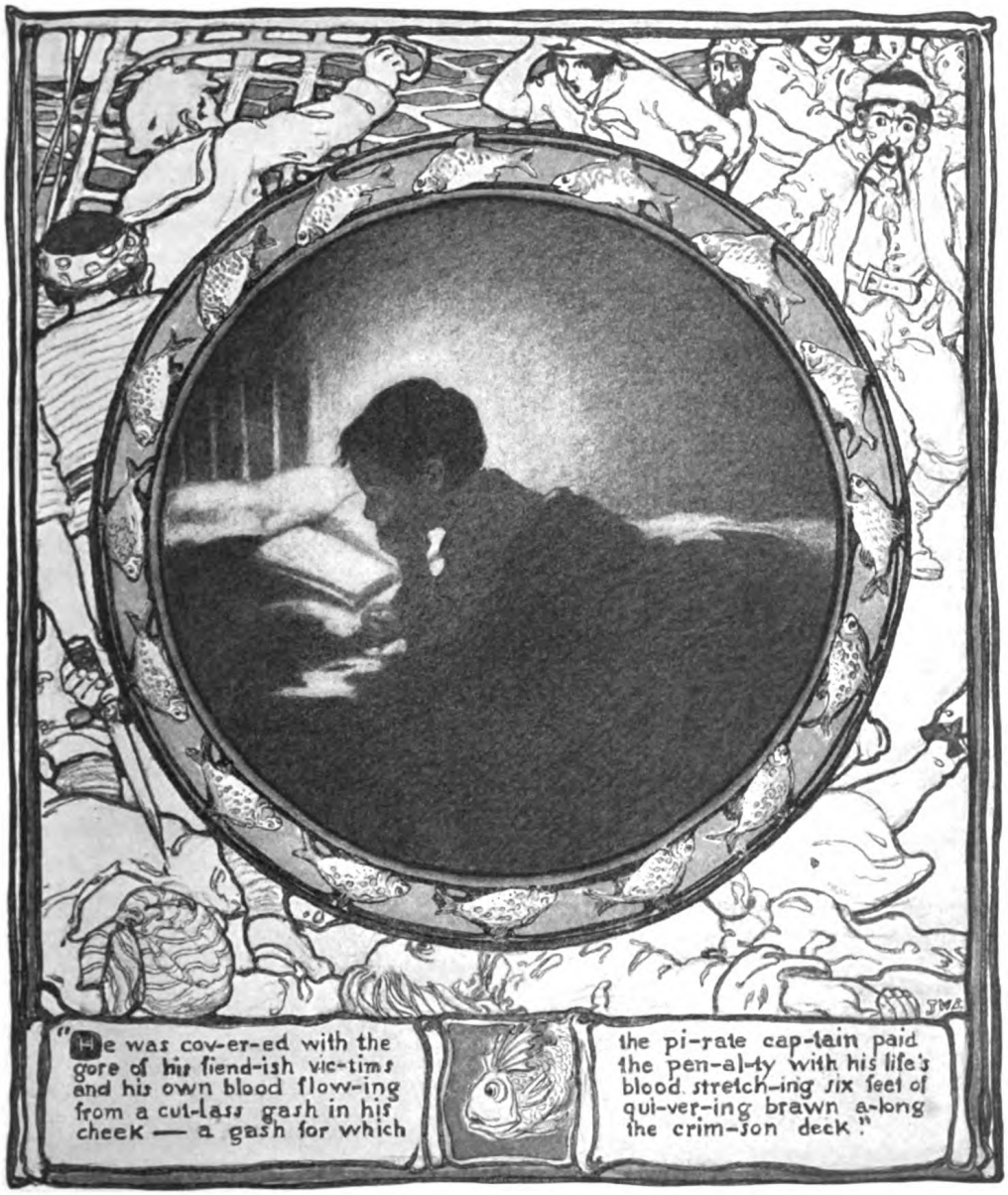
"'A-ha, black dogs of Mo-roc-co,' he cried, in a voice that rang, clear as a trum-pet, a-cross the an-gry waves. 'Come on and take us if ye dare. True Brit-ish hearts will lay ye in the dust!' saying which, he turn-ed calm-ly and look-ed to the load-ing of his pis-tols and felt the keen edge of his gleam-ing cut-lass with his thumb. . . The brown dev-ils came swarm-ing o-ver the—"

Just in time you thrust It under the bureau and scrambled to your feet.

"Dee, dee, dee-dee," you sang, carelessly, your hands in your pockets, as Mother opened the door. Her arms were full of your clean, darned stockings.

"You here?" she said.

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You teetered craftily, first on one leg, then on the other. "Mother," you said.

"Well?"

"Mother, could I—could I go over to Robbie's?"

"No, not to-day."

"Oh, all right."

"What are you doing up here in this hot place?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Well, then, why don't you go out and play?"

"I just wanted to get my marbles, that was all."

And then—oh, horrors!—you saw the white end of It sticking out from beneath the bureau!

"Mother," you said, "is that a crack in the ceiling?"

"Where?"

"Up there."

"I don't see any crack."

"Don't you? Right up there."

"No, I don't see any."

You set your heel upon the white corner of It, your back against the bureau.

"No," you said, critically, "I guess it isn't a crack, after all."

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She looked at you curiously. "What is the matter with you this afternoon? You act so strangely. Stop scuffling."

"Nothing, only I don't feel very good," you said.

"But I thought you were feeling better?"

"I know; but I don't think I'm quite so well as I was, Mother."

"Then you come right down stairs, sir. We will give you some of that medicine."

You gulped, but made no answer. Gallantly you opened the door for her.

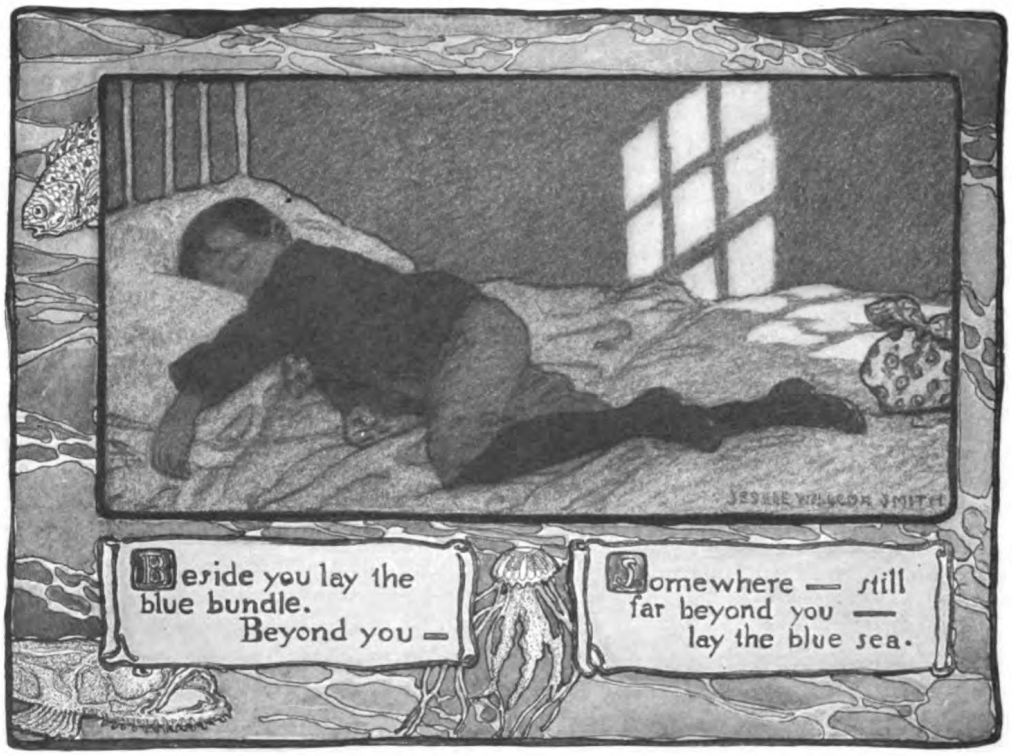
"You first, Mother," you said, and so you got her away from the white corner of It, and downstairs you took your medicine like a little man.

All through the summer afternoon "the brown devils came swarming" through your brain, and you waited restlessly for the night.

"Aha, black dogs of Morocco," you cried, shaking your fist at the white daisies. With your thumb you felt the keen edge of your yellow lath. "True British hearts shall lay ye in the dust," you cried again, beheading the petalled buccaneers.

The night did come at last. You went early to bed in your room beneath the rafters. You smiled gleefully at the white corner of It peeping from beneath the bureau. You undressed with eager hands. Beneath the bed you thrust your dusty shoes and your stockings. Over the foot you flung your jacket and knickerbockers and your waist with its broad collar and your polka-dot tie. Naked as one of Jack's Malay pirates, you stopped but long enough to feel the faintly bulging biceps of your young right arm. Then you dashed into your night-gown, never waiting to button it, and smiled and shivered deliciously as you dragged the white It forth again. One bound and you were in bed. Flat on your stomach you lay, half covered, and on your pillow in the flickering candle-light the brown devils swarmed gloriously, till—

". . . Jack, the Boy Cap-tain, led the brave tars in three heart-y cheers of victor-y. He was cov-er-ed with the gore of his fiend-ish vic-tims and his own blood flow-ing from a cut-lass gash in his cheek—a gash for which the pi-rate cap-tain paid the pen-al-ty with his life's



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blood, stretch-ing six feet of qui-ver-ing brawn a-long the crim-son deck, with a hid-e-ous scream of baf-fled rage and ex-e-cra-tion.

"'You are wound-ed, gal-lant Cap-tain,' cried Bob, the Boat-swain, anx-ious-ly, heed-ing not his own arm hang-ing use-less and blood-y by his side.

"'It is noth-ing, my good Bob,' Jack re-plied, smil-ing. 'You, too, are wound-ed. Do not mind me. You have a wife and child at home, wait-ing with tear-ful eyes for your re-turn to the shore. I, a-las, have neith-er.'

"'God bless you, Cap-tain,' cried Bob, tears of mem-o-ry start-ing from his eyes and ming-ling with the gore up-on his weather-beat-en—"

"Haven't you gone to bed yet?"

You started at Father's voice, and buried the blood-stained Bob and the Boy Captain beneath your pillow.

"Haven't you gone to bed yet?"

"Oh yes," you said.

"What were you reading?"

"Nothing. Only a story."

"What story?"

"It isn't mine, Father. It—"

"What story have you there?"

"It's Billie Moore's. He lent it to me."

"What story is it?"

"Jack, the Boy Captain."

"Let me see it."

Sheepishly you drew It forth and handed It to Father.

"Now look here, my son. If I ever catch you reading such trash as this again. . ."

Trash!

The cruel word rankled in your breast long after Father closed the door behind him, leaving you there in the darkness, wrathful and hurt and alone. Worse, though, than all that he had said, worse even than what he had almost done and had threatened to do, he carried It away with him. Jack, the Boy Captain, was a prisoner at last. It was always thus, you reflected bitterly, tears of rage and humiliation springing into your eyes—it was always thus with boys who loved the sea. Jack, the Boy Captain, had possessed a cruel father. But Jack had been a man. He had not endured *his* slavery—not he!

Then why should you?

You sat bolt-upright in bed.

Jack had run away to sea!

Then why not *you*?

Your eyes were popping out of your head.

Why should *you* not run away to sea?

A shiver ran up and down your spine.

Now—this very night—like Jack?

Your bare feet touched the carpet. You shook your fist in the darkness toward the closed door.

"Just wait till I'm a boy captain," you muttered. "I'll show you."

Stealthily you lighted the candle again. You drew on your under-clothes—your stockings—your knickerbockers—your waist with the broad collar—your polka-dot tie—your jacket—and your dusty shoes.

"I'll show you," you muttered, fiercely, your hands fumbling in the bureau drawer. You spread your blue winter neckerchief flat upon the rumpled bed. On it you placed your Sunday trousers and a clean waist and a pair of stockings which Mother had darned for you that afternoon. You stopped a moment—then placed the waist and trousers and stockings back in the drawer again. On the ship, you reflected, they would give you a new blue sailor suit; and as to stockings, you rather thought you would go barefoot as a sailor-boy.

Then on the blue neckerchief you laid the treasures with which you could not part—an empty brass cartridge (you would reload it for pirates), a piece of red chalk (they chalked their trousers, didn't they, on shipboard?), a fish-hook, large (for sharks), and a fish-hook, small, and your rare collection of tin tobacco-tags (these you would trade to the natives for pearls and precious gold).

You gazed critically about the room. Your eyes rested on your little black Bible, the gift of your Sunday-school teacher last Christmas day. Jack had taken his Bible; then so should you. You laid it on the tin tobacco-tags.

And Mother's picture! Jack had taken his mother's picture when he ran away to sea. You brought it from its place on the bureau and laid it on the black Bible, the face upward, so that her eyes were on you as you stood there by your bed in the candle-light. For years you would not see her again. You would

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have liked to kiss her—and Lizbeth—good-by before you went away. But that was impossible. Like Jack, you must play the man. You swallowed the lump in your throat, suddenly fierce again at the thought of the Man downstairs—the Man who was driving you from home, out into the black night and the world, big and perilous with sharks and pirates and cannibals with rings in their ears.

Hot tears dropped on the blue bundle as you tied it and sat down for a farewell moment on your little bed. You would take a look at your room ere you stole away.

Suddenly on the roof above your head you heard the patter of the summer rain. It was a hard father who would drive his boy out into such a night—out of a warm home into the darkness and the wet. The tears gushed from your eyes.

You laid your wet cheek upon the pillow where your head had lain so many happy nights since you had come to be a big boy with a little room of your own. You saw them standing there, by the empty bed-side, in the morning—Father's careworn face highest, then Mother's next, by his shoulder, crying, and Lizbeth's lowest and tearfulest of all—"My brother; I want my brother!" . . .

You sobbed aloud. The rain fell harder on the pine shingles. The troughs were brimming.

Outside, the garden path would be soaking. In crossing the road you would sink in the puddles to the tops of your shoes. But you could not wear rubbers. They never did when they ran away to sea. You must not mind a little wet like that, for where you were going it would be wet for miles and miles around you; nothing would be dry but the white deck beneath your feet, and even that sometimes would be wet with spray. What if you slipped upon it, and fell, and rolled overboard—splash!—into the great green sea! You would cry out, but they would not hear you. The wind would roar. The waves would close above your head, gurgling and laughing at your terror, and the ship would sail on without you, leaving you there alone and helpless to go down, down, down, struggling and choking and thinking of Mother, into the great deep.

You gave a little cry and buried your face in your pillow, shuddering at your fate. If you were drowned . . . if you were drowned, *dead,* never to see or smile or play or be a boy again, the waves would wash you ashore, rolling you, tumbling you, laughing over you. . . For days and days you would tumble there on the beach alone, till they came and found you—Father and Mother and Lizbeth, crying. They would find you white and dead and staring, in your blue sailor suit, lying in the sea-weed on the yellow sands. . . And Father would never smile again, never having any boy to love; and Mother's hair would be white, never having any boy to kiss; and Lizbeth. . .

You hugged the pillow, moaning. Your hot tears fell, like the rain, drearily. You could hear the rill from the eaves-trough running into the barrel at the corner of the house. Soon it would be overflowing and flooding the garden path. . . "And he was such a bright boy," everybody in Ourtown would be saying. . . The musical water-drops still fell through the chink in the rafters. . . . "And never did anybody any harm, or any little bird or beast even. . ." Drip—drip—drip, fell the water-drops, in time to the music of the rain. . . Your sobs broke out afresh. Everybody was crying, even the eaves-trough on the roof and the barrel at the corner of the house by the garden path. . .

Drowsily the rain fell on the shingles as you shut the front door, your blue bundle in your hand. No one heard you as you stole down the sopping path to the front gate. Softly it clicked behind you, and you trudged on and on in the storm and night . . . on and on past great dark houses . . . on and on under dripping trees . . . till you could go no farther, and sank down at last to sleep in the mud and wet of the long, long road to the sea. . .

And when you awoke the rain had stopped and the sun was streaming through your chamber window. All dressed, you lay upon the crumpled coverlet of your little bed. Beside you lay the blue bundle. Beyond you, somewhere—still far beyond you—lay the blue sea.

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The Man who is to Come

BY BENJAMIN KIDD

HOWEVER interesting in itself may have been the application of the Darwinian hypothesis to the study of the lower forms of life, it is not amongst these, but in human society, that we have the most important theatre of the operation of the law of natural selection. It is in its application to human development that the doctrine of evolution must be expected in the end to give its most significant results. The increasing importance of the doctrine of evolution by natural selection in the study of society, and more particularly in the elucidation of the principles underlying the development of peoples, of institutions, and of types of civilization in the slow, long-sustained rivalry in which they are matched against one another as the cosmic process unfolds itself in history, renders it not unfitting that some endeavor should be made to give a brief account of the current position of the doctrine and of the modifications of it which have taken place since it left the hands of Darwin.

The principle of *natural selection* is thus stated by Darwin: "As many more individuals of each species are born than can possibly survive, and as, consequently, there is a frequently recurring struggle for existence, it follows that any being, if it vary, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex and sometimes varying conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be naturally selected. From the strong principle of inheritance, any selected variety will tend to propagate its new and modified form."

One of the first matters to be noticed in considering the later developments of the theory of natural selection is the character of the cause which first suggested it to the minds of its authors. Darwin had been reading Malthus on the struggle which goes on amongst savage races, and on the natural checks, such as war, pestilence, and famine, which tend to keep population within fixed limits. Being well prepared, as he said, to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on, from long-continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck him that under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavorable ones to be destroyed. "Here, then," said Darwin, "I had at last got a theory by which to work."

Wallace, the co-author of the theory of natural selection, formulated it almost simultaneously under the same stimulus of the speculations of Malthus. It was in Ternate in 1858. "I was lying," said Wallace, "on my bed (no hammocks in the East) in the hot fit of intermittent fever when the idea suddenly came to me. . . . I was led to the theory itself from Malthus—in my case it was his elaborate account of the action of 'preventive checks' in keeping down the population of savage races to a tolerably fixed but scanty number. This had strongly impressed me, and it suddenly flashed upon me that all animals are necessarily thus kept down—'the struggle for existence'—while *variations* on which I was always thinking must necessarily be often *beneficial*, and would then cause those varieties to increase, while the injurious variations diminished."

In taking account of these events it is important to notice two things. The doctrine of evolution by natural selection thus in reality took its origin from a study of the facts of human society. But that study, it has to be observed, was largely concerned with society at a low stage of evolution. It is now generally admitted that Malthus's grasp of the principles of social development was to a considerable degree elementary.

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The system of prudential checks which he wished to see introduced into civilized society, so as to counterbalance (as in savage society) what he considered to be the undue increase of population, is one which it is perceived cannot be usefully discussed solely from the narrow stand-point from which he considered it, while it constitutes a considerable danger to many modern peoples who have actually practised it as he desired. The evolution of society is, in short, seen to be governed by more organic causes than Malthus had any conception of.

When we turn now to the doctrine of natural selection as Darwin propounded it, there is a fact which is unmistakable. It is obviously this early conception of Malthus which has been applied to life in general. Just as the political utilitarians who afterwards adopted Malthus's views saw the whole theory of society through the principle of utility confined within the consciousness of the existing state, so the early Darwinians saw the centre of gravity in the evolutionary process in the struggle for existence in the present. It was the qualities contributing to efficiency in relation to current environment which they beheld determining the course of evolution throughout all the forms of life. They conceived that — to quote words in which Mr. Wallace has put the matter very clearly in correspondence with the present writer on this point—"the interest of the fittest individual for the time being *is* the interest of the species." That was the early Darwinian position in a nutshell.

When, however, the mind has been made well acquainted with the details of the evolutionary process it becomes evident that even when allowance is made for every qualification that can be urged in extension of this view, it cannot be taken to represent more than a partial conception of the mechanism of the evolutionary process in life, and that the Darwinian hypothesis itself in this original form is probably destined to undergo as great development as the earlier Lamarckian conception of evolution underwent at the hands of Darwin.

It may be seen that while it would of course always be necessary for a form of life which was to continue to be able to hold a place effectively in the present, it must have been the qualities identified with the larger interests of the future rather than those contributing only to success in a free fight in the present which must always have weighted the tendencies of development in life from the beginning. For instance, "the fittest for the time being" might be simply fit and nothing else—as amongst the lowest forms of life which have remained unchanged and unchanging through all the eons of time that life has existed. Or the fittest for the time being might be complete and efficient in respect to the present, and yet bear in addition in varying degrees the burden of qualities useless and even disadvantageous in relation to current environment, but contributing to a higher efficiency in the future. The evolutionary process as the future became the present would discriminate between these forms, and the winning types of life in the end would be those which had borne the burden of the future in addition to fitness in relation to current environment. As long views tell in every-day life, so it would be the interests in the future which would in the end dominate the development towards higher forms of life. Progress from lower to higher types would, in short, follow the line of variations in which efficiency "for the time being" included *more* than adaptation to current environment. In other words, so far from it being a fact that the interest of the fittest individuals for the time being is one and the same thing as the interest of the species, the truth would be that it is out of the margin of qualities contributing to higher efficiency in the future, but always borne at first by successful forms as a burden over and above the qualities contributing to fitness for the time being, that the whole sum of progress in life has been evolved.

The subordination of the present to the future in the case of offspring is so evident a fact of every-day life, and has indeed been so frequently recognized in many relations in the study of the evolutionary process, that the first tendency of elementary criticism of the position here defined is to take it as involving the statement of a truism. It must not, however, be forgotten that this was the tendency of the first criticism of the law

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of natural selection itself, and when the mechanism of the evolutionary process is closely regarded it will be seen how far the principle in reality carries us. For the law of progress in life cannot, it would thus appear, be stated, as the early Darwinians imagined, simply in terms of qualities connected by the principle of utility with current or past environment. What appears to be in view is the fact that in the evolution of life toward higher forms natural selection itself has been, as it were, shut up from the beginning within this principle of projected efficiency.

When the principle here stated is applied to the evolution of human society the method of its working is readily perceived. When Darwin proceeded to apply the principle of natural selection in the form in which he had conceived it to human society, the result was in many respects remarkable. For instance, when the evolutionary process in society came to be viewed principally through the medium of qualities which contributed to success in the present or in the past, it may be observed that Darwin found himself confronted with a difficulty which was radical in character. In the evolution of life as he had conceived it among lower forms natural selection was regarded as weeding out with great stringency all qualities but those which contributed to success in the current struggle for existence. In the *Descent of Man* we see him therefore struggling with the fact that, as he says, "we civilized men do our utmost to check the process of elimination: we build asylums for the imbeciles, the maimed, the sick; we institute poor-laws; and our medical men exert their utmost skill to save the life of every one to the last moment." As we see the matter now, these facts have to be regarded as controlled by a far deeper and more organic principle of social evolution. But we do not observe that Darwin as yet has such a principle clearly in view. With regard to Malthus's principle of population a similar note of perplexity may be said to be evident. It is impossible, he says, not to regret bitterly, but whether wisely is another question, the rate at which man tends to increase. The facts of human society did not, in short, fit in with the restricted view of the principle of natural selection which had so far prevailed. In the absence of any clear view of a larger controlling principle we see Darwin, therefore, actually finding himself driven to the partial abandonment of his own theory of natural selection in the study of human society. The remark, it may be observed, is repeated more than once in the *Descent of Man* that natural selection can affect but comparatively little in advanced society. "With highly civilized nations," he continues, "progress depends to a subordinate degree on natural selection."

As the development of the evolutionary theory continued, the same result was to be witnessed in the case of Mr. Wallace, who had been from the beginning one of the most strenuous supporters of the theory of the direct relationship between all qualities in life and the principle of utility in regard to current environment. In the last chapter of his book, *Darwinism*, published in 1889, we see him similarly confronted by the fact that human faculties could not be all accounted for by the theory which had thitherto prevailed. According to his view, qualities, at all events, like the artistic, metaphysical, and religious in the human mind could not be explained by the Darwinian theory of natural selection. Mr. Wallace therefore also proceeded to the remarkable alternative of practically abandoning the principle as regards these qualities in human society, going on to assume that man, as regards these portions of his mind, must be under the influence of causes different from those that had operated elsewhere in life. The effect of this departure was marked. As the present writer has put it elsewhere:* It is no injustice to Mr. Wallace to say that the effect produced on the minds of the younger school of evolutionists at the time was not so much to convince them that he was right as to make them feel that the theory of natural selection that he had endeavored to apply to human society was still in some radical respect incomplete. Finally, in England, Huxley, the last of the leading group of early Darwinians, reached in the Romanes lecture of 1893 exactly the same

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 10th edition, Vol. XXIX.

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crux in endeavoring to apply the Darwinian doctrine, as it had hitherto been held, to human society. Huxley reached at last the extreme position of asserting that the ethical process in society was irreconcilable with the theory of the struggle for existence and the principle of natural selection. These both belonged, he considered, to what he called the cosmic process in life. "Social progress," on the contrary, he continued, "means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substituting for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest in respect of the whole of the conditions which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best."

The weakness of all these positions is now fully apparent, and would probably have excited keen discussion at an earlier stage if it had not been for the prestige of the names associated with them. For thus to remove human society as regards its most characteristic features from the operation of the principle of natural selection could only have one meaning. It must have involved some fundamental and far-reaching incompleteness in the theory of social evolution which had so far prevailed.

When the centre of significance in the evolutionary process in society is regarded as not in the present at all, but in the future, the change which is effected is gradually made apparent. The fact which becomes more evident in the study of the evolution of society is that, just as in the evolution of life, the highest efficiency is not simply that which includes only the qualities necessary to maintain a place in the free fight in progress in the present, but rather those which are identified with the still higher interests in the future. The evolution of society from the beginning has thus centred round the function of socialization, in the development of which progress has necessarily been towards a more organic type of social order. In this development the characteristic feature is that the mean centre of the life processes of society is undoubtedly tending to be projected ever farther and farther into the future. It is in this supreme rivalry that the great systems of society are being continually matched against each other, and that races, nations, and eventually great types of civilization, have their principles tested in a process of natural selection the principles of which extend far beyond the consciousness not only of the individuals concerned, but even of the political systems in which they are included.

In primitive society the first rudiments of social organization must be considered to have arisen under the sternest conditions of natural selection, the elements of strength which they possessed leading to the disappearance before them of other groups of men with which they came into competition. In the earlier stages of social evolution, as amongst the lower types of life, efficiency in the struggle for existence would be nearly always efficiency in the present—that is to say, it would be military efficiency in the development of society. As military evolution continued, societies liable to be resolved into their component elements on the death of the chief or leader would give place to others of a more organic type in which ideas permanently subordinating the individual to military efficiency prevailed. In this stage social systems, in which authority was perpetuated by ancestor worship, in which all the members were therefore held to be joined in an exclusive citizenship to the deities who were worshipped, and in which all outsiders were accordingly—as in the civilizations of the ancient world—treated as natural enemies, would contain the elements of the highest military potentiality.

Where, however, as throughout the whole of this military stage, all human institutions rested ultimately on force, the full limits of the organic principle in society in this phase also must in time be reached. The basis of the industrial and even the intellectual life of society would be slavery; all human institutions would tend to become closed absolutisms within the state; the state itself, as in the old classic civilizations, would know neither legal nor moral limits to its power; and the ultimate tendencies in ethics, in politics, and in religion must be to ultimately culminate in an ideal of universal conquest and of absolute dominion.

In the next stage a further and still

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more organic process of social subordination would bring into view the full outlines of the growing struggle between the present and the future. The enormously higher organic potentiality of a state of social order which, while preserving its efficiency in the present, would be influenced by conceptions that would dissolve all those closed absolutisms in the state by projecting the sense of human responsibility altogether outside and beyond it, would be evident. This is the stage of social evolution which may be said to have begun in the Western era in which we are living. One of its most significant features consists in the fact that the essentially Eastern conceptions of renunciation, of individual subordination, and of responsibility to life extending beyond all claims of the present and the finite, for which no Eastern people has ever been able to supply an enduring stage in history, has at length been provided with a permanent *world-milieu* by the peoples of Western stock, amongst whom the military process in human evolution culminated. The characteristic phenomenon of the historic process as a whole in this phase is such a free conflict of forces as has not been possible in the world before.

With the growth of that sense of responsibility towards life, which Darwin thought he saw interfering with the operation of the law of natural selection by filling the asylums with the maimed and less capable, we have not indeed the suspension of natural selection in society, but the first basis of a social process, the intensity and efficiency of which have, under the influence of natural selection when viewed from a wider stand-point, begun to tell to an increasing degree in competition with all other types of society whatever. The projection of the sense of human responsibility outside the limits of all the creeds and interests which, in previous stages, had embodied it in the state, has resulted in the gradual dissolution of the closed absolutisms in the state within which human activities had previously been confined. The dissolution of the conception upon which slavery rested; the growth of the conception of the native equality of men, and of their right to equal voting power in the state, irrespective of status or possessions; the undermining of the absolute position of the occupying classes, and of the ideas by which civil and religious opinion was previously supported by the power of the state; the tolerance of parties; the right of free inquiry in every direction; the long movement towards political enfranchisement; with finally the growth of that conviction which constitutes a standing challenge to all existing absolute tendencies in the economic conditions of the modern world, namely, that the distribution of wealth in a well-ordered state should aim at realizing political justice—are all features of an integrating process in Western history. They are all the marks of a type of society of higher organic potentiality than has existed in the world before,—a type of which the characteristic feature is that the sense of human responsibility has been at last projected outside the state and beyond the present.

As social evolution continues, it is evident that to an increasing degree the entire range of the processes of the human mind is being gradually drawn into the vortex of this supreme conflict between the present and the future. As the present writer has put it elsewhere, we stand in it at the very pivot of the evolutionary process in human history. The whole content of systems of thought, of philosophy, of morality, of ethics, and of religion must in time be caught into its influence. It is in the resulting demiurgic stress that the rival systems of society are being unconsciously pitted against each other; that nations and peoples and great types of civilization will meet and clash and have their principles tested. And it is in respect of the controlling principle of the conflict—the degree of efficiency of the subordination of the present to the future—that natural selection is continuing to discriminate between the living, the dying, and the dead, as progress continues in the modern world.

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Tike

BY SALEM JOHNSON

HIS old master, the station agent at Flossiedell, Massachusetts, told this about "Tike." The dog was a liver-splotched bull-terrier of large size, considerable age, and many signs of having achieved that which appears to be highly prized in certain very smart human sets—a lively and interesting past. Tike's record, however, was publicly legible upon his body and not upon his soul. It took the form of as many decorations for active service as even Lord Roberts can boast.

Tike may have come from the moon or Montreal. No one knows more of his early life than that he must once have been a noted dog duellist. He arrived at Flossiedell in a manner highly original and characteristic, by falling from a Pullman at the end of a sixty-mile-an-hour express train. He shot along over the gravel in a series of somersaults and a cloud of flying sand, as a mail-pouch is flung from the cars. And seldom has such a pouch contained matter of more interest than was the period of his life which he dedicated to that popular, green and white Bostonians' summer resort.

"Tike limped into the station without an unnecessary word," said the station-master, "merely remarking: 'I've come to be your assistant during the summer rush, and as the train did not stop here, I was obliged to make a flying switch! Kindly spade over the trough I dug through the side of the road-bed with my nose. I may forget the incident if the marks of it are destroyed.' That was every last word he said, and then he settled himself on a settee in the ladies' waitin'-room, where he rested up for two or three days. In makin' his dayboo he had absorbed quite some gravel, small stones, and bits of wood and iron. What he took in through his back come out through the hide of his belly, and what he rubbed in t'other way come out through his back.

"After he had shed all of the railroad and State of Massachusetts for which he had no immediate and pressin' need he begun makin' himself agreeable to the travellin' public. He didn't visit none with anybody, bein' aware that it ain't good form for a railroad man to mix up with the public none too much while on duty. He set to work, first, to clear the station of loafers, and broke up the local habit of folks takin' their vacations in front of my office winder and shuttin' off the little light which the railroad allows with my small salary. Real serious folks that come in, business-like, half or three-quarters of an hour ahead of the train they wished to take—for fear it might come along that much ahead of time,—he would allow to visit with him, and never bit or growled at one on 'em. It must be remembered, though, that he didn't have no office of his own, with double locks on the door and a window too small for the sufferin' public to climb through and wreak its anger on him. The most punctilious and practised railroad man that ever snapped at people for annoyin' him with questions about tickets and trains might have been a shade less touchy if he was 'bliged to set right out in the open like Tike had to.

"But Tike was a credit to the business when it come to the disagreeable ways he had with his own kind. He used to argue that he would not be earnin' the keep the railroad paid him if he did not lick every dog that ambled 'round the station before noon of each day. He come back more or less damaged every time he done this duty, and he took the afternoons to rest up. He called this 'lickin' the other dogs,' and whatever satisfaction it gave him to lie like that was all the comfort I could see that he got out of this tryin' branch of his duties.

"One time he'd come back to work with an ear hangin' by two hairs; another time he'd report himself short a

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H Clark

"He set to work to clear the Station of Loafers"

section of his upper lip; and again, he'd drop in carryin' one leg doubled up under him or trailin' along the ground behind him. While he would be puttin' on his overhauls and gettin' ready to go on duty in the ladies' waitin'-room, he'd maybe hear me say that I must go home and get the lint and a bandage and some antiseptic dressin', and he'd say, 'I know I only rank as assistant, but if I had the brains to be in charge, I believe I'd know enough to keep a drug-store in the station, and not have to go a mile and a half for the same things every day.'

"We had our bosom talks at night before the Boston Express came along, when we were apt to be alone. I reckon these talks cost me fifty cents a day for the liniments and antiseptics I used on him at those times. On the subject of fightin' he 'lowed if he was whipped every day for another two years—which prospect 'peared to be allurin' to him—the score would still be in his favor, as he reckoned he'd fed on other dogs a thousand times before his luck began to change. On these nights he confided to me that he could never make a success-

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ful railroad man, because it wore on him so to have to answer so many fool questions about things no one could account for, like why the trains was always late, what had become of missing trunks, and what he supposed was keepin' Mary Jane from comin' to meet Aunt Lize with a team as she promised? Truly, he grew more and more haggard and careworn, and it was evident that a too conscientious attention to his duties was steadily breaking down his otherwise bomb-proof constitution.

"His morning spells of fightin' was all the exercise he got. The remainder of each day he rested up in the waitin'-room, lyin' on a settee and lettin' the ladies visit with him. Pretty near all on 'em made a terrible fuss over seein' him freshly tore and chewed every day, and he'd lie still, like a lazy old Turk, and blink and grin to himself while they denounced the nasty, quarrelsome dogs that wouldn't let such a dear, peaceable old home body of a dog alone, but must be always a-chewin' on him to pieces. Ladies was to him what pie is to folks, except that folks can only stand so much pie, but Tike would have cornered all the ladies and their soft talk that there is and fattened on it all day and every night.

"He wouldn't so much as open one eye for a dozen men a-sayin' 'good dog,' 'good old bull,' but ladies was his little weakness.

"One day when he was 'tendin' to business in this way, a very sudden sort of a high-pressured, hair-trigger city feller came along in a stylish wagon from an interior resort to catch the train for Boston, just then a-bilin' into the station yard.

"'Give me — no, I don't want no



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"LADIES WAS TO HIM WHAT PIE IS TO FOLKS"

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ticket; got an annual pass, don't you know—some paper and an envelope, an' let me write a note for you to send back to my cottage at Pickerel Pond,' he says.

"'You 'ain't got no time for writin' no notes,' says I; 'the train 'll be pullin' out in half a jiffy.'

"'It 'll pull me out when it goes,' says he; 'been a-catchin' trains for twenty years,' he says, 'an' the locomotive's never been built that can leave me.'

"So I give him the paper an' envelope, and he commenst writin' to beat the band, and the train began pullin' out, and Tike was asleep on his settee, with one eye shut for a time exposure and t'other one set for snap-shots. When it was too mortal late for me to tell of it without seemin' to be lost to all sense of veracity, the hair-trigger city feller seals up the letter, slings it at me, grabs up two heavy grips he carried, and givin' a couple of yells, 'Hi, there!' 'Out the way, there!' he slung his grips atop of one another on one car platform and made a dash and a grab for the railin' of the next one.

"With the first yell he let out Tike slips off'm the settee like it was red hot and after the city man.

"'That ain't no way to catch a train,' he barked; 'what in thunder d'you mean by tryin' to catch a train after you've missed it, an' yellin' like a Kickapoo squaw at a buryin', and carryin' on 's if there warn't no rules of etiquette and 's if I warn't here 'tendin' to business?'

"With the final word 'business' Tike leaped for the sudden man, and the man leaped for the platform railin'. Both on 'em aimed true. The sudden man caught the rail, and Tike caught the man where his clothes was hinged. The man hung on to the car, with his feet a-bumpin' over the tie-ends, and Tike clung to him, with his stubby tail gouging along in the cinders and gravel and underscorin' his determination.

"'Let go,' says the man.

"'After you,' says Tike, 'and when we light we kin discuss about me lettin' go.'

"Tike's mouth was so full his voice sounded far away and clothy.

"Well, the train went on around the bend and out of sight at forty mile an hour, and the last we seen was the sudden man dangling from its side, and Tike writing a red line of blood beside the track with his stubby tail. I was bothered whether to laugh or to blame my luck at having another job of buying liniment and bandages. After considering on it a spell I 'lowed it was best to acknowledge the humor of it and I laughed to kill myself.

"'Funny, hain't it?' the baggageman says, says he, in his meanest, most sarcastic way.

"'Funny to beat Barnum's show an' David Harum and all else they is 't's funny,' says I.

"'Humph,' says the baggageman. (Havin' an occasional trunk reverse the rule and smash their fingers and toes makes baggagemen all 's vinegary as an old maid at a younger sister's second wedding.) 'Humph,' says he; 'I reckon you know that 'ere man's the cousin of the president of the road,' he says.

"'Criminy!' says I, but only to myself. Out loud I says: 'Of course I know it. What of it?' Then I went into my office and locked the door, and considered some on what I'd best be doin'. When I opened the door for more room to think in, Tike come up with a mouthful of cloth, pantin' and lookin' as virtuous as nothin' but a dog can look, and he laid the cloth down on the office floor, and he says: 'There's a ticket I collected from that crazy passenger. I've punched it the best I could.'

"'Le's see your tail, old chap,' I says.

"'You won't recognize it,' he says; 'it was long for the fashion, and I've been sandpapering it down.'

"I looked, but I couldn't see it—'cause it wasn't there.

"That night when I come down to meet the Boston Express I told Tike the bottom truth, though it hurt right sharp to hand it out to him. 'Tike,' says I, 'there's been goin's on and doin's in connection with a member of the royal family of this road which you unfortunately started, thus givin' the royal family the privilege of havin' the next deal, which 'ain't begun yet, but will supply them with cards,—spades and the big casino. In playin' with royalty it is found to be wise to give them the first deal, thereby providin' yourself with time to observe their methods. You played first, and now I've got to tell royalty

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there ain't no dog in this station. And I've got to prove my words by orderin' a search made and seein' that no dog hain't found.

"'The Committee on Casualties has met,' I says, 'and, after hearin' all the evidence, has decided that you was actin' up to the best lights you had on your duty, the interests of the company, and the safeguardin' of civilization against its worst blots,—by which word "blots" I mean, Tike, that muzzle-loaded, spring-gaited caricature with which you made a hook-and-eye acquaintance this afternoon. The committee finds that you are innocent and must lose your job. It declares that you were justified in what you done, and warns you to be more tactful in the future. You go without a stain into the cold world, cheered by the consciousness of having a clean moral bill of health from an unbiassed jury, which advises you to hunt a hole and pull it in after you 's quick 's possible. You go away fired with pride in those sterling virtues for which most persons would have ordered you shot. The Lord only knows how long you can keep your present gait and escape strychnine at the hands of a purblind public, or who will hereafter pay your liniment and antiseptic bills, or reimburse me with the $36 42 which I have paid out to druggists since you became my assistant.'

"'Do you mean it — honest?' Tike asked.

"'True as preachin',' I says.

"'Well,' Tike says, hangin' his head on one side and spreadin' back his lips a little in the comical way he had whenever anything set him a-laughin'—'well, I wouldn't have been no shucks of a dog if I had let that chance go. It was great! Say, honest, now, wouldn't you have done the same thing if you had been a dog?'

"I told him that, officially, I could only apply censure to so gross and onwarranted an assault upon a patron of the road, especially him bein' seen to be rich and comin' in his carriage, not to speak of the even more outrageous fact of his bein' the cousin of the president. 'Unofficially, Tike,' says I, 'let me tell you you done just right, and I think so much more of you for it that if you could make change and stand in my window and sass the public and never tell 'em anything they've got a right to know, I would give you my job and play I was the dog, and go away and hunt a situation somewheres where all the other dogs was undersized and easy to whip.'

"There is a maiden lady who is very close to me. She hain't none related, but we went to school together, and she married another fellow by mistake, and we've been sorry ever since—at least one on us has, anyhow. Well, she's all alone now with a thunderin' big farm ten mile from everywhere and no one around but her hired help. I've always allowed she needed a dog, and she's so sot in her ways that she says to me to stop badgerin' on her, for she wouldn't have no dog. 'If I kep' on,' she said, 'I'd get her to feelin' that she really was lonely, and then she'd drowned herself in the brook 't flows through her farm, or she'd even be driv to marryin' agin.'

"Well, next mornin' after my talk with Tike, I hitched up an' drove out to her farm, and when I got there I unloaded Tike out from the team, and I told her there couldn't be no dog around my station for a long while to come, and that she had got to take him or else all our boy-and-girl relationship had been a mockery, and poetry and sentiment was pure mad-house productions.

"'You've got to put Tike to work on your farm,' I says, 'and when he has impressed his personality—particularly the biting end of it—on whatever biped or quadruped fails to understand that he rules the roost, you'll find he'll be a comfort to ye, and 'll earn all that you're a mind to give him.'

"She seen that I was sot on't, and she never let on how she took it (even when I was a boy, you see, I picked the game ones, and I knew then that this particular one could be boiled alive and she'd never let on that the water was hotter'n she liked to have it).

"'All right,' says she; 'I hain't never turned no needy critter from ne'er a door I've owned, and I guess I hain't goin' to begin bein' mean 's late 's this in life.'

"Just as I was climbin' back into my team I thought of something, and I hollers for Tike to come to me. He come all of a jump.

"'No,' says I. 'Tike, I'm 'bliged to

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"YOU'LL FIND HE'LL BE A COMFORT TO YE"

be official about half the time, and, officially, I don't have no more truck with dogs. They're a troublesome and mischeevious breed,' I says. 'Privately,' says I, 'let me have a last word with you. This is your new home,' I says, 'and here you are to stay and work your way up till you get hold of the reins, which are that old lady's heartstrings, and get to be boss of her and the farm and the whole b'ilin'. In this new home of your'n that lady is the royal family. Do right by her, let her have the first deal every time, and don't you never oppose her unless you can trump her trick. She's got a girl baby here — a niece or kin of some kind. Look after that little girl like you oughter look after your immortal soul, if you wasn't a poor purp and didn't know nothin' except to be better than us folks who has souls and don't seem any too much the better for havin' on 'em.

"'D'ye understand me, Tike?' I says. 'You're to stay here. You are not to come hoboin' 'round the station. You're to set out to please the new royal family, includin' the young one; understand?'

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"The tears stood in Tike's eyes as I pushed his forefeet off'm the carriage-step.

"'I wisht I could go back with you,' he said; 'I won't do another thing 't's wrong to no royal family nor no one. Let me go back,' he says. 'I'll stop bein' a dog. I'll—I'll—'

"Here the tears actually ran down his cheeks, and his voice got choky.

"'I'll even play I was a measly cat,' he says, 'or I'll lay an' hide under your desk in the office, where no royal families can ever see me. Take me back with you—please. You've been that kind to me that I'd rather die an' be buried under your feet than live in luxury away from you.'

"'If you want to please me, take hold and run this farm and look after its big and little mistresses,' says I. Then, remembering that I was a man and he was only a dog, I changed my voice into a harsh and brutal tone, as is our superior custom with dogs, and I says, 'Go back, there! Back, I say!' and I raised my whip, and as Tike crouched and slunk away, I hit my mare a stroke such as she had never got from me before. I had to relieve my feelings and also to assert my manhood. What d'you suppose would become of a man if he 'lowed himself to melt like butter every time he got soft and pappy and felt the woman in him stirring?

"That welt I give my mare was lesson enough to me never to get sentimental and womanish, I can tell you. Danged if she warn't afraid of me all the way home and for a week afterwards, and I



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

"I TAKE HIS HARD, SCARRED OLD FACE IN MY ARMS"

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had to spend hours every day in the stable feedin' on her with apples and sugar and clover and talkin' it over with her and patting her like she was a real woman instead of a mere brute of a horse. It was a week before I got her to understand that Tike had upsot me. 'I had to establish my manhood some way,' says I, 'and so I danged near broke the dog's heart. I used the whip on you for the first time since we've been together, but I had to, and it hurt me worse than it did you; so now you understand it, don't you, Dimple, old girl?' I says to her. And at the end of the week she really did; anyhow she let on she understood it some, and stopped her tremblin' and lookin' at me with big, bloodshot eyes as if she warn't never a-goin' to trust me again.

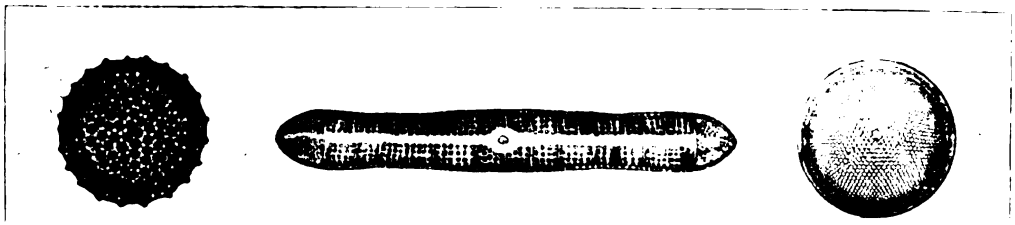
"What come of Tike? Do I hear from him? Oh, we correspond reg'lar. I drove over and called on him with my missis last Sunday, and he was like his old self before he got so wore down with havin' to explain why the trains was always late, and why Mary Jane hadn't come to meet Aunt Lize as she promised. He showed me over his new home and grounds, and introduced me to the cats and chickens and gobblers, of all of which, and the old lady and little girl, he appeared to be some proud. Yesterday he sent me down a half a load of fresh farm delicacies—cucumbers, sweet-potatoes, delicious corn, and cauliflower, a whopping big punkin, and I don't know what all. I rung him up on the 'phone and thanked him, and he says, off-hand like: 'I just wanted to show you that when I turn my 'tention to a subject I'm It. Just at this time I'm running this farm all right, all right.'

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, I guess, how Tike come to own the farm. You see, little Dolores, the child on the place is a madcap, reckless little limb, who, at four or five years old, already climbs trees, gets over fences, rides the cows home from the pasture, and is incessantly active and some foolhardy. Tike quickly discovered that if he was ever goin' to get a raise of salary above his board and keep he must give up a natural preference for snoozin' in the kitchen under the old lady's feet and devote his whole 'tention to little Miss Harem-scarem. Consequence was he stayed out in the yard and watched the child. One day he saw her makin' a boat out of the baldheaded side of a scrub-brush. Instantly his face wore a troubled, anxious look, and he couldn't lie down or keep quiet. All he could do was to walk around and eye the child. She finished her boat and ran with it across a pasture and down to the edge of the deep brook that drains the farm. There she 'tempted to play with the boat in the water, and fell in, ker-swash. Tike was in after her the same instant and dragged her out.

"The old lady had the impudence to say to me after that, she says: 'I never loved no man nor boy,' she says, 'like the way I love the dog you give me,' says she. 'Onct a day, when he and I are alone together, I think of the precious life he saved, and I down on my knees and I take his hard, scarred old face in my arms, and I hug him to me, and I kiss and kiss him, and call down God's blessing on him, even if he be a dog. I 'ain't got the flagrant 'maginashin you got, consequently he don't say nothin' back to me in human talk at such times. He most generally looks 's if he thought I was a fool—and so I be, I guess—if it's only for believin' 't I'd rather have him and what he done for me than any angel I've heard tell on yet, or anything an angel can do.'"



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SOME OF THE MOST RECENTLY DISCOVERED DIATOMS

Plants of Crystal

BY ALBERT MANN

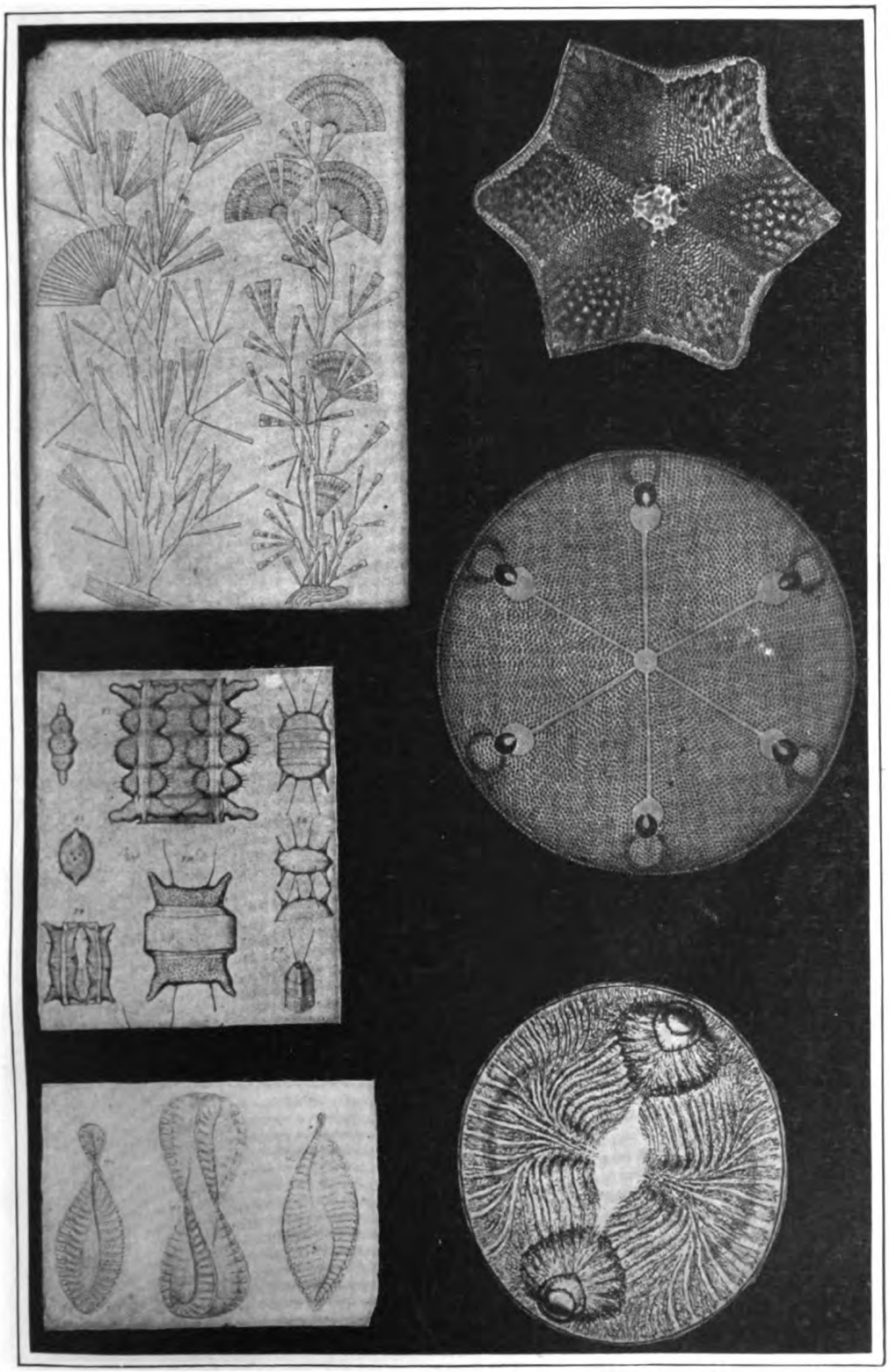
Professor of Botany, Syracuse University

THE popular idea of a plant as an object rooted to one spot and bearing leaves and something corresponding to flower and fruit upon its stem is totally contradicted by the curious structures here described. For these crystalline plants, the Diatoms, have no root, stem, leaf, blossom, or fruit; and, far from being stationary, the majority of them move about with as much freedom as animals. Yet they are true plants, simple in life-habits and low in the scale of nature, but characterized by such unmistakable plant qualities that there can be no doubt of their right to a place in the vegetable world.

They are all aquatic, and doubtless the most cosmopolitan of all the aquatics. From the polar region to the tropics, from the deep ooze of the sea-beds to the tiny pool on the mountain-top, in all lakes and streams, in clear springs and in stagnant puddles of boggy meadows—wherever daylight and a constant supply of water are found, there is sure to be the home of some kinds of these plants. Many an observant reader of *Harper's* has seen them in incredible numbers, without perhaps knowing that the brown, slimy stuff lining perchance some old way-side watering-trough or wrapping like soft seal-skin fur the submerged timbers in river or bay was made up of millions of tiny plants similar in structure to those illustrated here. For each individual is, as a rule, far too minute to be seen by the naked eye; and it is only by the aid of the microscope that we discover in what seems like unsightly slime a repository of gems to which the Green Vault of Dresden is quite inferior. In fact, among the more than 2500 species of Diatoms many are so small that a company of several hundred could well be assembled on the head of a common pin; while the markings that adorn their surfaces have long been the highest tests for the finest lenses.

In respect to their structure, there could hardly be a living organism built upon a simpler plan. A tiny particle of that universal life-substance protoplasm, furnished with the green chlorophyl which gives color to all vegetation, and by which, through the aid of sunlight, it transforms its inorganic food into living tissue; this enclosed in a minute box or casket of glass, and over the crystalline case, investing it like a garment, a pellucid film of jellylike substance—such is the unvarying type of these simple plants. Some additional accessories are, it is true, found in certain species; for example, there are forms growing in long threads, joined to each other by gelatinous attachments, others packed in tiny tubes of jelly or aggregated into large glutinous masses, while many more are solitary and free. But strip from any individual all that is not an essential part of itself, and you have merely what I have mentioned—a minute, clear box of

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SPECIMENS OF DIATOMS (PLANTS OF CRYSTAL), SHOWING VARIED DESIGNS

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glassy silex filled with a speck of soft, living substances and covered with a transparent film.

One would suppose an organism of such extreme simplicity would present few difficulties to the student of its life-history. But how far this is from being the case, let the wrangle of "diatomists," from the invention of the microscope to the present day, bear witness! This lowly plant is, in fact, one of the Creator's permanent puzzles; and within its lilliputian box are locked mysteries so profound and so fundamental to all life-history that, could they be solved, they would go far toward explaining most of the difficulties in higher and more elaborate forms of life. As a discussion of such problems has no place in these pages, I shall mention only one in illustration—the Diatom's power of motion.

Living forms are seen under the microscope to glide steadily to and fro with a motion which, minute as they are, has all the stateliness of an ocean steamship. It is easy to see them move, but so far it has been impossible to see *how* they move. No flashing oars drive the prows of these carved triremes through the water, no sails are spread to the breeze, no paddle-wheels splash at the sides. Yet they move on their way, thrusting aside opposing masses ten times their bulk, searching for food or seeking the spots of brightest sunlight. In fact, the Diatom is an example of the problem of vitality pure and simple, unconfused by any accessories; and it is therefore, as I have said, one of nature's permanent secrets, well kept despite all the powerful lenses that have been trained upon it.

But putting aside these difficulties, the special concern of the biologist, and looking at the Diatom from an artistic stand-point, we find occasion for nothing but admiration and delight. It is truly amazing to discover such lowly and obscure creatures to be so elaborately embellished as these invariably are; for among the more than 2000 species, the writer knows of no single form but is so richly ornamented that it would take the most skilful glass-cutter weeks of patient labor to successfully imitate it. The figures here given offer the best representation of these organisms possible under the circumstances. But if the reader will remember that the real forms are of transparent, glassy silex, that their beads and bosses and polished surfaces sparkle in the light thrown upon them under the microscope, and often display all the prismatic colors of the rainbow, he will interpret these black-and-white photographs into something nearer and more worthy the actual reality. Beads, shining bars, feathery pencillings, surfaces traced with intersecting lines of inconceivable tenuity, or spread over with a hexagonal net-work of such fineness as to tax the most powerful lenses to discover it, often ornamented with a profusion of horns, spines, and knobs, worn, it would seem, like breastpins, out of pure vanity—these are some of the modes of ornamentation lavished on these diminutive structures.

The forms of the Diatoms are almost as richly varied as their markings. To any one familiar only with higher types of life, where there is little diversity between the different members of the same order, this limitless variation in contour is a most striking peculiarity of these plants. They are round, square, triangular, oval, straight, undulated, crescent, wedge-shaped—in short, of almost every conceivable figure. In looking at these strange yet beautifully symmetrical forms the writer often wonders why some enterprising designer in wall-paper or oil-cloth or gingham, or even in the more dainty conceits of book-making and jewelry, has not gone to the Diatoms for fresh suggestions. Rosettes of intricate radiation, novel modifications in concentric circling, arabesques more ingenious than any upon the walls of the Alhambra, illustrations of elaborate carving intensified by plain interspaces, grotesque figures quite suggestive of some Japanese diatom-maker, and much besides, await in these little jewelled caskets his careful observation. A well-known American teacher of art says that in a fossil Diatom from Maryland he has discovered a peculiar pattern of intersecting circles that is often found upon old Assyrian shields.

But it would be a mistake to consider the Diatoms merely as scientific puzzles and artistic curios. They have an important economic value, and are employed quite extensively in certain processes of manufacture and of domestic life. Their

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silicious cases or skeletons being indestructible, and their reproduction being amazingly rapid, there have been formed, in regions once covered with lakes or seas, vast fossil-beds of their remains. Richmond, Virginia, is built upon an extensive stratum of diatomaceous earth eighteen feet thick. At Nottingham (Maryland), Keene (New Hampshire), Dover (New Jersey), Saco and Addison Point (Maine), Monterey and Santa Barbara (California), Port Hope (Canada), etc., extensive outcroppings occur. In other countries they are quite as abundant. At Lüneberg, Germany, and Bilin, Bohemia, are diatom-beds forty feet in thickness. Immense deposits occur at Fur, Denmark; Moron, Spain; Simbirsk, Russia; Sendai, Japan; Oamaru, New Zealand; and many other localities. A careful examination of the materials of the Mississippi and Nile deltas proves that these apparently insignificant organisms are still playing an important part in the progressive changes of the earth's surface.

Now for this so widely distributed diatomaceous earth there have been found many important uses. The most curious of all is its employment as food. The destitute inhabitants of parts of Lapland, Hungary, and China are accustomed to take this diatomaceous clay, known among Germans as *Bergmehl,* or mountain meal, and either mixing it with a trifle of flour or using it alone, to bake it into cakes and eat it.

As tripoli, or polishing-powder, this substance has a far wider and more important use. The minuteness of the Diatom makes this powder very fine in grain, and the extreme hardness of its silex renders the cutting qualities very great. For producing a polish on metallic surfaces and for grinding down anything less obdurate than the hardest gems it is invaluable. Large quantities are annually used in the arts in these processes. It also gives cleanliness and lustre to the utensils of our kitchens, and, mixed with soap, it forms one of the best known and most widely advertised articles of modern housewifery. From a certain brand of tooth-powder the writer secured seventy-six species of Diatoms.

No use of the Diatom is, however, so important as its employment in the manufacture of high explosives. Nitroglycerine, which may be taken as the type of the potential ingredient in different grades of dynamite and giant-powder, is very dangerous to handle, and equally uncertain as to the way in which it will bestow its explosive energy. For safety and efficiency it is therefore found necessary to mix it with some inert substance that shall act as an absorbent without in any way diminishing its power. Various materials have been tried, such as sawdust, charcoal, and different clays; but diatomaceous earth is particularly fitted for the purpose, its empty silex-cases readily absorbing the explosive and preserving it within insoluble walls, yet keeping each particle in such close proximity that the whole mass acts in unison when the explosion takes place.

Not least important among the practical purposes for which the Diatom is valuable is the aid it is destined to give in determining the origin and direction of ocean currents, and the derivation of the different kinds of submarine ooze spread over the sea-bed. These organisms are so minute and so insoluble that they are capable of being transported vast distances from their point of origin and then slowly sifted down upon the bottom of the sea. At the same time the species are so numerous that different fossil deposits, as well as fresh and salt-water gatherings from different localities, have each their characteristic species; and when the work in which the writer is at present engaged—the investigation of these forms in the United States sea-dredgings—has been systematically carried out by this and other governments, it will be possible to determine from the Diatoms contained in samples of the sea-bottom where the material there obtained originated, and the direction and extent of the ocean current by which it was transported. For example, the similarity of diatomaceous forms in Bering Strait and on the coast of Norway is a strong argument in favor of Dr. Nansen's belief in an arctic current passing over or near the north pole and uniting these two lands.

The newly discovered species, shown at the beginning of this article, were found in the Pacific Ocean by the United States steamer *Albatross* near the Galapagos Islands at a depth of 4872 feet.

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Whom the Gods Love

BY MAY HARRIS

PARIS, *June 30, 19—*

DEAR SCARLETT,—The task that I undertake in this letter is not an easy one, but your request brings me to it with the effort to satisfy—if any effort vaguely can—your desire to know all I can tell you of your brother's life here, and his death so short a time ago.

It arranges itself—without my being able, I am afraid, to make either phase as distinctly intelligible as I could wish—into the idea he presented me and the world at large, and the idea that—introactively—I formed of his work and his life from the study of the man himself. Your letter, which he brought me when he came over here, three years ago, was my first introduction to the trend of his work—to the study he wished to pursue. But your letter in no way made your brother known to me.

To a man as much older than himself as I was, there was a very flattering charm in the deference he began to show me in that first interview, and it had the unspoiled sentiment of youth as well as the quality of egoism—so delightful a characteristic of his, that I hesitate to define it by a word so easily misunderstood.

I was prepared to give him the right hand of fellowship on your account, but I soon gave it on his own. His perception of art seemed inherent, and his feeling for line and color was a revelation,—but to the last he had the impervious attitude of allegiance to the smokeless altars unblessed of the gods I had prayed over, that kept me profoundly grateful.

What he really thought of me, perhaps I never knew, but too frequently we find out the *intime* of the outside regard—and in his case the definite charm remains that I never did.

You wished, I know, that after his fame became so assured he should have returned home. You have the pose over there of calling us expatriates — we, I mean, who find that the round peg has here a round hole, and virtuously hang ourselves upon it to reward your gaze. Art is the circle to us, you understand; there can be no angles—if they exist, one must chisel them away, and this chiselling must be done with tools whose handicraft is to be learned only by a renascence into life through the doors that give access to the imperishable atmosphere of art. When one is there, this atmosphere possesses mind, body, soul—but you understand. I am not excusing—only giving you a view from the inside, of what you all over there see only from the outside. It is necessary to give this preface that you should the more readily appreciate the fact that it was never in Scarlett's power to go back. Here are Vicars, and Wressley, and myself: we can't tear ourselves away; if we did, we would leave the best of us here—the part that is atmospherically called into existence, as it were, and cannot be transplanted. If it's so with us, how much more so it was with him!

With Scarlett it was not the mere question of rubbing off angles—of orbing from a crescent to a sphere. He temperamentally fitted his environment—and pervaded it, rather than it pervaded him—as perfectly in his absorbed and natural devotion and its supreme expression as his head and torso were a replica from the perfection of Greek sculpture. His was the artistic impulse vividly embodied; tragically, to himself, detached from life, except in its relation to his tireless pursuit of the beauty and charm and desire of utterly pagan art.

Indeed, he was frankly pagan, though so naturally so, it was less completely exposed by himself than by his work, which was always so much more translucent to his thought than the man himself. It was this quality of his work—frank be-

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yond the suggestion of subtilty—that took the world by storm and put him, when twenty-three, at the head—virtually the creator—of a cult in art, unique in its address to the intelligence through the emotions.

He never stormed inaccessible heights. I think he appreciated the value of altitude, but he considered it, in his case, an expense of energy, and one might say he was too various to give himself the limitation of vigorous growth in only one direction. It would almost seem that he understood there would be so little time, and that he hurried; burning his candle electrically—knowing he wouldn't need to lengthen out its use.

He, in a way, said this himself once. We, and others, were in Provence on a sketching tour, and while the rest of us grilled under umbrellas, trying to strike a balance in our work with the scene before us, he lay on the grass with his hands under his head and quoted Mistral, and laughed at us and our vexed effort.

"I," he said, "shall be dead when you, and the rest, are still driving your brushes like a poet his pen in a garret—instead of letting them caress the canvas—a kiss is always better than a blow! But you see I sha'n't mind—being dead! I'll have made my splash, and luxuriated in the shower-bath—have caught a glimpse of Aphrodite

In the uttermost depths of the sea.

There won't be a ripple of me when I'm gone—but now! Last week," he lazily went on, "I was pointed out at the Opera to the Emperor, and he sent an equerry to 'command' my attendance to the royal box. He asked how old I was, and when I said twenty-three, he twisted his mustache and said, 'Gott in Himmel!'"

We groaned in chorus. That was the way fame came to him—with both hands,—and he was as much sought for himself as for his work.

At twilight of the day in Provence I spoke of, he got out his canvas and put in, with swift, sure strokes, one of those wonderful monochromes, that didn't need the little dash of scarlet in the corner to tell who was the artist—they were so distinctively his. He sold the little picture to the Luxembourg for a pretty sum—more than I'd have realized in a year's work. His "Provençal Twilight" was a poem—as much so as anything of Wordsworth's; and then as you dreamed over its tenderness, a blaze of color audacious as De Musset, *farouche* as Verlaine, caught you from it, and you wondered and puzzled, but you were captive to its spell through your senses, as you were to the other through your soul.

His vitality and variety triumphed in so many ways. In his studio, his "Trumpeter," done in marble, stirred and inspired with its vigorous, living quality. Then there was his feeling for music, which made him the sort of interpreter Chopin and Schumann need to speak for them. He left the score of a symphony among his papers.

He was not lavish in his art, or in his life, in the sense of unbounded display; but he was so in the æsthetic, epicurean way of gathering the full fragrance of a garden of roses into one breath. He shared the good the gods vouchsafed him, with the *camaraderie* that was so much more natural to him than any affectation of bohemianism. He was, as I said before, intensely pagan in his preoccupation with art; and religion—I speak of its artistic symbolism: of its impression in a deeper sense I was never aware—had its effect to his appreciation just as securely—and apparently without oblique change of attitude—as the Winged Victory, Mona Lisa's smile, or the last danseuse's perfectitude of grace. He was not emotional; he put the value, but never allowed the emotion. He admired a beautiful dog, but he never owned one; the effort of response to—or even of merely receiving—affection would have bored him.

He wished to be free—to have no chain. Public adulation was beginning to bore him when he died. Domestic devotion even from a dog or a cat would have imposed an obligation which his nature was not fitted to acquire. Yet his lovableness was always more accented to me than any other trait.

You ask me again to be his biographer—to reconsider my first decision. That I cannot do. I would not give my version of Scarlett to the world as I am giving it to you; and I would not give him without it.

He will have many biographers who

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will present the portrait sufficiently to the world of the boy with the face of Hylas—creator of a genre of art that made him the prophet of an untranslated speech—who was fêted by princes, decorated by kings, and of the personality that enslaves. These things other people will say, not more lovingly, but with more thorough perspective than I.

You were, you acknowledged, impatient with his trend—unpractical, you called it. He said once, in speaking of you, that you were the best of brothers—doubling your half of relationship by the fervor of your interest. He added, what I think you will not object to my repeating, that you were the worst of friends. This from his point of view, for he knew how perfectly to me you filled the difficult requirements—of spirit, more than letter!—friendship makes.

To his temperament friendship was in letting one's fellow-man alone; and a mentor, or a censor, he would not have. It was not that he exalted—he simply separated himself.

Understanding this phase of his temperament, and never giving it the overstudy of a critical attitude, I had with him the intimacy of a friendliness that was but little varied—and only once struck below the surface the note of a deeper feeling. This was when he told me of Miss West—and it was the first and only attitude of conventional conformity I ever discovered in the regular irregularity that charmingly—even in its most decadent phases—made the stage setting for the drama of himself.

The occasion of the incident was not out of the ordinary. There had been a supper in his apartment—such as he often had—after the first performance of *L'Aiglon*. The men were nearly all famous—cosmopolites, most of them. A prince of Bourbon blood, a Russian millionaire, an attaché of the English embassy who belonged to one of the oldest families in England, the most famous of French portrait-painters, the greatest actor of the day, and the latest member of the Academy. The women were—beautiful, of course, and vivacious; the most notable, the actress Renée l'Amoreau. She was brilliant, audacious, uncommon—as the papers, if you read them, would tell you. Her picture painted by Scarlett had just been hung at the Salon—a very wonderful color scheme, black on black; just the dazzle of her face in its seductive, triumphing, insolent brilliance, and a fan vividly scarlet in her hand, striking insistently from the shadows of the canvas.

After we left the table—indeed as we still sat in the studio grouped about it—there was music. Some one danced, and we smoked cigarettes. Madame l'Amoreau tumbled out a portfolio of Scarlett's studies, and by intuition—or instinct—seized the one that was most out of line with the work of his we were familiar with. It was a girl's head, done delicately—sentimentally even—with a style we did not recognize. When she held it up, we leaned forward and viewed it through the haze of smoke.

Madame l'Amoreau said nothing as she held it turned toward us with both hands and a mocking face.

"A ghost—eh, Scarlett?" the English attaché asked with a laugh, and the Academician murmured, in a piano voice, "La jeunesse, la jeunesse!"

Scarlett did not move. He sat negligently leaning back in his chair, and he looked full at the picture and then at the woman who held it—critically, a little amused; but his silent scrutiny seemed to point what he did not say.

Madame l'Amoreau flung it with the other pictures, and snapped the cover of the portfolio with visible annoyance.

Scarlett asked me to stop behind the others, to consult with him on some details of business—he was often more than kind to struggling compatriots, and there was a person whom he wished to anonymously befriend.

We arranged how this could be done, and as he searched for the cigarettes, he displaced the portfolio of sketches. His face on the instant took an expression of irritation—I might say of disgust—as he dropped on his knee to right his awkwardness. The expression was still there when he rose, and I saw he held the water-color of the girl's head Madame l'Amoreau had exhibited to us. He stood looking at it a moment—his face graver than I had ever seen it; then tore it quickly across—once, twice—and striking a match, burned the fragments without a word.

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"A pity,"—I dropped the comment.

"More," he answered—"a shame!"

I was a little curious, and I suppose he may have felt a quality in my silence that impelled his partial confidence.

"I should have destroyed that long ago," he explained. "It's a picture I made of a girl I used to want to marry."

I asked no awkward questions. It seemed to me there was grace in Scarlett's desire to protect an earlier ideal from profanation, even by destroying it, and I respected his attitude. It was very slight, but the introductory phrase as it were of the *motif* of Miss West.

Scarlett's picture at the spring Salon—it was his last—was marvellous even for Scarlett. It was catalogued as "The Garden," and was a riot of Scarlettesque color and vivid detail. There was a note, at once sensuous and splendid, in the grace of the grouped figures in the foreground—the central one in a blaze of tawny orange drapery, drooping leopardesslike—unmistakably Renée l'Amoreau; the multitudinous luxuriance of roses environed these figures—ruthless fingers had scattered the grass thick with the petals. The background, dimming in perspective, held one figure flitting with a veiled face between conventionalized hedge-rows. That was all; but Paris rang with it. The foreground figures were all portraits—and for this reason people went to study them as well as the style and the symbolism.

There was something about the distant figure in the picture that tricked me with the familiar sense of having seen before. As I looked one day, I remembered—it was the pose of the girl's head in the sketch Scarlett had destroyed that night in his room—and I puzzled the symbolism into a definition of my own.

It was at this time that you wrote me [illegible] cousin, Miss West, would be in Paris with her aunt, and [illegible] to call and offer my services as a cicerone. It seemed a little odd to me that you did not give those duties and courtesies the benefit of the offer to Scarlett. He made no comment when I spoke of your letter, but he told me a moment or two later that he was going into Brittany for a few weeks.

Any wonder I felt at this was explained away when I called upon Miss West and her aunt. I recognized instantly in Miss West the prototype of Scarlett's sketch. She was not simply a pretty girl—there was a quality in her face that seemed to demand a response in others to an inherent strength and purity that were characteristic.

When I mentioned Scarlett, Miss West's aunt was frankly curious—asked many questions,—but her niece sat silent.

The next day, however, I saw her at the Salon standing before his picture "The Garden," and from the more than wistful sadness of her face I guessed her secret—I had an impulse of anger against Scarlett, and I suppose he found its shade in my manner when we met again. He came one rainy evening to see me, and plunged into the subject as one ventilates a room; but though he opened windows and told me of the interior, he did not take me in—I remained outside.

The attachment was a boyish one, he said, and I laughed sardonically as he spoke, for his face was still so wonderfully a boy's.

"Nobody understands," he said, leaning back, his hands behind his head. "It was not that I stopped—changed my attitude to her. It was that I found I couldn't reach—to her! I found the effort could only mean failure to myself and unhappiness to her. I am always going out to sea—taking flood tide. She was a harbor-light—but a search-light, too! That's all. She was the essence of what you would like to live up to—but when you find you will only grow gradually black by a white light on your soul!—you take the crest of the first wave; there are depths of the sea where you aren't off-color; and mermaids, and sea-weed, and coral—"

"You are unjust to yourself," I remember I told him, and he, with just a little sadness under the jest of his impeccable irresponsibility, murmured:

"That's from the kindness of your determined effort to see me right side up: but what you think is my wrong side is the only one I have."

With this view I was tacitly obliged to agree, as he continued his attitude of avoidance toward Miss West. That she hoped to see him to the last of her stay I cannot positively say, but I strongly

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suspected it was the motive that influenced their lingering in Paris through the spring.

I saw them frequently—Miss West *en profil,* as it were—with a little tensity always of expectance, to my understanding—beside her aunt's placid full face.

Her aunt was disposed to be confidential with me, whom she accepted at once as your friend; while Miss West seemed to definitely withdraw from me as Scarlett's. It was her aunt, indeed, who lifted the curtain for a glimpse to me of what had gone before, with the touch of unreserve an elderly woman thinks it not unrightful to give to the affairs of young people over a cup of tea. It is to my hesitation in helping her withdraw this drapery that I am indebted for a meagreness of detail where I might have been informed. But to regard the situation as simply passing in its interest, had for some time ceased with me, and it is due more to the personal irritation I felt toward the phase of Miss West's attitude toward Scarlett that her aunt deleted, than to the impersonal scrupulousness I should claim on higher grounds, that I gathered merely the outline.

I might, for instance, have satisfied myself as to whether Scarlett in attempting the letter of allegiance had failed because she had demanded the spirit, or if he had broken the bonds himself.

I could only clearly see that no matter how they had been broken, she would in no way refuse a readjustment. She loved him—and, to use his metaphor, the harbor-light was waiting; a flame that gave dreams to uninvited mariners, but never recalled Scarlett.

She had, when they left Paris for Switzerland, the reserves of her infinite pride to sustain the certainty of his defection, and the decision of a dignity that was final in its negation to the expectance I had discovered first. She was not the sort of woman who ever forgets, and, that the flavor of any bitterness should not touch her memory of herself during those weeks in Paris, I could wish her to know that she was, after all, the highest impulse Scarlett ever had toward the to him unreachable quality of the ideal in art, as in life.

He never allowed the suggestion of defeat to shadow the certainty of his epicurean acceptance of the level plains —the rose-garden of life, where he so securely inhaled the fragrance and was the *arbiter elegantiarum*—as well as the artist—of the decadence that comprehended the aloofness of the imminent soul, star-poised and unattempted; and also the encompassing gloom into which they wander when the roses have withered and the singing voices have been hushed to silence.

He was in thrall to his own temperament, and he satisfied himself with its resources. Also, he had perhaps the intuitive perception that it was to be more than brief — his prelude which would never strike its supreme octave; and he rounded its incompleteness with the exquisite skill that was a revelation and at the same time a mockery of what he might have been.

He was, I should say, unafraidly conscious of his own lack, and he put back the finer thing when he might have grasped it, because he would not—and here he showed the nobler gleam—see its beauty suffer from an alien touch.

Where he might have been false, we must remember he remained exquisitely true—to himself, perhaps; and yet it is possible to see in his selfishness a principle of truth that bares the flaws to us of some of our most cherished attitudes.

He left Paris almost immediately after his return from Brittany, on a yachting trip, and it was at Marseilles, where they put in for a few days, that he was taken ill. He sent a telegram to me, asking if I would go to him for a day or two. The papers were headlined with the tidings of his illness—and they were not hopeful ones.

I went at once. He had been there only a few days, but when I reached him I found he had left the hotel, and had taken a temporary lease of a villa, perched high, with a view of the sea, and with outlook upon an orchard of orange and lemon trees.

I saw him sitting at an open window as I climbed the steep path to the villa, sketching apparently; and he waved his hand, with a paint-brush in it, as naturally and as joyously as if I had come on an errand of pleasure.

He told me that when the doctors gave

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their verdict of weeks—perhaps days—he had revolted at the thought of dying in a hotel. He rented the villa, had it hastily but luxuriously fitted up, and sat down to wait.

When he asked me, I could not refuse to remain with him. You were ill in New York and could not come. I was with him three weeks.

The house was filled with people who came with grave faces to inquire, to perhaps condole; and who found a Sybarite host—friendly, graceful, care-free as ever. All were made welcome to the circle he gathered about him for the last time. It was gayety, with no thought apparently for what it masked. Scarlett was himself the gayest of all. His trouble was the heart, as we know, and he was warned that a shock or any exertion would hasten the inevitable end.

There was no serious conversation, except the day I came, between Scarlett and myself; and then it was a mere word or two. "You'll be my executor?" he asked, and I of course assented. He put out his hand and added: "I've left you 'The Garden.' We'll call it my apology for myself."

That was all.

The days drifted. He was brilliant, charming, as always. He never mentioned Miss West.

Madame l'Amoreau, and others, flitted mothlike — honestly, I think, grieved. Banque, the tenor, came, and lingered when he saw how much pleasure his singing gave Scarlett, and I did my portrait of Scarlett—the one that has received the Salon medal.

Of his death and its details I have heretofore exhaustively written. If he had pain—and the doctors said it was impossible to believe he did not — it was swift. I can always repicture that last evening: the dusk of the room—a fancy of his,—our cigars like glow-worms, the moon silver over the sea, and Banque humming an air from *Faust*. There was a sudden movement of Scarlett's figure in his low chair by the window, and then a half-smothered groan. . . . He lived just an hour.

Among the papers and letters he left I found nothing relating to Miss West. But in a little book by Maurice Barrès he was reading the day he died, I found on the fly-leaf a significant touch. It was a pencil sketch, signed and dated, of Miss West, her face most beautiful in its idealization of the outward expression of her inner self—the ideal he had consciously failed to reach. It was the last thing he ever did, and who can say but it was the belated flowering of an early impulse that inherent temperament had baffled!

I understand how and why you felt hardly to him in the matter of Miss West. My dear friend, your secret is mine, and mine yours. Yet I absolve him utterly from the charge of having been unaware and uncaring. I think the hurt that he could never be worthy was in his heart when he died—the insistent *heimweh* for the good and true, that at the last he would have revoked so much to gain.

I sent the little book with the sketch that meant so much to Miss West. She has never made any sign.

In reading over this letter I feel I have infinitely failed in essential points. I said, you remember, that I would give you the idea as best I could that I shared of him with the rest of the world. I find the idea has been mostly, on the other hand, the one I formed myself; but still I cannot deprecate to you that its truth seems to me finally and imminently the one you should have the opportunity of knowing. His brilliant paganism flashed its message — perhaps its warning—"down from the zenith like a falling-star."

When I look at his picture, "The Garden," I feel how incomplete and incoherent any attempt must be to unveil on the knees of the gods the offerings he presented—to explain the man himself.

He, in a glamour of perception I seem to see, was himself an offering to the beauty and charm of life — a libation dashed purple against the altar and sparkling for a brief moment in the sun.

Regarding the Life, I can only say that whomever you select to be his biographer, I should give, or send, all the data and papers he left in my charge, and also assist in any way possible—except in collaboration — that is in my power.

Ever yours with sincere regard,

F. H. North.

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A PACK FOR THE BOAR-HUNT

In the Tuscan Maremma

BY VERNON LEE

CASTLE OF M——, NEAR ORBETELLO.

I AM endeavoring to focus my first impressions of this extraordinary country of Tuscany, dreamed about for so many years; this country so unattainable, so utterly closed to travellers, although the express from Paris to Rome rushes twice a day along its coast,—first impressions of yesterday's five hours on horseback in the woods and pastures, and of this morning with the Prince going over the place—villa, farm, castle, or village. Dominating all my impressions, as this pile of buildings dominates the wide seaboard valley and the low wooded hills, is a double sense of the primæval and in a way eternal character of this country of herds and flocks and wild game, and of the primitive simplicity and dignity of the life which is led in it by its handful of inhabitants.

Time does not seem to exist for the Maremma; all periods have left their handiwork, but it has been effaced and harmonized by a nature untamed by man, and inimical towards him. There is no visible history about this place. Blocks of perhaps Etruscan-hewn travertine are built into the house; Roman columns stand in the yard; there are traces of a portcullis and loop-holes near the dairy and bakehouse; and the walls of the mediæval stronghold mingle with the natural rock and become part of the modern farm. The buildings—fortress, villa, granary, dairy, storehouse, and church—have massed themselves together since the beginning of time, seeking a shelter on this abrupt hill-top from the pirates of Etruscan days and the Saracen corsairs, from the feudal barons of mediæval Rome and the northern mercenaries of the Sienese Republic; a shelter most of all, and always vainly, from an enemy far more constant and more ruthless—the malaria. The thing most difficult to realize is that this estate is a whole district, and that, virtually, the castle of M—— is the only human habitation in it.

You look down from its walls upon miles and miles of country — a shallow valley whose clear river goes singing under the castle rock down to the faint

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blue bar of distant sea; endless fields of palest yellow grass and silvery stubble, and folds and folds of wooded hills, delicate russet and lilac, shadowy, intangible in their winter bareness. Only one road winding along the stream; and never a village, never a group of houses, never a cottage—only in one place the conical roof of the shepherds' encampment, and, very few and immensely far between, a white barn or immense stable. And far, far off, on the higher hills, white scars which are the hamlets, or rather the towns, of this great empty country.

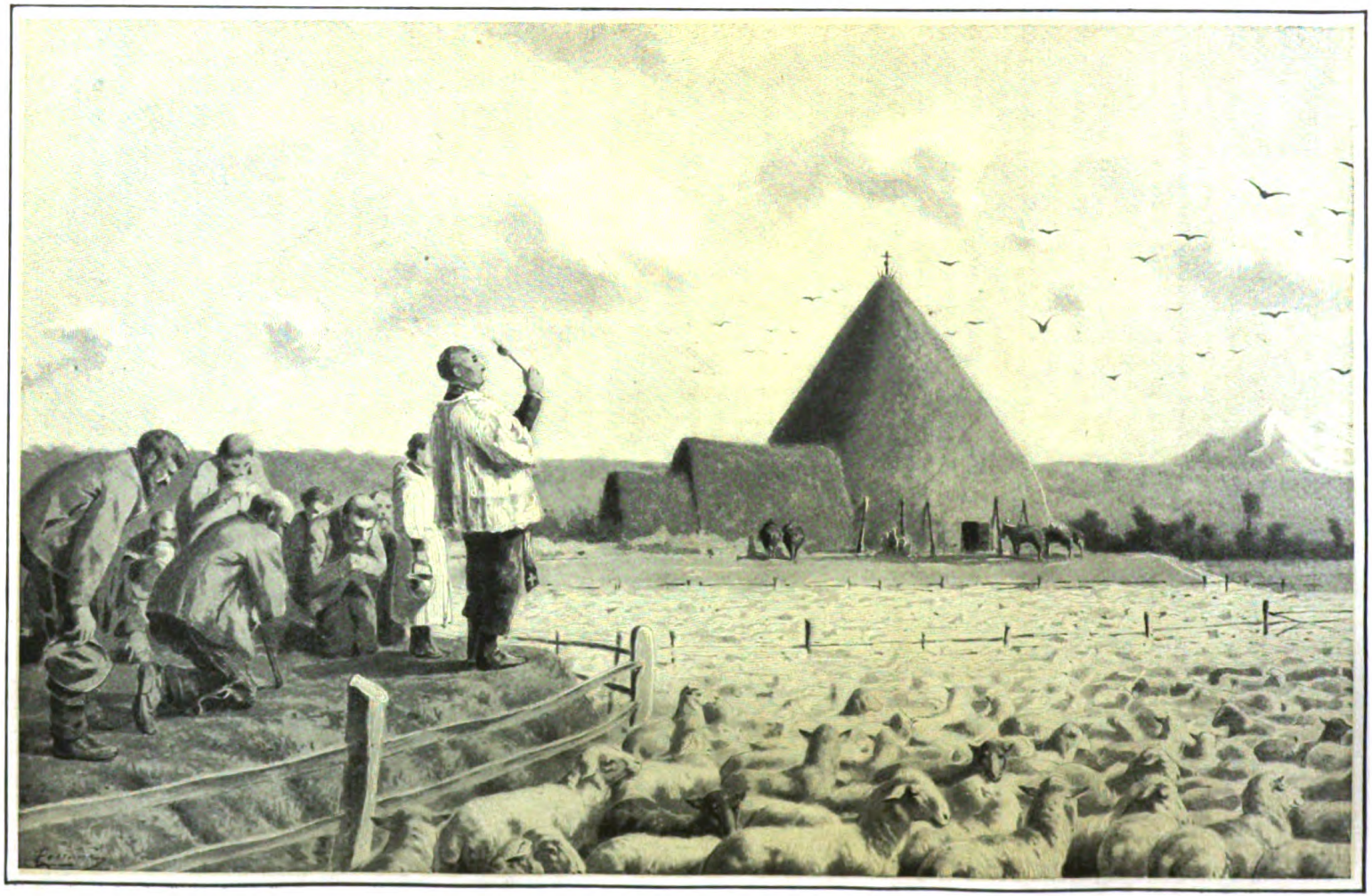
Yesterday, immediately after breakfast, a sunny, frosty morning, the rough horses, with their high mediæval-looking saddles, were led into the castle-yard, and a party of us, each with leggings or apron of goat-skin, against the thorns, and the men all carrying guns, rode down into the woods. I had heard for years of these inextricable thickets of the Maremma, in which the outlaws—Stoppa, Fioravanti, Tiburzi, and all the minor brigands—could lurk for years, defying the police; but all my expectations fell utterly short of the reality. These woods, bare oak and thorn on the northern slopes, myrtle, ilex, arbutus, lentisk, every possible aromatic evergreen, on the southern ones, are periodically cut for charcoal, and consist therefore mainly of brushwood, but so dense that, save in the charcoal-burners' tracks, you have to cut your way with a billhook; and even in the wider paths the thorns catch your clothes and your horse's mane and tail, and the great heather-bushes sweep your face. We rode, the bailiffs, half-satyr, half-brigand looking, in front, in single file, for miles and miles up and down along the soft paths: stopping every now and then where the recently frozen earth and moss had been ploughed up by a wild-boar, or showed the impression of his bristly back. At distances a widening, a round black soft place, a former charcoal-oven, and at this opening a view—distant blue mountains, shimmering hill-sides of evergreen, or the sea. And everywhere little half-frozen brooks bubbling, and blackbirds and robins playing familiarly. The object of our ride—twisting through the woods like the procession of the Magi—was a ruined castle of the Aldobrandeschi, feudatories of the Maremma in the days of Salic and Swabian emperors, and, miles beyond, some Etruscan tumuli. The latter had been opened a few months before and the contents removed, but among the great blocks of travertine there still lay fragments of bronze utensils, of the iron funereal beds, and little bits of bones; but a young oak grows triumphantly out of the central one. A town, a whole civilization, has disappeared in these impenetrable lonely woods.

More impressive even to my imagination than these barrows was a square clearing on a knoll—the foundation, the ground-plan, of a little square Roman temple of some healing divinity; for the spot, when excavated, had been found full of rude hands and feet of stone and terra-cotta, and other votive images of poor sick limbs and organs. A place of pilgrimage to which crowds must once have flocked; and now!—only the charcoal-burner or the hunter of wild-boar occasionally passes that way.

January 18.—The feast of St. Anthony the Hermit, patron (his little terra-cotta image on barns and wattled shepherds' huts) of the Maremma. In the morning the *bestiari*, or cowboys, of the estate, and the chief shepherds, brought the representative animals—bullocks and cows, stallions and mules, cart-horses, and a great garlanded and beribboned bell-wether—to be blessed by the chaplain in the castle-yard. And in the afternoon we rode out to see the blessing of the sheep at the great dairy some miles off. I feel as if I had been with the Patriarchs among the flocks of Laban. In the great grass plain a series of wattled sheds, and in their midst an immense conical hut of reeds, tent-shaped, where the thirty or more shepherds sleep in bunks on the thatch, round a great central fire burning day and night, with a colossal cheese-caldron which was slung over it from the roof-tree.

The priest had not yet arrived, so we watched the ewes being trapped and milked, thirty at a time, by a long row of men, bearded, and dressed in skins, who looked like sheep or goats themselves, or rather like some friendly half-animal divinities. Then, when the chaplain had alighted from his high pack-saddle and put on his vestments over

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THE BLESSING OF THE SHEEP: FEAST OF ST. ANTHONY THE HERMIT

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his jack-boots and goat-skin leggings, the sheep, hundreds and hundreds of them, a rolling and bleating sea of soft woolly backs, were penned together and received a solemn benediction in Latin. Hundreds and hundreds, but in reality only a small part of those scattered over the estate; for when, in June, the grass is dried and the fevers threaten, between four and five thousand are driven up, a weary ten days' journey, to the summer pastures of the high Apennine. Everything in the Maremma is on this scale—the government alone buys yearly some eight hundred horses from this one estate; in a field below the castle we were shown sixty or seventy young bulls; in another field are a hundred one-year-old horses; in another a hundred two-year-olds; farther on an immense herd of heifers; coming out of a wood we met a flock of beautiful-horned young rams; and one of the loveliest sights to-day was, near sunset, a great expanse of silvery sere grass strewn with glittering straw, among whose delicate haze several hundred great, dark, silver-robed cows were wandering anxiously about — the cows whose freshly weaned calves had been taken away a few days back.

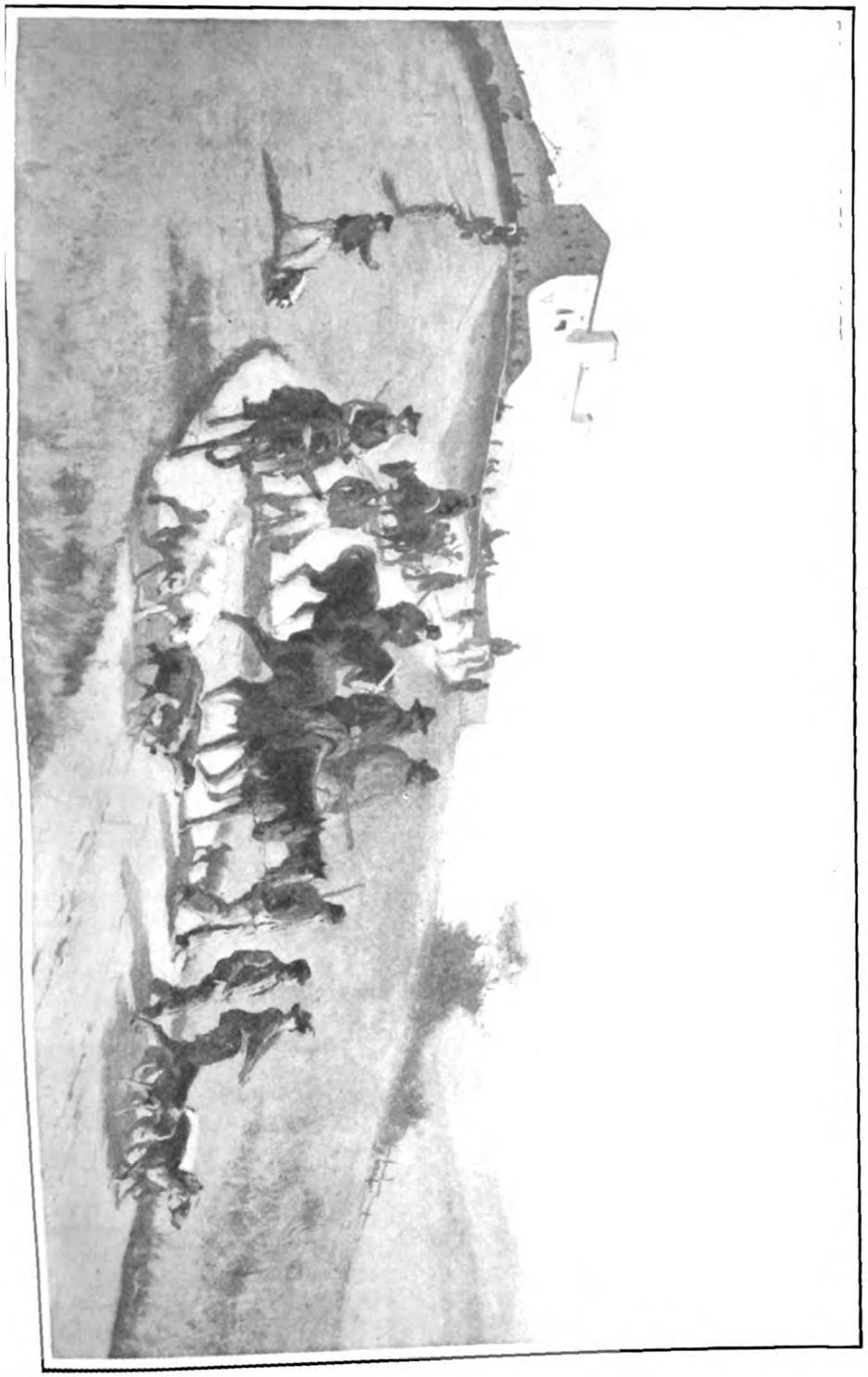
The castle corresponds to this wide primitive life. There are the colossal vaults, their walls dripping with salt, for salting and storing the cheeses daily made out of the milk of those thousands of sheep in the valley below. There are the big rooms where flour is heaped up sufficient to feed for two months the hundred or more people employed on the estate; the colossal ovens, warm with rosy embers, in the bakehouse, smelling of fresh bread and of charred myrtle and lentisk wood, where two bakers work all day, and give the loaves in exchange for a notch on a wooden tally; the immense poultry farm, merely for the use of the place. For the estate means the district; and the inhabitants — shepherds, woodmen, cowherds, charcoal-burners, mule-drivers, carters—are all fed straight from the castle.

January 21.—Yesterday, after dinner in the long whitewashed room, where the bailiffs and the little peasant proprietors who have come for the boar-hunts from distant towns sit with us at meals—yesterday, after dinner, the Prince read me a number of notes he had extracted from chronicles and documents, and which contain the very scant historical facts referring to this part of the Sienese Maremma. It belonged, by a supposed grant of Charlemagne, to the Roman Abbey of St. Anastasia of the Three Fountains,—of which we all know nowadays the red brick church among the eucalyptuses, where the Trappists sell liqueurs and rosaries to carriages of tourists! The monks of St. Anastasia granted these lands in fief to the Aldobrandeschis—nobles come to Italy with the Salic emperors,—and in the later Middle Ages to the Roman Orsinis, fearful specimens of great feudal brigands. In the fourteenth century comes a terrible series of local wars between these feudatories, the lords of Orvieto and similar Umbrian towns and the Republic of Siena, with interludes of atrocious raids from Breton and other mercenaries: the castle of M—— getting besieged, sacked, burned, by every one in turn until, in the middle of the sixteenth century, the Medicean grand-dukes pacify the Maremma, which is by this time a desert, and besieged, held yearly for six terrible months, by the fever.

The fact of the malaria, so difficult to realize in these crisp, radiant winter days, is the main fact of the Maremma, explaining everything; and little by little it filters into one's mind, and suffuses all one's impressions of this country. Of all the people about—shepherds, cowherds, ploughmen, woodmen, charcoal-burners—one learns that they are foreigners, mountaineers of the Apennines mostly, and that they all go away during the summer. In August and September only ten or twelve people, shut up in the castle, and living on quinine, remain on the estate; even the priest goes away. The fever is less bad in those high-lying villages on the horizon; but even there those that can go away. The little town of Orbetello, steeping in its sea-water lake, is safe; and its largest building is a hospital, always full of fever patients.

January 22.—The first boar-hunt since I came here. Early this morning we rode down, a file of some thirty horses, from the castle, catching glimpses, at the turnings, of the file of peasants on foot

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leading the dogs, and the two mules with water and provisions. In the heart of the woods we alighted, our horses were tied up in a narrow grass-plot, and we pushed and cut and tore our way through the immense thorn-bushes and the thick-set evergreens, looking like the hedges of some long-deserted formal garden. The chief huntsman, a peasant all in white because his goat-skins had been completely shaved by years of thorns, distributed the guns in a long circle of butts among the trees and bushes. He spoke in undertones; and there was a kind of solemn mystery in his manner when, having placed all the party, he bowed to the Prince and whispered the consecrated formula, a propitiation of bad luck as much as a wish for good—"Eccellenza, in Boca al Lupo" (into the jaws of the wolf).

The Prince had taken me with him, but we never exchanged a word in our little green hole, screened by great arbutus and lentisk bushes; the other guns also were absolutely silent, and, although probably but a few yards off, absolutely invisible. We seemed utterly alone in the great woods. There are no landmarks in this country; the low slopes close by look like high hills at a distance; their tufty ilex, myrtle, heather, lentisk, or sere oak bushes cannot be distinguished from real trees. Everything seems immense and infinitely empty. After a long, deep silence, made only the deeper by the cry of a jay or the twitter of a blackbird, sounds began from afar, uncertain, indefinable, but which turned very gradually into a faint whimper of hounds, and into faint, slow, lamenting cries; voices of men and boys, all pitched very high, and calling very gently, almost rhythmically, until words became distinguishable: "Piglialo! piglialo!" (Catch! catch!), "Corragio!" and names of dogs; louder and nearer, but always invisible, bodiless, and absolutely impossible to localize, the immovable, empty woods seeming to take voice. Then suddenly the whimper turning into a chorus of sharp barking, the voices into shrill, wild exclamations, shots; a rustle in the bushes, and a large, black, bristly and tusked pig crashed through the hedge of dry thorns. Louder barking, madder shouting, but always invisible; a few odd, deep notes from a conch-shell. The Prince unloaded and signed to me to follow. The first act of the hunt was over. As we retraced our way through the bushes we followed tracks of blood; and in the little valley where we had left our horses the whole hunt, men and dogs, were assembled round a good-sized boar, propped up with wooden stakes, and looking as if he were still alive: black, bristly, and smelling of truffles.

We mounted the horses, after lunching on the grass, and rode again in silent single file, brushing the fragrance out of the aromatic bushes, which glittered in the afternoon sunshine. The second act, so to speak, of the hunt took place in quite a different piece of country, though as inextricable and remote and *unlikely* as the first. The butt to which the Prince took me was on a high slope overlooking a wide basin of hills, smoke blue in the shadow, golden in the sunshine, with curls of real smoke rising from distant charcoal-ovens, and in a gap between the hills the blue bar of the Mediterranean, enclosed by high blue capes, and closed upon the sky by the spectral far-off mountains of Corsica. The beating was much nearer us this time, the barking louder, and the voices of the men and boys urging the dogs and calling them together far more excited. But everything remained invisible, and one might have imagined the woods possessed by some spectre-hunt like that of Boccaccio, or rather by the followers of the mystic Bacchus on Cithæron.

The Prince shot a good-sized boar, which was packed, with a roe-buck, on one of the mules. We broke up by a stormy red sunset, and it was almost dark when we issued out of the woods, the castle looming on its hill-top like the feudal fortress it had been for centuries.

January 24.—These endless thickets of oak and thorn, or of arbutus and myrtle and lentisk, made more impregnable by the fever which guards them six months out of the twelve, have hidden in their depths (and may any day hide again) wilder game than these boars, and more dangerous than the occasionally haunting wolf. While I am writing my diary in the long whitewashed farm dining-room, a peasant proprietor from the neighboring mountains, who has shared our

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THE BRIGAND TIBURZI AND HIS HOUSE

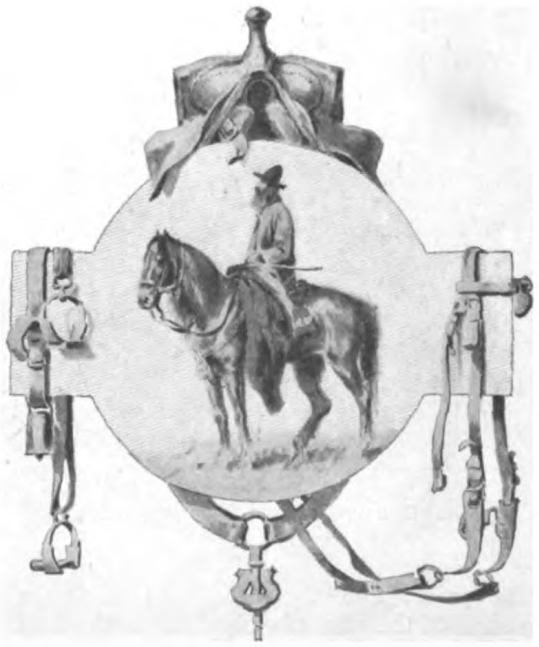
dinner along with the priest and the bailiff, is entertaining some of the boys of our party, seated round the fragrant fire of olive logs, with stories of the Maremma brigands.

The facts and the mythological additions are always pretty much the same, whether the hero of the local epic (for it *is* an epic) be Tiburzi, Fioravanti, or that quite recent Ranuzzi with whom the handsome head cowboy Adamo had a life-and-death wrestling-match in the place they showed us yesterday in the woods. The Maremma brigand is never the head of a band—indeed, he rarely has even a single companion—but holds the whole district at bay single-handed by his marksmanship and woodcraft. It begins with a condemnation for some act of violence, and a consequent retaliation on the chief witnesses; then the man, peasant or shepherd or woodman, "throws himself into the woods," terrorizes the peasantry to supply him with food, and stops the carriage or the cavalcade of some large proprietor, dragging him sometimes for days through the thorns, tying him up to trees, starving and torturing him, until the demanded ransom has been put into the appointed place; killing his captive if unruly, and killing, of course, the friends and the gendarmes who come to his rescue.

There are the same hair-breadth escapes, acts of generosity and barbarity, the same savage practical jokes, the same heroic jests, and invariably the same mythical appearance of the brigand, with an immense price on his head, at some fashionable watering-place or in some thoroughfare of the capital. Stoppa, indeed, is said to have taken his holidays, after a heavy ransom, in Paris, and to have bought his rifles at the chief gunsmith's in Rome. Stoppa stands out

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among the Tiburzis, Fioravantis, and Ranuzzis like Achilles among the Greeks. His ballads, his whole epic, is far more complete; also, having been safely dead (oddly enough, of illness in prison) some twenty or more years, he is spoken of rather more freely than his recent imitators. Stoppa was a small proprietor near Talamona; they show you his cottage near the road. He was condemned for highway-robbery — falsely, he averred — and therefore shot, on his return from prison, all the witnesses against him except one single neighbor; after which he took to the woods, ransomed all the great folk, terrorized the whole country, and (somewhere about 1860) kept a little army — a thousand men — at bay for six whole months, escaping through the cordon they had formed round his particular woods, and taking ship for Egypt. From Egypt he sent word that he intended speedily returning and settling the score of the one remaining survivor among the witnesses who had originally accused him. But this worthy determined to forestall him, and having raised a small subscription in the neighborhood, hired a certain man to go and assassinate Stoppa at Alexandria, where there were no woods to protect him. The assassin, on arrival in Egypt, secured the assistance of a particular enemy of Stoppa, who happened to be Stoppa himself. Instead of the expected tidings of Stoppa's death brought by the hired assassin, the inhabitants of the little port of Talamona received the news of Stoppa's own return, announced by the discovery of a grisly human hand which a sheep-dog was carrying to her puppies. The hand was that of the one surviving witness. "So they knew that Stoppa was back at home again."



TRAPPINGS

We had come back late from a long ride to the charcoal-burner's camp. It was bitterly cold, and seeing a blazing fire by which two men were making cakes in the bailiff's parlor, I stepped in to warm myself. My eye was caught by some photographs hanging above the bailiff's writing-table. There were four in one frame, each inscribed with the name of a famous brigand — Tiburzi, Fioravanti, Menichetti, and that Ranuzzi with whom the cowboy Adamo had had the scuffle in the woods. There they stood, in full brigand's dress — conical hat, goat-skin jacket and greaves, jack-boots, and great cartridge-belts — each with his rifle beside him, erect, in almost military attitude, staring with wide eyes.

These were photographs of dead men; it was death which made them so strangely tall and erect, which gave them that stiff decisiveness of attitude and wide-eyed glance, that something indefinably severe, permanent. Personifications of this wild country while alive, its only heroes; and, in their death, standing like that, lifelike but rigid, vaguely emblematic of the Maremma, so seemingly alive with its flocks and herds and strings of ploughmen and colonies of charcoal-burners, but in reality condemned to a half-death by the malaria.

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At the Turn of the Tide

BY LESLIE COVERT

AS the *Mary Maria* slipped out from under her dingy little wharf at Eastport she met the Fundy northeaster, and keeled to the dipping seas till her gunwale was awash.

"Old Fundy's pretty well stirred up to-day, Captain John," said the girl, from the cuddy hatchway.

The old man's weather-beaten face glowed in the yellow sunlight. His keen eyes grew soft with pride in his smack as the brown sail bellied and tugged with the wind.

"Oh, this ain't no gale, Mis' Cronk," said the old captain, leisurely. "Fundy's only spittin' to-day, I cal'late." Then, after a moment's pause, "W'at's b'come o' that there sawbones as perfessed t' want th' *Maria* an' me t' carry him acrost to-day?"

"He had to go to a patient, Captain John. He will follow, more comfortably, in the mail-packet."

The captain grunted. The girl felt that her last speech had been unfortunate, but she looked frankly at her old friend and went on: "Town folks never know this feeling, Captain John, of flying before the wind in an open boat!"

"No; th' blamed landlubbers, they'd ruther be cooped up like a lobster in a dump-car!"

He shyly cleared the taffrail-seat of its burden of rope, and looked hesitatingly at the girl. She felt it was a mute invitation to come aft, and stepping lightly over the thwart, slipped down beside him.

"I cal'late y' don't mind them slathers o' times you've bin line-fishin' with me in th' Rips?" he ventured, looking at her dubiously out of the tail of his eye.

For four long years Caroline Cronk and the open sea had been strangers. It had been the *Mary Maria* itself that had carried her away from Grand Manan and its homely island folk, and it had been Captain John who had been the last of the home people to say good-by to her as she had started resolutely forth for the then alien and unknown city of Boston.

"I'll bait y' hain't seen a heap o' fishin'-smacks onto thet there Bosting hospit'l?" The old captain noted, as he spoke, the changed appearance of the girl. Then he added, suggestively, "It's goin' roun' your cousin Libby ain't long fer this world, Mis' Cronk!"

"Perhaps, Captain John, with careful nursing—"

"Laurie Ann's bin a-tellin' me you're kind o' carryin' a cargo o' newfangled notions 'bout keepin' winders open an' sech? Us island folks ain't much took with defyin' Prov'dence an' a-dosin' up sick folks w'at th' Lord 's a'ready cast out His net for!"

The girl remained discreetly silent.

"I'm kind o' scart you're gittin' y'rself in a fix comin' down here to nuss Libby. Hull slew o' her folks was tellin' me afore I sot out as they ain't altogether believin' in this female doctorin' an' nussin' business. An' folks do say, Mis' Cronk, as how *you* oughtn't to be so sot on havin' Libby last out."

The girl drew back, startled and indignant.

"Becky Gubtill thinks as how you'd ought t' have another chance at Jethro; seein' as you an' him used t' sit up nights together b'fore Libby clim' in b'tween you!"

The girl looked over the tumbling waters. The full consciousness of the task that lay before her crept into her mind for the first time. The breach that four years had placed between her and what had once been her own people appalled her. They were now of another world, living other lives, thinking strangely different thoughts.

It had cost her not a little to sacrifice her many city interests, but when word had first come to her of her cousin's

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illness she had not hesitated before what seemed her most obvious duty. The attitude of the islander toward all illness she knew only too well. The person who took to a bed on Grand Manan was held to have taken to his coffin. Medicine and nursing were useless and wrong. What was to be, must be.

Remembering this, the girl had felt that if in this one case, of all others, she might save this young woman, on whom the shadow of death had already fallen, in the eyes of the superstitious islanders, it would bring home to her people some cogent and palpable lesson of the actual power of medical treatment.

But the attitude of Captain John, for all his gruff affection, had already foreshadowed for the girl her future position in the eyes of the islanders. It disheartened, but did not altogether discourage her. In a passing determined moment of exaltation a touch of the fire of the prophet, of the liberator, of the savior, swept over her. And for the rest of the voyage she was strangely reserved and silent. It was not until the purple cliffs of Grand Manan crept up in the distance that she turned towards the captain with any of the old feeling.

"Home—is always home, isn't it, Captain John!" said the girl, with a tearful little shake of the head.

Slowly across the tumbling waters of the bay loomed up the long, wall-like mass, softened by the afternoon sea-haze that, summer long, day by day, clings about it. As the sloop pitched along the dipping seas, the ruggedness of the coastline became more marked, and they could clearly make out its great red cliffs, with jagged gullies torn by the fierce northeastern storms. Then the girl could discern even the scraggy-topped evergreens against the sky, and to her impatient heart the *Mary Maria* seemed scarcely to move. As she leaned eagerly forward to catch the first glimpse of the dulse-pickers' cabins that hugged the hills at Dark Harbor, she caught sight of the familiar bent and twisted figures that fought with the hurrying tides for scraps of sea-weed among the scattered beach bowlders. Above the roar of the surf pounding on the bar she could hear the faint and mournful notes of the old whistle that had called through the fogs of Whale Cove for twenty changing years. Soon the whistle-house itself came into view. There the tides unceasingly battered the cliffs, which raised stubborn faces four hundred feet straight up from the water. Round a head of land appeared The Seven Days' Work.

"I s'pose y've clean forgot th' name o' most o' them p'ints?"

Yet the old captain felt that she had not. The girl herself knew that she never would and never could forget.

"Now ther's th' Seven Days' Work! I allus felt as how th' Lord worked mighty hard t' git that job done clost onto Sunday mornin'; an', after all, th' Ol' Nick had t' take an' put on th' top layer!"

The girl remembered the island tradition that the devilish hands had laid the last of the seven layers, and laughed her appreciation.

"'Bout here's where the *Lord Ashburton* butted into th' rocks an' found 'em harder'n she was," went on the old man. "I got ol' Doggett—him as was th' only soul saved off'n her—a-tellin' me 'bout it t'other day. He did have a tussle, a-shinnin' up that icy cliff!" And then he added, meditatively, "I ain't one as questions th' Almighty's doin's, but it do seem 's if it 'd been a blessin' if he'd drapped back into th' water, same as Lish Fry, as clim' nigh to th' top along uv him!"

The scene of the *Lord Ashburton's* disaster slowly faded away, and rugged Swallow Tail, with its glowing lighthouse, slipped past.

"Rick's lit up early t'-night. Guess he's expectin' a blow. But *I* ain't so sure but them gatherin' clouds is only scudders, anyhow."

Out from under the dusk of the cliff the boat tacked straight toward the south. Every wave was aglow with the late afternoon sun. It gleamed on the girl's wind-blown hair, on the captain's storm-tried face, on the brown sails. It fell peacefully on the dozens of little wood-grown islands that gemmed the bay between Swallow Tail and Grand Harbor, the home of the sick woman. Past Low and High Duck islands, past the seething breakers and sandy bars of Castalia, they ran lightly on before the wind.

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The girl noticed that the captain was heading for Ross's Island, and looked up with surprise. She had already told him of their need for haste. It troubled her to think that he was not to try the shorter route of "The Thoroughfare," where the inrushing, eddying tide had already hidden the hundred rock-fangs of that narrow channel.

The girl looked anxiously at old John.

"Couldn't we try the Thoroughfare to-night?" she asked. "It saves an hour."

The captain stared hard at her for a few seconds.

"By cracky! the *Maria* 'll go through there singin', 'f you 'ain't forgot how t' steer!"

The girl reached for the tiller and took a firm stand.

"It's a-goin' to be ticklish a-jibin' her! Cal'late I'll have to keep th' tacklin' clear an' mind th' sheet. Now!" he shouted. "Hold hard!"

The *Mary Maria* eddied and reeled and tossed with the churning tides. Hurriedly the captain pulled up the little centreboard. Then he shot an admiring glance at the girl.

"Bin t' th' States four years an' 'ain't had her head turned! Well, I'm struck!"

Then, "Into the wind, now, till th' minnit I sez th' word," he called to the girl. "Hard down!" he bellowed a moment later. "Hard down!"

The sail shot out, and the *Mary Maria* swung round into the middle stream. No word was spoken except when Captain John called out his sharp, quick orders. For a helpless moment or two the little craft was caught in the dizzy fingers of a whirlpool, and then, as if hurled from a contemptuous hand, plunged out into the smoother waters of the harbor.

"There ain't 'nother female on this yere stone-pile 's would 'a' dared it! I vum, if this craft wasn't a'ready baptized, her name 'd be *Caddy!*"

Caroline Cronk's face lighted up at the sound of the unfamiliar old name, and gazed landward as the harbor lights glowed through the dusk and burned deep into the placid waters of the Creek.

A group of men and women stood beside piles of fish-tubs and herring-horses on the shore. The lantern threw their careworn faces into relief against the dark; something in their intense silence foretold their distrust of the trained nurse. The heart of the returning island girl grew indeterminately heavy. She had hoped for a different reception.

She surrendered the tiller to Captain John, and then stood for a moment at the water's edge, longing to call or wave a hand back at him, but afraid. The islanders were not a demonstrative people.

"I've fotched her!" was all the old captain said aloud, but under his breath he added, "An', by cracky! she ain't no worsen she used t' wuz, t' my mind."

Captain John's white-haired brother was the first to break the silence.

"Quite a stranger, Mis' Cronk!" was the most emotional greeting his flurried mind was capable of.

Caroline went toward the women. They allowed her to shake their passive hands. There was none of the expected "My! you're a-lookin' wholesome!" or the traditional "How you're fattenin' up!"

Instead, she heard cold voices say, "We 'ain't seen you for some time," and, "How'd you leave y'r friends t' Bosting?" Laurie Ann's tone was friendlier, but her words cut deeper:

"Lands! You must be tired with them tight stays on since you left Eastport! Don't you feel kind o' cramped?"

The girl glanced quickly at her snugly fitting suit of brown, then at the unshapely loose frocks of the four women, and her face grew hot. Across the marsh and up the hill shone the light from the sick woman's cottage.

"How's Libby?" Caroline asked, anxiously.

The four women looked from one to the other as they followed the girl's quick steps toward the cottage, and it was several seconds before their astounded tongues became loosened.

"Makin' herself t' hum!" muttered the youngest, under her breath, and then added aloud, "You got here in good time, Miss Cronk, t' see Libby drawin' her last breath, I cal'late!"

"She's jest alive, Miss Cronk," added another. "She can't spend out more'n a day!"

Then Laurie Ann added: "I cautioned her from th' first 'twas her las' sickness, an' nothin' could be done f' her!

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Jethro, he takes on ter'ble. I was kind o' taken aback, Car'line, knowin' how much you were sot on him 'fore y' ever went t' th' States!"

Then watching the girl's face, she added: "But Libby was al'ays a good-tempered, clingin' kind of a girl! She's on th' Lord's side, too, now, an' it's a-helpin' her out amazin'. I used t' feel as 'f you influenced her, but she's got grace in her heart, an' all we're hopin' for is that Elder Babcock will git down from Th' Head t' immerse her 'fore th' breath o' life leaves her."

"Laurie Ann, she must not be immersed!"

Three of the women were so stunned by this outrageous statement that they forgot the necessity of walking with rapid lightness in a bog, and stood stock-still, with the black mud oozing up in bubbles about their rough boots. Only Laurie Ann, the religious, was composed.

"Was you speakin', Miss Cronk?" she said, sweetly. "Guess we'd best git 'long to th' house. There ain't too much time for y' to try your conjurin' an' stuff!"

Caroline's face was white, and she realized the futility of words. The three other women, standing like Lot's wife, looked at her and laughed at the wit of Laurie Ann's sally.

The girl hurried on, and said nothing. At the door through which Laurie Ann had already passed stood Libby's mother. Her mouth was drawn and thin-lipped from her years of care and trouble. But behind that sterner mask lurked a spirit of unsuspected kindliness, and the look she bent on Caroline was more of mute sorrow than resentment.

"Ther' ain't no help for my girl, Car'line!"

Caroline looked on the mother pityingly, and choked back the rebellious tears. "But with proper care—" she began.

"I've seen 'em come, an' I've seen 'em go, Car'line, come an' go like th' tides, an' it ain't no use."

The old woman looked out into the night. "They're a-beginnin' t' make th' death-cake a'ready," she said, feebly.

When the shadow of death falls across the doorway of a Grand Manan home, the islanders, from time immemorial, have solemnly prepared for the unbidden guest by the making and careful distributing of a death-cake; and Caroline remembered that it was a custom which neither latter-day enlightenment nor religion had driven from the islands.

"An' now we're a-waitin'," went on the mother, quietly, "f'r th' elder, so's t' begin th' immersion."

Caroline caught up her hand-bag and flung on her nurse's apron. "There shall be no immersion, Aunt Susan," she cried, defiantly; "and now I must see Libby! There's been too much of this neglect already! Do you hear, Aunt Susan?—I *must* go to Libby."

The sick woman's mother looked at the nurse reprovingly.

"Y're forgittin', Car'line, as you're a-blasphemin' th' Almighty in th' house o' death!"

Caroline did not wait to answer. She turned and left the room. On her way to the sick-bed she passed through the little low-ceilinged kitchen. In one corner, she noticed, still stood the carefully polished cooking-stove, quaint and small-doored. The old familiar hand-drawn mats were still studiously scattered about the well-scrubbed floor. Even the wood-box occupied its old corner in the chimney-place, and the almanac hung on the same nail above it.

But the thing that held the girl spell-bound was the group of shadowy, whispering figures clustered about the white deal table. Before this group of busy women dressed in black stood a huge crockery bowl, and beside this bowl stood flour and spices. The subdued notes and the solemn joy on those rough faces told Caroline only too well just what was taking place. She looked at them for one shuddering moment, and then hurried on.

A moment later she reappeared where the whispering figures still clustered about the wide table. Her face was white, and the lines of her girlish mouth had taken on a new determination.

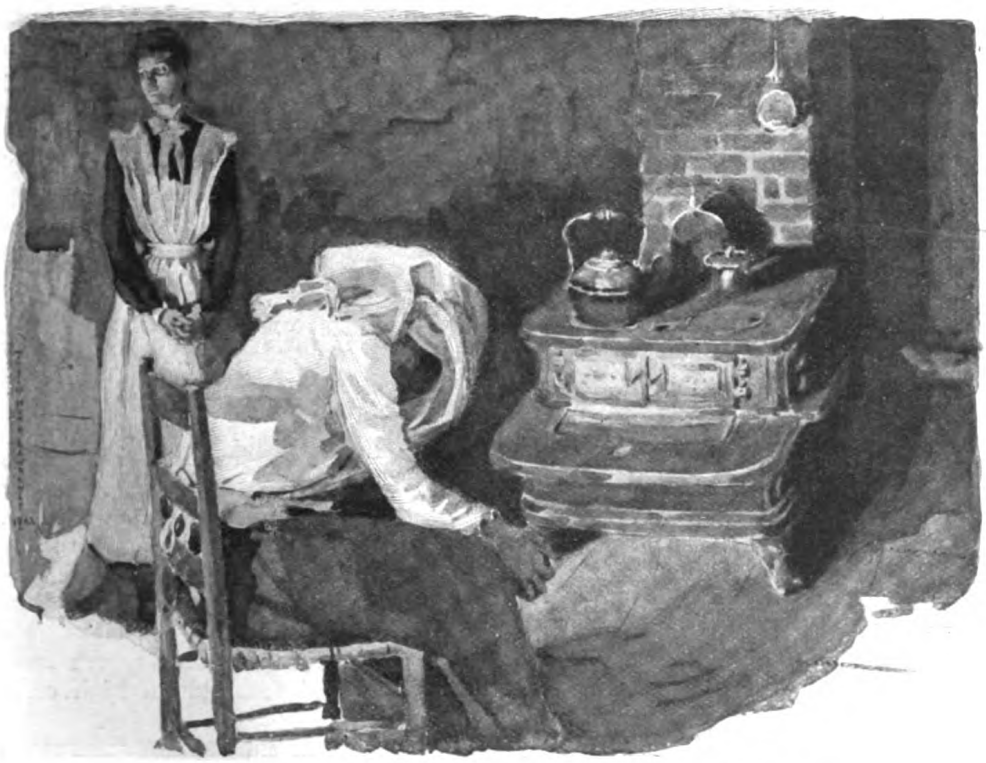
"Somebody, quickly, bring me some hot water!"

Half a dozen cold and passionless faces gazed at her.

"Cal'late ther' ain't none handy, Mis' Cronk."

With her own hand the girl hurriedly filled the old iron kettle and put it on the shining stove.

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THE SICK WOMAN'S MOTHER SAT WITH HER APRON OVER HER HEAD

"Kind o' dirty an' common-lookin' kitchin for swell city folks!"

"W'at's th' sense o' your sayin' that, Widow Brown? Land knows y've done nothin' but scour this house since Jed Brown was drownded. But o' course y' done it with your own ord'nary hands, an' mebbe that ain't like havin' it licked up with one o' them newfangled Bosting mops!"

The girl beside the stove wrung her hands in silence.

"'F th' sky was to fall," said Mattie Guthrie, "guess you'd keep on a-scrubbin' same 's ever, Widow Brown!"

The sick woman's mother crept into the room, watched the group for a silent moment, and then rocked back and forth on a kitchen chair, with her apron flung over her head.

"We cal'lated as we might jes 's well git these things bet up," said the Widow Brown, "f'r I mus' say I wuddn't like t' see another dyin' on this yere island, like ol' Lem Sterner's, with th' cake clean spoiled for lack o' decent mixin'."

"I mus' say Jeth's takin' it hard," continued one of the women. "Been goin' on worse 'n a woman with her boy drownded."

The Widow Brown went to the kitchen door, softly beating the whites of a number of eggs as she did so.

"I cal'late thet's th' elder an' some o' th' men folks come up for th' immersin'. I was gittin' some—"

"I must have a jug, Mrs. Brown, to fill and put at Libby's feet," Caroline interrupted, distraught. The Widow Brown calmly went on beating her eggs.

It was then that Laurie Ann stepped forward, with a strange fire burning in her eyes. "Will y' step this way, Mis' Car'line?" she said, opening the door of the dark passage that led from the kitchen to the cellarway. Once in that darkness, Laurie Ann gave a sudden lurch. She seemed to fall, as if by accident, against the girl. The force of that blow sent Caroline reeling into the trap-door, where she lay a moment half stunned on the cellar floor. A moment later the door itself swung shut and the bolt was slipped back, holding the nurse a prisoner.

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Laurie Ann, with glowing eyes, gave a deep sigh of religious satisfaction: "Won't be immersed, won't she! Blaspheme 's much 's you please, Car'line Cronk, if you ain't a-scart t' in the dark!"

The imprisoned girl's bruised hands felt desperately for the wall, and she started through the cobwebs for the spot where she remembered a window used to be. Something touched her face. She reached up quickly, and her fingers went through an old fish-net. Then she heard low voices singing mournfully, "Sister, Thou wast Mild and Lovely." Then came the sound of many shuffling feet on the floor above, and she knew the men were carrying the heavy dory, lined with sail-cloth, for the immersion. Then once more the laborious voices struck up, this time slowly chanting "Whiter than the Snow." Then there was silence once more, and the listening girl thought she heard a little shivering cry. A moment later it was swallowed up by an outburst of ecstatic clapping of hands.

Upstairs the sick woman lay shaking forlornly on the high straw tick, and the group of men and women standing about the bed sang vigorously "Gather them in, One by One." A bit of dried and stretched fish-skin had been stuck in the one oil-lamp to shade the sick-bed. In the stronger light on the other side of the lamp limply sat a wide-shouldered seaman, just in from the Grand Banks. Three years before, on the eve of Libby's marriage, he had taken himself off with the Gloucester fishing-fleet, for in those days he himself had loved her well. And now his anguish did not escape the ever-hungering eyes of Laurie Ann, who jealously shifted the light to the other side of its rude shelf.

At the head of the bed sat Jethro Guthrie, with his great arm awkwardly about his wife's shaking shoulders. Her tangled, thin hair lay against his sunburnt cheek, now paled to the color of bronze, and her gently appealing eyes looked up at him, tearing his heart.

Two of the women whispered officiously together, and crept silently and even more officiously from the room. Elder Babcock—a gaunt, whiskered man, who stood near the table—took the huge bowl from the women and held it solemnly before him, while one by one each of the company stirred its contents once round the bowl. Then he turned to the bed. Jethro, silently straightening from his cramped position, took his wife's helplessly frail hand in his great fingers, and closing it upon the spoon, slowly stirred the mixture three times, one for each year of their wedded life. Elder Babcock whispered hoarsely for Mattie Guthrie to give the key-note, and once more the strange company sang together. Before the hymn was finished two women hurriedly carried the bowl and its contents from the room to the kitchen, where a hot fire was already burning in the little old-fashioned stove. For clearly there was no time to be lost.

The woman on the bed was seized with a sudden more violent chill, and a blue look came into her half-conscious face as she lay quivering in her lover's arms like a shred of foam blown high on a windy day.

In the kitchen old Captain John stood among the others watching the baking of the death-cake.

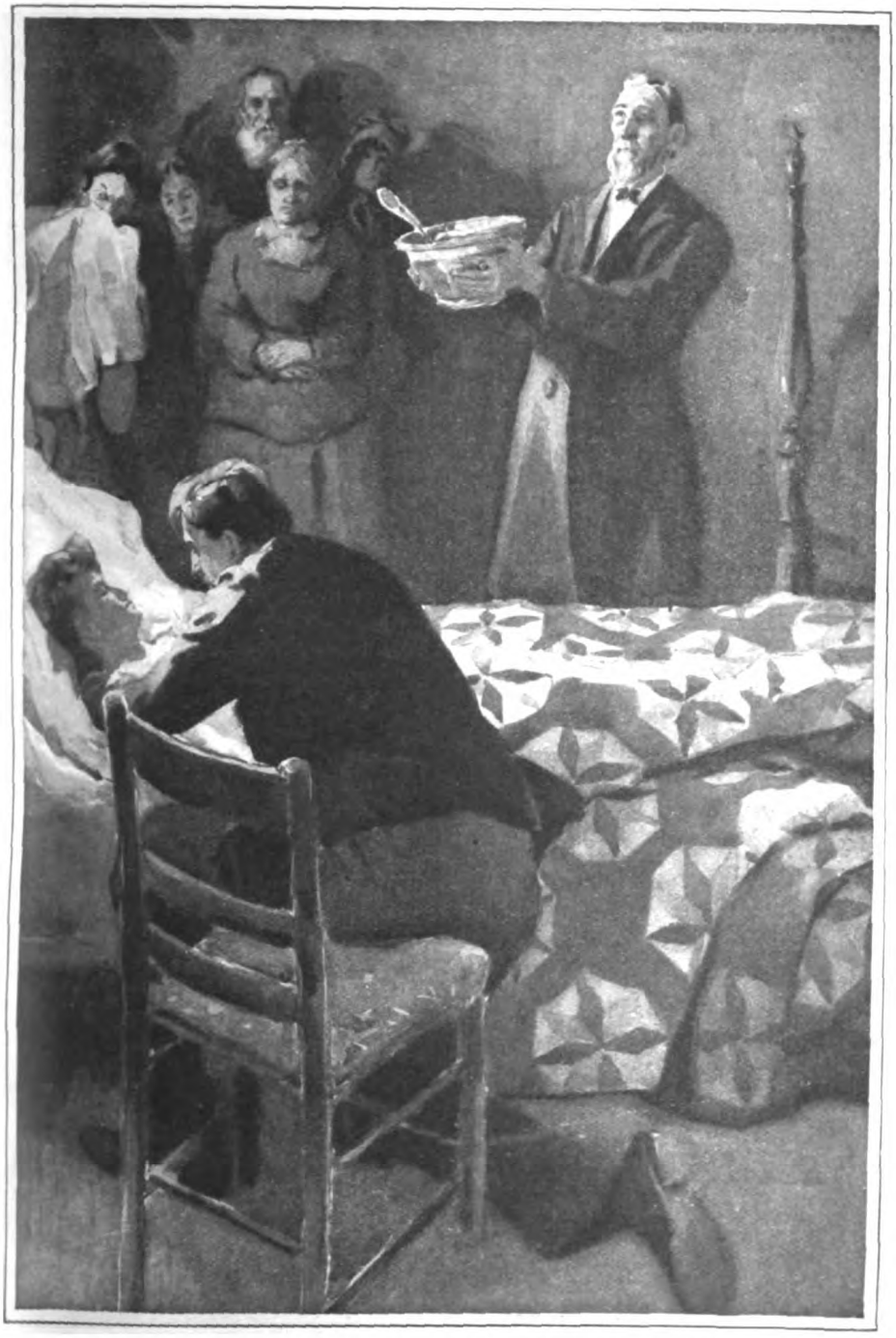
"I hearn tell up t' th' P'int how 's th' packet's in, an' this yere Eastport doctor 'll be heavin' in sight soon." Then he gave a mournful shake of his shaggy head. "Seems a shame 's Caddy didn't have more time t' try dosin' Libby. Arter all, ther' may be somethin' in these yere high-soundin' names."

No one answered him, for above the silence that had fallen upon the sick-room rose the sudden wailing of a woman's voice. It was the high droning cry of Libby's mother, crying over and over again: "She's a-goin'! She's a-goin' out with th' tide! She's a-goin' out with th' tide!"

The Widow Brown was trying the cake with a broom wisp, when Laurie Ann rushed into the kitchen, her eyes streaming. "Quick, Widow Brown, quick, or she'll be gone afore it's done!" she cried, hysterically. But before Widow Brown could even reply voices sounded outside in the gloom, and a number of lanterns swung up to the open door, through which the sea mist sucked into the lighted house.

"What does all this mean?" an authoritative voice asked, through the dark-

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ELDER BABCOCK HELD THE HUGE BOWL SOLEMNLY BEFORE HIM

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"WHERE IS THE PATIENT," DEMANDED THE INTRUDER

ness. Without waiting for an answer the speaker strode into the warm kitchen and flung off his overcoat. Something in his manner frightened Laurie Ann. Even the imperturbable Widow Brown for a moment forgot the cake, and looked about her timidly.

"The patient? Where is the patient?" demanded the intruder, still more sternly, catching up his handbag. "And Miss Cronk? She was to be here!"

He caught sight of the high bedstead and the black-robed group standing about it, and pushed in through them. For one tense moment he bent over the passive blue-gray face, and then stood up and caught his breath quickly. His eye fell on the dory, on the dripping floor, on the clusters of pine boughs hung about the dank little room.

The circle of watchers shuffled uneasily away from him. Something in his eye overawed them. From the kitchen doorway Laurie Ann saw that strange expression on his face, and she slipped tremulously back.

"My nurse!" gasped the doctor, fitting a needle into his hypodermic syringe, and flinging off his coat. "I must have my nurse, at once, to help!"

A dozen people turned to go for her, but Laurie Ann had been before them.

The doctor did not even look at Caroline Cronk's bruised and pallid face; he did not even look at the widening circle of open-eyed watchers standing about him. All he saw was that there was work to be done quickly.

It was a battle the islanders did not understand, and one by one they crept away. The darkness grew into twilight, and the twilight into open day. And it was then that the doctor sighed deeply, and felt the feeble pulse swing and waver and flutter back into existence.

And an hour later Laurie Ann, watching jealously from the outer doorway, heard him cry,

"Thank the Lord, Miss Cronk, I believe we've got her through!"

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Lady Rose's Daughter

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART IX

CHAPTER XVII

THE Duchess and Julie were in the large room of Burlington House. They had paused before a magnificent Turner of the Middle period, hitherto unseen by the public; and the Duchess was reading from the catalogue, in Julie's ear.

She had found Julie alone in Heribert Street, surrounded by books and proofs, endeavoring, as she reported, to finish a piece of work for Dr. Meredith. Distressed by her friend's pale cheeks, the Duchess had insisted on dragging her from the prison-house and changing the current of her thoughts. Julie, laughing, hesitating, indignant, had at last yielded, —probably in order to avoid another *tête-à-tête* and another scene with the little impetuous lady; and now the Duchess had her safe, and was endeavoring to amuse her.

But it was not easy. Julie, generally so instructed and sympathetic, so well skilled in the difficult art of seeing pictures with a friend, might, to-day, never have turned a phrase upon a Constable or a Romney before. She tried indeed to turn them as usual. But the Duchess, sharply critical and attentive where her beloved Julie was concerned, perceived the difference acutely. Alack! what languor, what fatigue! Evelyn became more and more conscious of an inward consternation.

"But, thank goodness! he goes to-morrow—the villain! And when that's over, it will be all right."

Julie meanwhile knew that she was observed, divined, and pitied. Her pride revolted; but it could wring from her nothing better than a passive resistance. She could prevent Evelyn from expressing her thoughts; she could not so command her own bodily frame that the Duchess should not think. Days of moral and mental struggle, nights of waking, combined with the serious and sustained effort of a new profession, had left their mark. There are, moreover, certain wounds to self-love and self-respect which poison the whole being.

"Julie! you *must* have a holiday!" cried the Duchess presently as they sat down to rest.

Julie replied that she, Madame Bornier, and the child were going to Bruges for a week.

"Oh! but that won't be comfortable enough! I'm sure I could arrange something. Think of all our tiresome houses —eating their heads off!"

Julie firmly refused. She was going to renew old friendships at Bruges; she would be made much of; and the prospect was as pleasant as any one need wish.

"Well, of course, if you have made up your mind!—when do you go?"

"In three or four days—just before the Easter rush. And you?"

"Oh! we go to Scotland to fish. We must, of course, be killing something. How long, darling, will you be away?"

"About ten days." Julie pressed the Duchess's little hand in acknowledgment of the caressing word and look.

"By-the-way, didn't Lord Lackington invite you? Ah! there he is!"

And suddenly, Lord Lackington, examining with fury a picture of his own which some rascally critic had that morning pronounced to be "Venetian school" and not the divine Giorgione himself, lifted an angry countenance to find the Duchess and Julie beside him.

The start which passed through him betrayed itself. He could not yet see Julie with composure. But when he had pressed her hand, and inquired after her health, he went back to his grievance, being indeed rejoiced to have secured a pair of listeners.

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"Really the insolence of these fellows in the press! I shall let the Academy know what I think of it. Not a rag of mine shall they ever see here again. Ears and little fingers indeed! Idiots and owls!"

Julie smiled. But it had to be explained to the Duchess that a wise man, half Italian, half German, had lately arisen who proposed to judge the authenticity of a picture by its ears, assisted by any peculiarities of treatment in the little fingers.

"What nonsense!" said the Duchess, with a yawn. "If I were an artist, I should always draw them different ways."

"Well—not exactly," said Lord Lackington, who, as an artist himself, was unfortunately debarred from statements of this simplicity. "But the *ludicrous* way in which these fools overdo their little discoveries!"

And he walked on, fuming, till the open and unmeasured admiration of the two ladies for his great Rembrandt, the gem of his collection, now occupying the place of honor in the large room of the Academy, restored him to himself.

"Ah!—even the biggest ass among them holds his tongue about that!" he said, exultantly. "But, hollo! — what does that call itself?" He looked at a picture in front of him—then at the catalogue—then at the Duchess.

"That picture is ours," said the Duchess. "Isn't it a dear? It's a Leonardo da Vinci."

"Leonardo fiddlesticks!" cried Lord Lackington. "Leonardo indeed! what absurdity! Really, Duchess, you should tell Crowborough to be more careful about his things. We mustn't give handles to these fellows."

"What do you mean?" said the Duchess, offended. "If it isn't a Leonardo, pray what is it?"

"Why, a bad school copy, of course!" said Lord Lackington, hotly. "Look at the eyes,"—he took out a pencil and pointed,—"look at the neck—look at the fingers!"

The Duchess pouted.

"Oh!" she said. "Then there is something in fingers!"

Lord Lackington's face suddenly relaxed. He broke into a shout of laughter, *bon enfant* that he was; and the Duchess laughed too; but under cover of their merriment she, mindful of quite other things, drew him a little farther away from Julie.

"I thought you had asked her to Nonpareil for Easter?" she said, in his ear, with a motion of her pretty head towards Julie in the distance.

"Yes — but, my dear lady, Blanche won't come home! She and Aileen put it off and put it off. Now she says they mean to spend May in Switzerland,—may perhaps be away the whole summer! I had counted on them for Easter. I am dependent on Blanche for hostess. It is really too bad of her. Everything has broken down, and William and I"—he named his youngest son—"are going to the Uredales for a fortnight."

Lord Uredale, his eldest son, a sportsman and farmer, troubled by none of his father's originalities, reigned over the second family "place," in Herefordshire, beside the Wye.

"Has Aileen any love-affairs yet?" said the Duchess abruptly, raising her face to his.

Lord Lackington looked surprised.

"Not that I know of. However, I dare say they wouldn't tell me. I'm a sieve, I know! Have you heard of any? Tell me!"—he stooped to her with roguish eagerness. "I like to steal a march on Blanche!"

So he knew nothing!—while half their world was talking! It was very characteristic, however. Except for his own hobbies, artistic, medical, or military, Lord Lackington had walked through life as a Johnny Head-in-Air, from his youth till now. His children had not trusted him with their secrets; and he had never discovered them for himself.

"Is there any likeness between Julie and Aileen?" whispered the Duchess.

Lord Lackington started. Both turned their eyes toward Julie, as she stood some ten yards away from them, in front of a refined and mysterious profile of the cinque-cento,—some lady perhaps of the d'Este or Sforza families—attributed to Ambrogio da Predis. In her soft black dress, delicately folded and draped to hide her excessive thinness, her small toque fitting closely over her wealth of hair,—her only ornament a long and slender chain set with uncut jewels

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which Lord Lackington had brought her the day before, and a bunch of violets which the Duchess had just slipped into her belt,—she was as rare and delicate as the picture. But she turned her face towards them, and Lord Lackington made a sudden exclamation.

"No! Good heavens, no! Aileen was a dancing-sprite when I saw her last—and this poor girl!— Duchess! why does she look like that?—so sad, so bloodless!"

He turned upon her impetuously, his face frowning and disturbed.

The Duchess sighed.

"You and I have just got to do all we can for her!" she said, relieved to see that Julie had wandered farther away, as though it pleased her to be left to herself.

"But I would do anything—everything," cried Lord Lackington. "Of course none of us can undo the past. But I offered yesterday to make full provision for her. She has refused. She has the most quixotic notions, poor child!"

"No, let her earn her own living—yet awhile. It will do her good! But—shall I tell you secrets?" The Duchess looked at him, knitting her small brows.

"Tell me what I ought to know—no more!" he said, gravely, with a dignity contrasting oddly with his school-boy curiosity in the matter of little Aileen's lover.

The Duchess hesitated. Just in front of her was a picture of the Venetian school representing St. George, Princess Saba, and the dragon. The princess, a long and slender victim, with bowed head and fettered hands, reminded her of Julie. The dragon—perfidious, encroaching wretch!—he was easy enough of interpretation! But from the blue distance, thank Heaven, spurs the champion. Oh! ye Heavenly Powers, give him wings and strength! "St. George—St. George to the rescue!"

"Well," she said, slowly, "I can tell you of some one who is very devoted to Julie—some one worthy of her. Come with me."

And she took him away into the next room, still talking in his ear.

When they returned, Lord Lackington was radiant. With a new eagerness he looked for Julie's distant figure amid the groups scattered about the central room. The Duchess had sworn him to secrecy, indeed, and he meant to be discretion itself. But—Jacob Delafield!—yes, that indeed would be a solution! His pride was acutely pleased; his affection, of which he already began to feel no small store for this charming woman of his own blood,—this poor granddaughter *de la main gauche*,—was strengthened and stimulated. She was sad now and out of spirits, poor thing, because, no doubt, of this horrid business with Lady Henry — to whom, by-the-way, he had written his mind. But time would see to that—time gently and discreetly assisted by himself and the Duchess. It was impossible that she should finally hold out against such a good fellow,—impossible, and most unreasonable. No, Rose's daughter would be brought back safely to her mother's world and class; and poor Rose's tragedy would at last work itself out for good. How strange, romantic, and providential!

In such a mood did he now devote himself to Julie. He chattered about the pictures; he gossiped about their owners; he excused himself for the absence of "that gadabout Blanche"; he made her promise him a Whitsuntide visit instead, and whispered in her ear, "You shall have *her* room!"; he paid her the most handsome and gallant attentions, natural to the man of fashion *par excellence*, mingled with something intimate, brusque, capricious, which marked her his own and of the family. Seventy-five!—with that step, that carriage of the shoulders, that vivacity!—ridiculous!

And Julie could not but respond.

Something stole into her heart that had never yet lodged there. She must love the old man—she did. When he left her for the Duchess her eyes followed him,—her dark-rimmed wistful eyes.

"I must be off," said Lord Lackington, presently, buttoning up his coat. "This, ladies, has been dalliance. I now go to my duties. Read me in the *Times* to-morrow. I shall make a rattling speech. You see, I shall rub it in!"

"Montresor?" said the Duchess.

Lord Lackington nodded. That afternoon he proposed to strew the floor of the House of Lords with the *débris* of Montresor's farcical reforms—

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Suddenly he pulled himself up:

"Duchess, look round you!—at those two in the doorway! Isn't it—by George, it is!—Chudleigh and his boy!"

"Yes, yes, it is!" said the Duchess, in some excitement. "Don't recognize them. Don't speak to him! Jacob implored me not."

And she hurried her companions along till they were well out of the track of the new-comers; then on the threshold of another room she paused, and touching Julie on the arm, said, in a whisper:

"Now, look back! That's Jacob's Duke—and his poor, poor boy!"

Julie threw a hurried glance towards the two figures; but that glance impressed forever upon her memory a most tragic sight.

A man of middle height, sallow and careworn, with jet-black hair and beard, supported a sickly lad, apparently about seventeen, who clung to his arm and coughed at intervals. The father moved as though in a dream. He looked at the pictures with unseeing, lustreless eyes, except when the boy asked him a question. Then he would smile, stoop his head and answer, only to resume again immediately his melancholy passivity. The boy meanwhile, his lips gently parted over his white teeth, his blue eyes wide open and intent upon the pictures, his emaciated cheeks deeply flushed, wore an aspect of patient suffering, of docile dependence, peculiarly touching.

It was evident the father and son thought of none but each other. From time to time the man would make the boy rest on one of the seats in the middle of the room: and the boy would look up and chatter to his companion standing before him. Then again they would resume their walk, the boy leaning on his father. Clearly the poor lad was marked for death; clearly also he was the desire of his father's heart.

"The possessor, and the heir, of perhaps the finest houses and the most magnificent estates in England!" said Lord Lackington, with a shrug of pity. "And Chudleigh would gladly give them all to keep that boy alive."

Julie turned away. Strange thoughts had been passing and repassing through her brain.

Then, with angry loathing, she flung her thoughts from her. What did the Chudleigh inheritance matter to her? That night she said good-by to the man she loved. These three miserable, burning weeks were done. Her heart, her life, would go with Warkworth to Africa and the desert. If, at the beginning of this period of passion—so short in prospect, and, to look back upon, an eternity!—she had ever supposed that power or wealth could make her amends for the loss of her lover, she was in no mood to calculate such compensations to-day. Parting was too near, the anguish in her veins too sharp.

"Jacob takes them to Paris to-morrow," said the Duchess to Lord Lackington. "The Duke has heard of some new doctor."

An hour or two later Sir Wilfrid Bury, in the smoking-room of his club, took out a letter which he had that morning received from Lady Henry Delafield and gave it a second reading:

"So I hear that Mademoiselle's social prospects are not, after all, so triumphant as both she and I imagined. I gave the world credit for more fools than it seems actually to possess; and she—well, I own I am a little puzzled. Has she taken leave of her senses? I am told that she is constantly seen with this man; that in spite of all denials there can be no doubt of his engagement to the Moffatt girl; and that *en somme* she has done herself no good by the whole affair. But, after all, poor soul, she is disinterested! She stands to gain nothing, as I understand: and she risks a good deal. From this comfortable distance, I really find something touching in her behavior.

"She gives her first 'Wednesday,' I understand, to-morrow. 'Mademoiselle Le Breton at home'! I confess I am curious. By all means go, and send me a full report. Mr. Montresor and his wife will certainly be there. He and I have been corresponding, of course. He wishes to persuade me that he feels himself in some way responsible for Mademoiselle's position, and for my dismissal of her—that I ought to allow him in consequence full freedom of action. I cannot see matters in the same light. But, as I tell him, the change will be all to his advantage. He exchanges a frac-

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tious old woman, always ready to tell him unpleasant truths, for one who has made flattery her *métier*. If he wants quantity she will give it him. Quality he can dispense with—as I have seen for some time past.

"Lord Lackington has written me an impertinent letter. It seems she has revealed herself, and *il s'en prend à moi*, because I kept the secret from him, and because I have now dared to dismiss his granddaughter. I am in the midst of a reply which amuses me. He is to cast off his belongings as he pleases; but when a lady of the Chantrey blood—no matter how she came by it—condescends to enter a paid employment, legitimate or illegitimate, she must be treated *en reine*, or Lord L. will know the reason why. 'Here is £100 a year, and let me hear no more of you!' he says to her at sixteen. Thirteen years later, I take her in, respect his wishes, and keep the secret. She misbehaves herself, and I dismiss her. Where is the grievance? He himself made her a *lectrice;* and now complains that she is expected to do her duty in that line of life. He himself banished her from the family; and now grumbles that I did not at once foist her upon him. He would like to escape the odium of his former action by blaming me; but I am not meek; and I shall make him regret his letter.

"As for Jacob Delafield, don't trouble yourself to write me any further news of him. He has insulted me lately in a way I shall not soon forgive,—nothing to do, however, with the lady who says she refused him. Whether her report be veracious or no, matters nothing to me; any more than his chances of succeeding to the Captain's place. He is one of the ingenious fools who despise the old ways of ruining themselves; and in the end achieve it as well as the commoner sort. He owes me a good deal, and at one time it pleased me to imagine that he was capable both of affection and gratitude. That is the worst of being a woman: we pass from one illusion to another; love is only the beginning; there are a dozen to come after.

"You will scold me for a bitter tongue. Well, my dear Wilfrid, I am not gay here! There are too many women; too many church services; and I see too much of my doctor. I pine for London; and I don't see why I should have been driven out of it by an *intrigante*.

"Write to me, my dear Wilfrid. I am not quite so bad as I paint myself; say to yourself she has arthritis, she is sixty-five, and her new companion reads aloud with a twang; then you will only wonder at my moderation."

Sir Wilfrid returned the letter to his pocket. That day, at luncheon, with Lady Hubert, he had had the curiosity to question Susan Delafield, Jacob's fair-haired sister, as to the reasons for her brother's quarrel with Lady Henry.

It appeared that being now in receipt of what seemed to himself, at any rate, a large salary as his cousin's agent, he had thought it his duty to save up and repay the sums which Lady Henry had formerly spent upon his education.

His letter enclosing the money had reached that lady during the first week of her stay at Torquay. It was, no doubt, couched in terms less cordial or more formal than would have been the case before Miss Le Breton's expulsion. "Not that he defends her altogether," said Susan Delafield, who was herself inclined to side with Lady Henry, "but as Lady Henry has refused to see him since, it was not much good being friendly, was it?"

Anyway the letter and its enclosure had completed a breach already begun. Lady Henry had taken furious offence; the check had been insultingly returned; and had now gone to swell the finances of a London hospital.

Sir Wilfrid was just reflecting that Jacob's honesty had better have waited for a more propitious season, when, looking up, he saw the War Minister beside him, in the act of searching for a newspaper.

"Released?" said Bury, with a smile.

"Yes, thank Heaven. Lackington is, I believe, still pounding at me in the House of Lords. But that amuses him and doesn't hurt me."

"You'll carry your Resolutions?"

"Oh dear yes—with no trouble at all," said the Minister, almost with sulkiness, as he threw himself into a chair and looked with distaste at the newspaper he had taken up.

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Sir Wilfrid surveyed him.

"We meet to-night?" he said, presently.

"You mean in Heribert Street? I suppose so," said Montresor, without cordiality.

"I have just got a letter from her ladyship."

"Well, I hope it is more agreeable than those she writes to me. A more unreasonable old woman—!"

The tired minister took up *Punch*, looked at a page, and flung it down again. Then he said,

"Are you going?"

"I don't know. Lady Henry gives me leave—which makes me feel myself a kind of spy!"

"Oh, never mind. Come along. Mademoiselle Julie will want all our support. I don't hear her as kindly spoken of just now as I should wish."

"No. Lady Henry has more personal hold than we thought."

"And Mademoiselle Julie less tact. Why, in the name of goodness, does she go and get herself talked about with the particular man who is engaged to her little cousin? You know, by-the-way, that the story of her parentage is leaking out fast? Most people seem to know something about it."

"Well, that was bound to come. Will it do her good or harm?"

"Harm, for the present. A few people are straitlaced,—and a good many feel they have been taken in. But anyway, this flirtation is a mistake!"

"Nobody really knows whether the man is engaged to the Moffatt girl or no. The guardians have forbidden it."

"At any rate everybody is kind enough to say so. It's a blunder on Mademoiselle Julie's part. As to the man himself, of course, there is nothing to say. He is a very clever fellow,"—Montresor looked at his companion, with a sudden stiffness, as though defying contradiction. "He will do this piece of work that we have given him to do extremely well."

"The Mokembé Mission?"

Montresor nodded.

"He had very considerable claims, and was appointed entirely on his military record. All the tales as to Mademoiselle's influence,—with me, for instance!—that Lady Henry has been putting into circulation, are either absurd fiction, or—have only the very smallest foundation in fact."

Sir Wilfrid smiled amicably and diverted the conversation:

"Warkworth starts at once?"

"He goes to Paris to-morrow. I recommended him to see Pattison, the Military Secretary there, who was in the expedition of five years back."

"This hasn't gone as well as it ought," said Dr. Meredith in the ear of the Duchess.

They were standing inside the door of Julie's little drawing-room. The Duchess, in a dazzling frock of white and silver, which placed Clarisse among the divinities of her craft, looked round her with a look of worry.

"What's the matter with the tiresome creatures? Why is everybody going so early? And there are not half the people here who ought to be here!"

Meredith shrugged his shoulders.

"I saw you at Chatton House the other night?" he said, in the same tone.

"Well!" said the Duchess, sharply.

"It seemed to me there was something of a demonstration."

"Against Julie? Let them try it!" said the little lady, with evasive defiance. "We shall be too strong for them."

"Lady Henry is putting her back into it. I confess I never thought she would be either so venomous or so successful."

"Julie will come out all right!"

"She would—triumphantly—if—"

The Duchess glanced at him uneasily:

"I believe you are overworking her. She looks skin and bone."

Dr. Meredith shook his head.

"On the contrary, I have been holding her back. But it seems she wants to earn a good deal of money."

"That's so absurd!" cried the Duchess, "when there are people only pining to give her some of theirs."

"No, no!" said the journalist, brusquely. "She is quite right there. Oh! it would be all right, if she were herself. She would make short work of Lady Henry. But—Mademoiselle Julie!"—for she glided past them, and he raised his voice,—"sit down, and rest yourself. Don't take so much trouble."

She flung them a smile.

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"Lord Lackington is going;" and she hurried on.

Lord Lackington was standing in a group which contained Sir Wilfrid Bury and Mr. Montresor.

"Well, good-by, good-by!" he said, as she came up to him. "I must go. I'm nearly asleep."

"Tired with abusing me?" said Montresor, nonchalantly, turning round upon him.

"No,—only with trying to make head or tail of you," said Lackington, gayly. Then he stooped over Julie:

"Take care of yourself. Come back rosier—and *fatter.*"

"I'm perfectly well. Let me come with you."

"No, don't trouble yourself!" For she had followed him into the hall, and found his coat for him. All the arrangements for her little "evening" had been of the simplest. That had been a point of pride with her. Madame Bornier and Thérèse dispensing tea and coffee in the dining-room; one hired parlor-maid; and she herself active and busy everywhere. Certain French models were in her head; and memories of her mother's bare little salon in Bruges, with its good talk, and its thinnest of thin refreshments,—a few cups of weak tea, or glasses of *eau sucrée,* with a plate of *pâtisserie.*

The hired parlor-maid was whistling for a cab in the service of some other departing guest; so Julie herself put Lord Lackington into his coat, much to his discomfort.

"I don't think you ought to have come," she said to him, with soft reproach. "Why did you have that fainting fit before dinner?"

"I say!—who's been telling tales?"

"Sir Wilfrid Bury met your son Mr. Chantrey—at dinner."

"Bill can never hold his tongue. Oh! it was nothing,—not with the proper treatment, mind you! Of course if the allopaths were to get their knives into me!—But thank God! I'm out of that *galère!* Well, in a fortnight—isn't it?—we shall both be in town again. I don't like saying good-by!"

And he took both her hands in his.

"It all seems so strange to me still—so strange!" he murmured.

"Next week I shall see mamma's grave," said Julie, under her breath. "Shall I put some flowers there for you?"

The fine blue eyes above her wavered. He bent to her:

"Yes. And write to me. Come back soon! Oh! you'll see—things will all come right—perfectly right! in spite of Lady Henry!"

Confidence, encouragement,—a charming raillery—an enthusiastic tenderness—all these beamed upon her from the old man's tone and gesture. She was puzzled. But with another pressure of the hand he was gone. She stood looking after him. And as the carriage drove away, the sound of the wheels hurt her. It was the withdrawal of something protecting,—something more her own, when all was said, than anything else which remained to her.

As she returned to the drawing-room, Dr. Meredith intercepted her.

"You want me to send you some work to take abroad?" he said in a low voice. "I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Why?"

"Because you ought to have a complete holiday."

"Very well. Then I sha'n't be able to pay my way," she said, with a tired smile.

"Remember the doctor's bills if you fall ill."

"Ill! I'm never ill," she said, with scorn. Then she looked round the room deliberately; and her gaze returned to her companion. "I am not likely to be fatigued with society, am I?" she added, in a voice that did not attempt to disguise the bitterness within.

"My dear lady, you are hardly installed."

"I have been here a month,—the critical month. Now was the moment to stand by me, or throw me over—*n'est-ce pas?* This is my first party, my housewarming! I gave a fortnight's notice; I asked about sixty people, whom I knew *well.* Some did not answer at all. Of the rest, half declined,—rather curtly, in many instances. And of those who accepted, not all are here. And oh! how it dragged!"

Meredith looked at her rather guiltily, not knowing what to say. It was true the evening had dragged. In both their

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minds there rose the memory of Lady Henry's "Wednesdays," the beautiful rooms, the varied and brilliant company, the power and consideration which had attended Lady Henry's companion.

"I suppose," said Julie, shrugging her shoulders, "I had been thinking of the French *maîtresses de salon*,—like a fool; of Mlle. de L'Espinasse — or Madame Mohl,—imagining that people would come to *me* for a cup of tea, and an agreeable hour. But in England, it seems, people must be paid to talk. Talk is a business affair—you give it for a consideration."

"No, no!—you'll build it up," said Meredith. In his heart of hearts he said to himself that she had not been herself that night. Her wonderful social instincts, her memory, her adroitness, had somehow failed her. And from a hostess, strained, conscious, and only artificially gay, the little gathering had taken its note.

"You have the old guard, anyway!" added the journalist, with a smile, as he looked round the room. The Duchess, Delafield, Montresor and his wife, General McGill, and three or four other old *habitués* of the Bruton Street evenings were scattered about the little drawing-room. General Fergus, too, was there,—had arrived early, and was staying late. His frank soldier's face, the accent, cheerful, homely, careless, with which he threw off talk full of marrow, talk only possible—for all its simplicity—to a man whose life had been already closely mingled with the fortunes of his country, had done something to bind Julie's poor little party together. Her eye rested on him with gratitude. Then she replied to Meredith:

"Mr. Montresor will scarcely come again."

"What do you mean? Ungrateful lady! Montresor! who has already sacrificed Lady Henry and the habits of thirty years, to your *beaux yeux!*"

"That is what he will never forgive me," said Julie, sadly. "He has satisfied his pride, and I—have lost a friend."

"Pessimist!—Mrs. Montresor seemed to me most friendly."

Julie laughed.

"*She*, of course, is enchanted. Her husband has never been her own till now. She married him subject to Lady Henry's rights. But all that she will soon forget,—and my existence with it."

"I won't argue. It only makes you more stubborn," said Meredith. "Ah!—still they come!"

For the door opened, to admit the tall figure of Major Warkworth.

"Am I very late?" he said, with a surprised look as he glanced at the thinly scattered room. Julie greeted him, and he excused himself on the ground of a dinner which had begun just an hour late, owing to the tardiness of a cabinet minister.

Meredith observed the young man with some attention from the dark corner in which Julie had left him. The gossip of the moment had reached him also; but he had not paid much heed to it. It seemed to him that nobody knew anything first-hand of the Moffatt affair. And for himself he found it difficult to believe that Julie Le Breton was any man's dupe.

She must marry, poor thing!—of course she must marry. Since it had been plain to him that she would never listen to his own suit, this great-hearted and clear-brained man had done his best to stifle in himself all small or grasping impulses. But this fellow!—with his inferior temper and morale—alack! why are the clever women such fools!

If only she had confided in him—her old and tried friend—he thought he could have put things before her, so as to influence without offending her. But he suffered, had always suffered, from the jealous reserve which underlay her charm, her inborn tendency to secretiveness and intrigue.

Now as he watched her few words with Warkworth, it seemed to him that he saw the signs of some hidden relation. How flushed she was suddenly, and her eyes so bright!

He was not allowed much time or scope, however, for observation. Warkworth took a turn round the room, chatted a little with this person and that, then on the plea that he was off to Paris early on the following morning, approached his hostess again to take his leave.

"Ah, yes, you start to-morrow!" said Montresor, rising. "Well, good luck to you—good luck to you!"

General Fergus, too, advanced. The

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whole room, indeed, awoke to the situation, and all the remaining guests grouped themselves round the young soldier. Even the Duchess was thawed a little by this actual moment of departure. After all, the man was going on his country's service.

"No child's play this mission, I can assure you," General McGill said to her. "Warkworth will want all the powers he has—of mind or body!"

The slim young fellow, so boyishly elegant in his well-cut evening dress, received the ovation offered to him with an evident pleasure, which tried to hide itself in the usual English ways. He had been very pale when he came in. But his cheek reddened as Montresor grasped him by the hand, as the two generals bade him a cordial God-speed, as Sir Wilfrid gave him a jesting message for the British representative in Egypt, and as the ladies present accorded him those flattering and admiring looks that woman keeps for valor.

Julie counted for little in these farewells. She stood apart and rather silent. "*They* have had their good-by!" thought the Duchess, with a thrill she could not help.

"Three days in Paris?" said Sir Wilfrid. "A fortnight to Denga,—and then how long before you start for the interior?"

"Oh! three weeks for collecting porters and supplies. They're drilling the escort already. We should be off by the middle of May."

"A bad month," said General Fergus, shrugging his shoulders.

"Unfortunately affairs won't wait. But I am already stiff with quinine," laughed Warkworth,—"or I shall be by the time I get to Denga. Good-by—good-by."

And in another moment he was gone. Miss Le Breton had given him her hand, and wished him "Bon voyage!" like everybody else.

The party broke up. The Duchess kissed her Julie with peculiar tenderness; Delafield pressed her hand, and his deep kind eyes gave her a lingering look, of which, however, she was quite unconscious; Meredith renewed his half-irritable, half-affectionate counsels of rest and recreation; Mrs. Montresor was conventionally effusive; Montresor alone bade the mistress of the house a somewhat cold and perfunctory farewell. Even Sir Wilfrid was a little touched, he knew not why; he vowed to himself that his report to Lady Henry on the morrow should contain no food for malice; and inwardly he forgave Mademoiselle Julie the old romancings.

CHAPTER XVIII

IT was twenty minutes since the last carriage had driven away. Julie was still waiting in the little hall, pacing its squares of black and white marble—slowly—backwards and forwards.

There was a low knock on the door.

She opened it. Warkworth appeared on the threshold, and the high moon behind him threw a bright ray into the dim hall, where all but one faint light had been extinguished. She pointed to the drawing-room.

"I will come directly. Let me just go and ask Léonie to sit up."

Warkworth went into the drawing-room. Julie opened the dining-room door. Madame Bornier was engaged in washing and putting away the china and glass which had been used for Julie's modest refreshments.

"Léonie! you won't go to bed? Major Warkworth is here."

Madame Bornier did not raise her head.

"How long will he be?"

"Perhaps half an hour."

"It is already past midnight."

"Léonie! he goes to-morrow."

"Très-bien. Mais—sais tu, ma chère, ce n'est pas convenable, ce que tu fais là!"

And the older woman, straightening herself, looked her foster-sister full in the face. A kind of watch-dog anxiety, a sulky protesting affection, breathed from her rugged features.

Julie went up to her, not angrily—but rather with a pleading humility.

The two women held a rapid colloquy in low tones—Madame Bornier remonstrating, Julie softly getting her way.

Then Madame Bornier returned to her work, and Julie went to the drawing-room.

Warkworth sprang up as she entered. Both paused and wavered. Then he went

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up to her, and roughly, irresistibly, drew her into his arms. She held back a moment, but finally yielded, and clasping her hands round his neck, she buried her face on his breast.

They stood so for some minutes, absolutely silent, save for her hurried breathing,—his head bowed upon hers.

"Julie! how can we say good-by?" he whispered at last.

She disengaged herself, and seeing his face, she tried for composure.

"Come and sit down."

She led him to the window, which he had thrown open as he entered the room, and they sat beside it hand in hand. A mild April night shone outside. Gusts of moist air floated in upon them; there were dim lights and shadows in the garden and on the shuttered façade of the great house.

"Is it forever?" said Julie, in a low, stifled voice,—"Good-by—forever?"

She felt his hand tremble. But she did not look at him. She seemed to be reciting words long since spoken in the mind.

"You will be away—perhaps a year? Then you go back to India—and then—"

She paused.

Warkworth was physically conscious, as it were, of a letter he carried in his coat pocket—a letter from Lady Blanche Moffatt which had reached him that morning; the letter of a *grande dame* reduced to undignified remonstrance by sheer maternal terror — terror for the health and life of a child, as fragile and ethereal as a wild rose in May. Reports had reached her; but no!—they could not be true! She bade him be thankful that not a breath of suspicion had yet touched Aileen. As for herself, let him write and reassure her at once. Otherwise— And the latter part of the letter conveyed a veiled menace that Warkworth perfectly understood.

No,—in that direction, no escape; his own past actions closed him in. And henceforth, it was clear, he must walk more warily.

But how blame himself for these feelings of which he was now conscious towards Julie Le Breton?—the strongest, probably, that a man not built for passion would ever know. His relation towards her had grown upon him unawares,—and now their own hands were about to cut it at the root. What blame to either of them? Fate had been at work; and he felt himself glorified by a situation so tragically sincere, and by emotions of which a month before he would have secretly held himself incapable.

Resolutely, in this last meeting with Julie, he gave these emotions play. He possessed himself of her cold hands as she put her desolate question—"And then?"—and kissed them fervently.

"Julie! if you and I had met—a year ago,—what happened in India would never have happened. You know that!"

"Do I? But it only hurts me to *think it away* like that. There it is,—it has happened."

She turned upon him suddenly:

"Have you any picture of her?"

He hesitated.

"Yes," he said at last.

"Have you got it here?"

"Why do you ask, dear one? This one evening is *ours*."

And again he tried to draw her to him. But she persisted:

"I *feel* sure you have it. Show it me."

"Julie!—you and you only are in my thoughts!"

"Then do what I ask." She bent to him with a wild entreating air; her lips almost touched his cheek. Unwillingly he drew out a letter-case from his breast pocket, and took from it a little photograph, which he handed to her.

She looked at it with eager eyes. A face framed, as it were, out of snow and fire lay in her hand; a thing most delicate, most frail, yet steeped in feeling and significance; a child's face with its soft curls of brown hair, and the upper lip raised above the white small teeth, as though in a young wonder; yet behind its sweetness what suggestions of a poetic or tragic sensibility! The slender neck carried the little head with girlish dignity; the clear, timid eyes seemed at once to shrink from and trust the spectator.

Julie returned the little picture, and hid her face with her hands. Warkworth watched her uncomfortably, and at last drew her hands away.

"What are you thinking of?" he said, almost with violence. "Don't shut me out!"

"I am not jealous now," she said, look-

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Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"IS IT FOREVER?"

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ing at him piteously. "I don't hate her. And if she knew all,—she couldn't—hate me."

"No one could hate her. She is an angel. But she is not my Julie!" he said, vehemently; and he thrust the little picture into his pocket again.

"Tell me," she said, after a pause, laying her hand on his knee, "when did you begin to think of me—differently? All the winter when we used to meet, you never—you never loved me then?"

"How, placed as I was, could I let myself think of love? I only knew that I wanted to see you, to talk to you, to write to you—that the day when we did not meet was a lost day. Don't be so proud!"—he tried to laugh at her. "You didn't think of me in any special way, either. You were much too busy making bishops, or judges, or Academicians! Oh, Julie, I was so afraid of you in those early days!"

"The first night we met," she said, passionately, "I found a carnation you had worn in your button-hole. I put it under my pillow, and felt for it in the dark like a talisman. You had stood between me and Lady Henry twice. You had smiled at me and pressed my hand—not as others did—but as though you understood *me*, myself—as though at least you wished to understand. Then came the joy of joys, that I could help you—that I could do something for you. Ah! how it altered life for me! I never turned the corner of a street that I did not count on the chance of seeing you beyond,—suddenly—on my path. I never heard your voice that it did not thrill me from head to foot. I never made a new friend or acquaintance that I did not ask myself first how I could thereby serve you. I never saw you come into the room that my heart did not leap. I never slept but you were in my dreams. I loathed London when you were out of it. It was Paradise when you were there!"

Straining back from him as he still held her hands, her whole face and form shook with the energy of her confession. Her wonderful hair, loosened from the thin gold bands in which it had been confined during the evening, fell in a glossy confusion about her brow and slender neck; its black masses, the melting brilliance of the eyes, the tragic freedom of the attitude, gave to both form and face a wild and poignant beauty.

Warkworth beside her was conscious first of amazement, then of a kind of repulsion—a kind of fear—till all else was lost in a hurry of joy and gratitude.

The tears stood on his cheek. "Julie!—you shame me—you trample me into the earth!"

He tried to gather her in his arms. But she resisted. Caresses were not what those eyes demanded, eyes feverishly bright with the memory of her own past dreams. Presently, indeed, she withdrew herself from him. She rose and closed the window; she put the lamp in another place; she brought her rebellious hair into order.

"We must not be so mad!" she said, with a quivering smile, as she again seated herself, but at some distance from him. "You see, for me, the great question is"—her voice became low and rapid—"what am I going to do with the future? For you it is all plain. We part to-night. You have your career, your marriage. I withdraw from your life—absolutely. But for me—"

She paused. It was the manner of one trying to see her way in the dark.

"Your social gifts," said Warkworth, in agitation, "your friends, Julie—these will occupy your mind. Then, of course, you will, you must, marry! Oh! you'll soon forget me, Julie. I pray you may."

"My social gifts?" she repeated, disregarding the rest of his speech. "I have told you already they have broken down. Society sides with Lady Henry. I am to be made to know my place,—I do know it!"

"The Duchess will fight for you."

She laughed.

"The Duke won't let her,—nor shall I!"

"You'll marry!" he repeated, with emotion. "You'll find some one worthy of you,—some one who will give you the great position for which you were born!"

"I could have it at any moment," she said, looking him quietly in the eyes.

Warkworth drew back, conscious of a disagreeable shock. He had been talking in generalities, giving away the future with that fluent prodigality, that easy prophecy, which costs so little. What did she mean?

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"*Delafield!*" he cried.

And he waited for her reply—which lingered—in a tense and growing eagerness. The notion had crossed his mind once or twice during the winter, only to be dismissed as ridiculous. Then, on the occasion of their first quarrel, when Julie had snubbed him in Delafield's presence and to Delafield's advantage, he had been conscious of a momentary alarm. But Julie, who on that one and only occasion had paraded her intimacy with Delafield, thenceforward said not a word of him, and Warkworth's jealousy had died for lack of fuel. In relation to Julie, Delafield had been surely the mere shadow and agent of his little cousin the Duchess?—a friendly, knight-errant sort of person, with a liking for the distressed? What!—the heir-presumptive of Chudleigh Abbey, and one of the most famous of English dukedoms!—when even he, the struggling penurious officer, would never have dreamt of such a match?

Julie meanwhile heard only jealousy in his exclamation; and it caressed her ear, her heart. She was tempted once more, woman-like, to dwell upon the other lover; and again something compelling and delicate in her feeling towards Delafield forbade.

"No—you mustn't make me tell you any more!" she said, putting the name aside with a proud gesture. "It would be poor and mean. But it's true. I have only to put out my hand for what you call 'a great position.' I have refused to put it out. Sometimes, of course, it has dazzled me. To-night it seems to me—dust and ashes! No!—when we two have said good-by—I shall begin life again. And this time I shall live it in my own way—for my own ends. I'm very tired! Henceforth 'I'll walk where my own nature would be leading,—it vexes me to choose another guide!'"

And as she spoke the words of one of the chainless souls of history, in a voice passionately full and rich, she sprang to her feet, and drawing her slender form to its full height, she locked her hands behind her, and began to pace the room with a wild, free step.

Every nerve in Warkworth's frame was tingling. He was carried out of himself, first by the rebellion of her look and manner, then by this fact, so new, so astounding, which her very evasion had confirmed. During her whole contest with Lady Henry—and now, in her present ambiguous position—she had Delafield, and, through Delafield, the English great world, in the hollow of her hand? This nameless woman!—no longer in her first youth. And she had refused? He watched her in a speechless wonder.

The thought leaped—"And this sublime folly—this madness—was for *me*?"

It stirred and intoxicated him. Yet she was not thereby raised in his eyes. Nay; the contrary! With the passion which was rapidly mounting in his veins there mingled—poor Julie!—a curious diminution of respect.

"Julie!" He held out his hand to her, peremptorily. "Come to me again. You are so wonderful to-night—in that white dress—like a wild muse! I shall always see you so. Come!"

She obeyed, and gave him her hands, standing beside his chair. But her face was still absorbed.

"To be free!" she said, under her breath,—"free, like my parents—from all these petty struggles and conventions!"

Then she felt his kisses on her hands, and her expression changed.

"How we cheat ourselves with words!" she whispered, trembling; and withdrawing one hand, she smoothed back the light brown curls from his brow, with that protecting tenderness which had always entered into her love for him. "To-night we are here—together—this one last night! And to-morrow—at this time—you'll be in Paris:—perhaps you'll be looking out at the lights—and the crowds on the Boulevard—and the chestnut-trees. They'll just be in their first leaf—I know so well!—and the little thin leaves will be shining so green under the lamps!—and I shall be here,—and it will be all over and done with—forever. What will it matter whether I am free, or not free? I shall be *alone!*—that's all a woman knows."

Her voice died away. Warkworth rose. He put his arms round her, and she did not resist.

"Julie!" he said in her ear, "why should you be alone?"

A silence fell between them.

"I—I don't understand," she said at last.

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"Julie, listen! I shall be three days in Paris. But my business can be perfectly done in one. What if you met me there after to-morrow? What harm would it be? We are not babes, we two. We understand life. And who would have any right to blame, or to meddle?—Julie! —I know a little inn in the valley of the Bièvre,—quite near Paris—but all wood and field. No English tourists ever go there. Sometimes an artist or two—but this is not the time of year. Julie!—why shouldn't we spend our last two days there,—together—away from all the world—before we say good-by? You've been afraid here of prying people—of the Duchess even—of Madame Bornier—how she scowls at me sometimes! Why shouldn't we sweep all that away—and be happy! Nobody should ever—nobody *could* ever know." His voice dropped, became still more hurried and soft. "We might go as brother and sister,—that would be quite simple. You are practically French. I speak French well. Who is to have an idea, a suspicion, of our identity? The spring there is mild and warm. The Bois de Verrières close by is full of flowers. When my father was alive, and I was a child, we went once, to economize, for a year, to a village a mile or two away. But I knew this place quite well. A lovely, green, quiet spot! With your poetical ideas, Julie, you would delight in it. Two days!—wandering in the woods—together. Then I put you into the train for Brussels; and I go my way. But to all eternity, Julie! —those days will have been ours!"

At the first words almost Julie had disengaged herself. Pushing him from her with both hands, she listened to him in dumb amazement. The color first deserted her face, then returned in a flood.

"So you despise me!" she said, catching her breath.

"No. I adore you!"

She fell upon a chair and hid her eyes. He first knelt beside her, arguing and soothing; then he paced up and down before her, talking very fast and low, defending and developing the scheme, till it stood before them complete and tempting in all its details.

Julie did not look up, nor did she speak. At last Warkworth, full of fears, and stifled with his own emotions, threw open the window again in a craving for air and coolness. A scent of fresh leaves and moistened earth floated up from the shrubbery beneath the window. The scent, the branching trees, the wide mild spaces of air, brought relief. He leant out, bathing his brow in the night. A tumult of voices seemed to be echoing through his mind, dominated by one which held the rest defiantly in check.

"Is she a mere girl, to be 'led astray'? A moment of happiness,—what harm?—for either of us?"

Then he returned to Julie.

"Julie!" He touched her shoulder, trembling. Had she banished him forever? It seemed to him that in these minutes he had passed through an infinity of experience. Was he not the nobler, the more truly man? Let the moralists talk!

"Julie!" he repeated, in an anguish.

She raised her head, and he saw that she had been crying. But there was in her face a light, a wildness, a yearning that reassured him. She put her arm round him and pressed her cheek to his. He divined that she too had lived and felt a thousand hours in one. With a glow of ecstatic joy he began to talk to her again, her head resting on his shoulder, her slender hands crushed in his.

And Julie meanwhile was saying to herself—"Either I go to him, as he asks, —or, in a few minutes,—I must send him away—forever."

And then as she clung to him, so warm and near, her strength failed her. Nothing in the world mattered to her at that moment but this handsome curly head bowed upon her own, this voice that called her all the names of love, this transformation of the man's earlier prudence, or ambition, or duplicity, into this eager tenderness, this anguish in separation...

"Listen, dear," he whispered to her. "All my business can be got through the day before you come. I dine at the Embassy to-morrow night; the day after I lunch with the Military Secretary; then—a thousand regrets,—but I must hurry on to meet some friends in Italy. So I turn my back on Paris,—and for two days I belong to Julie—and she to me. Say yes, Julie—my Julie!"

He bent over her, his hands framing her face.

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"Say yes!" he urged,—"and put off for both of us that word—*alone!*"

His low voice sank into her heart. He waited,—till his strained sense caught the murmured words which conveyed to him the madness, the astonishment of victory.

Léonie had shut up the house, in grim silence, and had taken her way up stairs to bed. Julie too was in her room. She sat on the edge of her bed, her head drooped, her hands clasped before her absently,—like Hope still listening for the last sounds of the harp of life. The candle beside her showed her in the big mirror opposite,—her grace, the white confusion of her dress.

She had expected reaction. But it did not come. She was still borne on a warm tide of will and energy. All that she was about to do seemed to her still perfectly natural and right. Petty scruples, conventional hesitations, the refusal of life's great moments,—these are what are wrong, these are what disgrace!

Romance beckoned to her, and many a secret tendency towards the lawless paths of conduct, infused into her by the associations and affections of her childhood. The *horror naturalis* which protects the great majority of women from the wilder ways of passion was in her weakened or dormant. She was the illegitimate child of a mother who had defied law for love, and of that fact she had been conscious all her life. A sharp contempt, indeed, arose within her for the interpretation that the common mind would be sure to place upon her action.

"What matter! I am my own mistress—responsible to no one. I choose for myself—I dare for myself!"

And when at last she rose, first loosening and then twisting the black masses of her hair, it seemed to her that the form in the glass was that of another woman, treading another earth. She trampled cowardice under foot; she freed herself from—"was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine!"

Then as she stood before the oval mirror in a classical frame, which adorned the mantel-piece of what had once been Lady Mary Leicester's room, her eye was vaguely caught by the little family pictures and texts which hung on either side of it. Lady Mary and her sister as children, their plain faces emerging timidly from their white high-waisted frocks; Lady Mary's mother, an old lady in a white coif and kerchief, wearing a look austerely kind; on the other side, a clergyman, perhaps the brother of the old lady, with a similar type of face, though gentler,—a face nourished on the *Christian Year;* and above and below them, two or three card-board texts, carefully illuminated by Lady Mary Leicester herself:

"Thou, Lord, knowest my down-sitting and my uprising."

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

"Fear not, little flock. It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Julie observed these fragments, absently at first, then with repulsion. This Anglican pietism, so well fed, so narrowly sheltered, which measured the universe with its foot-rule, seemed to her quasi-Catholic eye merely fatuous and hypocritical. It is not by such forces, she thought, that the true world of men and women is governed.

As she turned away she noticed two little Catholic pictures, such as she had been accustomed in her convent days to carry in her books of devotion,—carefully propped up beneath the texts.

"Ah, Thérèse!" she said to herself, with a sudden feeling of pain. "Is the child asleep?" She listened. A little cough sounded from the neighboring room. Julie crossed the landing.

"Thérèse! tu ne dors pas encore?"

A voice said softly in the darkness, "Je t'attendais, Mademoiselle."

Julie went to the child's bed, put down her candle, and stooped to kiss her. The child's thin hand caressed her cheek.

"Ah! it will be good—to be in Bruges—with Mademoiselle."

Julie drew herself away.

"I sha'n't be there to-morrow, dear."

"Not there! Oh, Mademoiselle!"

The child's voice was pitiful.

"I shall join you there. But I find I must go to Paris first. I—I have some business there."

"But Maman said—"

"Yes—I have only just made up my mind. I shall tell Maman to-morrow morning."

"You go alone, Mademoiselle?"

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Half tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"YOU GO ALONE, MADEMOISELLE?"

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"Why not, dear goose?"

"Vous êtes fatiguée. I would like to come with you, and carry your cloak and the umbrellas."

"You indeed!" said Julie. "It would end, wouldn't it, in my carrying you—beside the cloak—and the umbrellas?"

Then she knelt down beside the child and took her in her arms.

"Do you love me, Thérèse?"

The child drew a long breath.

With her little twisted hands she stroked the beautiful hair so close to her.

"Do you, Thérèse?"

A kiss fell on Julie's cheek.

"Ce soir, j'ai beaucoup prié la Sainte Vierge pour vous!" she said, in a timid and hurried whisper.

Julie made no immediate reply. She rose from her knees, her hand still clasped in that of the crippled girl.

"Did you put those pictures on my mantel-piece, Thérèse?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

The child hesitated:

"It does one good to look at them—n'est-ce pas?—when one is sad?"

"Why do you suppose I am sad?"

Thérèse was silent a moment, then she flung her little skeleton arms round Julie, and Julie felt her crying.

"Well, I won't be sad any more," said Julie, comforting her. "When we're all in Bruges together, you'll see."

And smiling at the child, she tucked her into her white bed and left her.

Then from this exquisite and innocent affection she passed back into the tumult of her own thoughts and plans. Through the restless night her parents were often in her mind. She was the child of revolt, and as she thought of the meeting before her, she seemed to be but entering upon a heritage inevitable from the beginning. A sense of enfranchisement, of passionate enlargement, upheld her,—as of life coming to its fruit.

"Creil!"

A flashing vision of a station and its lights, and the Paris train rushed on through cold showers of sleet and driving wind,—a return of winter in the heart of spring.

On they sped through the half-hour which still divided them from the Gare du Nord. Julie in her thick veil sat motionless in her corner. She was not conscious of any particular agitation. Her mind was strained not to forget any of Warkworth's directions. She was to drive across immediately to the Gare de Sceaux, in the Place Denfert-Rochereau, where he would meet her. They were to dine at an obscure inn near the station, and go down by the last train to the little town in the wooded valley of the Bièvre, where they were to stay.

She had her luggage with her. There would be no custom-house delays.

Ah! the lights of Paris beginning! She peered into the rain, conscious of a sort of home-coming joy. She loved the French world and the French sights and sounds; these tall dingy houses of the *banlieue*, the dregs of a great architecture; the advertisements; the look of the streets. The train slackened into the Nord station. The blue-frocked porters crowded into the carriages.

"C'est tout, madame? Vous n'avez pas de grands bagages?"

"No, nothing. Find me a cab at once."

There was a great crowd outside. She hurried on as quickly as she could, revolving what was to be said if any acquaintance were to accost her. By great good luck, and by travelling second class both in the train and on the boat, she had avoided meeting anybody she knew. But the Nord station was crowded with English people, and she pushed her way through in a nervous terror.

"Miss Le Breton!"

She turned abruptly. In the white glare of the electric lights she did not at first recognize the man who had spoken to her. Then she drew back. Her heart beat wildly. For she had distinguished the face of Jacob Delafield.

He came forward to meet her as she passed the barrier at the end of the platform, his aspect full of what seemed to her an extraordinary animation,—significance,—as though she were expected!

"Miss Le Breton!—what an astonishing, what a fortunate meeting! I have a message for you from Evelyn."

"From Evelyn?" She echoed the words mechanically as she shook hands.

"Wait a moment," he said, leading her aside towards the waiting-room, while the crowd that was going to the *douane*

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passed them by. Then he turned to Julie's porter:

"Attendez un instant."

The man sulkily shook his head, dropped Julie's bag, and hurried off in search of a more lucrative job.

"I am going back to-night," added Delafield, hurriedly. "How strange that I should have met you! For I have very sad news for you. Lord Lackington had an attack this morning, from which he cannot recover. The doctors give him perhaps forty-eight hours. He has asked for you—urgently. The Duchess tells me so in a long telegram I had from her to-day. But she supposed you to be in Bruges. She has wired there. You will go back, will you not?"

"Go back?" said Julie, staring at him helplessly. "Go back to-night?"

"The train starts in little more than an hour. You would be just in time, I think, to see the old man alive."

She still looked at him in bewilderment, at the blue eyes under the heavily moulded brows, and the mouth with its imperative, and yet eager—or tremulous?—expression. She perceived that he hung upon her answer.

She drew her hand piteously across her eyes as though to shut out the crowds, the station, and the urgency of this personality beside her. Despair was in her heart. How to consent? How to refuse?

"But my friends?" she stammered—"the friends with whom I was going to stay? They will be alarmed."

"Could you not telegraph to them? They would understand, surely. The office is close by."

She let herself be hurried along, not knowing what to do. Delafield walked beside her. If she had been able to observe him, she must have been struck afresh by the pale intensity, the controlled agitation of his face.

"Is it really so serious?" she asked, pausing, as though in resistance.

"It is the end. Of that there can be no question. You have touched his heart very deeply. 'He longs to see her,' Evelyn says. And his daughter and granddaughter are still abroad—Miss Moffatt, indeed, is ill at Florence with a touch of diphtheria. He is alone with his two sons. You will go?"

Even in her confusion the strangeness of it all was borne in upon her,—his insistence — the extraordinary chance of their meeting—his grave, commanding manner. "How could you know I was here?" she said, in bewilderment.

"I didn't know," he said, slowly. "But, thank God, I have met you. I dread to think of your fatigue,—but you will be glad just to see him again,—just to give him his last wish—won't you?" he said, pleadingly. "Here is the telegraph office. Shall I do it for you?"

"No, thank you. I—I must think how to word it. Please wait."

She went in alone. As she took the pencil in her hands a low groan burst from her lips. The man writing in the next compartment turned round in astonishment. She controlled herself and began to write. There was no escape. She must submit; and all was over!

She telegraphed to Warkworth, care of the Chef de Gare, at the Sceaux station—and also to the country inn:

"Have met Mr. Delafield by chance at Nord station. Lord Lackington dying. Must return to-night. Where shall I write? Good-by."

When it was done she could hardly totter out of the office. Delafield made her take his arm. "You must have some food. Then I will go and get a sleeping-car for you in Calais. There will be no crowd to-night. At Calais I will look after you if you will allow me."

"You are crossing to-night?" she said, vaguely. Her lips framed the words with difficulty.

"Yes. I came over with my cousins yesterday."

She asked nothing more. It did not occur to her to notice that he had no luggage, no bag, no rug, none of the paraphernalia of travel. In her despairing fatigue and misery she let him guide her as he would. He made her take some soup, then some coffee, all that she could swallow. There was a dismal period of waiting, during which she was hardly conscious of where she was, nor of what was going on round her.

Then she found herself in the sleeping-car, in a reserved compartment, alone. Once more the train moved through the night. The miles flew by,—the miles that forever parted her from Warkworth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE LANGHAM OF FIFTY YEARS AGO; IN CLIPSTONE STREET
Original owned by the Langham

London's Oldest Art Club

BY ARTHUR LAWRENCE

"THE LANGHAM" is the colloquial abbreviation of The Artists' Society and Langham Sketching Club. It is the oldest working art society in London, and as a club is unique. Apart from its history, dating back to the early part of the last century, and the influence exercised by its members in the art world of yesterday and to-day, it is the one institution in the metropolis which affords the best glimpse of all that is fittest to survive of our old-time artistic bohemia.

The Artists' Society was founded towards the end of 1830, although the earliest list of signatures to the rules of the society is dated 1831. Its meetings were held, at that time, with J. Prescott Knight, R.A., as the ruling spirit, in Gray's Inn Mews, but in June, 1835, the society moved to 29 Clipstone Street, Portland Place, and at this habitat, in 1838, was inaugurated The Langham Sketching Club.

The constitution and objects of the society, and the nature of the principles

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which have guided it, have undoubtedly had much to do with its splendid record and its continued and increasing vitality.

It was in 1860 that rooms were built for the society in 1 Langham Chambers, All Souls' Place, Portland Place, wherein the members of to-day forgather and work, as did Keene, Frederick Walker, Charles Greene, Calderon, and other artists of thirty years ago.

Bohemia lacks somewhat if it has no superstitions, and it has been pointed out that there is one number which serves as an item of mnemonics in regard to its records. The society was founded eight years before the late Queen came to the throne; there were eight men who first met together and constituted the society in 1830; and it was eight years afterwards that the auxiliary Sketching Club came into existence.

Charles Keene was for a long time one of the most active and prominent members. Mr. J. Edward Goodall is one of the present members who have worked at the Langham in Keene's company—the little man, as Mr. Goodall describes him, with inkpot slung to his person, and a pen which always scratched and shrieked horribly. "The immortal trio," as they have been termed—Fred Walker, R. A Mason, and Pinwell — were hard-working members, and Sir Edward Poynter's first successful picture, "Israel in Egypt," was done from a Langham sketch. Most of Frank Dicksee's pictures are elaborated from sketches done at the Langham. The list of past members includes also the names of Sir John Tenniel, Sir James Linton, Stacy Marks, G. A. Storey, Calderon, Fred Barnard, William Müller, C. B. Brock, Luke Fildes, W. Q. Orchardson, D. V. Rivière, T. B. Hardy, Phil May, and Dudley Hardy; nor should one omit the name of one known for his artistic achievement in another direction, W. S. Gilbert, who studied at the Langham before illustrating his *Bab Ballads,* and is still an honorary member of The Artists' Society.

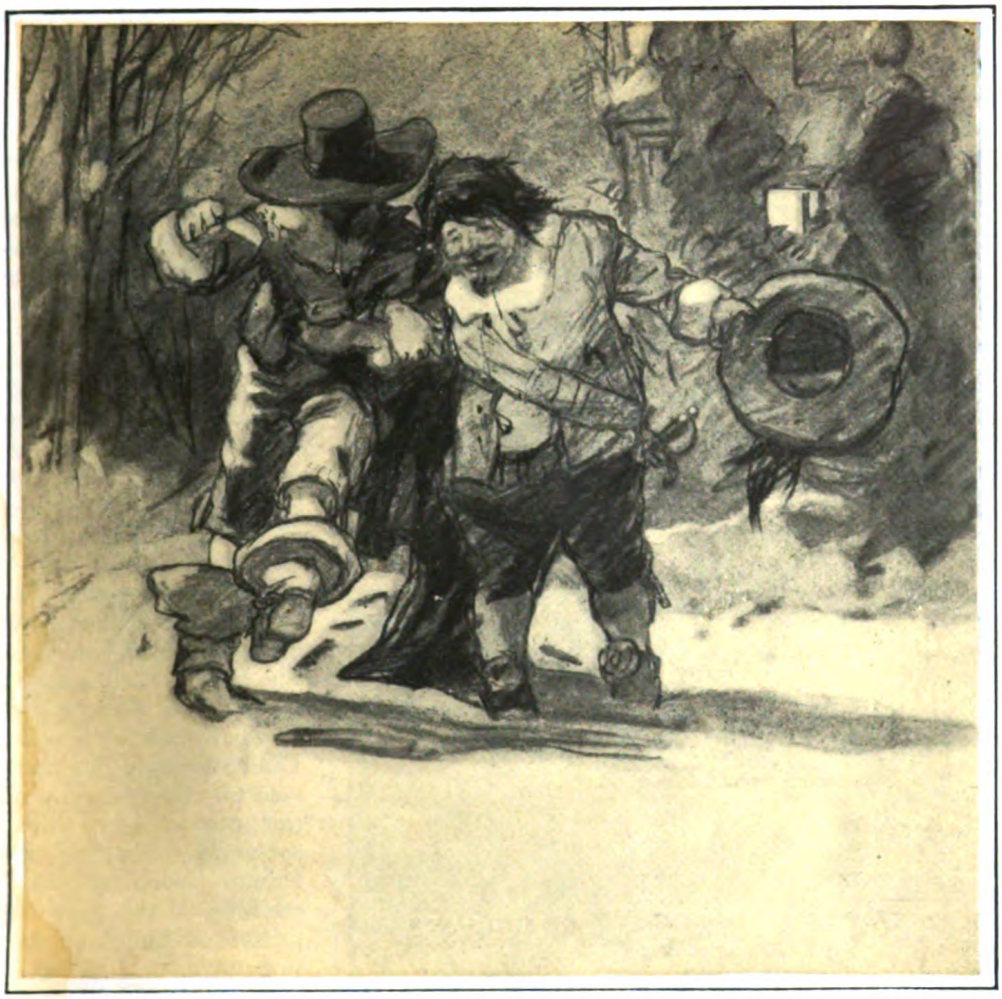
The society is constituted as follows: There are fifteen members—who are the controlling or executive body,—seventy subscribers, and some fifty members of the Sketching Club who have not joined the older branch, The Artists' Society.



"THE HAUNTED HOUSE"
Little Nell and her Grandfather (1876)
From a painting by Frederick Walker, R.A., in the possession of the Langham

The arrangement of work is, to some extent, the outcome of development. The first arrangement was to work together for a couple of hours in the evening three times a week; but from time to time the number of evenings devoted to study was gradually increased, until every week-day was occupied in the study of "Historical, Poetical, and Rustical Figures." In 1841, at the suggestion of William Müller, the study of the antique was added to the curriculum, and not long afterwards was added to it the study of the nude. The course now followed is to take the

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REVELLERS
From a Sketch by Charles Keene
Owned by the Langham

nude and the draped figure in alternate weeks. Friday nights, throughout the season, are reserved for the Sketching Club.

The present arrangement, therefore, works out as follows: Five nights a week are taken by The Artists' Society, who draw or paint from the model. The same pose is adhered to during the five nights of the week, and the duty of posing the model is undertaken in weekly rotation by members of the executive. On Friday nights the members of the Sketching Club are at work from seven to nine. On the preceding Friday the members have been notified of two subjects, one for figure and the other for landscape, and although in many cases the subject may have been well thought out during the week, it will be seen that, working within a time-limit, the effect is to quicken the imagination and the attainment of large effects and spontaneity of rapid work.

To become a member of the Sketching Club the candidate has to attend the Langham on one of the Friday evenings and do a sketch, in two hours, of one of the two subjects given. This is then "shown up" with the sketches done by the members, who decide, after inspecting his work, whether the new-comer is worthy of membership. The voting is by ballot, and five-sixths majority is necessary for election.

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The criticism which one receives is that of a comrade. The student of human nature will not need to be told how helpful has been this combination of workers, this spirit of comradeship, to many a young artist. It is one advantage which the artist enjoys whose medium is paint or black and white — as against the efforts of the scribbler—that an opinion of his work can be arrived at immediately by the public, fellow-artist, or editor. It is this presentment of work in a form admitting of its inspection at once in its entirety, which gives piquancy and reality to the mutual encouragement and criticism obtained by the artists on these Friday evenings.



THE TINKER
From the original by Charles Greene
Owned by G. G. Kilburne, Esq.

In the words of one of the members (Mr. James Greig): "The fame of the Sketching Club has somewhat shadowed the value of The Artists' Society as an art school. As such it has advantages beyond the other academies in London. In those the tyro predominates, and students depend upon a master for guidance. At the Langham there is no professor, but the beginner has for fellow-workers many of the best artists, men who have studied in home and foreign ateliers, and who have become famous. Their example and advice to youngsters are of the utmost importance, as many a well-known painter, with no other training than that obtained at the Langham, can prove."

After the "show-up," at nine o'clock the members congregate together for supper. It is a delightful occasion, and as accommodation is limited, it is but rarely that visitors are invited. Most of the members are cheered at the thought of their two hours' accomplishment. The fare is of the simplest, and if you are of a good digestion and possess the useful sauce of appetite, you will not lack a full and bohemian appreciation of the ham or beef and pork pie. Whiskey, bottled beer, and non-alcoholic beverages, with bread and cheese, complete the feast, enhanced, as it always is, by conversation and anecdotes no less appetizing, cleanly,

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and wholesome. The only sorrow is that some well-remembered faces have gone; and I have more especially in mind the loss of those two clever artists who died in the plenitude of their powers, Gülich and Manuel. Yet this is the living present, and when, as in accord with ancient custom, the youngest member produces a dozen boxes of matches and flings them around indiscriminately, we take the hint and are thankful. The smoke from pipe or cigarette is our incense of bohemia, our grace after meat. The next morning will find our débris on the ancient committee-room table, which, cracked down the centre, is believed to have been danced upon in the old days, damaged by the boots of some of the more corybantic of old. 'Twas a good thing, that abandon, which one likes all the better because it is no longer with us.

Some people are old-fashioned enough to have something left of the delusion that the average artist is without business instincts. During my editorship of what was intended to be an artistic monthly, the conversations which I was permitted to indulge in with artists gave me a different impression. Similarly, the Langhamites do not always withhold their wares from the eyes of the buyer. The occasions are known as conversaziones, which are held three times a year.

They are, in the writer's opinion, the most delectable and most cheerfully bohemian events of the year. I know nothing like them. If the reader has not yet enjoyed the experience, my own efforts at description must be accepted as something which is, I am afraid, a very colorless substitute.

Having your invitation card, I would draw your attention to the fact that in the sense of giving space to the foot of the picture, the smaller portion, which you are expected to hand in at the door, is usually an essential part of the design. If, however, the counterfoil is insisted upon, we have at least the satisfaction of handing it to a well-built attendant in a Georgian costume of the most gorgeous description. He is, however, the only person in the assembly who can be said to be "dressed" for the occasion. In fact, one's first and last impression is of the freedom, conviviality, and easy good-fellowship of the gathering.



AT THE THEATRE
By the late John W. T. Manuel
Property of E. C. Clifford, Esq.

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THE FLIGHT
Original by Frank Dicksee, R.A.
In the possession of G. G. Kilburne, Esq.

The big outer room in which we now find ourselves is the working-room of the Langham. You will notice the two semi-circles of desks, but the light from what is termed the Dutch oven in the centre is thrown on a performer, and the throne of the model now supports a piano. Partly due to the efforts of Mr. Almond and his many Savage Club friends, to Langhamites and many others, an excellent programme of songs, recitations, and conjuring is maintained throughout the greater part of the evening. Of course this room, like the one which we will enter presently, is crowded with pictures. Not an inch of wall space is exposed. Many of the pictures are two-hour sketches, and if some of them strike you as slight, there are others full of detail, and in some cases almost too finished. If you have an eye for color, you will find much to linger over,—the most daring reds, intense purples, the reticence of monotone, the vehemence of strong contrasts, and everywhere artistic difficulties are attacked with all the fire and courage of youth. The pictures are more truly redolent of the studio, more ambitious, more youthful—if that is not the same thing,—more strenuously modern, than the majority of the work shown in most exhibitions.

The farther room is the library of the society in the ordinary way, but the walls are covered with pictures; the efforts of the songster can only be heard in subdued fashion, and the table has now taken on the guise of a "bar," behind which a fair damsel, one of the models, is dispensing to hot and thirsty souls those viands and liquids demanded by the unwritten law of artist bohemia. The historic "nut-brown" is poured forth from huge flagons, and there is hardly less demand for the more modern whiskey. If the hour is not too late, we shall also espy several loaves of bread, and therewith you may apportion to yourself a morsel—or a huge "chunk"—of prime Cheddar. The celery arrives—its special significance, or why it should arrive rather late in the evening, being a tradition which

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had its rise in some remote age of the Langham. The celery is borne aloft on a large dish in the manner of the boar's head at mediæval Christmas festivities, and is the signal for the elect to indulge in much cheering.

There is nothing to suggest to the visitor that the pictures are for sale, but if he should desire to possess some little gem or other which has caught his attention, the price can be ascertained from the courteous secretary, Mr. Edward C. Clifford, whom we can distinguish among the crowd by his gold chain of office. A red wafer affixed to the corner indicates the pictures which are already sold. Music, song, pictures sedate and bizarre, windows of the soul—indeed, some of them are very diminutive, mere flickers of light,—the geniality of every one here, yes, even the heat, are attractions. So much so that it is difficult to tear one's self away even in the small hours of the morning. There is, however, the consolation that it will be possible — if one is invited—to have another look at the pictures to-morrow.

Latterly the ladies have made their way into the bode of bohemia, and the occasion w' 'ch, even in my own time, begar with a cup of tea to the wives of two or three artists has now entered into the dignity of a function.

It is unnecessary for me to venture anything in the nature of critical appreciation of the pictures which have been photographed for this article. It is necessary to point out, however, that, with the exception of the head-piece on page 269 (showing the Langham of Fifty Years Ago), they are illustrative of the two-hour efforts of The Langham Sketching Club.

It is claimed for the Langham that there is no place in London where the model is better posed. With this duty vested in the hands of fifteen members — who form the executive — it will be seen that, dividing the number of weeks in the year by that number, the duty of posing the model cannot fall to the lot of any one of those seventy subscribers more than four times in the year. Posing is apt to become as characteristic of an artist as his sketches or his handwriting, but variety is ensured by the task being in the hands of such a comparatively large number.

The water-colors by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., and Charles Greene, and the sketches by Charles Keene and Fred Walker, as also the oil-painting by J. W. T. Manuel, are examples of the work of these artists in the two hours on Friday nights, done within that limit of time, and solely imaginative or from recollection. It is needless to add that in many of the reproductions much is lost through the absence of color.

The sketch (in oils) of a Friday night in the Langham in Clipstone Street done before 1860 is interesting, but unfortunately the names of its author and those represented are not now discoverable. The name of Greene will be remembered as that of one of the best illustrators of Dickens; and with regard to Keene's "Revellers," as Keene is known almost entirely to the public by his pen-work, it will interest many to know that this picture is an example of his dexterous use of a medium for which he had a great liking — charcoal-work with a hard brush.

In this article I have given a simple and unvarnished account of what the Langham is and how it is constituted, and in the selection of pictures I have preferred those of past members and those which are illustrative of the institution. The present membership of the club includes many of the best-known figures in English art of to-day.

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B. Arnold

From a mezzotint in the Emmet Collection, New York Public Library

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Benedict Arnold—Naval Patriot

BY JOHN R. SPEARS

THE complete story of the battle of Lake Champlain, in the war of the Revolution—the first decisive battle fought by American war-ships, and the first in which an American squadron had part—begins at the capture of Fort Ticonderoga (May 10, 1775), by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold. Arnold's home in New Haven stood where he could hear, day in and day out, the chip and click of axe and maul in a near-by ship-yard, and he had made a few voyages as supercargo, in vessels of his own freighting, to the West Indies. No sooner had the British garrison surrendered, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," than Arnold turned, with a sailor's instinct, to the lake. A schooner named the *Liberty* (it had been built by Ira Allen in 1773) was taken from its Tory owner, Major Skeene, and embarking in this, Arnold sailed north, and at St. Johns captured a sloop (the *Enterprise*) and nine big flatboats, called bateaux. This sloop and four of the bateaux were used in the battle afloat in the following year.

The expeditions of Montgomery and Benedict Arnold to Montreal and Quebec followed in natural course after the control of Lake Champlain had been obtained. The death of Montgomery, before Quebec (December 31, 1775), left Arnold in command, and in spite of his depleted forces he closely invested the city throughout the winter. With the evacuation of Boston (March 17, 1776), the outlook for the Americans was, in a superficial view, exceedingly bright, but in actual fact the King might have said, as John Paul Jones said at a later day, "I have not yet begun to fight." He had hired the German troops—"20,000 of the finest infantry in Europe, with four good generals,"—and these were on their way to America before Boston was evacuated. Of the Germans, 8600 joined Howe (at Halifax), who then sailed for New York Harbor. He landed on Staten Island, July 13, 1776, and there, when General Clinton had arrived from the South, he had a force of "31,625 rank and file, of whom 24,464 were disciplined soldiers, equal to any in Europe."

The remainder of the Hessians, with a sufficient number of British troops to bring the total re-enforcement up to 13,357, joined Carleton at Quebec.

The design of the British ministry was that the armies under Howe and Carleton should "co-operate; that they should both be on the Hudson River at the same time; that they should join about Albany, and *thereby cut off all communication between the Northern and Southern colonies.*"

If they succeeded in this, the hope of the colonies was gone.

The arrival of the re-enforcements at Quebec compelled the Americans to hasten away, and after a variety of pitiable experiences they arrived on Lake Champlain on July 3, 1776, where they numbered "5000 in all, and of these at least one-half were in hospitals."

In the month of July, 1776, when the British campaign for the occupation of the Hudson began, Washington, in New York, had 18,000 raw militia with which to oppose Howe's 24,464 "disciplined soldiers"; and at Crown Point there were but 2500 men able to bear arms with which to oppose Carleton's victorious 13,000.

On reaching St. Johns, at the extreme north end of Lake Champlain, the British commander at once began the work of building vessels with which to sweep the lake. From the great fleet of transports and war-ships that had brought the re-enforcements he obtained all the ship-carpenters and sailors and supplies he needed; from the army, all the human muscle he could wish for. Two schooners had been brought from England, and

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the hull of a ship of 180 tons was found on the ways at Quebec. These three were transported up the outlet of Lake Champlain to the rapids, where they were taken apart and conveyed by land to St. Johns. There they were put together, rigged, and armed. A flotilla of twenty-seven gunboats (see Pausch, p. 82), and more than two hundred flat-bottomed row-boats were added, together with a scow of shoal draught that was rigged with square-sails and was fit to carry an enormous battery.

Let the reader consider the details of the opposing forces with patience, for they are necessary to a full appreciation of the first decisive naval battle fought by the Americans. The exact armament of the British forces is not to be found in the records, but a letter from Captain Douglas (of the British war-ship *Isis*) says, in his report to the Admiralty, that the 180-ton hull was rigged as a ship, named the *Inflexible*, and armed with eighteen 12-pounders. One schooner was named *Maria* (in honor of Carleton's wife), and armed with fourteen 6-pounders. The other was named *Carleton*, and armed with twelve 6-pounders. The great scow (named *Thunderer*) carried six 24-pounders, six 12-pounders, and two howitzers — presumably 12-pounders. A gondola (a scow managed with sails and oars) carried seven 9-pounders. The gunboats, according to Douglas, "carried each a brass field-piece, some twenty-fours to nines, some with howitzers." There were also four long-boats from the ships, "each with a carriage-gun." Lieutenant Digby (see *Journal*, p. 153) says they carried "24- or 12-pounders in their bow, and manned by the artillery." To man this fleet the British drew 697 picked sailors and officers from the British war-ships and transports. In the modern accounts of this battle the 697 British sailors are called the entire force of the British, but Pausch, who commanded one of the gunboats, says (p. 84 of *Journal*) that in addition to "10 sailors" he carried "10 cannoniers, 1 drummer, 1 sergeant, 1 boy." Digby, as noted, confirms this statement. There were more soldiers on the gunboats than sailors, and it is fair to assume that the other vessels were manned as well. A host of Indians, 600 to 1000 strong, came in their canoes to fight the Americans; and the great army of 13,000 men was behind all these to give at least moral support.

To Arnold was committed the task of defending the lake. Foreseeing that the British would be able to create a powerful fleet on the lake, and comprehending the peril if they were permitted to pass it, Arnold asked for 300 carpenters, with materials for building and equipping a frigate of thirty-six guns, besides a sufficient number of smaller vessels. But the ship-carpenters of the nation were then all busy building privateers on the sea-coast, and the difficulties in the way of transporting guns and materials from the sea, up through the wilderness, were so great that few can comprehend them now. Nevertheless some carpenters and materials were sent from the forts at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and the forest supplied the rest. A ship-yard was established at the plantation of Major Skeene (near the south end of the lake), and there Arnold "gave life and spirit" to every stroke of axe and maul. By utilizing the vessels captured the year before, and by strenuous efforts in forest and ship-yard, he prepared by September the following fleet:

The row-galley *Congress*, armed with two 12-pounders, two 8-pounders, and four 6-pounders; the row-galley *Washington*, armed with one 18-pounder, one 12-pounder, two 9-pounders, and four 4-pounders; the row-galley *Trumbull*, armed with one 18-pounder, one 12-pounder, two 9-pounders, four 6-pounders; the row-galley *Lee*, armed with one 12-pounder, one 9-pounder, and four 4-pounders; eight scows, called gondolas, each of which carried one 12-pounder and two 6-pounders; the schooner *Royal Savage*, armed with four 6-pounders and eight 4-pounders; the schooner *Revenge*, armed with four 4-pounders and four 2-pounders; the sloop *Enterprise*, armed with twelve 4-pounders; the schooner *Liberty*, armed with four 4-pounders and four 2-pounders. To man this fleet of sixteen vessels, Arnold needed 800 men, and it may be assumed that he eventually obtained the full number, but on October 1 he wrote that he had but "500 men, half naked," and in another letter, begging for "100 seamen, no land lubbers," he

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said: "We have a wretched motley crew in the fleet. The marines, the refuse of every regiment, and sailors, few of them ever wet with salt-water."

In the British fleet were 697 picked seamen and more than 700 "disciplined soldiers, equal to any in Europe," besides the Indians. The fighting force of Arnold (the *Liberty* was not in the battle) numbered fifteen vessels manned by no more than 800 men, of whom few more than 100 were seamen. And the guns of the British vessels threw twice the weight of shot thrown by the American guns.

With a force of less than half that of the enemy—with a forlorn hope—Arnold sailed north, and on September 3 formed a line in the narrow water twenty-five miles from St. Johns. From this position he was driven by batteries erected on shore, but in the mean time he had obtained a sufficient knowledge of the extent of the British forces, and on September 23 he anchored his fleet in line of battle behind (west of) Valcour Island, a tall tree-covered mass of rock from 120 to 180 feet high.

This was a most important move. The position taken was, for Arnold's fleet, the strongest on the lake. The water behind the island was so narrow that he could stretch his fleet across it—the British could not enfold either flank, as Nelson enfolded the end of the French line at Aboukir. If the British should divide their fleet to attack him from above and below, Arnold could hope to overcome one division before the other could pass around the island. And this hope was the stronger because the wind always blows from north'ard or south'ard on the lake—one division would have to work upwind to reach him.

In another view the position was, practically, in a bay. A great shoal was discovered in the north end of the channel, and the British would be unable to enter there in line of battle.

And there was another advantage in the position—as shall appear.

On the night of October 10, 1776, the British anchored in a line between Grand Island and Long (now North Hero) Island. At five o'clock the next morning—long before sunrise—they began to make sail. But it never occurred to either captain or sailor or soldier to send a scout behind Valcour Island, and so, at about ten o'clock, they went booming to the south'ard beyond the island, wholly unaware that the Yankees were behind them, until an accident (not described) turned their eyes toward Arnold's hiding-place. The American fleet was practically lying in ambush.

At sight of the American line all helms were put aport, and with rattle of block and sheet, the pipe of bo'swain's whistles, and the shouts of men at the ropes, the great scow and the ship and the schooners were brought slowly to the wind, and headed, as well as might be, up into the snug harbor where Arnold lay, while the gunboats, now twenty in number, with their oars out, swung in between the ships and the island, and were pulled with a determined will to get the first shot.

Standing on the *Congress* galley, over which he had hoisted his flag because it was a boat that could be driven with oars wherever and whenever he pleased to go, Arnold watched the manœuvres of the British fleet. He saw that the great scow *Thunderer* was driving hopelessly to south'ard before the wind, for she had no centreboard, and was shoal of draught. The ship *Inflexible*, with her square-sails, was doing but little better. The schooners, with their American rigs, were beating up slowly, and the gunboats were coming in a huddle around the island. The large vessels were plainly too far away to support the gunboats, and Arnold sent the schooner *Royal Savage* to meet them, following her quickly with the *Congress* and two other galleys.

It was a splendid dash to take the enemy piecemeal. But the *Royal Savage* had a crew of landlubbers. They allowed her to drift within range of the far-away *Inflexible*, and then, after receiving three shots, they drove her ashore on a rock at the southerly end of Valcour while trying to beat back to the line.

Instantly the gunboats pulled for the stranded schooner. They soon drove her crew ashore; and the Indians, who were following in their bark canoes, now landed on the island in quest of scalps. For a time Arnold with his galleys fought the whole flotilla of British gunboats, "firing rapidly and effectually," as Pausch says, but he was so far out-

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numbered that he slowly retreated upwind to his original crescent-shaped line of battle.

To this line came the British gunboats, first of all, to attack at musket-range. The *Carleton* followed. Anchoring, with a spring on her cable—broadside to—she opened fire, and "at half past twelve the engagement became general and very warm."

The Indians, from hiding-places on the mainland, as well as on the island, fired across the narrow water at the American crews. Lucky shots from the British boats struck in Arnold's fleet, and two of his gondolas "began to careen over on one side." But with unsurpassed courage and energy the Americans fought back. Even the crews of the careening gondolas kept their guns beleching. Concentrating their fire on the *Carleton*, the Americans within an hour cut her up until she was unable either to fight or run away; and the British commodore was compelled to send two of the armed long-boats to tow her out of range. Meantime the magazine of a British gunboat was fired by a Yankee shot, and another boat stopped fighting to rescue the remaining crew from the sinking hulk.

In spite of the fire of Indians from the forest, in spite of the double force with the enemy afloat, the American fire became more deadly as the afternoon wore away, until the British found (as Digby's journal admits) "*that the boats' advantage was not to come nearer than 700 yards,* as whenever they approached nearer they were *greatly annoyed* by Grape Shot."

Even when the great *Inflexible* arrived within range of the American boats, and opened on them with her heavy broadside, she was unable to drive them away. And as night came she too withdrew from range.

By choosing an advantageous position, and by unsurpassed determination and skill in the conflict, Arnold won the honors of the day — but not without serious loss. The *Congress,* his own flagship, was hulled twelve times, seven of the shot passing through at the water-line. The galley *Washington* lost her captain, executive officer, and sailing-master; but Colonel David Waterbury was on board, and he kept the crew at the guns, though the galley was full of holes when the fight ended. The gondola *Philadelphia* sank within an hour after the firing ceased, and two other gondolas were in a sinking condition.

Looking from his shattered hulks to the British lines, Arnold saw by the fading light of day that to remain there with such a superior force between him and the American forts meant capture or death. For the *Inflexible,* the *Thunderer,* and the *Maria* were uninjured, and the number of British gunboats afloat was larger than the number of Arnold's fleet. Moreover, the transports bearing the army came up and landed 12,000 men, including artillery, on Valcour Island and the mainland, where they could assist the British fleet at earliest glimmer of daylight.

But as night came on, a fog began to rise over the lake, and the new moon went down behind the Adirondacks. Clouds overspread the sky, and a working wind was still blowing from the north'ard. At ten o'clock the American fleet, with sufficient sail set, headed away for the western end of the line of British gunboats, passed silently through between the two boats nearest the mainland, and at daylight the next morning (October 12) was under the lee of Schuyler's Island, ten miles south of the British.

Here they anchored, sank the two gondolas that were found to be beyond help, made such repairs to the others as were necessary to keep them afloat, and then at 2 P.M. labored toward the south—literally labored, because the wind had shifted from north to south.

Meantime the British had discovered with astonishment and rage that the Americans were gone. So exasperated was Carleton that he instantly started in pursuit, forgetting all about the soldiers he had landed. But the wind in the jibs of his square-rigged vessels soon cooled his ardor, and he thereupon returned to Valcour Island to anchor and send out scouts.

At daylight the next morning, Friday, October 13, the Americans were but fourteen miles from the British line, and the wind was still in their faces. But the British caught a fresh breeze from the northeast, the fog disappeared, and with

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their great square-sails stretched till the bolt-ropes creaked, they came swooping after the toiling Americans, and off Split Rock overhauled them. They found the *Congress* galley, with Arnold on board, and the *Washington* galley, with Waterbury in command, waiting to cover the retreat of the others. Ranging up within musket-shot, the *Inflexible,* the *Maria,* and the *Carleton* opened fire, but in spite of the odds the *Congress* and the *Washington,* with four blunt gondolas helping at long range, turned on their huge antagonists.

No more desperate conflict than that which followed is known to the records. For when the enemy had fairly mobbed and captured the *Washington,* they concentrated their broadsides on the *Congress.* Nine 12-pounders on a ship of sea-going scantling, and thirteen 6-pounders on two schooners, hurled their shot into that one row-galley, and yet for two hours and a half Arnold held them at bay. And even when a continuation of the fight meant certain annihilation he would not surrender. With the four slow gondolas that had been unable to escape he pulled for the weather shore. The gondolas were there grounded, and while the *Congress* guarded them they were set on fire. When well aflame, and their crews safe on shore, Arnold drove the *Congress* to the beach, and then while his crew set fire to her splintered hull he ranged the crews of the gondolas "in such a manner on the bank as to prevent the approach of the enemy's small boats."

Arnold himself remained on board last of all; and it was not until the flames had climbed the tarred rigging, and had burned away the flags at the mast-heads, that the Americans turned their faces from the enemy. The American loss is set down at "eighty-odd"; that of the British at "not forty."

The naval Bunker Hill — the battle where glory crowned the American arms in spite of overwhelming defeat — was fought on Lake Champlain. And there the Americans gained more than glory. Carleton had come to the lake under orders to occupy the waters of the Hudson, as Howe had come to New York. On October 12 (while Arnold, under Schuyler's Island, was preparing to continue his fight) the triumphant British moved on from New York to Throgg's Neck. The storming of Chatterdon Hill (October 28) and the capture of Fort Washington (November 16) followed. Then Fort Lee was lost, and in the first week of December Washington, with but 3000 homesick soldiers, out of his original force of 18,000, fled from Cornwallis and crossed the Delaware. Howe had done his share of the work of occupying the Hudson. If Carleton had done as well, New England would have been cut off from the region southwest of the Hudson, and the British might have subdued the two sections at leisure.

But when Carleton's fleet set sail on Lake Champlain they struck a reef that was worse than a ledge of Adirondack granite. They drove across the reef, after three days of hard work, it is true —they destroyed ten of Arnold's original fleet of sixteen little vessels, and the others fled to Ticonderoga. They drove the Americans from Crown Point. They sailed south until within sight of the walls of Ticonderoga, and Carleton "had it in contemplation to attempt that place." But, as Dodsley's (London) *Register* for 1777 (p. 6) says, in its account of the battle, "the strength of the works, the difficulty of approach, *the countenance of the enemy,* with other cogent reasons, prevented this design from taking place."

The work of the American squadron had not been in vain. The dejected soldiers on the banks of the Delaware heard that the enemy had been repulsed at the north, and the news revived them. With the departure of Carleton, seven regiments of the garrison of Ticonderoga were released to join Washington, who, with them, recrossed the Delaware into New Jersey, where, with powerful blows, he retrieved the greater part of the disasters suffered theretofore.

Nor was this all. The postponement of the British invasion at the north, until the warm season of 1777, gave the encouraged Americans time enough to gather, along the upper waters of the Hudson, the forces that captured Burgoyne. How the success of Washington in New Jersey, and the capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga, affected the history of the nation need not be told here.

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The Mocking of the Gods

BY AMÉLIE RIVES (Princess Troubetzkoy)

PART II

VI

EVEN in his terrible perplexity, Thurlow's chief concern was for the woman who had just left him. That she was insane, for the time being, seemed to him absolutely sure, and he did not blame her, even for a moment, in the course that she had adopted. It was so poignantly human, so pathetically and inevitably a woman's error—this especial woman's error. His flesh moved with pity when he thought of her, of her passionate deception, of the long years spent in this devotion to a loving lie—and with her exquisite, youthful body, her fiery heart, her voice that seemed given to chant canticles, how easy, how natural, must have been this deception. Almost she must have grown to believe it herself. . . . And then, suddenly, during an afternoon's idle ride, to meet some one, a mere commonplace mortal like any other, to meet this being and to realize what she had told him that she had realized from the first. To foresee the power that was to crumble into dust all her painfully wrought joy,—that was to turn youth into age, love into affection. . . "What could she have had but murder in her heart?" he asked himself. "Poor, tortured soul! . . ." And then he winced for her sake, as he realized that even while he pitied her she must be conscious of that pity. Her warning in regard to himself he did not think of seriously, and yet there was something fateful about her, in her whole air, especially in her eyes.

"What harm could she do me?" he asked himself involuntarily, and shivered even as the thought crossed his mind.

"Well, there's nothing to be done at present," he added, a moment later, and began to walk slowly toward the house. "I must get away as soon as possible, that's all."

But it was not so easy to make his escape as he had imagined. There yet remained two days of his promised visit, and Miss Mackenzie and Davidge pressed him to stay longer, plied him with questions, with entreaties. He could not have such important engagements; he had told them that he was taking a holiday; besides, there was so much to settle,—the time, the place. Thurlow had said that Davidge must certainly come to him in his New York office, where were all his instruments, his paraphernalia of an oculist, and where he could have his patient under his direct observation from first to last. Even Ruth's manner had changed vitally since that monologue by the old cherry-tree. She was very pleasant with him, spoke to him of her own accord, and had taken him about the place, to see the thoroughbred colts in which she was interested, the farm, all the various scenes of her active out-of-door life. In spite of all this he was ill at ease with her. He did not dislike her any more, it is true, but in spite of all the arguments of common-sense, a strange feeling of dread came over him when in her presence. The warning that she had given him, and which had then seemed to him so unreal and hysterical a thing, grew in his mind and haunted him. He caught himself frequently trying to find some sign of it in her quiet face, now more Sphinx-like than ever, though no longer hostile in its expression. A sense of foreboding numbed his faculties. Each hour seemed to lengthen, until he felt his release would never come.

And all this while he grew to love his friend more dearly, to find in him qualities of strength, endurance, "pluck," that he had never suspected in the old days. Then he had been drawn to him chiefly by that magnetism which such natures possess in so high a degree, by his enthusiasm, and the great artistic powers which seemed to Thurlow's matter-of-fact

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mind such a wonder, like the gift of a fairy godmother.

It was impossible now to resist his timid eagerness, to refrain from answering definitely the "Wheres" and "Hows" that he so constantly, almost passionately, urged upon him. It was all settled. As soon as the weather was cool enough, in September perhaps, or certainly by the first of October, Davidge was to come to him in New York, accompanied by his wife and Miss Mackenzie.

"But mind you, it's only an experiment—an experiment, Hugh," he had insisted, repeating this phrase over and over. "It can't be anything but an experiment, and I must tell you again that there are ninety-nine chances. . . ."

"No, no! Don't say it! Don't tell me anything. . . I don't want to hear a thing . . ." Davidge would cry, stopping his ears with both hands, and looking so piteous that Thurlow would turn away with a sigh, and a feeling of guilt at his heart.

"Why did I meddle?" he thought. "Lord God! why did I meddle? And why doesn't she look at me with hatred any more? It would be a relief. Yes, it would be a downright relief."

But in this one thing she had not changed. She rarely looked at him, and when she did it was with a cool light as of a secret mocking in her eyes, which puzzled him and sent that newly awakened dread welling up within his heart.

That next day after their interview was bad enough, but the second was insupportable. Everything in the house and outside took on the appearance of an evil dream,—one of those dreams in which one knows that one is dreaming and yet cannot waken. The furniture seemed to look at him knowingly. He saw unpleasant faces in its outlines, in the wall-paper, in the folds of the hangings, in the clothes that he had flung upon a chair. Outside, trees, grass, and sky seemed steeped in an unnatural light. The sunshine lay upon them like a sort of coppery varnish. It had suddenly turned very hot. The thermometer in the great square hall, usually so cool, registered 89 degrees. Jar-flies were sounding their dry, rasping crescendo and diminuendo in the motionless shrubberies. The landscape looked as though seen through a sheet of wavy glass, so intense was the furnacelike glare.

As he stepped out upon the gravel walk that skirted the east wing, in the hope of some relief from this suffocation of mind and body, he saw Ruth coming toward him, cool, stately, in her gown of sheer white lawn, open a little, as always, to disclose her throat, still smooth and firm and as white nearly as the folds about it, only with a different whiteness, vivid, yet rich.

"Shall we talk a little about all these plans?" she said. "There is a bench there, just under the summer-house—it is less hot there."

As she spoke, that feeling of dread so overwhelmed him that he only bowed and followed her. She led the way, as she had done once before, and again he noticed that triumphal carriage of the head and almost girlish figure. They seated themselves, and she began to question him at once in a low, whispering voice. Unconsciously he followed her example. They had talked thus in a monotone for about fifteen minutes, when suddenly she rose, and standing to her full height, looked down at him from half-veiled eyes. Their expression was one of surprise and righteous wrath, yet he knew that she could not be really angry. Their conversation had been calm, natural, more friendly than ever. But this expression . . . her whole face partook of it, the lips were scornfully arched, the nostrils stiffened. . . She had the air of a woman mortally offended and wounded in the tenderest spot of her pride.

"This is acting . . all acting, but how superb!" flashed through Thurlow's mind. "And what is it all about? . . . But how wonderfully she does it." And he remembered having seen artists, Davidge himself, contort their faces into the likeness of some face that they were drawing, and which represented grief or anger or a smile.

"It is like that with her. . . But why? What is she doing it for?" All this went through his brain in a whiff before he heard her saying, in loud, clear tones:

"And so *this* is your friendship for my husband? This is the real meaning of all your interest, your devotion to him? . . But you are mistaken. I love my hus-

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band with all my being. All other men are as nothing to me . . . as lackeys . . . as the negro who saddles my horse. . ."

She stopped, as if waiting for him to reply, and then continued:

"But you need not be afraid that I shall tell him anything. . . . You need not be afraid that your *friend* shall ever know what you have said to his wife. . . That you have tried to take advantage of a blind man."

She stopped again, this time as if her scorn choked her. "Only go, go as soon as possible," she cried, in ringing tones. "Make any excuse . . . only leave this house before night. . . . That I have a right to demand of you."

In the dead silence that followed there was a slight stirring among the woodbine that meshed the summer-house beneath which they had been seated. Then utter stillness again. As by an electric shock, Thurlow knew exactly what had happened. Davidge was there, close by, separated from them only by that thick curtain of foliage. He had probably been asleep on one of the wicker couches with which the place was furnished. She had chosen to wake him with that sentence—"And so *this* is your friendship for my husband?"

A sickening wave of helplessness, anger, admiration—yes, admiration—submerged his faculties for an instant. He could neither move nor speak. Then he rose, and bowing slightly, passed with a stricken face toward his room. His release had come, but in what a fashion! . . . And suddenly rage seized him, an unbounded, madman's rage. He would have liked to strangle her slowly with his hands—slowly, very slowly; to see little by little that insolent, victorious light die out of those dread eyes—to see— . . . He struck his clinched hand with such force on the marble of the bureau near which he was standing that the blood started.

"She is mad . . . mad . . . and she has made me mad . . . or tried to." This last thought calmed him like a plunge in cold water. "She shall not have that satisfaction. . . Demon . . . she-demon!" He shut his teeth and lips firmly together, so that the muscles of his jaw stood out. He had become conscious that he was speaking like some one on the stage, and that this also would please her. With measured gestures he began taking his clothes from the drawers in which they had been laid, and packing them in his trunk and travelling-bag.

"The sooner the better," he thought. He could not get away too quickly from this hateful place in which he had suffered such humiliation, such violence of every noble and right feeling within him. "And she . . . she . . ." But such a rush of frenzy swept over him at the mere thought of her that he stood shaking in every limb with the effort to empty his mind of all thought. It seemed to him more than ever like some grisly dream from which he must awaken by-and-by.

An hour later two negro boys came for his trunk, a little darky trotting after with his travelling-bag. He met no one in the hall, not even one of the old servants. A covered wagon, with seats, and a place behind for luggage, stood at the door. He caught a glimpse of Miss Mackenzie's frightened face between half-opened blinds; then it was withdrawn quickly and the blinds closed without sound. The old coachman chirruped to his horses, the negro boys—to whom he had given a dollar apiece—stood salaaming and grinning as he drove off, while the little darky, who held a silver quarter in both hands, called:

"Good-by, mister! . . . Come agin!"

"I wish I had given the little chap a dollar, too," was his incongruous thought as the horses trotted swiftly down the sloping lawn and out of the gate which he had entered with such different feelings six days before. And this thought worried him all the way to the station.

VII

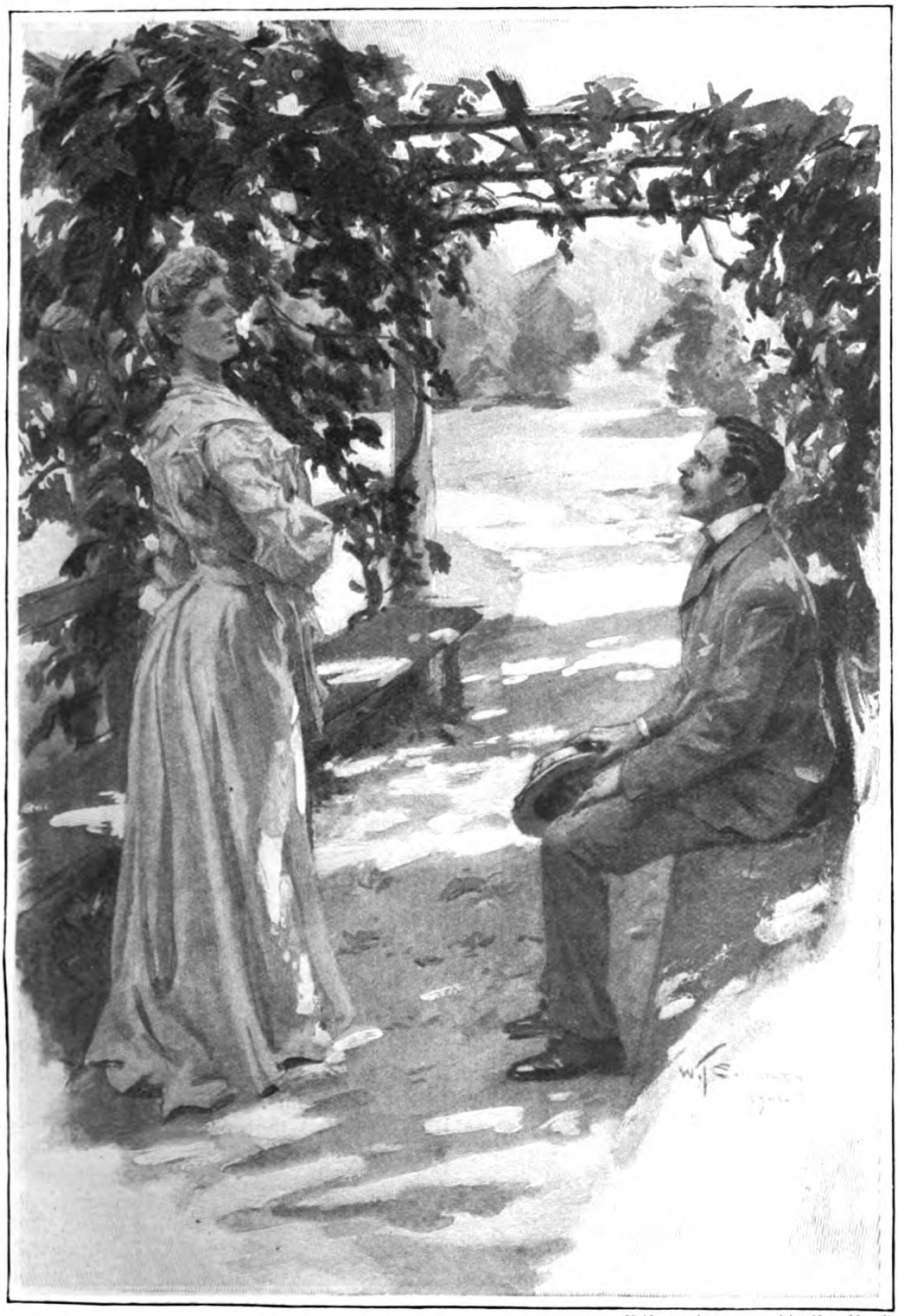
Three months later, as he was sitting alone in a little room adjoining his office, and which he had fitted up as a library, his butler opened the door, with that timid, half-appealing expression of a dog or a servant coming where it has been forbidden to come.

"What do you want? I told you that I would see no one . . ." he was beginning angrily, when a low voice that he knew only too well said:

"But I knew that you would see me. . . It is not his fault."

The servant stepped back, and he found

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"AND SO THIS IS YOUR FRIENDSHIP FOR MY HUSBAND?"

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himself speechless, utterly at a loss, face to face with Ruth Davidge. Then, when he had looked at her for a moment, every feeling left him but that of profound dismay and pity. She looked years older; the fire had died out of her eyes, leaving them ashen; the very carriage of her head had altered. She seemed to droop in every line as though with an unspeakable weariness. She tried to speak again. Her proud lip only quivered, and her chin—that too quivered, like the chin of a child about to cry. He hastened to close the door and pull forward a chair. She sank into it at once, and he saw that she was trembling from head to foot. Her mute look of thanks gave him the same horrible sensation as when he had stared at her, despite himself, while her husband praised her beauty that day in the studio.

"Will you have a glass of wine . . . of water?" he asked, and could have struck himself for the brutal banality of the words. She put her hand to her throat, but did not answer his question. Presently she said, in a thick voice:

"I have given up. . . I have given up. . ." Adding, before he could say anything, "I have come to ask humbly . . . humbly . . ."

She could not continue, and sat staring up at him from those burnt-out eyes, as though imploring him to read her thoughts.

"Is . . . he . . . dead?" stammered Thurlow.

"No. . . . I . . . It is I who am dead. I have come . . . with all humbleness . . ."

"For God's sake!" cried Thurlow, as he had cried once before; and, as before, she answered firmly, quietly, in that same composed tone:

"God has nothing to do with it."

There was a frightful silence for some moments. Then she spoke again:

"I should like a glass of water now, if you will give me one."

He hurried to bring it to her, saying as he did so: "Wine is what you need. I have some here."

She shook her head, drank eagerly from the glass, and handed it back to him.

"Ah, . . . that has helped me," she sighed, half closing her eyes with a look of relief. "Sometimes my head turns so . . ."

As for Thurlow, he seemed to be under that spell of silence which always gripped him in her presence. Not one word could he utter, although his breast was tight with pity. He drew up another chair and sat down, looking past her into a distant part of the room. The silence again grew dreadful, and he glanced up suddenly, fearing that she had fainted; but she was still looking at him, deeply, solemnly, out of her great, smouldering eyes. As he met this look she spoke.

"It is only for one reason that I could have come," she said, and her voice was steady now. "To beg you, with all humbleness . . ."

"I ask you for my sake not to say that again!" burst forth Thurlow. A dark scarlet flooded his face; his eyes smarted with tears.

"Why not?" she asked, gravely. "But since you ask me, I will not. I must say what I have come to say, though. I once called you a good man, and you are. I have come to implore you to perform that operation on my husband's eyes."

At the look of amazement and confusion which he could not quite repress an odd smile flickered about her lips for an instant.

"Did you think that I had come to beg you to forgive me?" she asked, while something of the old gleam trembled in her eyes, then went out like a spark in paper. "No. . . I have been mad, I think, but not as mad as that. Not so. . . ."

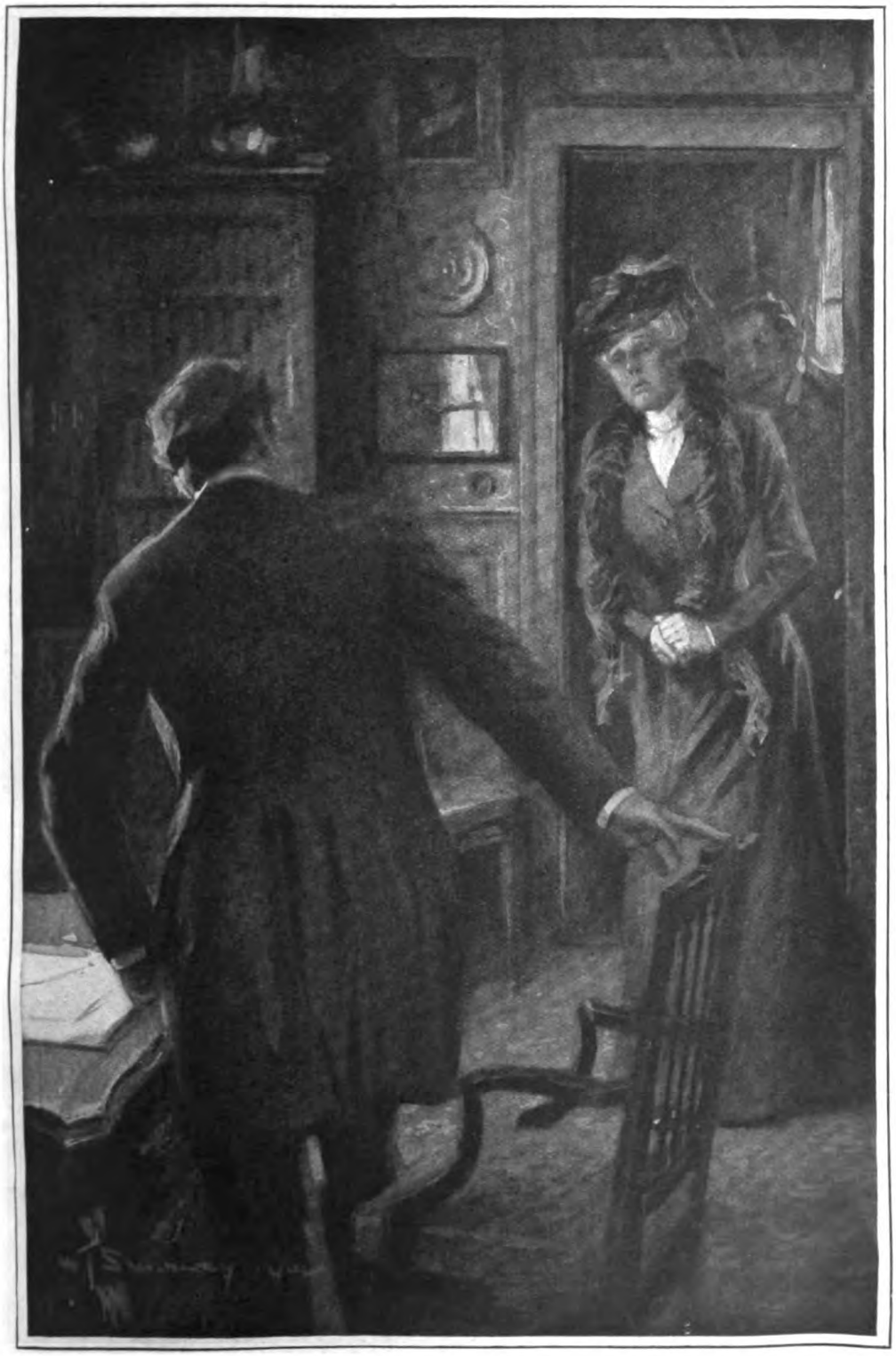
"Why mad? It is not madness. I forgive you wholly, freely. . ."

She made a gesture of negation with her hand, as though to say that such a thing was impossible, and went on in rapid, even tones:

"But for him . . . you will do it for him. . . I felt that you would. I have explained everything. No. . . . Don't think it. I haven't *confessed* everything. That was beyond me. But I've explained. . . He believes everything I say . . . now. I told him that I was mistaken, . . . that I had made a gross, vulgar mistake. . . He knows that I am very proud . . . that I was . . . once."

Suddenly she hid her face in her hands, and all her body seemed to writhe in an

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"I KNEW YOU WOULD SEE ME"

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uncontrollable throe of anguish, of self-abasement. Thurlow went to the window and stared out, unseeing, into the hideous little court. After a minute or two she called to him.

"You will do it? You will do it?"

"Yes . . . I will do it."

"Thank you. You are a good man. I knew that you would do it."

She rose immediately and went towards the door. Thurlow, as he opened it for her, held out his hand in silence, but she seemed not to see it, and passed on, signifying by a gesture that he should not accompany her any farther.

Hugh Davidge lay on his little white-iron bed at the hospital, aquiver in every nerve with anticipation and an irritable impatience. To-day, for the first time, after that successful operation which had made Thurlow's name the wonder of two worlds, his friend was to be allowed the sight of some face dear to him. Until now he had only seen objects from a certain distance in the carefully regulated twilight of his room. But to-day, —to-day— He was like a high-strung horse just before a race—could not keep still a moment, flung himself from side to side, tossing back the coverlet, fidgeting with his bandages, teasing his nurse with endless questions, in a fretful, querulous voice, utterly unlike his usual gentle tone. When would it be? Who would it be? Would Thurlow surely come? Why didn't he come? He had put him off for some other patient. He had forgotten . . . he knew that he had forgotten! . . . And he rolled himself about so feverishly that the nurse came and spoke with seriousness in her level, well-trained voice. Really, if he did not calm himself, she believed that Dr. Thurlow would put it off for another day. It was important, above everything else, that he should be very calm, quite calm; and as she spoke she straightened the bed-clothes, smoothing them out, arranging the sheet in a neat, precise fold across the counterpane. At once, as though by magic, the invalid quieted himself, lying motionless, with his hands folded like those of a corpse.

"Will this do?" he asked, in a pleasantly mocking way. The nurse laughed and said that it would do very well,—only he mustn't be too good or it would frighten her. She talked on, trying to divert him, but he only lay quite still, breathing audibly and regularly. This seemed to him to be the only way that he could keep himself quiet.

Twenty minutes after, Thurlow entered, and some one with him—a tall woman, all in white, with silverish hair, through which ran the broad bands of gold from either temple to the very ends.

"A little more light, Miss Nicholas, please," said Thurlow after he had greeted his friend, who almost sprang from bed at the sound of his voice. "And a little less excitement, old man," he added, pressing him back among the pillows with an affectionate hand. His voice was hoarse and shook slightly. "That is right . . . thank you . . . that is just right. Wait a moment. . . We will both go. And now, Hugh, . . . one word. . . I am loosening these—do you feel? . . . But you must not take them off until I say, 'Now.' There. Do you understand? When I am just outside the door I shall say, 'Now.' then you can take them off. Good luck, dear old man. . ." His voice broke. He made a sign to the nurse, and both went quickly into the hall outside. The tall figure bent over, bringing her face near the face upon the pillow. She took one of the thin, impatient hands in both her own, which were wet and cold like ice, but she did not tremble; her very heart seemed to have stopped beating. Suddenly Thurlow's voice from without said, "Now! . . ."

There was utter stillness,—the faint noise of some one fumbling with something, then they heard the sick man's voice crying eagerly:

"Oh, Aunt Ruth! . . . Where is Ruth?"

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Becquerel Rays

BY JOSEPH JOHN THOMSON, D.Sc., F.R.S.,

Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics, Cambridge, England

THE discovery that Röntgen rays produce phosphorescence when they fall on sensitive substances naturally directed attention to the phosphorescence spontaneously emitted by certain substances of which the salts of uranium are the most conspicuous examples. It seemed possible that since these rays showed such remarkable power of producing phosphorescence, they might also play a part in other long-known cases of phosphorescence, such as that of uranium salts placed in sunlight, and that the phosphorescence might be caused by Röntgen rays emitted by the uranium itself.

The subject was taken up by Professor Becquerel of Paris, one of a famous family of physicists, three generations having distinguished themselves by their researches on phosphorescence. He took a quantity of a salt of uranium, and placing it near a photographic plate protected from light by light-proof screens, kept the uranium in a state of phosphorescence by continued exposure to sunlight. On developing the plate after the experiment had lasted several hours, he found a picture upon it, showing that something similar to Röntgen rays had been given out by the uranium. In all the earlier experiments the uranium was kept exposed to the sunlight, and was thus phosphorescing during the whole time of exposure. It happened, however, one day, that after Becquerel had prepared his uranium and photographic plates and exposed them to the sun, the sky after a short time became clouded over, and there was not light enough to make the uranium phosphoresce. Becquerel put his apparatus away in a drawer, and waited for better weather. The weather, however, did not improve, so that after waiting for some days Becquerel developed the plate, expecting, as the uranium had been phosphorescing for so very much shorter time than in the earlier experiments, to get, if he got anything at all, an exceedingly faint picture. To his surprise, however, he found that the picture excelled all those he had previously taken. It thus appeared that the uranium emitted the rays even when it was not phosphorescing. The uranium in this experiment had, however, previously been exposed to light, and it was possible that it might in consequence continue to emit some kind of invisible radiation long after the visible phosphorescence had ceased. To show that exposure to light had nothing to do with the effect produced by the uranium, Becquerel took a salt of uranium, dissolved it in water in the dark, and then recrystallized it, still keeping it in the dark. He found that this salt was just as active as salt which had not been shielded from the action of light. In this way he established that the emission of the radiation is a property of the uranium itself and is not dependent upon any previous stimulation.

This radiation from uranium, which, from its discoverer, is called Becquerel rays, produces effects very similar to those produced by Röntgen rays; thus it affects a photographic plate after passing through substances opaque to ordinary light, and it makes a gas through which it passes a conductor of electricity. Becquerel at first thought that his rays, like ordinary light, were refracted when they passed from one medium to another, and also that they could be polarized. Further experiments, however, by himself and others, showed that this is not the case. The Becquerel rays are in fact a mixture of Röntgen and cathode rays. The cathode rays (which have already formed the subject of an article in *Harper's)* have properties in some respects analogous to those of the Röntgen rays; thus they affect a photographic plate, and make a

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gas through which they pass a conductor of electricity. The most important points in which the rays differ are, that the cathode rays are bent when a magnet is brought near them, while the Röntgen rays are not in any way affected; and, secondly, that the cathode rays carry with them a charge of negative electricity.

Professor Rutherford of Montreal showed many years ago that the radium emitted by uranium is of two types, which he called α and β. The α rays are easily stopped by thin layers of paper or of aluminum, while the β rays are much more penetrating. The β rays have lately been shown by Becquerel to be deflected by a magnet, and by Monsieur and Madame Curie to carry a charge of negative electricity; they are thus cathode rays; the α rays, on the other hand, are Röntgen rays.

In the article on cathode rays *(Harper's,* September, 1901) evidence was given that the cathode rays consisted of exceedingly small particles called corpuscles (very much smaller than the atoms of any known substance), charged with negative electricity, and moving at the rate of many thousand miles per second (the method of finding the speed of the corpuscles was explained in that article). When the cathode rays are produced in the usual way by sending an electric discharge through a vessel from which the air has been extracted (such as is used for producing Röntgen rays), the speed of the cathode rays depends upon the extent to which the air has been removed from the vessel. The highest velocity recorded for rays produced in this way is about 70,000 miles per second. Large as the velocity is, it is greatly exceeded by the velocity of the cathode rays spontaneously given out by uranium; while another substance, radium, emits rays moving at a still greater speed, velocities of over 120,000 miles per second having been recorded by Becquerel for the cathode rays given out by radium; a particle travelling with this velocity, and starting from the earth, would reach the moon in two seconds. Among all the mysteries associated with matter, few, if any, are more striking than that afforded by these substances, in no way remarkable in appearance, which, without provocation and without intermission, emit projectiles which travel at a rate compared with which that of the fastest bullet is absolutely insignificant.

After the discovery of the peculiar property possessed by uranium all the known chemical elements were tested to see whether there were any others which possessed similar powers; one and only one was found to do so; this is thorium, a substance largely used in the manufacture of incandescent gas-mantles. This property of thorium was discovered by Schmidt.

The activity of artificially prepared salts is strictly proportional to the amount of uranium they contain. Monsieur and Madame Curie, who examined a large number of native minerals containing uranium, found, however, that several of these, and especially the pitchblendes (although only a fraction of their bulk consisted of uranium), were much more active than pure uranium itself; one of the minerals tested—chalcolite—was prepared artificially by Monsieur and Madame Curie, and the activity of the product was found to be normal—*i. e.*, proportional to the amount of uranium it contained, and very far below that of the native mineral. It seemed, therefore, probable that these minerals contained some unknown substance much more active than uranium itself. It was to the problem of separating this unknown substance that the Curies applied themselves. The mineral they selected for this purpose was pitchblende, and their method was to separate from this substance by chemical means one constituent after another, and then test the portion thus separated for radio-activity. In this way Madame Curie found that along with the bismuth separated from the pitchblende there comes away a very radio-active substance, which, in honor of her native country, she called polonium; while, with the barium taken from the pitchblende, the Curies, in collaboration with Monsieur Bemont, showed that there was an intensely radio-active substance, which they called radium. Later, Monsieur Debierne has obtained a third substance, which seems closely to resemble thorium, and which is called actinium. The amount of these substances in the pitchblende is exceedingly small; it is probable that there is far less in propor-

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tion of any of these substances in pitchblende than there is gold in sea-water, and it is only through indefatigable zeal and great experimental skill that the Curies have been able to obtain their marvellously interesting results.

The separation of these substances from pitchblende would have been impossible had it not been for the marvellously delicate test of radio-activity, and therefore of the presence of radio-active substances, afforded by the electrical conductivity produced by them in gases. Making use of this property, it is possible to detect quantities of these substances millions of times less than could be detected by chemical analysis, and thousands of times less than could be detected by spectrum analysis; indeed, of the three substances, radium, polonium, and actinium, obtained from pitchblende, radium is the only one which has been detected by chemical or spectroscopic means, and the Curies found that they could not detect radium by the spectroscope until they had more than five thousand times the amount which gave very appreciable indications on the electrometer. It may confidently be hoped that the possession of a test of such marvellous delicacy will enable us to follow out and study the details of the changes which take place in these radio-active bodies when exposed to the effects of physical and chemical agents with a thoroughness which has not been possible with other substances, for which only the older and much less delicate methods have been available. We shall see directly that this hope has already, to a considerable extent, been realized.

By successive purification of the barium obtained from pitchblende, the Curies have obtained radium of extraordinary radio-activity—more than 100,000 times that of uranium—and which, even when enclosed in lead a quarter of an inch thick, can produce greater effects than uncovered uranium. The radium is self-luminous, shining with a bluish light; it, like Röntgen rays, makes a sensitive screen phosphoresce; it shows the bones in the hand, and is so vigorous that it has produced sores on those who have incautiously carried it about their persons. The radium emits negatively electrified particles with a velocity in some cases approaching that of light. This continued emission of particles from the radium of course implies that the radium is losing mass and energy. The loss of mass is exceedingly small; from the results given by Curie for the amount of negative electricity emitted by the radium it follows that the loss of mass would only amount to about one-thousandth of a milligram in a million years for each square centimetre of surface. In consequence of the tremendous velocity with which the particles are projected, the amount of energy radiated is quite an appreciable amount, being sufficient, if converted into heat, to melt in a million years a layer of ice of the same area of the radium and more than a quarter of a mile thick. This loss of energy goes on without intermission, and has been going on—as far as we know—for whatever number of millions of years the radium may have existed.

There must have been some very considerable store of energy at the disposal of the radium to enable it to keep up this rate of radiation, and the very interesting question arises, what is the nature of this energy, and how is it stored? A satisfactory answer to this question has, I think, been given by some quite recent researches made by Professors Rutherford and Soddy of Montreal. Before describing their experiments, it will be well to consider two investigations which led up to them. The first of these was made by Sir William Crookes. By chemical means he obtained from ordinary uranium two constituents, one of which affected a photographic plate, while the other did not. The second investigation was made by Becquerel, who took a radio-active solution of a salt of uranium and dissolved in it a salt of barium. He then precipitated the barium from the solution, and found that by so doing he had transferred the radio-activity from the solution (which still contained the uranium) to the precipitated barium: fortunately he kept his solutions, and on examining them about twelve months later he found that the uranium solution, which he had made inactive, had recovered all its former activity; while the barium, which had appropriated the radio-activity of the uranium, had not been able to retain it, and had become absolutely inert. The

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explanation of this remarkable occurrence is given by the experiments of Rutherford and Soddy on another radio-active substance—thorium. They were able to separate from thorium its active constituent, and obtained two products, one exceedingly minute in quantity, but intensely active, which they called thorium X; the other, which contained practically the whole of the thorium, was almost inert.

This was the state of things when the products were separated. It did not, however, continue for long, for the active thorium X began at once to lose its activity, and the other product to regain it. After a few days the thorium X had become quite inert, while the thorium had regained its old activity, and afforded fresh supplies of the thorium X. It seems evident from this experiment that thorium X is continually being produced from the original thorium, but as its radio-activity is not permanent, the radio-activity of this mixture does not increase beyond a certain point; the gain derived from the production of fresh thorium X being balanced by the loss due to the death of some of that previously produced. We may illustrate this by simple analogy. Suppose radio-activity were a property possessed by all infants less than one year old, and by no one else: then, though fresh infants are continually being born, the radio-activity of the community will not increase beyond a certain point, as the gain from the new children will be balanced by the loss of those who get too old to be radio-active. If the birth-rate of this community were constant, its radio-activity would evidently be proportional to the number of children born in one year. Now suppose that all the infants were suddenly removed to a gigantic crèche in another district: the effect of this would be to deprive the original community of all its radio-activity, while the crèche would be intensely radio-active in proportion to its population. The birth of fresh children would gradually restore radio-activity to the community, while the superannuation of those in the crèche would make its radio-activity decay. In six months half the children in the crèche will be over-age, so that its radio-activity will be reduced to one-half; in the same time the original community will have recovered half its radio-active population, and therefore half its original radio-activity. Thus the time taken for the separated substance to lose half its activity ought, if this analogy is correct, to be equal to the time taken by the original substance to recover half its activity. This very simple test has been applied by Rutherford and Soddy, and found to be satisfied with great exactitude. We see now the source from which the energy required to sustain the radiation is derived; the radio-active substance is undergoing a continuous transformation into a state in which it has less energy. There is thus a continuous loss of energy by the substance, the energy being carried off by the radiation.

Ordinary thorium is thus steadily being transformed into the active thorium X, while this is continually passing into some inactive form. What this inactive form is we do not know, and its elucidation offers a most interesting problem, rich in possibilities. This inactive form must be continually accumulating, and although its rate of formation is probably exceedingly slow, we may hope that there may be enough of it in the minerals in which thorium occurs to be detected by ordinary chemical means; a careful examination of these minerals to see whether there is any other substance invariably present with the thorium might lead to its detection. It would also be interesting to see whether artificially prepared compounds of thorium change in any way as they get older. We have every reason to believe that radium goes through changes analogous to those of thorium, as when radium is freshly prepared it is not nearly so active as it subsequently becomes.

Rutherford found that thorium, besides giving out Röntgen and cathode rays, gave out a radio-active gas, which he called the thorium "emanation." The radio-activity of this emanation only lasts for a few minutes. Rutherford and Soddy have shown that it is only given out by the active thorium X, and not by thorium when in its normal state. This emanation in its inertness resembles the new gases argon and helium; it has not yet been made to combine with any other

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element. It is remarkable that the minerals in which helium occurs invariably contain radio-active substances, and the idea naturally suggests itself that helium may be very closely connected with the gaseous emanation which these radio-active substances are continually giving out. Radium also gives out a gaseous radio-active emanation, whose activity lasts much longer than that from thorium.

Rutherford and Monsieur and Madame Curie have shown that these emanations are not only radio-active themselves, but that they possess the remarkable property of making radio-active any substance with which they have for some time been in contact. If the substance is negatively electrified whilst in contact with the emanation, the radio-activity induced in it is very much increased. The intensity of this induced radio-activity does not depend to any great extent on the nature of the substance. A piece of paper can be made as strongly radio-active as a piece of metal. This induced radio-activity only lasts for a few hours —the induced radio-activity due to the emanation from thorium lasting longer than that due to radium, although the activity of the emanation from thorium is much less durable.

Elster and Geitel made the very remarkable discovery that substances could be made radio-active without the aid of thorium or radium; all that is necessary is to hang them up in the open air, or in a very large room, and charge them strongly with negative electricity; after a few hours they become radio-active. Elster and Geitel have taken photographs with the scrapings of a copper rod, which had been treated in this way. The earth itself is negatively electrified, and the natural electrification on pointed conductors connected with the earth is sufficient to make them radio-active without further electrification. Thus the points of lightning-conductors, the pointed leaves and spines of trees, are always radio-active, and C. T. R. Wilson has lately shown that freshly fallen rain is so too, and that it retains this property for about an hour. Elster and Geitel thought that this induced radio-activity indicated the presence of yet another constituent in that already very mixed body the air, the new constituent being, like thorium or radium, radio-active.

The writer has, however, recently made some experiments which show that we can account for this induced radio-activity without having recourse to such an hypothesis, and that radio-activity may be produced by suitable treatment without the help of radio-active substances. It is to be remarked that this radio-activity is produced when the body is negatively electrified; its origin can, I think, be explained in the following way: We know that the air always contains small bodies, called ions, charged, some with positive, others with negative electricity. When a negatively electrified body is placed in the air the positively electrified ions are attracted towards it. Some of these, but not all, will give up their electric charge to the body; those that do not will accumulate close to the surface of the body, forming a layer of positive electricity round it. This layer of positive electricity will attract the negative electricity in the body, and when the attraction is very great the negative electricity will be pulled so vigorously that it will shoot out from the body with great velocity. Now negative electricity moving with great velocity is cathode rays, hence the body will give out cathode rays, and will thus be radio-active. Thus to make a body radio-active all that is necessary is to get a layer containing a large quantity of positive electricity close to the surface of the body. We can, in this way, make radio-active substances without the use of any material that is intrinsically radio-active.

It is thus, I think, that the leaves of trees and the countless objects on the surface of the earth which are radio-active acquire this property; they are, in fact, cathodes, discharging cathode rays into the air. Thus cathode rays, which have only comparatively recently been discovered, and then by the help of most elaborate apparatus, are in all probability so widely distributed and occur so frequently that there is hardly a patch of ground on the earth's surface which does not contain an active source of these rays.

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The Quarrel

BY GRACE LATHROP COLLIN

NOTABLE among the unwritten laws of Putnam Place was one which pronounced that a certain formality was involved in paying a visit across the street. To drop in on a neighbor across an adjacent yard was a manifest informality; but the roadway was a sort of Rubicon whose passage required greater elaboration of costume than were represented by shawls and slippers.

The edict would have been especially inconvenient for Miss Lattimer and Mrs. Hooper had not they had their expedient. Their friendship was bound by ties of common experience of love and of loss in the years gone by; and even as they had consulted then with each other in matters of moment, so now they found comfort in discussing the trivialities which contributed so pleasantly to fill the quiet afternoon of their lives. In those days of long ago, when Mr. Hooper was the newly called minister, and his doctrines and his wife's manners were yet under consideration, the problem of the two ladies visiting each other had been ingeniously settled by means of utilizing the meadow, their common property, which lay across the end of the Place, on the farther side of their yards. Wherefore each household had a little gate cut in the meadow fence; and on the meadow side of its pickets each lady of each house scuttled to and fro, without transgression of the roadway mandate. So that close to the fence was worn a little path, traversed in bygone years in joy and in anguish, traversed now in all the petty interests which serve to occupy the lives of those from whom the great tides of human activities and emotions have receded.

In this informality it was a tradition, nevertheless, that no intimacy should transcend a certain degree of ceremoniousness. Theoretically, this consideration for each other's dignity was very charming. Practically, it was a great nuisance, and now and then estranged the best of friends as no brusqueness could have done.

It was in accordance with these various articles of the Place code that when, one fall day, Mrs. Hooper took her week's mending, by way of the little path, to spend the morning with Miss Helena Lattimer, her hostess should produce her hem-stitching, and sit and rock the hours away as if she had designed that particular morning for that particular purpose. Whereas Miss Helena had laid her plans to spend those very hours in "going through" the attic, and had expected by noon to be just so far and no farther in that dread rite. At the very moment of Mrs. Hooper's arrival, the "extra woman" was in the kitchen, and, armed with broom and pail, about to charge up the stairs. But she was ordered to beat a hasty retreat—for no "extra woman" should be trusted alone in such dread precincts—and, as has been related, Miss Helena busied herself with untimely hem-stitching. All would have gone well had it not been for the Judge. He, being a man, failed to comprehend the inwardness of the situation when he returned at noon.

"Well, Helena," he blandly remarked, "and so the attic's all done? A good morning's work. We're to be congratulated, Mrs. Hooper."

After that, of course, although everything that could be said was well said, there was little to say. The fact remained. And when Mrs. Hooper waddled her way back through the grassy path, it was with a flushed face, compressed lips, and the determination that it should be a long time before "Helener Lattima" should again be given the opportunity thus to mortify her. While, in the yet unransacked attic, her friend was thinking that "Agather Hoopa" might have shown more consideration than to come on that particular morning.

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"AND SO THE ATTIC'S ALL DONE?"

But as more mornings went on, with no renewed informalities, Miss Helena grew distressed. After all, it was by her brother's inadvertent discourtesy that her friend, under her roof, had taken offence. Therefore it was from her side that apologies, in some form, should come. But for this uncongenial errand she could not persuade herself to use the little path; and bonneted and gloved, she rang at the Hooper front-door bell. "I will ask the hour of the prayer-meeting for this week," she said to herself. "I can't think of anything else to say; and if Agather is ready to make up, she can show it by her answer."

But to this propitiating question Mrs. Hooper replied, chillily, "It is at half past seven, as it has been for the last twenty-eight years." At this Miss Lattimer, at the end of charitableness —which, between most intimate friends, does not extend very far,—departed, with her nose as high in the air as Mrs. Hooper's own.

It so chanced, however, that, either in her agitation or because of the iciness of her friend's manner, Miss Lattimer picked up a mink muff as she went, under the impression that it was her own. There is an unquestionable family likeness in mink muffs, and such an error would be generally quite excusable. But it was a horrid sight that met Miss Helena's eyes when she opened her muff-box. It was already filled with her own muff, and she beheld, in consequence, twin mink muffs sitting side by side. She remembered then that she had carried no muff on her call; obviously it was Mrs. Hooper's muff that she had borne away. Flushing with embarrass-

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ment at her carelessness, she wrapped the newly acquired muff in tissue-paper, and, with a note of apology, despatched it by her Jane.

"And what did Mrs. Hooper say, Jane?" she asked, on the maid's return.

"Well, Miss Helena, she didn't say much of anything to me. But I heard her say to Mr. Hooper, 'I suppose one should make allowances for Helena; all the Lattimers are inclined at times to be absent-minded.'"

"That will do, Jane. And remember, please, that it is quite unnecessary ever to repeat remarks not addressed to yourself," said Miss Helena, in the stately manner usually kept in camphor with her black velvet gown. "Jane," she called, as the drooping maid retired, "lest you should have formed a mistaken impression, however, perhaps I should tell you that not one of our family has ever been known to be absent-minded in the least possible way."

After the muff episode the little gates no longer swung on their creaking hinges, and the first snowfall of winter lay unbroken on the path. Over her mink muff each lady bowed ceremoniously to the other.

But a change came in the fortunes of war. One March morning Miss Forrester and Mrs. Hooper were trotting home together in a discouraging drizzle from a meeting at the church, where the ladies of the church had been straining their backs and their tempers in packing a missionary box. Mrs. Hooper's remarks tended toward pessimistic generalizations upon people who lacked in accuracy. "If a person said that she would send you a coat for a boy of fifteen, and sent a skirt for a girl of twelve, shouldn't you say that it showed a lack of Christian discipline? What we need is scrupulous exactness in the details of life," said she, shaking the umbrella emphatically.

"Why, what is that queer white lettering on the inside of your umbrella?" asked her companion.

Regardless of the rain, the two bent over the inscription. It read, "This umbrella has been stolen from John Lattimer, Putnam Place."

"How odd!" said Miss Forrester. "That must be one of the Judge's office umbrellas you have. I remember he told me once that they were always being taken—by other lawyers, I mean."

"Our umbrellas were all in the rack at the church together," quavered Mrs. Hooper. "I suppose Judge Lattimer regards any one who might take his umbrella as a criminal—as a thief." Then rallying all her forces, lest she should acknowledge herself at fault, she declared. "I call this insulting!"

"Oh no," urged her companion. "He's a lawyer. That's the way they act."

"That is no reason why he should cast such an imputation upon a lady," puffed the choleric Mrs. Hooper. And it was only by a compromise with her peaceably inclined husband that the umbrella was sent back in silence and with no belligerent message. Obviously, however, the umbrella incident settled the "absent-minded" score.

Spring came, and on the little path the snow, heavy with moisture, sank into the black earth, and vivid green points began to prick out in little tufts. But from gate to gate the path lay unmarked by any footprints.

Again the tide of battle turned. It was not allowed to rest with the Lattimer cause in the ascendant. There was a hen of Mrs. Hooper's, a speckled creature with horny yellow claws. Its manner was one of fussy deliberation, as if it counted each of its jerky movements. It was hard to believe that it did not say "One!" when it extended its claw above Miss Lattimer's mignonette-bed, and "Two!" when it extracted from the newly turned soil the tender green sprouts. Then, at the sound of Miss Lattimer's voice, it would go scuttling across the road, with a ridiculous amount of excitement, quite as if the hen were the aggrieved party of the two. Miss Lattimer "could not abide" that hen.

One morning, when Miss Helena happened to be standing at the side door, she saw the hen, with fresh decision of purpose, removing her freshly placed nasturtium seeds. Whereupon Miss Lattimer, with a rhythm unconsciously timed to the hen's own, stooped, picked up a stone, and threw it. Considering the provocation, the act was scarcely to be wondered at. But that, with the same exactitude which had marked the move-

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ments of the hen, the stone should strike that speckled body was indeed worthy of wonderment. But so it was; and the hen, after a whirl no more excited than when nothing was the matter, lay down, a ruffled heap of feathers, quite dead. Then Miss Lattimer, with a shriek, turned and ran up stairs, locked herself into her room, and with all the blood-guiltiness of a murderer, fell to washing her hands with desperate haste.

An hour afterward she emerged, pale but calm, and with a letter and a two-dollar bill in her hand. She called the maid. "Jane," said she, "take a tray, the large one with the painted wreath, place on it the hen which is lying in the nasturtium-bed; cover it with a napkin; carry it with this note and money to Mrs. Hooper." She applied the smelling-salts. "No, Jane, not a word."

Miss Helena waited in the shaded parlor. She tried to take up her knitting, but her fingers trembled. Jane's returning step sounded in the hall. She appeared in the doorway. She was yet bearing the tray. On the napkin lay another white note, as formally addressed as had been her own. It read: "Mrs. Hooper begs Miss Lattimer's acceptance of this hen. Enclosed please find the two dollars which Miss Lattimer has sent for payment. Mrs. Hooper is not a poultry-fancier."

Miss Helena gave a hysterical sob as at these words the picture rose before her eyes of her friend, her lifted black skirts showing the white stockings above her congress gaiters, scattering crumbs to her fat Plymouth Rocks. But, in-



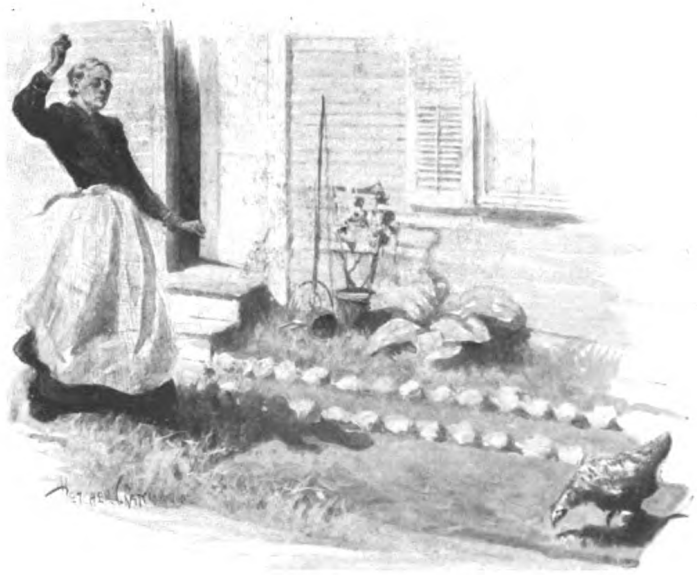
THE TWO BENT OVER THE INSCRIPTION

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deed, this was no time for levity. Matters were at a crisis. An opportunity for peace had come and gone. Had Mrs. Hooper been but willing to accept the apology and free her friend from her indebtedness, each might have emerged from the feud with at least self-respect, although with a tattered friendship. But Mrs. Hooper had refused to consider the truce. And Miss Lattimer realized that the outcome of the hen passage was that she was "under obligations" to her whilom friend to the extent of that speckled body under the napkin. "Take it away, Jane," she said, motioning toward the tray's burden, "and bury it where it fell."

All summer long the grass grew high in the little path where before it had been worn short, and long feathery spears pressed between the pickets. The latches of the gates grew rusty. The quarrel between the Lattimer and Hooper households was growing into one of the accepted situations of the Place.

One day in September Miss Lattimer went forth to pay calls upon friends whose misfortune, rather than whose fault, it was to dwell outside the Place. Usually she and Mrs. Hooper had gone on these rounds together. As she collected her lace handkerchief, her gloves, and her card-case, Miss Helena was oppressed by a sense of loneliness, all the more bitter because only half acknowledged. She found herself thinking if it were only Mrs. Hooper who was under obligation, perhaps a reconciliation might be effected. But since the late controversy Mrs. Hooper had the upper hand, and any advance must consequently come from her. Yet, with a pang of regret, Miss Helena remembered the old companionship which had doubled the pleasures and shared the griefs of the bygone years. Soon the interminable New England winter would be upon them, with its curtailed days, its long, lamp-lit evenings. How could she spend those coming weeks, when her life would be carried on within the four walls of the house, without her friend as a comrade? She put on the bonnet which, she remembered, Mrs. Hooper had approved by the comment, "It's not everybody who can wear silver gray next her face." She began to realize that her love for Mrs. Hooper was not neighborly, but sisterly. And a great yearning took possession of her that she might again press that soft, wrinkled cheek — that the two might again be "Helener" and "Agather." Wherefore, as she paused at the door to raise her parasol, and saw Mrs. Hooper across the way, she took especial pains to smile her company smile, and to bow the bow which never save in warfare is the salute between the inhabitants of the Place.



PICKED UP A STONE, AND THREW IT

The house where she first sent in her card was one in whose consideration she and Mrs. Hooper had spent many an hour of pleasantly disparaging conversation, with its ill-regulated distribution of stairs and hallways, which savored of levity. Miss Lattimer, feeling a stranger

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SCATTERING CRUMBS TO HER FAT PLYMOUTH ROCKS

in a strange land, sat primly on the edge of the deep Oriental couch, holding tentatively in her pointed fingers the tea which her hostess proffered her.

The conversation languished. All available subjects of congenial interest were quickly despatched.

"I heard a funny story the other day," said the hostess, in desperation. "A lady had only one maid, and her husband urged that on days when there was extra work she should hire an extra woman to do the work about the house. For a long while his entreaties were of no avail. But finally he persuaded her to engage a woman. And what do you suppose was the result? At breakfast-time he noticed that his wife looked wretchedly fagged. When he questioned her more closely, what do you think he found was the outcome of his insistence upon his wife's having an additional helper? Why, Mrs. Hooper had got up at four o'clock, and had worked like a slave,—because, she said, she couldn't bear to have an outsider come in and find her house dusty."

"Is it Mrs. Hooper of Putnam Place of whom you are speaking?" asked Miss Lattimer, setting down the cup.

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"OH, HELENER!" "OH, AGATHER!"

"Did I let the name slip out? I didn't mean to. But as you and she have dropped all your old intimacy, I suppose you don't mind having a good-natured laugh at her oddities."

"Her oddities?" Miss Lattimer rose. "I can assure you, Mrs. Morgan, that you are quite mistaken in regarding her as a person with—oddities."

She sailed from the room, and down the street, back to the dear old Place. With the color rising in her cheeks, she went to the little gate and tried to lift the latch. At first the rust held it fast, then it fell with a clatter. With her eyes downcast to pick her way, she did not see Mrs. Hooper appear at the window at the sound of the unusual clatter, nor hear the side door fly open, nor know that Mrs. Hooper, regardless of her black silk skirt, was plunging through the tangled grasses toward her, until she felt herself firmly clasped in her friend's arms.

"Oh, Helener!" said Mrs. Hooper.

"Oh, Agather!" said Miss Lattimer.

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The Coinage of Words

BY GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

Professor of English, Harvard University

IN a memorable debate, which Master Thomas Langschneyder reports to his honored friend Ortwin, "poet, orator, philosopher, theologian, and more if he wished," Master Warmsemmel, a very subtle Scotist, "three times plucked for his degree," objected to a certain expression, alleging that there is no Latin verb *nostro*. "But that makes no difference," retorted Master Andreas Delitzsch, "for we are able to coin new words!" and he "quoted Horace on this point," to the confusion of his opponents. All this, and more to the same purport, may be seen in the burlesque *Epistles of Obscure Men*, to which the reader is hereby referred. The humor of the passage, which brings the flagrant barbarism of the obscurants into competition with the most polished of poets, is its own justification. Besides, the story may be taken as a parable. So considered, it has an obvious lesson for us: "Some people are allowed to coin words when others are not,"—to which, however, one must immediately append the counter-principle, equally sound, that "everybody has the right to coin words for some purposes or under some circumstances." These doctrines are vague enough, but they are undeniably true, and it is often (not always) better to be vaguely in the right than definitely in the wrong.

A language can never stand still so long as it is alive. It is constantly changing, in sounds, in syntax, in vocabulary, and in the meanings conventionally attached to its words. It is, then, idle to debate the question whether it would be well to have an absolute, unalterable standard of correctness. Such a standard is impossible. It never has existed in any language and it never can exist; for the very idea is contrary to the nature of human speech. Every purist, no matter how stiffly he carries himself, is an unconscious innovator; he cannot help it, unless he renounces the use of his vocal organs. And every innovator, however reckless, is at times a purist. He has his likes and dislikes in language, as in other things, and, among these infinitely varied preferences, some are certain to be in favor of what is older or seems more settled. Most of us, it is to be hoped, are neither purists by principle nor professed innovators, but sober-minded persons, who respect our mother-tongue without making a fetish of conservatism. "A froward retention of custom," we remember, "is as turbulent a thing as an innovation, and they that reverence too much old times are but a scorn to the new."

In such a discussion one should always bear in mind the difference between the language of ordinary conversation and that of formal discourse. Every educated man has at least two dialects,—unless, indeed, he is so unfortunate as always to "talk like a book"; and the natural processes of word-formation are more easily observed in the untrammelled dialogue of every-day than in the studied diction of the platform or the printed volume. Accordingly, we shall have occasion to refer constantly to the phenomena of colloquial speech; we must study the neologisms of the present if we would understand how the English vocabulary has expanded in the past.

We perceive immediately that there is one kind of word-coinage that takes place almost of itself and that is continually enlarging our verbal stock,—namely, the formation of new words by means of composition. Humorists are accustomed to poke fun at the sesquipedalian compounds of modern German, and solemner theorists to envy that language its facility in this regard. Both, however, are prone to overlook the fact that English has an abundance of similar compounds, and that we make others almost at will.

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Fire insurance office is just as truly a compound as *Feuerversicherungsanstalt*, though we happen to write and print it as three separate words. *Telephone number, bicycle pump, trust legislation, Home Market Club, tariff discussion, triple expansion engine*, are all modern formations which nobody hesitates to use, but all of which would be unintelligible to Dryden and most of them to Macaulay. They differ in no essential from *battle-field, Fifth Monarchy Man, cabinet council, Coalition Ministry*, and a host of other old established coinages. Sometimes such terms win a place in the dictionary, but oftener not; for their sense is clear at once to everybody who knows the meaning of their constituent parts. Stylistic critics are frequently intemperate in denouncing new English compounds which seem to them redolent of German, —between which and English, despite their historical kinship, there appears to be a great gulf fixed. No doubt their excessive use makes one's style clumsy and tiresome; but it is a mistake to assert, as is occasionally done, that they are "contrary to the genius of the language,"—an easy phrase impossible to define in detail and correspondingly in favor with rhetoricians, who are seldom well instructed in the historical basis of English writing. If a new compound flies in the face of a well-settled idiomatic phrase, we may indeed question its taste if not its propriety. There can be little doubt, for instance, that *textual criticism* is better, because more idiomatic, than *text criticism* (which suggests the alien *Textkritik*). On the same ground one may prefer *study of Shakspere* to *Shakspere study, coaching from the side lines* to *side-line coaching, empire of the world* or *universal empire* to *world empire*. But, in every case, it is usage that must decide in the long-run. Some of us may be impatient at the substitution of *war-ship* for the more picturesque *man-of-war*, but it is vain to protest.

Here it is well to note a queer habit which is prevalent in England, but from which we are as yet comparatively free in this country,—the employment of the plural number in the first member of compounds, as in *Grievances Committee* for *Grievance Committee, Town Councils Act, Historical Manuscripts Commission, Appointments Bureau*, and the like. In 1864 there was founded a society for the publication of early English texts, and it was properly, if clumsily, christened the "Early English *Text* Society." When, in 1898, a similar society was established for the publication of Irish writings, it was designated as the "Irish *Texts* Society." This innovation is no improvement. It has its origin in an odd kind of rationalizing, and it ignores the fixed habits of all Indo-European tongues. Such compounds, one sees, differ in no respect from the much-derided *teethache*, often heard for *toothache* when more than one tooth is involved.

Another particular observation is due to such compounds as *walking-stick, fishing-rod, vaulting-pole, working-day*, which sometimes cause uneasiness to tender but undirected linguistic consciences. "You may bring me," says the bishop's daughter in a recent novel, "a piece of *chewing gum*. That is a thing I have a great curiosity to see. All Americans, I'm told, chew gum, so they call it chewing gum, though of course it is the people who chew, not the gum." In point of fact, the first member of all these compounds is not the participle, but the verbal noun in *-ing*, a distinct and very old formation. A *walking*-stick, then, is not a "stick that *is walking*," but a "stick *for walking*,"—as it were, "an ambulation stick," —so that logic is satisfied. We ought to remember, however, that even if these expressions eluded logical analysis they would not for that reason be either bad grammar or bad English. Language and logic commonly march side by side; but they occasionally part company, and when this takes place, idiom may snap its fingers at the logicians. For accepted usage, and nothing else, is the standard of linguistic rectitude.

From obvious composition we may pass to the formation of new words by means of suffixes. This process has been going on for so many ages that the origin of some formative elements is hopelessly obscure. Others, however, are demonstrably old words which, being frequently used as the second part of compounds, have become so worn down in form and so vague in significance that they are no longer recognized as words, but are felt as mere suffixes. Thus, the ending *-ly*

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is an abraded form of the Anglo-Saxon *līc*, our *like* (compare *manly* with *manlike*, *godly* with *godlike*). So *-dom* (in *kingdom*, *martyrdom*, etc.) is the Anglo-Saxon *dōm*, our *doom;* here the complete word has survived in a special sense, but is no longer associated with the suffix *-dom* in our linguistic consciousness. The ending *-hood* (in *childhood*, *widowhood*, etc.) has, of course, nothing to do with the noun *hood:* it is an old *hād* (later *hōd*), meaning "character," "position," "station," and the like, which has long been obsolete as an independent noun. These three suffixes, *-ly*, *-dom*, and *-hood*, old as they are, are traceable, step by step, in the history of our language, so that they afford us an excellent opportunity of observing the process by which an independent word may sink from the position of the second member of a compound to that of a mere derivative ending. To King Alfred *cild-hād* was a compound word, for both parts were still in use separately as simple nouns. To us, however, *childhood* is no longer a compound, but a mere derivative of *child*, made by means of the abstract suffix *-hood*. Historically considered, then, derivation by means of suffixes is a form of composition, and we should expect to find the same freedom existing in the coinage of new derivatives that we have already observed in the compounding of nouns.

Here, however, an important limitation immediately confronts us. English possesses an enormous and complicated system of suffixes, old and young, native and foreign, but some of these are *living* and some are *dead*. A suffix is "living" so long as it may be utilized to form new words; when it has lost that power, it is "dead," no matter how numerous are the words that already contain it. In testing the condition of a suffix in this regard, we must have recourse to the freedom of colloquial speech. Take, for example, the adjective suffix *-y*. This we employ with the utmost nonchalance to make new words for the moment, whenever we are talking carelessly, without the fear of the dictionary before our eyes. Under such circumstances one would not hesitate to say "It smells *paint-y*" as well as "It smells *fishy*," and we should not be surprised to hear of "a *tobacco-y* flavor," "a *schoolma'am-y* air," or "a *mushroom-y* growth." These particular adjectives may or may not have been used before; we should certainly never think of coining them when on our dignity. Yet they illustrate our point. They show that the suffix *-y* is alive and about its business, though perhaps in a humbler capacity than in days of old. Ascending a step, we may compare such words as *sporty*, *horsey*, *churchy*, *homey*, *newsy*, and *viewy*, which occupy a precarious and discredited place in the slangy or colloquial purlieus of the established vocabulary. Another step brings us to *shadowy*, *stony*, *woody*, *billowy*, and countless other adjectives which are firmly fixed in literature and dignified speech,—which are "good English" in the strictest interpretation of the phrase. Most of our accepted adjectives in *-y* were formed when the suffix was in full vigor—that is, when new formations in *-y* found ready acceptance. To-day the case is altered. Though we may use the ending freely in undignified neologisms, made for momentary purposes and not intended to pass into circulation, we feel that its course is nearly run. Now and then a new word in *-y* may get into good usage, but it will usually have to fight for its life, entering the sacred precincts through the postern-gate of slang or vulgarism and over the bodies not merely of the purists, but of all who have any respect for their mother-tongue. It is dangerous to dogmatize about the future of a new word that once gets a foothold anywhere. Yet one may at least be permitted to hope that it will be a long time before *homey*, *viewy*, and *newsy* will become acceptable to good writers and speakers.

The extremely convenient suffix *-less*, "without," which seemed at one time likely to lose its power of forming new words except in poetry, has asserted itself of late in a peculiar and interesting way in connection with mechanical and other inventions: *smokeless* powder, *hammerless* gun, *horseless* carriage, *chainless* bicycle. The only limit to such formations appears to be that of conciseness and euphony. This *-less*, by-the-way, illustrates the influence of etymological confusion in the development of language. It is felt as identical with

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the comparative *less*, "minus," with which, however, it has nothing to do, being in origin the old adjective *lēas*, "destitute of," connected with the verb *lose*.

Suffixes which are in full vigor for purposes of word-coinage are *-ly* (for adverbs of manner); *-ish* (to indicate a slight degree or a tendency: as in *greenish, warmish*); *-er* (to designate occupations: as in *kalsominer*); *-ize* (as in *macadamize, sterilize, harveyize*); *-ian, -ite*, and so on. We may pause a moment over *-ian* and *-ite*, both of which are of foreign origin, yet thoroughly naturalized. The former (from the Latin) may be seen in *Darwinian, Spencerian*, and the like. So free are we in using it that if a person named Weston were to found a sect, we should not hesitate to designate his adherents as *Westonians*.

It is not easy to say when a recognized suffix is actually dead, for, at any moment, some adventurous neologist may galvanize it into life. Tolerably safe examples are *dom*, already mentioned, *-th* (as in *truth, health, warmth*), and *-some* (as in *winsome, venturesome*). Now and then a jocose formation in *-dom* is put forth,—such as *boredom*, which has met with more favor in England than in America. It is not a particularly felicitous coinage. Far more satisfying is the cleverly descriptive term employed by Miss Kingsley when she speaks of "the usual *ramshackledom* of West-African settlements."

It is almost impossible to set a limit to the employment of living suffixes in the manufacture of new words. Good taste, a knowledge of the existing vocabulary, and a feeling for the genius of the language are the only guides, and he who follows them is not much tempted to innovation, anyway. One principle, however, has a pretty general application: it is idle to form a new derivative when the language already possesses a word that serves the purpose in hand. Take the old suffix *-ness*, which is freely employed to make abstract nouns from adjectives. We feel no need of *valorousness* or *patientness* or *dejectedness*, since we already have *valor* and *patience* and *dejection*.

We have yet to speak of the boldest kind of word-coinage, — that in which the new term appears to be made by a single act of the creative instinct, without regard to precedent. It is a difficult category to discuss; for the history of such terms is seldom ascertainable, and we are in danger of referring to this lawless group a number of well-behaved formations which sprang from some obscure or forgotten analogy. One theory, however, is certain. The words that we are here contemplating are the product of language-makers who stood in no awe of the dictionary. Many of them are doubtless imitative, and thus go back to one of the first principles of linguistic origins. Most of them have passed into the current vocabulary from slang or from uncultivated local dialects. Others are deliberately manufactured articles,— commonly, but not always, jocose. The letter B is the habitat of a surprising number of these etymological puzzles which cannot be referred to any known root, and Dr. Murray has made a list of some of them in one of his most interesting prefaces. His catalogue includes—besides a good many terms that are either rare or slangy — the following words which no purist would think of attacking: *bang, blare, blear, blight, blot, blotch, bludgeon, blunder, blunt, blur, bluster, bother*, and *bounce*. Most of these must have an undignified origin, and may well have been as objectionable, when they first entered society, as the latest and least refined coinages of the variety stage are to us. Yet they have made their place, as many slang words are making theirs to-day. Let us be humble, then, and not too intolerant of novelties. The word *gas* was a pure invention, though Van Helmont had *chaos* in mind when he devised it. What is to become of *chortle?* When Lewis Carroll wrote,

> "O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
> He *chortled* in his joy,

he doubtless anticipated no perpetuity for his queer verb, any more than for the equally queer and almost as ingenious adjective *frabjous*. But *chortle* tickled the fancy of his readers. It suggested the gurgle of senile exultation, and seemed, like Shakspere's duke, to "fill a place." Hence it has had currency enough to get into one large dictionary, and in time it may establish itself, as *chuckle* and *giggle* have done.

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The Morning Call

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

SHE stood on the top step under the *porte cochère,* on the extreme edge, so that the toes of her small slippers extended a little over it. She bent forward, and then tipped back on the high exiguous heels again. She thought, conscience-strickenly, that this was not a very suitable thing for her to do at her age —she caught Mrs. Monckton's surprised glance as the footman shut the door of the brougham—but she was very happy. And, after all, she was not so very old, and what had happened had made her feel so much younger. The little-girl trick fitted her mood perfectly, and afforded her unbounded satisfaction. She remained seesawing in this manner as she gazed across the smooth, fleckless lawn of the well-kept country place, and over the sea reflecting as well as it could, with the short broken waves, the absolutely cloudless sky.

Miss Grace Milton was experiencing one of those moments that form such items in the debtor and creditor account of existence. The day was an important one in her life. She was perfectly happy, and she knew it, and was happy in her happiness. Such moments, as she realized, were few and far between, but she also understood that they possessed in addition that other notable angelic property of coming very often unawares. She knew unmistakably that she was happy, and did not propose to lose a thrill of it. The cup was overflowing, and she wished to hold it up and catch the sparkle of each shining drop as it brimmed over. A great many girls had their engagements "announced," but it seemed to her that very few had so many reasons for satisfaction. She was in love. She made no hesitation about admitting this to herself, and now allowing all the world to see it. She had been in love with Otis Russell for a long time. But formerly she had not acknowledged it to herself, and then she had made every effort to conceal it from every one else. Now she seemed to obtain justification for that past—re-establishment in her own esteem — and so she stood and tipped up and down in the excess of her joy.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Monckton," she babbled. "It was so dear of you to come to see me because you heard. And to say such nice things. And I do congratulate myself."

She watched the carriage as it disappeared down the wide sweep of the drive, still standing on the step; then she turned and contentedly entered the house. There was the added element of surprise to make her joy the more vivid, for she had waited for a long time without hope —for a longer time uncertainly. When, the evening before, they had been left alone in the shadows under the trees which the brilliant moonlight made so dark, she had no idea of what he was going to say. And he said it all so badly. The memory of this gave her new pleasure. She would not have had him say it in any way differently, trippingly or in rounded phrase. His stammering, hesitating words had been very dear to her, and made it all seem more tenderly real. Then they sat and talked and told each other so much. The review of a lifetime —of two lifetimes—is not to be accomplished in a moment. Childhood was not too remote a region to be explored, and they returned with many amazing trophies from the expedition. An astonishing similarity of taste in picture-books and ponies in the past clearly established the inevitability of the present. And so they worked slowly down to the time when he had been engaged to Suzanne Benson. As Miss Milton thought of this she sat down abruptly before the piano in the music-room, which she had reached, and a frown furrowed her smooth brow. Indeed, it was the suffering caused by this event that led her

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to discover that she loved him—just as sometimes a sudden blow will bring pain from a bruise that has hitherto passed unnoticed. She had been jealous—jealous of her clever brilliancy, for her beauty was a flaming thing disturbing rather than satisfying, and of her brilliant cleverness that was so much in accord with her beauty that it seemed a part of it. Suzanne was clever then, and now her cleverness had come to be so recognized by the world that it had given her a name —"the clever Mrs. Cathcart." Miss Milton could not understand it. Still, "the clever Mrs. Cathcart" seemed to obtain whatever she wished, and as Miss Milton understood that this was the world's measure of cleverness, she was obliged to accede to the general opinion.

Then when the engagement was broken, Miss Milton remembered the tempest of unconquerable joy that overpowered her. She assured herself in vain that it could mean nothing to her. He clearly never thought of her, never spoke to her, and yet— She persevered in her gladness, although she saw his dejected looks, although she was aware that even Suzanne's marriage with Louis Cathcart, who was a black speck in his own golden sun, had not changed Russell's feelings toward her. "The clever Mrs. Cathcart" had managed by some means to avoid his contempt, to escape his hatred. By some means she had preserved a respect upon which love could still base itself. She must be clever, Miss Milton thought.

But time, although it had not weakened the strength of Russell's beliefs, had dulled the edge of his adoration, and he had been able to escape from the confining absorption of his first infatuation. Already Miss Milton saw that the affair had assumed the proportions of an "episode" in his mind. She saw him often, and a great deal had happened. They had become friends by such insensible degrees that they had quite failed to observe that they were becoming something else. To be sure, he was still dominated by the "Suzanne Myth," as Miss Milton characterized it to herself, but it was only before a shrine in the remote recesses of his heart that he offered a somewhat perfunctory devotion.

Russell had told Miss Milton all about it the night before. He felt in a doubtful way that it was a requirement of the situation that the "incident" should be properly put before her.

"I want you to understand," he said, slowly, and struggling with the unaccustomed difficulty of explaining a mental state. "Of course I thought that I was awfully in love at the time—and I was in a way. I didn't know then that there were different ways. And I was awfully cut up when she threw me over."

Miss Milton sat with her hand in his and her head against his shoulder, listening rather to the sound of his voice than to the words that he was speaking for her edification. She was too contented to say anything, and was perfectly willing to go on listening.

"And she did," he went on. "There is no denying that. But it was not the way it might appear. She was not to blame. You remember how poor the Bensons were, and—well, I hadn't much. You know that I haven't much now, and that's the reason why at first—"

She raised her disengaged hand and gently placed it over his mouth. With the hand that was not holding hers he pressed this closer against his lips and kissed the soft palm.

"They made her do it." He went on, earnestly: "She told me. She was not to blame really. No girl could have withstood the situation, and—and truly I believe that I'd have thought worse of her now if she had. Not that I didn't suffer then, or think I did. I want you to know it all. It was real enough, but it seems distant and hazy enough now. You don't mind?"

"No," she said, dreamily, and really heeding very little his simple confession, "I don't mind."

"And the farther it has faded into the past, the more I have seen how right she was to put her own feelings out of the question and come to the aid of her family."

Miss Milton laughed.

"Why do you do that?" he asked.

"I suppose, for one reason," she said, "because I am happy."

"And then," he continued, "if that hadn't happened this wouldn't, and I'd never have known—"

"You're sure you'd rather?" she asked, suddenly raising her head.

"Rather!" he repeated in amazement.

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'I was only telling you of my youthful follies, as a man should, and also letting you know that there wasn't anybody to blame. I'd rather it were so. I don't like to think ill of people, and I think distinctly well of Mrs. Cathcart—when I do think of her, as I have to do when we meet."

"And at other times," insisted Miss Milton.

"Only when something brings back the past and she's a figure in it."

"A pleasant figure?" inquired Miss Milton with a little pang of the jealousy that she had formerly known.

"Well, it's better to have a pleasant one than the ugliness of an unpleasant one—"

Miss Milton sighed and settled herself comfortably against his arm. She was not going to be bothered with any figure of the past, but in her mind was a half-realized, half-formed determination to shatter that delusive memory at a very early period. Perhaps there was a large element of jealousy in it, after all, but what troubled Miss Milton more than anything else was to find Russell bestowing such mistaken thoughts on such an unworthy object.

She thought of this now as she sat before the piano. This was the fact on which she stumbled on the threshold of her happiness, and much as one might kick a pebble onward, she mentally dribbled it along. But she was not sure that this very defect might not be added into the sum of perfection. She tried to convince herself that she was not vindictive, but she could not deny that it would be a satisfaction to set Russell right about the Suzanne Benson of the past, the "clever Mrs. Cathcart" of the present. Now, to be sure, he loved her wholly, as she knew, and she might leave to her former rival the insufficient triumphs of memory. But Russell had been "thrown over," and he should be avenged even if she herself had profited by his humiliation.

Miss Milton sprang up lightly. She had triumphed now—triumphed in fact, and now she would have the further triumph of destroying this meddling ideal. This was not revenge. It was only justice. Besides, it was human nature.

She heard the step of the butler on the polished wooden desert of the hall floor between the oases of rugs. People had been coming all the morning to see her—some with pretty words and some with pretty gifts. Certainly it was one of the great days of a girl's life, and now she considered she had only to lay this haunting flimsy ghost in Russell's mind, and all would be well. There would be only herself in all the wide world, and all the wide, wide world just for themselves.

"Mrs. Cathcart," announced the servant at the door.

Miss Milton looked up quickly. And yet she reflected instantaneously, why should she be surprised? There was no open enmity between herself and Mrs. Cathcart—indeed, an ostensible friendship. There was nothing unnatural in Mrs. Cathcart's coming to congratulate her and wish her joy, even if she were marrying a discarded suitor of her own. Miss Milton bit her lip impatiently as she thought of this, and the determination to set Otis Russell right about this woman gave her new satisfaction.

As Mrs. Cathcart advanced she might have served as a modern Goddess of Success, for whom a prominent place would be reserved in any modern pantheon. Her rustling garments whispered of opulence, and her tinkling adornments sounded prosperity to the world. Though she was but little older than Miss Milton, she consciously bore herself as an older woman toward a younger girl. She assumed the direction of the conversation at once, and though she stood among Miss Milton's own tables and chairs, she established the stage direction by seating herself so that Miss Milton could have no choice in the place she took.

If Miss Milton allowed herself to be thus personally conducted, it was largely because she was observing Mrs. Cathcart so closely. She remembered when her hats were renewed by numberless transplantings and her gowns flourished as hardy perennials. She was amused, as she always was when she observed any new proof of the changed condition. The hat was a very guidon of fashion, and her dress with each swirl indicated clearly the direction in which the current of the mode was setting.

"I only heard this morning," Mrs. Cathcart murmured, as she advanced, "and I came at once. Of course," she

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said, with a little carelessness, "you may think it strange."

"No," replied Miss Milton, slowly, "I do not think it strange."

"But," continued Mrs. Cathcart, as if Miss Milton had not spoken, "the circumstances are certainly unusual. Of course," she added, with an air of great frankness, "Otis and I were engaged."

"I know," said Miss Milton.

"You are a lucky girl," Mrs. Cathcart assured her, leaning forward on the handle of her parasol. "There never was a dearer fellow. You don't know how fond I"—she hesitated—"was of him. I am glad that you are going to make him happy, and you will."

"I shall try," said Miss Milton, distantly, and inwardly resenting the forced intimacy of the conversation.

"Of course you will," said Mrs. Cathcart, heartily. "I think that I could have done it too."

"I—" Miss Milton began.

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Cathcart, "perhaps it seems to you that I am talking rather freely. Very well; my position, I think, gives me a greater nearness than the rest of the world. I know him very well, you see."

Miss Milton inspected the other carefully, but refrained from answering.

"It has always been the greatest satisfaction to me that Otis Russell thought well of me," Mrs. Cathcart resumed, in a clear voice that was, however, a little lower in tone. "I could not have him think in any other way. But you don't like me," she added, quickly.

"I don't know why you say that," the girl responded. "Have I ever done anything to make you think so?"

"No," the other replied, lightly. "But I understand. Do you know what I am called? 'The clever Mrs. Cathcart.' I haven't that name for nothing. And I understand. Otis believes in you. He will believe anything that you tell him."

"Perhaps," said Miss Milton, with perfect confidence.

"You will say unpleasant things about me. You will do more. You will make him believe unpleasant things about me. Of course you don't want the man who loves you to think as well of any woman as Otis Russell still thinks of me."

Mrs. Cathcart rose as she spoke, with a seriousness that she had not shown before.

"I am not going," she said. "I—I may be clever, but I am a little excited. What I heard this morning was something of a blow."

Miss Milton looked up in surprise.

"I understand that this might make a difference," the other continued, as she moved to and fro before Miss Milton, who had also risen. "You would naturally try not to let him believe in me as he has. But I cannot allow you to say anything."

Miss Milton drew herself up coldly. As her body grew more rigid she felt her resolution stiffening to resist the appeal that she felt would follow. She would not bear it any longer. She would not endure the humiliation of seeing this other woman praised by the man she loved, when she knew that the woman did not deserve his praise. Surely all falsity was wrong, and therefore she was right in unmasking it. Russell should know the truth at last. Mrs. Cathcart would undoubtedly assure her that she injured her by her suspicions, and would even try to prove to her that she had behaved with nobility. But she would not be led by any such specious pleading—she would not give the ready credence that Russell, manlike, had given when a pretty woman was concerned. "The clever Mrs. Cathcart" might make her appeal for belief and even for mercy strongly as she might, she should not heed her, for it would be better for Russell that she should not.

"I don't want him to think differently," Mrs. Cathcart continued, passionately. "It is something to have some one who thoroughly believes in you, and I want Otis to go on believing in me. You shall not influence him by telling him what you suspect about me."

She looked at Miss Milton in defiance. The girl glanced up, and the eyes of the two women met challengingly.

"You shall not tell him," Mrs. Cathcart repeated, firmly.

"I think," said Miss Milton, slowly but determinedly, "that you have no reason or right to say that."

"You intend, then," the other demanded, "to make him believe that I am not worthy of his consideration?"

"If I think that you are not, I do not

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see why I should not say it," pursued Miss Milton, who felt at bay and a little desperate in such an unusual encounter. "I do not want him to think too well of —of any woman, and particularly when she does not deserve to have him think well of her."

"As you think of me," commented Mrs. Cathcart. "Still, you will not tell him—will not influence him," she continued, confidently, but more gently, and with the faintest dawning of a little smile upon her thin, well-shaped lips.

"You are mistaken," the girl said, resolutely.

"No," Mrs. Cathcart responded, very quietly. "No, I am not. You will not tell him any of the facts that you think you have discovered about me. I understand people. I have had to do it in my life," and she jerked her pretty, small head impatiently. "I know you well enough to know that you will not. What do you know about me surely?"

"Nothing," replied Miss Milton, shaking her head.

"Nothing," repeated Mrs. Cathcart. "Then what you would say would be mere surmise, mere conjecture."

"Based upon what I know to be true," Miss Milton replied, speaking with the critical impersonality of the other. "But Otis would believe me. He would know that I was right when I made him see it."

"I know that," said Mrs. Cathcart, desperately. "That is the reason you must be silent."

Mrs. Cathcart sat down again, while Miss Milton stood before her, gazing at her.

"You acknowledge that all is mere suspicion and unsupported belief," said Mrs. Cathcart, looking up. "Very well; all that you suspect and believe is true."

Miss Milton, with a little gasp in her astonishment, sat down.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cathcart, deliberately, "the worst that you think of me is true, and more. I am worldly, mercenary—heartless, if you will. I am a sham—a mockery—a whited sepulchre."

She laughed a little wildly.

"I am as little like what Otis Russell thinks of me as possible. And yet I do not want him to think differently. I am not going to have him think differently. I have heard that there are people who wear false diamonds and keep the real ones stored in a vault at their jewellers'. The fact that they have the real ones safely put away makes the use of the paste less humiliating. Very well; with me it is like that. My character may be false, I may be paste, but I have a greater value in my own eyes because I have that opinion of myself stored away in Otis Russell's mind. You must not disturb it. You shall not touch it."

Miss Milton gazed at the speaker in fascinated and amazed silence.

"I suppose that he has told you that I said that I was forced to do as I did by my family. I did say that, but it is not true. My family, as you understand, could have no influence with me—no strength to compel me. What I did was by my own desire—my own volition. I fell into the engagement with Otis Russell because I liked him and I was young. But as time went on, as I saw that all that I could expect was obscure and genteel poverty, I was frightened by the prospect. I drew back from it in hatred. I longed for what wealth has to give —ease, power, the envy of the world. With Otis Russell I could have none of these things. From Louis Cathcart I could. Engaged as I was, I set at work, almost unconsciously, but very systematically, to attract the other's attention—to arouse his interest. Otis, in his generous credulity, did not see anything, did not suspect anything. I 'threw him over,' but he did not know that already I was on with the new love, if I may call it so"—Mrs. Cathcart laughed quickly and harshly—"before I was off with the old. I told Otis that we were too poor to marry, that nothing could come of it, that the engagement had better be ended, at least for the time—"

Miss Milton sat in amazement. Mrs. Cathcart was certainly not making the appeal that she had expected. Indeed, she was confessing everything—laying bare her heart in a way that she had never had any one do before, in a way that frightened her now, so that she could only sit shrinking and staring.

"Do you understand? Do you see?" the other woman continued. "I could not have been more calculating, more false. I will not attempt a defence and tell you that the deprivations and hu-

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miliations of a poverty-stricken life made me do what I did. If I had been different, I suppose that they would not have made me; so that I have no defence, after all. I did as I did. That is all. All that you thought of me, all that you think of me, is true. There is really nothing to be said in extenuation. I was false to him in deserting him. I was false in deceiving him afterward. I admit it. He should condemn me, despise me. He would, if he knew the truth as you know it now. And yet you will not tell him. I do not want him to know."

Mrs. Cathcart's eyes flashed brightly and sharply. She even laughed a little as she looked at the startled girl before her.

"I have surprised you," she said; "I have terrified you a little. It isn't often during a morning call that one receives such an outpouring of confidence. Such a heart-to-heart talk. You did not expect, when you saw me, that I was going to tell you my secret—to put myself in your power. Still, when I heard this morning I made up my mind that I should do it."

Mrs. Cathcart eyed the shrinking figure of the girl with sharp inspection. For a moment in deep reflection she tapped the toe of her shining shoe with her voluminous parasol; then she rose.

"I don't believe that I have anything more to say. You know the truth now—all the truth—as you did not know it before. For I have told you. You cannot doubt any longer. You are certain at last as to what I am."

"But why did you tell me?" gasped Miss Milton.

Mrs. Cathcart's lips bent with her little fleeting smile.

"I felt an impulse to do it," she replied, easily. "Ah, you are wondering that I should be called clever. I don't seem so to you now. Very well; perhaps I am not. But"—she paused and looked narrowly at the other—"I think that I am. I like you, my dear," she said, as she stood with her hand outheld. "I haven't any reason for doing it, but I am clever enough at least to understand that you are a lady, and to respect you for it. Perhaps if I'd had more of a chance I could have been more like you. I think that I might. The fact that I can understand you makes me believe it. I think the better of myself for being able to do it. No, I'm sure that I have not made a mistake."

She still held out her hand and slowly Miss Milton took it. For a moment they stood looking at one another. Mrs. Cathcart scrutinized the face of the girl with keen intensity. With a short little satisfied nod she at last withdrew her hand and turned away.

"I have not offered my congratulations yet," she said. "I do now, sincerely."

She moved towards the door, and only turned when she had reached it.

"Good-bye," she murmured.

Miss Milton did not stir, but sat staring before her. She heard the trip and tap of Mrs. Cathcart's little feet upon the floor of the hallway as she made her way out. She heard the roll of wheels and the brisk clatter of the horse's hoofs. She raised her head quickly. There was decision in the movement. The long period of uncertain jealousy was ended. She knew the truth now. No doubt need restrain her. Mrs. Cathcart had said it herself had put herself in her power.

Miss Milton started.

She drew back as she might from an obstruction suddenly seen in her path. As yet she did not quite realize what had startled her. Tell him? Should she tell him? At the moment she had made up her mind to do it, she felt a sudden restraint—a sudden inability to do it. She knew the truth at last. Should she use this? Could she use it? Instantly Mrs. Cathcart's words came back to her: "I was going to tell you my secret—to put myself in your power." Miss Milton stood up. She took a step forward almost as if she were feeling her way in the dark, and then she paused. Could she tell now? Already there was in her mind the stuff from which resolutions are formed. Before she had decided she knew what she would decide. She could not repeat what this other woman had poured out so lavishly—recklessly. She had not asked for quarter, but she was none the less her captive. Could she tell? Miss Milton put her hand up to her head. What had been fair fighting before was different now. What she suspected she might tell—but what she had been told? The situation was changed, very much

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"BUT WHY DID YOU TELL ME?" GASPED MISS MILTON

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changed, and Mrs. Cathcart had changed it by what she had done. The "clever Mrs. Cathcart." Miss Milton remembered what she had said: "I'm sure that I have not made a mistake." And had she? Could she tell any more than she could retain something that had come into her possession perhaps against her will. This confidence had been forced upon her, but must it not be guarded? Henceforward must not the woman be safe in her hands? Should she not be obliged almost to defend her? And Otis Russell—

An hour later, under the trees where they had sat the night before, she sat again with him beside her. Only it was high clear noon now, and instead of the silver moonlight the golden sunshine fell on the lawn, making the shadows sharper, though not so dark.

She was telling him of the morning, while he listened attentively.

"And Mrs. Cathcart came," she said, slowly.

"Oh," he replied. "The clever Mrs. Cathcart."

"Yes," she repeated, with a little sigh, "the clever Mrs. Cathcart."

He watched her closely.

"You do not say anything," he said.

"I haven't anything to say," she replied, as she got up, with her hand lingeringly on his shoulder. "I must dress now if we are going to ride before lunch."

Dust and the Soul

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

OUT of the depths the star-dust drew,
Out of the primal pulse in space
That at the Word took shape and place,
Refined through great and fervent heat
To purpling light, to rounded grace.

Out of the dust we gathered life,
We from the pulses of the dust
That whirls upon the windy gust,
That still to meet the world of sky
Aspires in every grass-blade's thrust.

The grass, the flint, the flower, is one
With our own substance, we who are
The little brothers of the star
That through the outer universe
On mighty lines rolls free and far.

Yet one with star-dust though the frame,
The spirit which informs its clod
Is that of the archangels shod
With fire, His flaming ministers,
And but the living breath of God!

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FRENCHY WOKE WITH THE DAWN

The Doing of Galinter

BY MARIE VAN VORST

A HANDFUL of us were sitting around what we called a stove, and eating what we called food, one night in Klondike a year ago; and we got to talking about the Western police, and so spoke of Galinter—Frenchy Galinter, the old San-Franciscan sleuth, well known to Deadville, Hooser City, and there-around.

"Frenchy was the sole and only man who could represent the law and order in Hooser City and Deadville and not be shot full of holes."

We turned to the speaker, a tall, well-set-up individual, who went on: "Did you ever hear how Galinter was 'done'?"

"I didn't know he ever *was* done," some one growled.

"Well, I lay seven to one you'll think he was!" the stranger offered, and couldn't place his bet.

The story-teller got up on the table and made us hoist him a chair, in which he seated himself. With his felt hat pushed back on his head ("dominatin' the crowd," as he said), he took a long pull at his pipe, then sent forth a long puff, and began his narrative:

In 1882 there were two men equally well known in the West, and for different reasons. First and foremost, Frenchy Galinter, once a judge in Kentucky, forced to leave his State on account of political troubles. He had a passion for law and order, which he had manifested in a lynching or two; he adored the unravelling of mysteries and Secret Service work. This man was invaluable as a detective in San Francisco. He was very magnetic and right out from the shoulder, and (when he wasn't "running them in") he was chin-chin with all the buncoes and crooks.

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Now the other man was a dare-devil who went by the name of "the Blade."

He had insisted on being prominent in the most disagreeable manner, and the people in Hooser City and Deadville got down sick about it. With "a couple of pals" he held up the Deadville Express, shot the conductor and engineer, and looted the baggage-car. The "couple of pals" dangled their legs in free air from the same tree—but the Blade cut keen and away!

He rode his bronco up at full noon before the Deadville Square Bank, threw his lines on the pony's neck, stalked in and held two cold Derringers at the cashier's and paying-teller's noses; they planked him down twenty thousand dollars in gold, neat as though he had drawn them his check! He covered both men until he got to the door, and then he bolted. It was his boldest, narrowest trick. He had swell tastes, too, and vamoosed the West until he had blown in every blamed copper of the whole twenty thousand, and then he came back.

While the Blade was away frisking his dollars, another chap, called Murky Shorts, was self-constituted guardian of the peace in Hooser City and Deadville.

These places couldn't stomach anything like regular surveillance, and if it hadn't been for daring thefts everywhere, and that everybody was fairly obliged to *sit* on his gold when the Blade was in town, why, Murky would have been just turned out to die for lack of use. As it was, the town authorities (or so called) said to Murky, "Get us the Blade, Mr. Shorts, dead or alive, and it won't be any the worse for your pocket or your reputation."

The Blade's absence from the West was short and, to his friends behind him, sweet. Murky, though he hadn't been expecting to see the Blade, wasn't exactly surprised to learn, by a little "ee-vent" or two, that the thief was among 'em again! These "ee-vents"—in the point of fact, of robberies to amounts of from $30 to $100,000—were varied and impartial between Hooser City and Deadville. The two towns lay distant from each other by fifty miles of wild, unbroken plains.

Now things got to be too hot for Murky, and he just "trun up his hands" and sent to 'Frisco for Frenchy.

Frenchy Galinter came to town. It was like an old song, only he came "incog," and wouldn't have a red stripe painted anywhere—naturally. He laid as low as primitive rock. No one knew he was in Deadville, except, of course, poor Murky, over in Hooser City.

He was dying to get a peep at the celebrity; but Frenchy sent him word across the plains: "Never mind seeing *me!* See the Blade—and pay to do it, if you stake your bottom dollar!"

Just at this time the White Stone Mine in Hooser City had bought specie—and didn't keep it twenty-four hours! The robbery was as neat (Frenchy said) as though the Blade had cut it out of paper to amuse a child!

Poor Murky couldn't put his hand on a fact; he'd just wind a thread to a knot, and then the Blade would cut the knot straight through, and leave Murky holding a lot of dangling ends.

Then the Blade rung in a little song and dance which hit everybody in Deadville hard.

The Blazes Hotel was running a poker match against the "Red Light" joint; and every night the same old gang played for the crowd. They played on a table in the big room in sight of all, and the game was a thousand-dollar ante.

The men were roped in and guarded; there wasn't a chip on the table—nothing but cool yellow stuff and bills.

They lit the blamed hall with a row of lanterns run round the room on a rope. It was a fool light, anyhow, a poor one, and just as a man was paying ten thousand dollars to draw cards—why, plank! the rope gave way in half a dozen places round the room, and smash went lanterns and all to the floor; the place was dark as Egypt.

When the crowd got through yelling, and swearing, and grabbing, and stampeding—there were more than two hundred people in the room—why, somebody had skinned under the rope and out. The whole blasted business was wiped clean as a whistle of stakes and pool.

Frenchy Galinter said "he guessed the Blade would transfer, and he intended to anticipate him in Hooser City." He fixed up the business with Murky. "Just come along over here to Deadville, will you?" he wrote, "and get into my shoes.

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THE STORY-TELLER GOT UP ON THE TABLE

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I'll go over and give the Blade a Christmas-stocking surprise at Hooser; meet him at the train!" (This was a joke, as there wasn't any train within a hundred miles of Hooser.) Murky, of course, took whatever medicine the captain fixed, swallowed it like a man, and decamped at once. Each man then left his city at the same hour—Murky bound for Deadville, and Galinter for Hooser City. They were to meet (if they had the luck) midway, bunk together for the night, and shake hands for the first time in their lives, and then pass along.

It gets desperately cold after sundown on the plains. A man could freeze without much trouble. There was a heavy frost on this night, as luck had it for the poor devils, and the night was black as pot. Along toward the time they should have met, Frenchy stopped and hollered "Mur-ky!" And you can bet your last mill but he was glad to hear the word come back clear as glass, "Frenchy!" across the night, "Hel-lo!"

Then Mr. Galinter drew up his horse; his hands were stiff as sticks with cold. The two men "shook," and Murky said he held it to be "the great event of his life to meet Frenchy"—and he swore at the dark.

There wasn't anything to light in the way of fire, nor anything to eat but some cold vittles that each man had strapped up in the blanket back of his bronco's saddle.

They weighted the horses' bridles, made them secure, then sat down knee to knee on the mid-prairie to talk about "the Blade," to compare notes and sketch their future plans.

"My opinion is," Murky respectfully said, "that you're turning the cream all out to me!"

"Which is—?" the other man questioned.

"Why, that the Blade isn't going to stir his pins from Deadville! He isn't going to Hooser—you're leaving him behind you."

"Well, it won't be because he's on to my *move*," said Galinter, confidentially, "for he wasn't on to it. He didn't know I was in town."

"Just the same," Murky insisted, "I bet you seven to one he isn't going to see Hooser City for this next six months; you'll have your trip for your pony's shoes. Nothing more."

Galinter of course saw through the professional jealousy in this; and though he wasn't shaken in his belief, he was disappointed in Murky's keenness. Murky went on to say:

"I tell you further that *I* shall never run the Blade in. I own up, and if you don't do it, no one will. By-the-bye, do you take my little bet of seven to one that the Blade isn't going to Hooser?"

Frenchy did.

"Well, here's another to keep that company: I bet ten to one that you squeeze the Blade before twenty-four hours are cold."

Frenchy laughed. "That," he said, "is what I'm living to do, old man; you won't mind if I pass that bet."

So they let that bet go by. Murky told Frenchy page and chapter of the Blade's loots, and seemed to read him all his secrets to a neatness that made the San Francisco detective stare through the dark.

"By blank!" he said, "you're a keen eye! I did the wrong thing to draw you out of Hooser City! You're a wonder—man!" Murky was nodding like a mandarin, he was so pleased.

"Saving your presence," he grinned, "I believe I'm on to his dodges a bit."

Frenchy, as he listened to the way Murky talked about theft, was afraid he was getting old, or going crazy, or something. He'd never seen keener work. "I can't understand," he muttered, "why you have failed so far." He didn't actually get up and bow to Murky, however, or let him know how humble he felt.

They lit their cigars, and each man of them studied the other by the cigars' light. Their silver badges twinkled out from their waistcoats as though they were saluting each other as well.

Then the friends decided to "roll," which was done in this fashion: they spread their two blankets out on top of each other; then a man got at either end of the woollens, wound himself fast, and rolled toward his companion. So the two lay at length, head to head, shoulder to shoulder, foot to foot—even their mouths were done up—keeping each other warm with wool blankets and the heat of their bodies.

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The broncos never budged, but stood as they were, haltered for the night, to the men's feet. The last thing that Murky said was:

"Captain, do you know, I have an idea the Blade wasn't in that poker deal—not personally, at least. I believe he was in Hooser City at the time."

Frenchy pooh-poohed at him, and got really stirred up, and held forth for a while on his own hook. And of course Murky listened respectfully. It wasn't often that Frenchy would condescend to "talk shop," and it was a real education in the tracking of crime to hear his "ways and means" primer.

There was no one but their living selves in the whole blamed wilderness of plains, and many kinds of danger possible to sneak on to them—the Indians were lively as hot peas those days, and there were prairie-wolves, too, though rare. But the pals slept right through in the dead cold; and the broncos' coats were white with frost, and a little fine hair of frost lay over the blanket.

Frenchy woke with the dawn and stirred, and somehow couldn't roll out of his wad of wool so quickly as he wished.

"Well, my stars!" he exclaimed, adding some further vigorous language. He was handcuffed, locked handcuffed; he wriggled out of his roll finally.

"You're the Blade," he said to the man who stood grinning by the broncos.

"Well, I didn't christen myself," said the other, laughing.

Frenchy Galinter laughed out too; he couldn't help it. Then he grew sober. He looked at his toes and rattled his chains. He said, "These are my own jewels, I judge?" He was fastened in his own particular set of handcuffs that he always carried. "I didn't know," Galinter said, "that these grips were warranted to work on a sleeping man—without waking him."

The Blade roared. He had two Derringers at his belt; he patted them like as though they were babies.

"Your steel is all right, too," he said. "You always meant this barrel for me, didn't you—Galinter?"

The captain nodded. "Yes, from the other end."

"Thanks," grinned the thief; "it isn't just the same to me."

Frenchy had a cold shiver. As he looked at the Blade standing there, six foot four long and three foot broad, smiling as pleasantly as a basket of chips, and straight as a pine, he didn't dare think what his civilian clothes meant, and his badge.

But the Blade knew every card that was out. He grew black as midnight, and threw back his head as if he realized all that Galinter wondered, patting the sleeping children at his belt.

"Just recall that you ain't a question-mark, Frenchy," he said, very low. "What you've got to learn now is, not to bring things to a full stop. You want to know how to keep your soul inside your jacket. Savvy?"

"Oh, I throw up my hands!" Galinter admitted.

"I'll let you off from the gesture" (the Blade was cheerful); "your hands are too blamed heavy."

"It's your jack-pot, my man, all right. And now what are you going to do?" Galinter asked him.

The Blade was fingering the bridles of the ponies with no preference. "I like my horse well enough," he said, as though reflecting.

"You can lead my pony behind," Frenchy told him; "he leads well enough."

"I don't want to lead him; you haven't lost your knee grip, have you?" the Blade asked, and came over to Galinter and helped him up to his feet.

Frenchy Galinter didn't know whether the Blade was going to leave him there to rot or blow his brains out, but he didn't show a hair of fright. Meanwhile he was staring the thief up and down—eyes, mouth; he was drawing his picture deep.

"Do you think you'll know me when you see me again?" the Blade asked.

"I hope indeed I shall!" Galinter said, steady as a rock.

"Which means," said the Blade, "that you ain't afraid of going to a bad place when you die." He was full of the joke of it. His eyes had sparkles snapping in them, and his lips twitched.

Before the detective knew it the handcuffs were knocked off his wrists; he put his hands into his pockets.

"There is nothing but whiskey and

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bread for breakfast," the Blade said, "but here's to you, old sleuth!"

They broke bread and wet their gullets again together, Galinter knowing he was feeding with a red-handed villain—and how deep the color was, this morning, he wouldn't let himself guess.

Meanwhile the Blade was passing the word back and forth, cheerful as a county fair. He thanked Frenchy for letting him in on all his little games—and, "You can shake hands with yourself over the fact," the Blade said, "that I haven't lied a lie to you. Everything I told you about Hooser City was gospel truth. I have shaken the dust of it from me forever," he said, "and since they lynched 'Hurry-and-all Bob,' I've soured on the place, so I don't mind giving you a little ancient history."

Galinter said afterwards that the Blade was "handsome as a picture," and "set up to kill," and he meant it the way it sounds:

"I didn't superintend the poker business in Deadville, as you see, but it don't do discredit to my pals—does it?"

All Galinter was thinking of was Murky. Where to heaven or hell was he? He knew he couldn't spring on the Blade and throttle him. It would have been like rushing with a teacup into a fiery furnace—he would have been swished up in the flame.

"Well," the detective said, as he put up the flasks, "what's your next move?"

"Right along," returned the thief. "You were making a little trip to Hooser City when I met you, weren't you? Well, I'm set out for Deadville, and though I hate to break up our pleasant little visit, we'll have to part."

"Well?" said Galinter again, and waited, looking for death.

"Well," the Blade grinned back, "I've left you your cartridges in your left-hand coat pocket. You've got half a dozen."

He led Galinter's pony up to him. "Now sling a leg over, old man." (Was it a gauntlet? Was the Blade going to shoot him running?)

"Look here"—the detective got nervous and cursed—"I'm no liver-heart, but I'm not going to budge until I see your hand. What have you got? I'm going to die with my eyes open."

The Blade grew black again, that midnight blackness he always had when he was mad. "Who's talkin' of dying?" he growled. "I don't sleep neck to neck with a man in God's free plains, and keep warm when he's warm, and cold when he's cold, and then shoot him after breakfast. Do you?"

Galinter stared.

"Do you?" the Blade asked again, solemnly. "Now get up!" Frenchy climbed on to his pony, which was kicking by this like a windmill. The Blade swung up on his brute. He drew both Derringers, and he yanked Frenchy's out to him; handed it over, loaded to the plimsoll.

"Captain Magruder was all but skinned alive by the Indians last week," the Blade said, "right about here, and I guess our skins ain't too tough not to tempt them. You'll want your gun, Mr. Galinter."

The detective took it, and the Blade sat up straight as a candle on his horse, clutching his pony by the knees; and drawing his own pistol, he cocked it.

"Now," he said, "I'm an honest man from here to Deadville, as you'll be glad to hear, and I guess you're the same to Hooser."

"I'll wheel and ride," said Frenchy, short between his teeth, "s' help me!"

The Blade put up his weapon. "The honor's mine!" He gave a laugh and a little bow.

Now between them not a word of Murky had passed, and yet—both knew.

Blade wheeled like a flash, and Frenchy wheeled. Not a sign was further called, and each man rode his trail with that strange sense of honor behind and between them.

And Murky? Poor devil! He said all his life, "See Galinter and die," and he died before he saw him. Galinter found him well on, laid to the road-side neatly and quietly. There was a note stuck on his boot:

"Done in self-defence. I had to choose between Murky and Galinter, and (worse luck for me) I've left the better man."

Which was, in its way, a compliment.

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The Chantey-man

BY H. PHELPS WHITMARSH

THE now old-fashioned sea chanteys* hark back to such a remote period that it is impossible to say when or whence they originated, but in the language of the sea, "chantey" means a working-song. Unfortunately these purely salt-water songs were unwritten, being merely handed down from one generation of sailors to another, so that we cannot go farther back than the memory of the oldest living seaman.

Before the steam age, before the steam-propeller, the steam-winch, and the donkey-engine had cut down the sailor's professional value, all work aboard ship was done by hand, and to the "deep-water" sailor, or "wind-jammer," the chantey was as necessary as a military band is to a regiment. As the weary foot-soldier is encouraged to further effort by the inspiriting strains of martial music, so the sailor is cheered and helped in his labors by his hauling-songs.

But the chantey has for its foundation something more substantial than its enlivening qualities. Excepting in men-of-war, there is seldom a sufficiently large crew to tally on to the topsail-halyards, for instance, and walk away with them; the hoisting, therefore, has to be accomplished by a series of pulls, and in all probability the chantey was first used for the purpose of insuring unity in pulling. It has the same end, indeed, as the ordinary "singing out" which accompanies all kinds of united effort on shipboard, namely, that of hauling, pushing, or lifting together.

While there is scarcely any kind of sailor's work, whether it be holystoning decks, hauling up the bunt of a mainsail, or stowing cargo, that has not its own appropriate chanteys, the principal ones may be classed under two heads—the capstan or windlass chanteys, and those used when hauling up the ropes. All have a line or two of solo and a chorus, the latter being the principal part, and each is built and set to a time and tune peculiarly suited to its needs.

The soloists are known as chantey-men, and they are usually the older men of the forecastle. Time was when no ship's crew was complete without three or four such chanters, and the répertoire of some of these old tars was practically exhaustless. Most of the melodies are undoubtedly of English origin, though in many cases they have been influenced by contact with other nations. Thus we find a number of ancient airs set to words distinctly American, such as those of "Shenandoah," "Sally Brown," and "On the Banks of the Sacramento." The first two doubtless came from some Southern cotton port, as they bear ear-marks of negro singers.

To the landsman the words of a chantey will probably appear as the veriest doggerel, and it may be well to note here that the meaning of his composition was never of the slightest consequence to the chantey-maker. Evidently all he desired to do was to produce something that would sound well. He wanted a good, noisy chorus, with plenty of mouth-opening words, and a rhythm to which the times of hauling would swing naturally. As a rule, the chantey in its entirety possesses neither rhyme nor reason; nevertheless, it is admirably fitted for sailors' work. Each of these sea-songs has a few stock verses or phrases to begin with, but after these are sung, the soloist must improvise, and it is principally his skill in this direction that marks the successful chantey-man. A clever chantey-man, too, is known by his variations. They are of such a nature that they cannot be described on paper, but in listening to the plaintive melodies, like "Storm-along" and "The Lowlands," I have at times been reminded of a Gaelic psalm chant, such as is sung by the Scotch Highland-

* Pronounced shanties, and sometimes so written.

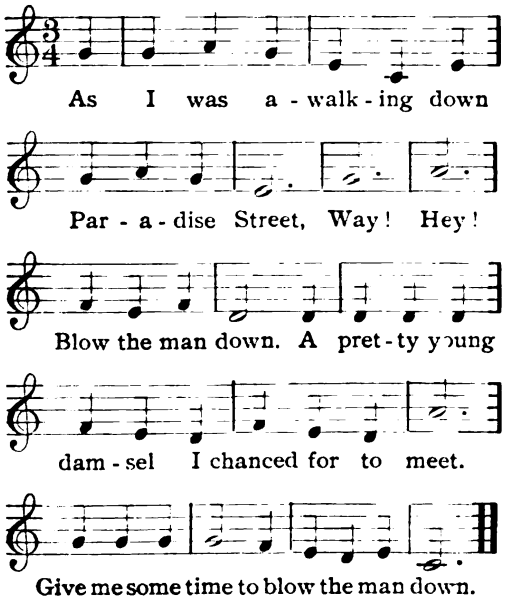
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ers and their descendants in Cape Breton; and again, they have seemed akin to the weird recitative and chorus of the aboriginal Australian.

Sometimes the sailor has taken a 'longshore tune and modified it for his own purposes. "When Johnny comes marching home again," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and "John Brown" are on rare occasions used as capstan chanteys; but it is a singular fact that none of the so-called nautical songs, such as "The Midshipmite" and "Sailing," have ever found favor in Jack's eyes. As a rule, he has a supreme contempt for songs of this stamp, and that because they are usually written by men who have not been to sea, and who therefore do not portray the life truthfully. The strength and charm of the chantey lie in its having been born on salt-water. This it is that gives it a true nautical swing and flavor, that lends to it an original freshness, and makes it smack of old ocean.

For hoisting a topsail, or for any other long haul by hand, there are a number of popular chanteys. A few of the best known follow, the words in italics marking the time for pulling:

BLOW THE MAN DOWN.



BLOW THE MAN DOWN

So.: As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,
Cho.: Way! Hey! *Blow* the man down.
So.: A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet.
Cho.: Give me some time to *blow* the man down.
So.: Says she, young man, will you stand treat?
Cho.: Way! Hey! *Blow* the man down.
So.: Delighted, says I, for a charmer so sweet.
Cho.: Give me some time to *blow* the man down.

And so on until a loud "Belay!" from the mate announces that the yard is high enough. In a long haul like this a poor chantey-man will repeat each line twice, while a good improvisatore will scorn such a spinning out, and turn the song upon current events, the officers, and the food. A chantey-man invariably alters certain words to suit himself. For instance, the chantey given refers to a notorious street in Liverpool. A Londoner would sing it:

As I was a-walking down Ratcliffe Highway,
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to spy.

And a New-Yorker would make this much-walked street Broadway.

A similar chantey is "Sally Brown." Who Sally Brown was, beyond the statement that she was "a bright mulatto" and "a gay old lady," and that "she's got a baby," I have never been able to discover, but she must have been a *rara avis,* for her charms are sung in half a dozen different ways; and if any one is entitled to be called the sailor's heroine, it is Sally.

Another mythical personage much sung about is "Reuben Ranzo":

So.: His name was Reuben Ranzo.
Cho.: Oh! *Ranzo,* boys, *Ranzo.*
So.: And Ranzo was no sailor.
Cho.: Oh! *Ranzo,* boys, *Ranzo.*
So.: He shipped aboard a whaler.
Cho.: Oh! *Ranzo,* boys, *Ranzo.*
So.: The captain was a bad man.
Cho.: Oh! *Ranzo,* boys, *Ranzo.*
So.: He triced him in the rigging,
Cho.: Oh! *Ranzo,* boys, *Ranzo.*
So.: And gave him four-and-twenty,
Cho.: Oh! *Ranzo,* boys, *Ranzo.*

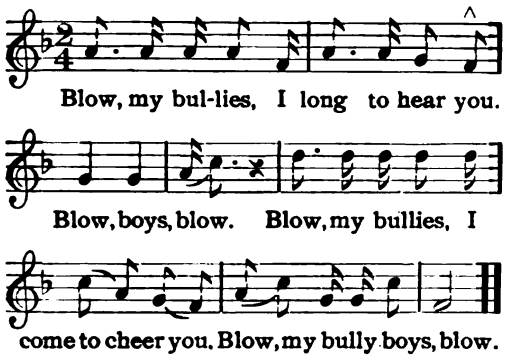
The song goes on to tell of the various vicissitudes that befell poor Ranzo, and

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one cannot help pitying him, for, according to all accounts, he had a very bad time of it.

Another rousing topsail-halyard chant is as follows:

BLOW, BOYS, BLOW.



BLOW, BOYS, BLOW.

So.: Blow, my bullies, I long to hear you.
Cho.: *Blow*, boys, *blow.*
So.: Blow, my bullies, I come to cheer you.
Cho.: *Blow*, my bully boys, *blow.*
So.: A Yankee ship's gone down the river.
Cho.: *Blow*, boys, *blow.*
So.: And what do you think they got for dinner?
Cho.: *Blow*, my bully boys, *blow.*
So.: Dandyfunk and donkey's liver.
Cho.: *Blow*, boys, *blow.*
So.: Then blow, my boys, for better weather,
Cho.: *Blow*, my bully boys, *blow.*

Then there is a popular chantey relating to the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte. It begins somewhat in this wise:

So.: Boney was a warrior.
Cho.: To me, *way*, hey, *yah!*
So.: A warrior and a tarrier,
Cho.: *John* Fran-*swaw.* (Jean François.)
So.: But the big-nosed duke, he put him through,
Cho.: To me, *way*, hey, *yah!*
So.: He put him through at Waterloo,
Cho.: *John* Fran-*swaw.*

Another favorite conveys the information that "Tom's gone to Hilo." One version opens after the following fashion, which is sung with gusto:

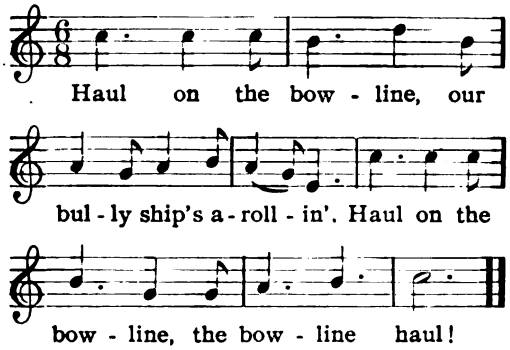
So.: Tommy's gone and I'll go too,
Cho.: *A*-way, *ey*, oh!
So.: Tommy's gone to Timbuctoo,
Cho.: *Tom's* gone to *Hilo.*

After running on for a while about the beauties of Hilo, and the delightful life that Tommy led, and so forth, the song branches off (as indeed most halyard chanteys do) into such words as these:

So.: Up aloft this yard must go.
Cho.: *A*-way, *ey*, oh!
So.: Up aloft from down below,
Cho.: *Tom's* gone to *Hilo.*
So.: Oh! did you hear the first mate say,
Cho.: *A*-way, *ey*, oh!
So.: Give one more pull, and then belay.
Cho.: *Tom's* gone to *Hilo.*

Other much-used chanteys for work of this nature are "Whiskey Johnny," "Poor Old Man," "Cheerly Men," "The Black Ball Line," and "A Hundred Years Ago." For work requiring only a few pulls, as the tautening of a weather-brace, a different kind of chantey is called for. In this case a turn is kept on the belaying-pin so that the slack can be held after each pull. The hands having laid hold of the rope, the chantey-man usually stands with arms outstretched above the block, and sings:

HAUL ON THE BOWLINE.



So.: Haul on the bowline (bolin),
Our bully ship's a-rollin',
Cho.: Haul on the bowline, the bowline—*Haul.*
So.: Haul on the bowline,
Our Captain he's a-growlin',
Cho.: Haul on the bowline, the bowline—*Haul.*
So.: Haul on the bowline,
Oh, Kitty, you're my darlin'.
Cho.: Haul on the bowline, the bowline—*Haul.*

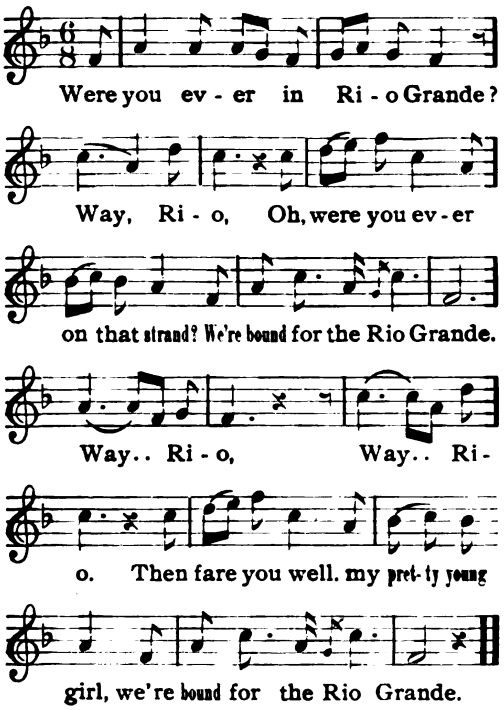
And so on, all laying back at the last word of each verse and pulling with a will. Again we have a bowline chantey characteristically referring to Jack's "girl in every port":

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So.: Once I loafed a Deutscher maid,
Und she vas fat and lazy,
Cho.: Way, haul away, haul away—*Joe.*
So.: And thin I coorted an Irish gyurl,
She—nigh dhruv me crazy.
Cho.: Way, haul away, haul away—*Joe.*

The capstan or windlass chanteys admit of a little more leeway in their composition, inasmuch as there is no regular hauling time, the sailors merely tramping around the capstan, or heaving up and down on the handle-bars of the windlass. When heaving anchor on an outward-bound vessel, a common one is "Rio Grande," which runs as follows:

WERE YOU EVER IN RIO GRANDE?



So.: Were you ever in Rio Grande?
Cho.: Away, you Rio.
So.: Were you ever on that strand?
Cho.: We're bound for the Rio Grande.
And away, you Rio,
Way, you Rio;
Then fare you well,
My bonny young girl,
We're bound for the Rio Grande.

So.: Where the Portugee girls can be found,
Cho.: Away, you Rio.
So.: And they are the girls to waltz around,
Cho.: We're bound for the Rio Grande.
And away, you Rio,
Way, you Rio;
Then fare you well,
My bonny young girl,
We're bound for the Rio Grande.

When homeward bound, the following chantey usually finds favor:

WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND.



The second stanza runs thus:

So.: We're loaded down with sugar and rum,
Cho.: Good-by, fare you well,
Good-by, fare you well.
So.: The sails are set, and the breeze has come,
Cho.: Hurrah! my lads, we're homeward bound.

After a blow a suitable chantey is:

Old Storm-along, he is dead and gone,
Ay—ay—ay—Mister Storm-along.
Oh! Storm-along, he is dead and gone,
To my way, yah, Storm-along.

And there are many more, some gay and some cheery, like "Santa Anna"; others, like "The Lowlands," mournful as the sighing of the wind in the shrouds.

There are no chanteys more suggestive of the old-times wooden ships than those used at the pumps. Of these there are quite a number, some suited to the every-day work of clearing the bilges, and some adapted for more serious times. Where heavy weather has caused the vessel to leak more than usual, and the crew are weary from pumping, nothing could be more appropriate, doleful though it be, than "Leave her, Johnny, leave her":

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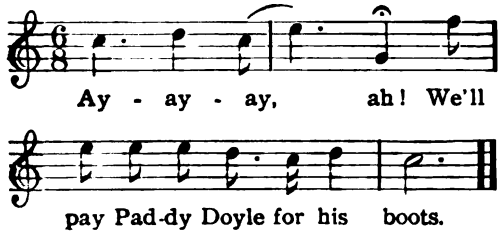
So.: Heave around the pump-bowls bright,
Cho.: Leave her, Johnny, leave her.
So.: There'll be no sleep for us to-night,
Cho.: It's time for us to leave her.

So.: Heave around or we shall drown,
Cho.: Leave her, Johnny, leave her.
So.: Don't you feel her settling down?
Cho.: It's time for us to leave her.

So.: The rats have gone, and we the crew,
Cho.: Leave her, Johnny, leave her.
So.: It's time, by ——, that we went too,
Cho.: It's time for us to leave her.

The quaintest little hauling-song of all, "Bunt Chantey," is only sung aloft when stowing a large sail, and it is confined to one short verse—if I may call it a verse. When a mainsail is being furled, and "all hands and the cook" are laid out on the yard and have the "skin" of the sail in their hands, a few simultaneous lifts are required to bring the heavy roll of canvas on to the yard. Then above the booming of the wind in belly of the topsails, above its howling as it hurries past the multitudinous ropes, comes the "bunt" cry:

WE'LL PAY PADDY DOYLE.



Way—ay—ay—ah,

followed by the strange chorus:

We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his *boots*.

At the last word every one gives a vicious hoist, and it is continued until the sail is in place and the gaskets are passed. This chantey doubtless originated in the superstition that bad luck would follow when shore bills were left unpaid, and the song is addressed to the Storm Fiend in hopes of appeasing his wrath.

A crew feeling that they are being worked unnecessarily, or that the vessel is being handled in an unseamanlike way, show their displeasure by refusing to sing. If very badly treated, they will not even give the usual rope-cries, but exasperate their officers by hauling in absolute silence. On the other hand, a contented "crowd" will chantey on every occasion, noisily tramping around the decks and cheerily singing their way from port to port. And surely no life has more need of such heart-lightening influence than that of the common sailor.

In this age the chantey-man is very little in evidence. His place is rapidly being taken by the hiss and clank of the steam-winch, and at the present rate at which progress is making new conditions he will soon be as extinct as the dodo. And with these new conditions we have a new class. But what a difference between the old-time sailor-man and the modern follower of salt-water! Steam with its labor-saving devices, iron sailing-ships, wire-ropes, screw rigging, and the 'longshore rigger have made the ancient art and craft of the sailor, with few exceptions, unnecessary. The principal end of seamen in these times is to use a chipping-hammer, a paint-brush, and the bucket of "soogey-moogey"—a compound for cleaning paint-work. The mariner of old in American vessels hailed from Cape Cod, the coast of Maine, and the Eastern seaboard. In English ships he was a native of the British Isles. Skilled in the mysteries of knots and splices, sail-making, and seamanship in general, steeped in brine and tar and the traditions of his calling, hewn into shape by his constant battle with the elements, he was a sailor to the backbone—a man whose blood ran Stockholm tar, and whose every hair was a rope-yarn. To-day the vessels of both nations are manned by foreigners. And with the advent of this new element the quaint customs and practices of the old-time sailor's life are fast dying.

The chantey, from a musical point of view, is crude enough, its melody is doubtful, and the voices that sing it are untrained—ay, even hoarse and cracked,—and yet in my memory there clings no song more in harmony with the wild freedom of the sea, no sound more cheery and stirring on stormy nights, than when

Blow, my bullies, I long to hear you,
Blow, boys, *blow*.
Blow, my bullies, I come to cheer you,
Blow, my bully boys, *blow*,

is being bellowed through a score of lusty throats.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

AMONG the many letters which the Easy Chair has received since its conference on the state of poetry, in a number of last spring, one of most decided note was from a writer confessing herself of the contrary-minded. "I love some children, but not childhood in general merely because it is childhood. So I love some poems rather than poetry in general, just because it is poetry. . . . I object to the tinkle. I object to the poetic license which performs a Germanic divorce between subject and verb, so that instead of a complete thought which can be mastered before another is set before the brain, there is a twist in the grammatical sequence that requires a conscious effort of will to keep the original thread. The world is too busy to do this; reading must be a relaxation, not a study. . . . When poetry conforms in its mental tone to the spirit of the times; when it reflects the life and more or less the common thought of the day, then more of the common people will read it."

There were other things in this letter which seemed to us of so much importance, that we submitted it as a whole to a Woman's Club of our acquaintance. The nine ladies composing the club were not all literary, but they were all of æsthetic pursuits, and together they brought a good deal of culture to bear on the main points of the letter. They were not quite of one mind, but they were so far agreed that what they had to say might be fairly regarded as a consensus of opinion. We will not attempt to report their remarks at any length—they ran to all lengths,—but in offering a résumé of what they variously said to a sole effect, we will do what we can to further the cause they joined in defending.

I

The Muses—for we will no longer conceal that this Woman's Club was composed of the tuneful Nine—acknowledged that there was a great deal in what their contrary-minded sister said. They did not blame her one bit for the way she felt; they would have felt just so themselves in her place; but being as it were professionally dedicated to the beautiful in all its established forms, they thought themselves bound to direct her attention to one or two aspects of the case which she had apparently overlooked. They were only sorry that she was not there to take her own part; and they confessed, in her behalf, that it *was* ridiculous for poetry to turn the language upside down, and to take it apart and put it together wrong-end to, as it did. If anybody spoke the language so, or in prose wrote it so, they would certainly be a fool; but the Muses wished the sister to observe that every art existed by its convention, or by what in the moral world Ibsen would call its life-lie. If you looked at it from the colloquial standpoint, music was the absurdest thing in the world. In the orchestral part of an opera, for instance, there were more repetitions than in the scolding of the worst kind of shrew, and if you were to go about singing what you had to say, and singing it over and over, and stretching it out by runs and trills, or even expressing yourself in *recitativo secco,* it would simply set people wild. In painting it was worse, if anything: you had to make believe that things two inches high were life-size, and that there were relief and distance where there was nothing but a flat canvas, and that colors which were really like nothing in nature, were natural. As for sculpture, it was too laughable for anything, whether you took it in bass-reliefs with persons stuck onto walls, half or three-quarters out, or in groups with people in eternal action; or in single figures, standing on one leg, or holding out arms that would drop off if they were not supported by stone pegs; or sitting down out-doors bareheaded where they would take their deaths of cold, or get sun-struck, or lay up rheumatism to beat the band, in the rain and snow, and often without a stitch of clothes on.

All this and more the Muses freely conceded to the position of the contrary-minded correspondent of the Easy Chair, and having behaved so handsomely, they felt justified in adding that her demand seemed to them perfectly preposterous. It was the very essence and office of

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poetry *not* to conform to "the mental tone and spirit of the times"; and though it might very well reflect the life, it must not reflect "the common thought of the day" upon pain of vulgarizing and annulling itself. Poetry was static in its nature, and its business was the interpretation of enduring beauty and eternal veracity. If it stooped in submission to any such expectation as that expressed, and dedicated itself to the crude vaticination of the transitory emotions and opinions, it had better turn journalism at once. It had its law, and its law was distinction of ideal and elevation of tendency, no matter what material it dealt with. It might deal with the commonest, the cheapest material, but always in such a way as to dignify and beautify the material.

Concerning the first point, that modern poetry was wrong to indulge all those inversions, those translocations, those ground and lofty syntactical tumblings which have mainly constituted poetic license, the ladies again relented, and allowed that there was much to say for what our correspondent said. In fact, they agreed, or agreed as nearly as nine ladies could, that it was perhaps time that poetry should, as it certainly might, write itself straightforwardly, with the verb in its true English place, and the adjective walking soberly before the noun; shunning those silly elisions like *ne'er* and *o'er,* and, above all, avoiding the weak and loathly omission of the definite article. Of the tinkle, by which they supposed the contrary-minded sister meant the rhyme, they said they could very well remember when there was no such thing in poetry; their native Greek had got on perfectly well without it, and even those poets at second-hand, the Romans. They observed that though Dante used it, Shakspere did not, and Milton did not, in their greatest works; and a good half of the time the first-rate moderns managed very well with blank verse.

II

The Easy Chair did not like to dissent from these ladies, both because they were really great authorities, and because it is always best to agree with ladies when you can. Besides it would not have seemed quite the thing when they were inclining to this favorable view of their sister's contrary-mindedness, to take sides against her. In short, the Easy Chair reserved its misgivings for some such very intimate occasion as this, when it could impart them without wounding the susceptibilities of others, or risking a painful snub for itself. But it appeared to the Chair that the Muses did not go quite far enough in justifying the convention, or the life-lie, by which poetry, as a form, existed. They could easily have proved that much of the mystical charm which differences poetry from prose resides in its license, its syntactical acrobatics, its affectations of diction, its elisions, its rhymes. As a man inverting his head and looking at the landscape between his legs, gets an entirely new effect on the familiar prospect, so literature forsaking the wonted grammatical attitudes, really achieves something richly strange by the novel and surprising postures permissible in verse. The phrases, the lines, the stanzas which the ear keeps lingering in its porches, loath to let them depart, are usually full of these licenses. They have a witchery which could be as little proved as denied; and when any poet proposes to forego them, and adhere rigidly to the law of prose in his rhythm, he practises a loyalty which is a sort of treason to his calling, and will go far toward undoing him.

While the ladies of that club were talking, some such thoughts as these were in our mind, suggested by summer-long reading of a dear, delightful poet, altogether neglected in these days, who deserves to be known again wherever reality is prized or simplicity is loved. It is proof, indeed, how shallow was all the debate about realism and romanticism that the poetic tales of George Crabbe were never once alleged in witness of the charm which truth to condition and character has, in whatever form. But once, long before that ineffectual clamor arose, he was valued as he should be still. Edmund Burke was the first to understand his purpose and appreciate his work. He helped the poet not only with praises but with pounds till he could get upon his feet. He introduced Crabbe's verse to his great

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friends, the great Doctor Johnson who perceived at once that he would go far, to Sir Joshua Reynolds who felt the brother-artist in him, to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, whose oaths were harder than his heart toward the fearlessly fearful young singer. The sympathy and admiration of the highest and the best followed him through his long life to his death. The great Mr. Fox loved him and his rhyme, and wished his tales to be read to him on the bed he never left alive. Earl Grey, Lord Holland, and the brilliant Canning wrote him letters of cordial acclaim; Walter Scott, the generous, the magnanimous, hailed him brother, and would always have his books by him; none of his poems appeared without the warmest welcome, the most discriminating and applausive criticism from Jeffrey, the first critic of his long day.

Crabbe had not only this exquisitely intelligent hearing, but he was accepted on his own terms, as a poet who saw so much beauty in simple and common life that he could not help painting it. He painted it in pieces of matchless fidelity to the fact, with nothing of flattery, but everything of charm in the likeness. His work is the enduring witness of persons, circumstances, customs, experiences utterly passed from the actual world, but recognizably true with every sincere reader. These tales of village life in England a hundred years ago, are of an absolute directness and frankness. They blink nothing of the sordid, the mean, the vicious, the wicked in that life, from which they rarely rise in some glimpse of the state of the neighboring gentry, and yet they abound in beauty that consoles and encourages. They are full of keen analysis, sly wit, kindly humor, and of a satire too conscientious to bear the name; of pathos, of compassion, of reverence, while in unaffected singleness of ideal they are unsurpassed.

Will our contrary-minded correspondent believe that these studies, these finished pictures, which so perfectly "reflect the common life . . . . of the day," are full of the license, the tinkle, the German divorce of verb and subject, the twisted grammatical sequence, which her soul abhors in verse? Crabbe chose for his vehicle the heroic couplet in which English poetry had jog-trotted ever since the time of Pope, as it often had before; and he made it go as like Pope's couplet as he could, with the same cæsura, the same antithetical balance, the same feats of rhetoric, the same inversions, and the same closes of the sense in each couplet. The most artificial and the most natural poets were at one in their literary convention. Yet such was the freshness of Crabbe's impulse, such his divine authority to deal with material unemployed in English poetry before, that you forget all the affectations of the outward convention, or remember them only for a pleasure in the quaintness of their use for his purposes.

III

How imperishable, anyway, is the interest of things important to the spirit, the fancy, and how largely does this interest lie in the freshness of the mind bringing itself to the things, how little in the novelty of the things! Here at our hand is a new book about Italy, of all the over-travelled, over-written countries of the world. But *can* there be a new book about Italy? Easily and always if you will go to the Italy of life as Mrs. Katharine Hooker has done, and not to the Italy of literature. Or rather, if you will seek the sources of the literature in the life. That is what this pleasant writer does, in company with a kindred spirit who formed with her and all the authors and artists they loved, the "Wayfarers in Italy." They were not always wandering; sometimes they sojourned for weeks, for months, notably in Florence, in Venice, in Siena, in Urbino, between their journeyings to and from Rimini, Ravenna, Assisi, San Gemigiano, Milan, Bergamo, Mantua, Ferrara, and twenty other precious places of honeyed name and golden fame. If the grandeur that was Rome and the splendor that is Naples are left out of the count, still it is rich enough without them; and the Italy visited is somehow the Italy nearest the heart. Our Wayfarers visited it like the Passionate Pilgrims who, we have had our fears, were passing out of a world abandoned to progress and expansion, but who, as we shall now believe, will always find themselves alive and in full force whenever they touch Italian soil. All that any one need ever do, in

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order to elect himself to this bright band, is to have a mind reasonably stored with general reading, a modest taste formed upon good criticism of art, a soul in sympathy with the beautiful, an amiable patience with the minor hardships, and a smile of intelligence for the shortcomings of the temperament which is really all there is of Italian character. It is not perhaps so very easy, but it is not so very difficult, and it is certainly not impossible, as these "Wayfarers in Italy" will bear us witness. They were gifted with a due share of that American humor which, when it is not professional, is one of the best things in the world, and they saw things kindly as well as truly; perhaps saying the one is saying the other. The record of their every-day experiences — the things that commonplace people call commonplace—and of their every-other-day adventures has a serene charm which it would lose for the reader if we insisted upon it, and a poetic sweetness which goes well with the constant humor. But, above all, there is the freshness which the unstaled intellect finds in the most familiar and accustomed things. The new world is first within, and if Columbus had not discovered America here, sooner or later he would have stumbled upon it somewhere in Europe.

The demand for strangeness in the things themselves is the demand of the sophisticated mind: the mind which has lost its simplicity in the process of continuing unenlightened. It is this demand which betrays the mediocre mind of the Anglo-Saxon race, the sophistication of the English mind, and the obfuscation (which is sophistication at second hand) of the American mind. They, the poor average, are always wanting to have others to write about new things, instead of writing newly about the old things. Instead of that dear Italy which we all know, this sort would have had our Wayfarers tell of a perfectly unexplored and unexploited Italy, never visited before because it never existed.

IV

In a polite periodical we read the other day a suggestive communication from a correspondent urging us to have more and better criticism in all our periodicals. This is not so simple as the writer perhaps thinks, and it may be long from here to the abode of the prophets who shall expound such mysteries as, "What are the conditions from which springs, we will say, Mr. Norris's theory of the novel? Why is Mr. Howells's democracy less convincing to the imagination than Tolstoy's? What makes the difference between Miss Wilkins's *Portion of Labor* and, say, Hauptmann's *Weavers*?" The correspondent of the periodical in question seems to think that adequate literary journalism would tell us; but we do not know that we need wait for this altogether. Mr. Norris's theory of the novel is the Zolaesque theory, which he improved and adapted to conditions which it did not spring from; in his hands the theory of human documentation became more selective; he made the epic poetical again, and imbued it with the strong, fiery spirit of the California soil and air which is as native as the California flavor of the grapes grown from the Spanish stocks. As for Mr. Howells, we hardly feel authorized to speak for him; but it may be tentatively said that his democracy does not convince the imagination so much as Tolstoy's because it is incomparably less powerfully imagined than Tolstoy's. But in coming to Miss Wilkins's work we fearlessly affirm that its difference from Hauptmann's may possibly lie in the world-wide difference of the conditions from which it originates. Poverty is the same everywhere; like slavery it is still a bitter draught. But the physiognomy of the poor varies from land to land and from age to age. It expresses patience, and despair, or oblivion, everywhere, but in our country there is conjecturable also a certain surprise, the bewilderment of people who have been taught to expect better things of life, and who have fallen to the ground through the breaking of a promise. Was this, their faces ask, really the meaning of the glad new world? If Miss Wilkins has caught this expression of our poor (we do not say she has) she has divined the difference between them and the poor of the old world, where misery is of such ancient date that all hope has died out of it, and the disappointment of defeated expectation has been long outgrown.

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V

As the reader will bear witness we have been careful to defend our surmise as to the fact of Miss Wilkins's contribution to sociology by several very obvious ifs and ans. But when it comes to inferences from the possible or impossible fact, we have no hesitations, no provisions. Whatever the difference of fact between *The Portion of Labor* and *The Weavers,* the difference of effect needs no coming of a seer for the interpretation. Miss Wilkins's work is less impressive than Herr Hauptmann's, because it is in a region less strange than his. Misery for misery, the average mind prefers that which is foreign to its observation or experience. The non-imaginative person is nowhere so much at home as in a voluntary exile; and this may be why it was sometime said that travel is the fool's paradise. For such a person to realize anything, the terms are that he shall go abroad, either into an alien scene, or into a period of the past; then he can begin to have some pleasure. He must first of all get away from himself, and he is not to be blamed for that; any one else would wish to get away from him. His exaction is not a test of merit; it is merely the clew to a psychological situation which is neither so novel nor so important as to require of our hard-worked civilization the production of an order of more inspired criticism than it has worried along with hitherto.

It is not the key to the mystery of Frank Norris's great work, now ended. He lived to give us in *McTeague* and *The Octopus* two novels of such signal mastery, so robust, so compact, so vital, and yet so graced with the beauty of an art which came to its consciousness in full maturity, as to merit that comparison which they need not fear with the best of our time. He has died in the flower of his years, and has bereft us of a hope in fiction which no other now promises fully to restore. He did not invent his means; in a world already rather full of inventions we rather inherit our means; but he was in the divine secret of the supreme artists: he saw what was before him, with the things in their organic relations, and he made life live. Most people, however, do not like to see life living, especially life that they might know if they knew or could bear to know themselves, and so perhaps Frank Norris's mastery will remain a mystery to them.

It was the glad delusion of the Easy Chair in the days when it was the Study that the reader could be persuaded to ask nothing better of the writer than the truth about the facts. But this was a radiant error: the reader, in his immense majority, asks nothing worse of the writer. He desires only and ever that the pneumatic tires bearing him to eternity shall be constantly pumped full of the East wind; and that perhaps is one of the minor reasons why the democracy of one American author mentioned by the correspondent of that polite journal is "less convincing to the imagination than Tolstoy's." It is mainly but not merely because Tolstoy's imagination is incomparably more potent. It is also because the aspiration of the widely parted classes of Russia towards a human brotherhood is in a region of entrancing strangeness, where we can feel its pathos and its sublimity, and not be molested by any social likeness in it to our own experiences. It has the fascination of the thing *in posse,* which the thing *in esse* already lacks. It is conjecturable that democracy as we have realized it, and as that mistaken American author has studied and painted it, has a repulsiveness which the ideal does not wear. It looks ordinary, commonplace, uninteresting, as one's face and figure are apt to look in the glass when not made up for the ordeal. This, however, one may very well feel, is not the fault of one's self, but of the glass, and then one does well to smash it, or if not quite that, to impeach its veracity.



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Editor's Study.

THE editor has reached that period of life when he naturally indulges the reminiscent mood, and he is inclined to beg the indulgence of his readers toward some precipitation of it in these pages. As, looking long upon the red, the eye creates the complementary green, so the near vision of those reddish-golden apples that grow in the Western Garden surely develops the spring-time hues, the tender green of other gardens left far behind, which found their complement in the red gold of dawn.

Thus it happens that the editor has recently been thinking of the conditions which determined the intellectual development of the boys of his own age some sixty years ago—just about midway between the present time and that of the formation of our national government. What books were read then by American children? What books were accessible to them? What incentives, from the conditions of their life, prompted their mental activity and determined their choice of books? For the majority of our readers this period is remote enough to belong to the "shadowy past," whose obscurity can be cleared away by the writer only as he keeps close to his own personal experience and observation, drawing from the store of his memory, and therefore becoming to some extent autobiographical, with enough local color in his representation to fix it as a veritable impression. The circumstances of one's individual life very strongly affect his expression in literature and the character of his relations to the world of letters as reader or critic; and the conditions of a people's life must also be taken into account if we would comprehend the literature of that people at any given period.

I

The popular habit in America was quite averse to the production of literature, from the settlement of the country to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. At the time when England produced such writers as Marlowe, Shakspere, Ben Jonson, and Bacon, her spirit of adventure was at flood tide, and one tremendous wave of that tide was the impulse prompting the possession and colonization of North America. But the colonists themselves, bred in this Elizabethan summer, neither in Virginia nor in New England showed any signs that they were stimulated by its influences or any tendency to continue in the New World the culture of the Old. Puritanism positively eschewed that culture, the white heat of its fanaticism showing itself in all worldly affairs as a hoar-frost whose chill has never wholly released its contracting and benumbing grip upon American intellectual and emotional expression. In England, within the Puritanic fold itself, the poetic genius of Milton might find expression, but in New England such florescence was impossible, because, wholly apart from the ascetic temper of the people, its energies were quite entirely absorbed in the conquest of a new country and in the building up of civil and religious institutions. This was also the case in Virginia, which, though not Puritanic, produced no poets or artists, but only great planters and statesmen.

The colonies driven from the mainland of Greece by the Doric invasion seemed by that very separation to leap into a new culture, which returned in argosies of poetic and philosophic treasure to the mother-country. But these colonists were in a plastic stage of development, and experienced thorough rejuvenescence in their new conditions. The English colonists in America, on the contrary, not only confronted sterner necessities in their new world, but they entered upon their career with all the disadvantages of fixed habits, of a character already formed. Advantages there were from this, especially for the continuous development of Anglo-Saxon liberty and law; but there was no newness of spirit, no freshly creative impulse. In the lines of a higher culture there was not even a continuity of the currents that vitalized English life. Educated men in New England and Virginia read, at their leisure and following their several tastes, the great literary

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works produced in England in their own and in earlier times, but they contributed nothing to this splendid treasury. American life in these conditions—which were continued far into the nineteenth century — became at once sturdy and, by reason of its limitations, apparently sordid.

It seems strange that the great English writers of the seventeenth century should not have stimulated literary activity in this country. The only indication of such an effect is disclosed in certain epistolary writings of the early colonial period. The King James Bible was a universal possession, but its noble inspiration, powerful as it was in religious channels, was in these very channels narrowed and degraded by perverse opinion, so that its only eminent product in literature was Jonathan Edwards's treatise on the Will.

Shakspere's plays and all other dramatic literature were excluded from Puritan hospitality, which accepted Milton, and found the embodiment of a kindred spirit in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The libraries of Virginia gentlemen were more catholic, but they were few and meagre; probably Washington's was the most extensive. English literature of the eighteenth century was doubtless an elegant intellectual entertainment to every American of exceptional taste and culture, furnishing a fund of available allusions and quotations for the embellishment of elaborate political essays and orations; but it was not calculated, as was the best literature of the seventeenth century, to inspire the creative imagination.

When the inspiration came it was rather from stirring events than from books. The Revolution in France, following so closely upon our own, betokened a new awakening of the human spirit. In the British Isles it stirred Wordsworth and Coleridge, all the Lake poets, and the men who made Edinburgh a brilliant literary centre; it transformed English literature. Its impulse was felt in America, but for a generation prompted a political rather than a literary aspiration.

II

One would naturally suppose that this new English literature just preceding the Victorian era would have immediately awakened American literary activity to efforts which would be in some degree memorable. The fact that it did not is only partly to be accounted for by the absorbing political habit of thought and action. There was no stimulating audience. It is almost impossible for us of to-day to fully comprehend the isolation of American communities even in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The era of steam and electricity had not dawned. A small population was scattered over an immense area extending from Maine to Florida and Louisiana. It was not, as now, chiefly aggregated in the cities and large towns. The public-school system was only partially established. Trade was limited; the producer met the consumer near at hand, and, as during the colonial period, the rural economic life in every district was developed within its own narrow limits, like physiological tissue—a simple and wholesome plan, but having the defects of its Spartan virtues.

The paucity of books was one of the chief disadvantages of this isolation. In the early forties there was a great improvement, in New England at least, owing to the general interest in popular education, the benefits of which reached the most secluded and sparsely populated districts.

The editor's early boyhood was passed in one such district in the mountains of Vermont, near the source of the Otter Creek. The children of a few families living far apart went to school during the summer months through woods where bears were sometimes caught. The school-house was built of logs; yet it was there that we had our first glimpse of a celestial globe, and we vividly recall the mysterious fascination of its quaintly figured constellations. Already the Bible, the only book, excepting Watts's Hymns, in the home—also a log house,—had been read (especially such portions of it as were of dramatic or poetic interest), and had had its wonderful way with the boy's imagination, mingling naturally with the wild mountain scenery. Now and then a honey-tree was found, and it seemed to us that it was in just such a wilderness that John the Baptist fed on locusts and wild honey. The stream a mile or two distant, where sometimes the

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rite of baptism was performed, was easily translated into the sacred Jordan. The fear of bears gave new zest to the story of the prophet Elisha and the railing children.

With the school days other books became familiar — Webster's "Spelling Book," Peter Parley's "Geography," and "The Young Reader." This last was not made up, as modern "Readers" are, of selections from the best English and American literature — it did not even contain Benjamin Franklin's story of "The Boy who paid too much for his Whistle"; but it had just as quaint and Aesopian wisdom in its tale of "The Discontented Squirrel" and, by way of contrast, that of the boy who made the best of everything, whatever ill luck befell him. Then there was the pathetic account of "Edwin's Death Bed." How indelibly all these are fixed in our memory! Wisdom disguised in fables gave the flavor of Aesop to the last pages of Webster's Spelling Book, where, embellished with rude wood-cuts, were the stories of the milkmaid whose giddy fancy of the green silk dress she would buy with the profits of her dairy so unbalanced her head that from it dropped the brim-full pail—thus teaching that chickens should not be counted before they are hatched, —and of the farmer who took it for granted that the gored ox his neighbor was telling him about belonged to that neighbor, and whose tune changed so suddenly when he found that it was his own. The frontispiece of this book was a full-page engraving picturing the Temple of Fame, whose dazzling dome, like that of the Pantheon, represented the pinnacle of human aspiration.

The boys and girls of that day were fed upon stories that were either teaching fables or moralities, lessons of life rather than of literature. This had been the case from the beginning in America —the result being as plainly evident in the practical maxims of Franklin as in the stories Lincoln loved to tell. It is the characteristic American vernacular, as evident in Mark Twain's latest tale as in the mother-wit pervading the transcendental utterances of Emerson, and in the plain, homely moral sense which characterized the humorous fabulations of Lowell's Biglow Papers.

But we must not so soon leave Vermont. Though the reader has had so much of it in this number already, and though he cannot be presumed to have any interest in that Mount Tabor which we have been describing because it was the scene of the editor's earliest years— a circumscribed theatre, where the surrounding mountains belated the sunrise, and the highway into the world was through a western pass, at one season of the year gloriously illuminated by the setting sun, making it the shining path of a boy's dreams,—yet in a general way the situation is interesting as showing the intellectual possibilities of an exceptionally secluded region, in which lucifer matches were not yet in use, and fires were cherished as in the temples of Vesta. We remember the delight it gave us to receive a larger geography than Peter Parley's—Mitchel's, we believe, it was—with an atlas. What new views of that great world which the sunset glorified! An elder brother who had gone out into that world brought back books with him on occasional visits. Among these, we remember Nelson's *Cause and Cure of Infidelity*. The author made courageous use of Lyell's new views of geology; and though we have not seen the book in later years, we can recall the argument and the illustrations — even their locations on the pages; it was the first stimulus to our speculative thought. In the same way we had a glimpse of *Yankee Notions* and *Brother Jonathan*— two illustrated annual sheets published in New York by T. W. Strong, who was one of the earliest patrons of engravers and artists in connection with illustrated journalism, and whose imprimatur was on several juvenile books that in one way or another came into our hands. Thirty-odd years later (so small the world is!) we purchased of this publisher—then a fellow-townsman in New Jersey—the house in which we are now writing; but the acquaintance in manhood never quite dispelled the mystery associated with the name which to the boy had seemed to belong with the mystical figures and nomenclature on the celestial globe.

A few years ago a friend of the editor, Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, talking into the small hours of the night, told him of the men and women who had

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come down from Vermont into Georgia at about the time of which we have been writing, and who as teachers were the principal active co-operators with the best minds of the latter State in establishing sound academic education. The Colonel, before he died, realized his long-cherished dream of visiting the State which more intimately than any other had been associated with the intellectual development of his own. How nearly his experience, at seventy, of the merely sensuous impressions he received — of vivid greens in the woods and meadows, and of aromatic fragrances from pine and balsam and hemlock—corresponded to our remembrance of these, showing that the rare distinction cherished in our memory was not wholly due to the partiality of the native or to the peculiar susceptibility of the child!

But in that early period, outside of the Bible, little reached us that could be called literature. A nomadic physician, whose arrival on horseback, with the old-fashioned saddle-bags, every few months, was a notable event, gave us our earliest introduction to Wordsworth's poetry. We remember reading "We are Seven," at his knee, and the impression made upon us by the feeling of the poem—the feeling of the oneness of the seen and the unseen world. Thus far and no farther were we permitted to enter upon the great field of English poetry. The only lyrics we knew were those of Watts, which were the accompaniment of New England life from the cradle to the grave. It was a far note—from the earth to the skies,—a projected optimism so very different from that of true poetry, which discloses the glory of our earthly life. But the telescopic range of these hymns never drew the people away from politics. The first political campaign that we knew anything about was that which resulted in the election of General William Henry Harrison, when, even in these remote mountain districts, the enthusiasm for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" was intense if not uproarious. We remember the campaign biography of the military hero —a neat little volume bound in black cloth, with Harrison's portrait embossed in gold upon the cover. Here we made our first acquaintance with the Indian warrior Tecumseh, who to our childish imagination was far more interesting than his white antagonist.

It seems remarkable that among the few books we had there was not one of American or European history. In the near towns copies of Judge Thompson's *Green Mountain Boys,* published at about that time, must have abounded, but its thrilling pages were never laid open for us. While a simple elementary education was insisted upon, all books not purely educational—those we ourselves had to read—owed their place in the community to either their religious or their political character. Yet the intellect as well as the imagination of the boy whose environment we have been considering received unusual stimulation, and a nutriment probably better assimilated than if he had been as abundantly supplied with books of every sort as are the children of to-day.

When, before another Presidential campaign, this boy was translated to a manufacturing village just across the New York border the contrast was evident. On the way his vision was surprised as by the sights of a new world. The neat farm-houses, painted red or white, seemed like palaces. The villages and towns passed through seemed parts of a wonder-book, and a kind of mystery hovered about the well-constructed bridges, upon which there must be "no riding or driving faster than a walk." As we, with all our earthly goods, entered at nightfall the town where our journey was to end, the sight of brightly lighted streets and tall buildings made it seem as if we had come to our new home by some royal highway.

All these marvels were a fitting prelude to new wonders of the mind waiting to be disclosed. But that is another chapter, in which, though dealing with different conditions, it will be seen that outside of the great seaboard cities the eager quest of the American people in the forties was for information—for the literature of knowledge rather than for that of power. It was a period of transition in which little attention was given by rural communities to the great English literature of the past, and no lively expectations were entertained of that American literature already emergent in Irving and Cooper and Bryant.

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An Omar for Ladies

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

ONE for her Club and her own Latch-key fights,
Another wastes in Study her good Nights,
Ah, take the Clothes and let the Culture go,
Nor heed the grumble of the Women's Rights!

Look at the Shopgirl all about us—"Lo,
The Wages of a month," she says, "I blow
In to a Hat, and when my hair is waved,
Doubtless my Friend will take me to the Show."

And she who saved her coin for Flannels red,
And she who caught Pneumonia instead,
Will both be Underground in Fifty Years,
And Prudence pays no Premium to the dead.

Th' exclusive Style you set your heart upon
Gets to the Bargain counters—and anon
Like monograms on a Saleslady's tie
Cheers but a moment—soon for you 'tis gone.

Think, in the sad Four Hundreds' gilded halls,
Whose endless Leisure ev'n themselves appals,
How Ping-pong raged so high—then faded out
To those far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

They say Sixth Avenue and the Bowery keep
The *dernier cri* that once was far from cheap;
Green Veils, one season *chic*—Department stores
Mark down in vain—no profit shall they reap.

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The Eloquence of Ham Bascom

BY ERNEST JARROLD

THE little African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in Juniper, Georgia, was without a shepherd. For forty years the venerable Rev. Zachariah Absalom Johnson had ministered to the spiritual wants of the congregation, but decay and time had claimed him for a victim, and he had gone to his long rest. The pastorate was considered a very comfortable one by the aspirants to religious honors in Georgia, and in answer to a call issued by the deacons of the church, several young theological students had preached trial sermons. But, for various reasons, none of them had secured the appointment. Some had been infected with the poison of materialism, and were lacking in faith, according to the deacons. One read his sermon, which was not only contrary to precedent, but led to some controversy as to originality. Besides, all



"DEM FOLKS IS HANKERIN' FO' DE 'POSSUM"

the applicants were too dignified, in the opinion of the judges. None of them accented his remarks by banging the desk and mauling the pulpit, as their revered and enthusiastic pastor Johnson had done. They were an emotional people, and they wanted some physical indication of earnestness.

And so the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church of Juniper was without a leader, and was slowly disintegrating. The members, one by one, were going over to the Baptist Church.

The outlook was very gloomy when the deacons met for their monthly conference. How to stop the tide of desertion was the chief subject of thought.

"De Sabbath day am been dessicated, bredderin," said Brother Barnes, leader of the Bible class. "De holy silence ob de Lawd's day is bein' made shameful by de bayin' ob de coon-dogs, and de chillen ob de congregation is gwine to de ribber fishin' for fish, w'en dey ought to be fishin' fo' men. What 'll we do, I axes you? Dat's de question. De shingles is rotten on de roof ob de meetin'-house. De stove is all rusty, kase de rain come in. We mus' hab money, bredderin. How 'll we git it? says you. I'll tell you how we'll git it. We'll send down Atlanta way, en git Ham Bascom to give his 'lustrated lecture about de Prodigal Son. We'll hab de lecture in Sam Jones's barn. After de lecture, dere'll be a barbecue, wid ham, en chicken, en 'possum, en we'll charge two bits to come to de lecture en de barbecue. How does dat suit you, bredderin?"

The idea met with universal approbation. A day or two later Juniper was placarded with bills, in glowing colors, heralding the appearance of the celebrated Ham Bascom, the golden-tongued orator. The Juniper African Methodist Episcopal Zion Young Men's Christian Association Banjo Club began to practise for the function. Sam Jones's barn, a huge structure, used for the storage of cotton, was swept out, and seats capable of ho'ding five hundred persons were placed in position.

A platform was built, foot-lights improvised by sticking candles into pumpkins, and kerosene-lamps were suspended from the rafters. The town rang with the coming event. Tribute was laid upon the congregation to furnish ample material for the barbecue. Such was the enthusiasm that the Baptist minister, with pardonable envious spleen, was heard to remark:

"It seems to me dat dem Methodis' fo'ks is hankerin' mo' fo' de 'possum dan fo' de eloquence ob Ham Bascom."

When the evening of the great event arrived, the fires of the barbecue lit up the barn and all the surrounding landscape. Savory odors were wafted over the village, and a dozen men were required to keep the dogs away. The Hon. Ham Bascom was escorted from the railway station by a pine-

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"DARS SWEET-'TATERS, EN HAM, EN CHICKEN, EN 'POSSUM"

knot procession. His nostrils dilated as he went up de aisle and the smell of baked chicken, ham, and 'possum came in at the windows. The barn was crowded to suffocation. When the Banjo Club had played an opening selection, the speaker, a man weighing two hundred pounds, stepped out to the pumpkin foot-lights. Every eye was upon him, and every auditor was breathing through his nose, in order that he might not lose an atom of the Lucullian air. Said he:

"Ladies and gem'men, dis am a large occasion. It am gwine to be a 'lustrated lecture, 'lustrated wid de livin' pictures ob wot I'm talkin' about. In de fust place, de good Lawd put a stomach in a man, and den he put in de brain. En he say to de cullud folks: 'Dar's sweet-'taters, en ham, en chicken, en 'possum, en rabbit, en pigeon, en watermillion for you. Don't you be no prodigal sons en go 'way from you' mammy to get white man's meat, like patty-de-foy grass. En mebbe w'ile you are gone dar am a pot on de stove wid a ham bilin' in it, de water bubblin' in de pot, en de smell comin' out in de kitchen. None o' yo' razor-back-hog ham, but sugar-cure ham, a chunk o' fat and den a chunk o' lean, like dis heah.'"

Here the speaker picked up from a platter in front of him a slice of pink and juicy ham. It was edged with a rim of fat. As he held his first picture up to the ravenous gaze of his audience, a low murmur rose all over the house. The orator resumed:

"As de poet says:

"Ham is de meat;
It's allus good en sweet;
You kin bake it, bile it,
Roast it, fry it—
Gimme de good, sweet ham."

The orator rolled this gustatory sentiment out in a deep bass. The audience was thrilled with emotion. His rendering was unctious, and inarticulate cries of appreciation arose from all sides.

"I got t' git out o' dis," whispered 'Liza Jackson to her neighbor. "I's feelin' faint. Dat ar man make me feel empty like a gourd."

The speaker quieted the rising tumult with a wave of his hand. Then he resumed:

"De secon' article on de bill o' fare ob dis 'lustrated lecture, ma frien's, is chicken. De prodigal dat goes down Atlanta way t' git white man's drag-out-o'-beef is a fool. Whar do dey grow chicken so tender as dey do in Georgy? De good Lawd he put it in de heart o' de rich man not to put a lock on de chicken-coop do'. De black man go up dar in de dark o' de moon. He warm a stick wid matches. Den he put de warm stick agin' de chickens' feet, and dey step on de stick, kase it's warm. W'en fo' or five chickens is roostin' on de stick he slides dem into de bag. Den, ma frien's, I axes you, how does he cook 'em?"

The speaker's voice arose in volume, as he repeated in impassioned tones:

"Does he bake 'em in de oben? No, ma

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HE GRASPED THE HON. HAM BASCOM'S HAND

frien's. Does he fry 'em in de pan? Agin I say to you, no. He friccasees 'em in de pot! He biles 'em till all de flesh comes off de bones! Till de meat is so sof' dat you don't hab to chew it! Till it melt in your mouf like honey. Jist a leetle chunk o' po'k in de pot to make de chicken slickery! Oh, ma bredderin, whar is de prodigal dat would hanker after de drag-out-o'-beef ob de white man when he had meat lak dis?"

Here the speaker ladled from a dish a purée of chicken and gravy, which fell back into the dish again with a gentle splash. Meanwhile the most intense excitement prevailed in the audience. The sweet savors wafted in at the window by the evening breeze, together with the vivid word-pictures of the speaker, were having an irresistible effect on the audience. One by one nearly half of them sneaked out of the barn, unable to stand the strain.

"An' now, ma frien's, I am come to de concludin' part ob dis ebenin's entertainment," resumed Mr. Bascom. "I am inform by ma nose dat de sweet-'taters is done, dat de ham en de chicken is roasted brown, en w'ile dey is mo' eloquenter dan any man, I axes yo' 'tention to de few las' remarks dat I is gwine to make. I am arrived, ma frien's, at de bes' meat dat was eber baked in de oben ob de Lawd, en dat's 'possum! Baked 'possum, ma beloved bredderin! Baked in de oben with sweet-'taters. De gravy sizzlin' down de sides ob de 'possum en soakin' into de sweet-'taters."

Here he held a baked 'possum up by the tail.

But the audience had reached the limit of endurance. Like a flood over a mill-dam, it broke for the door. It crowded the entrance and the windows, and in less than two minutes the barn was empty save for the orator and Deacon Barnes. Stepping forward, the deacon grasped the Hon. Ham Bascom's outstretched hand, exclaiming:

"I is de head deacon ob de Juniper Af'can Mefodis' 'Piscopal Zion Chu'ch, Mistah Bascom, en I is restrained to say dat I nevah, in all ma life, sah, nevah in all ma life, heerd sech a eloquentes disco'se!"

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Coquetry

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON

MODERN men are rough or stupid,
Daphne feels.
And an arrant fraud is Cupid,—
(How he steals!)
Weary of the plays and dances,
Gayety's conceits and fancies,
She will seek in old romances
For ideals!

For a prince of proudest bearing
Is she fain?
Him with me is she comparing
In disdain?
In the little smiles that hover
Round her lips do I discover
Longing for her banished lover
Once again?

If, emboldened, I dissemble
All I fear,
Whispering, the while I tremble,
"Daphne, dear,
Put away romances gory,
Mine's an older, sweeter story,
Never lost its Eden glory,"—
Will she hear?

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Uncle Stover's Slumbers

UNCLE STOVER, of Hawleyburgh, loved to sit on a box in front of Flink's grocery-store and tell what a light sleeper he was. Weasels were nowhere. He said, too, that he never snored. One day his grandson came home from the city and brought a phonograph. That night the scapegrace caught a cylinderful of his grandsire's snores. The next morning he ground them out; the noise made the windows rattle. But it didn't embarrass Uncle Stover in the least. He said the rascally boy had loaded the machine at the planing-mill. How could such a light sleeper as he was snore?

Uncle Stover lived with a married son on the edge of town; they had a small house, and, a hundred feet away, a large barn. One night the barn caught fire. The local fire company came out, and the department from Jonesboro. The barn was full of hay, and it made a fierce blaze. The engines clanged and puffed and snorted and "took on" generally. Uncle Stover did not waken. The firemen whooped and howled, and the flames roared and crackled. Uncle Stover slept on. By-and-by the roof of the house caught fire, and the men turned on a stream and ripped off a few shingles, but without disturbing the slumbers of Uncle Stover. Volunteers carried half the furniture out of the house. The window-casing of Uncle Stover's room, which overlooked the scene of turmoil, caught fire, and a stream was directed that way which broke out the glass. The human weasel within simply turned over and snored a little louder. The uproar continued, the barn timbers fell with a crash, and the crowd yelled and cheered. Just then one of the boys put his head out of the broken window and shouted,

"Chief, grandpop's afire!"

"Number Four, turn your stream on the old gentleman!" roared the chief through his trumpet.

The man obeyed, just saving the bed-clothes from total destruction. Uncle Stover's dreams remained undisturbed.

After a while the fire burned itself out, the firemen withdrew, and the crowd went home. At eight o'clock next morning a call for breakfast roused Uncle Stover. He bounded out of bed promptly. Then he paused and sniffed the air suspiciously. He cocked up his eye and sniffed again. Then he pranced to the bedroom door, jerked it open a foot, put out his head, and roared down the stairs:

"Hi, there, you pesky sleepy-heads, watch out! I smell something burning somewheres!"

On the box at Flink's he ever after maintained that he had been awake all the time, but had "played 'possum" for fear they would want him to man a hose.

H. C.



THE JEALOUS COACHMAN

"The boss ain't treatin' me fair. Look at the cape he lets the dog wear, an' what he gives to me!"

Untrustworthy

THE imp's little sister had upset the inkstand on her father's desk, and was in dread of punishment, so when asked who had done the deed, she replied:

"Brother," and, as an after-thought, "You'd better not say anything to him about it, though, because he might tell a lie."

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The "Martha Lee"

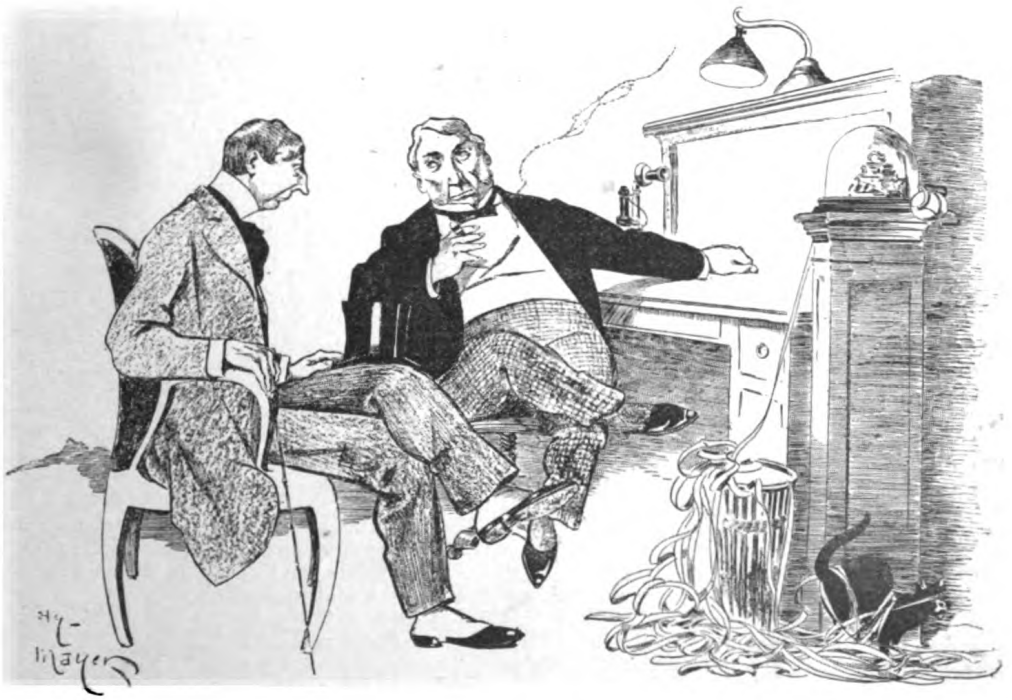
BY VICTOR A. HERMANN

DE ol' steamboat wid de big stahn wheel
Cum puffin' up de stream;
She shook en shook fum deck to keel
En her b'ilahs hissed wid steam.
De spahks rushed out fum each tall stack,
Her smoke wah a sight to see;
En her whistle sounded: "Clah de track!
Heah cums de *Marfy Lee*."
Den de Cap'en he took one mo' dram,
En he bellowed down to stokah Sam:
"Run up det steam till de gauge careens;
We've a load o' mules fo' New Ohleans."

De new steamboat wid de shoht stack on,
Den cum fum 'way up Noff,
Swung out fum de landin' lak a swan,
En dropped her hawseh off.
Her hull wah steel, en gleamin' bright,
Her wheel spun smoof en fas';
She chahned det muddy wateh white,
En blew a challenge blas'.
En de Cap'en he took one mo' dram,
To fix his nahves en keep him ca'm;
Sed he: "No matteh who she be,
She neveh shall beat de *Marfy Lee*."

De ol' steamboat she answehed back;
Her engine chahn en grin';
But de strange steamboat wid de shoht smoke-stack
Cum creepin' up behin'.
Her graceful keel en steady chahn
Wah a pretty sight to see;
En when she made de narrah tahn
She passed de *Marfy Lee*.
En de Cap'en he took one mo' dram,
En his face got red es a lean ol' ham;
Sed he: "Yo' Yankee fum de Noff,
Ah'll ram en rip yo' deck rails off!"

De new steamboat she gained apace,
En swep' fah in de lead;
De *Marfy Lee* mus' lose de race
'Less she cud gain sum speed.
So her Cap'en hollehed down below—
His brow wah drippin wet:
"Hitch up dem mules en make 'em tow—
We'll beat dat Yankee yet."
En de Cap'en he took one mo' dram
Es he saw how swif' dem ol' mules swam:
"De Yanks ahe beat!" en he whooped wid glee,
While a cheeh went up foh de *Marfy Lee*.



ALWAYS BUSINESS

THE BROKER. *"Yes, sir, my father is sixty-eight and a half, and I hope he'll go to par!"*

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THE ETERNAL BOY
"There, Jimmy, I've caught a dogfish; let's tie a tin can to its tail!"

We Sat the Old Year Out

WE sat the Old Year out and talked
In softened tones on varied themes;
We trod the solid path of fact
And strolled adown the lane of dreams.
We scanned the record of the year,
Fast fading, and the clock struck eight
Just as we reached that well-worn theme
So oft discussed—"The hand of Fate."

Some secrets we exchanged and grew
Quite confidential as time sped;
Some thoughts inspired were brought to view,
Some sentimental things were said;
And we had reached "Life's true import"
And "high ideals," I opine,
Before the plodding, patient clock
Upon the mantel had struck "nine."

We disagreed upon a point
At half past nine—'twas "woman's sphere";
I thought the home her mission true,
And she insisted "A career."
We almost quarrelled; she declared
I was "like all the horrid men."
I beat retreat, said I was wrong,
And we were friends again at ten.

Eleven found us silent, though
Some time before the hour was spent,
Upon that theme both old and new
I had grown strangely eloquent;
She reasoned 'gainst my argument
With logic rare and subtile art,
Then—'twas her turn—concession made
And—it was New Year in my heart.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

Badly Wanted

SAG SKIDMORE had been "sparkin'" Susie Jane for nearly three years without coming to the point. At last Susie grew weary of waiting.

"Sag," she said, "I want ter know now p'int blank are yo' goin' to hev me or not?"

"W-e-l-l, I dun'no'," Sag drawled—"sometimes I think I will, 'en ag'in I think I won't."

"Now whut do yo' see about me yo' don't like?"

"Well, I dun'no'. Some say yo're a mite near-sighted."

"Who sez thet? Jest tell me who sez it."

"Well, Lizy Hooper sez it."

"She does, does she? En she cain't see ter thread a needle. Wy, I could see the eye of it plumb out ter thet gate."

"Well, it's gettin' purty dark, Susie Jane, en yo'd hardly hev a fair showin', but gimme a needle en I'll jest try yo'."

Sag moved slowly out to the gate and went through the motion of sticking the needle in the top of the post.

He stepped back and holloed: "All ready, Susie Jane."

Susie Jane stood on the door-step. She bent forward, stooped right, then left, raised on her tip-toes, and appeared to be striving for a sight of the needle's eye.

"Now I jest kin discern the light comin' through," she said at last.

"Susie Jane," drawled Sag, coming forward, "there ain't no needle thar; but ef yo' want me bad ernough to look a hole through thet pin I stuck up in the gate-post, I reckon, by jings, I'll hev yo'."

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Illustration for "Buondelmonte" See page 352

AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE ROSE OF DAWN

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Buondelmonte

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

AS I do not think the worse of a tale because it may be true, so it is no detriment to it in my eyes that it has been pieced together from a hundred scraps—remnants, shavings, bits of brick and plaster, or sentence torn from a letter, a sharp saying passed into a proverb, the battered stump of an old tower, the memory (not gone yet) of wicked old hatreds or high young loves. The raking and scraping, the groping and poring over rubbish-heaps and rag-bags, should be done in decent darkness, where a man, in the company of his shaded candle, may shed tears without a shameful face: the work has its poignancy; the refashioned thing should not lack it either. What my own may want in this sort I am not bound to particularize. I confess to the raking and scraping, to the shifting and piecing together, and will own to a wet eye or so, if you press me. No more. I hope that I have got the dust away, and that the old bones are none the worse for my galvanism. They wore great flesh once.

I

There were three men living in Florence, before the days of Dante and his friend Giotto, who, without much previous liking or disliking, were drawn together and then torn apart. Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti was the name of one of them, a gentleman who had a tower in the city, not far from the river wall. He came from the west country, from the Val di Greve, where he had a hill on the edge of the valley, and a castle upon it, a strong place with a wall all about, and houses for his servants and laborers and slaves inside the wall. Here in the old days his grandfather and great-grandfather had lived and taken toll from all who journeyed by this highroad to the sea; a thing which vexed the Florentines. So they attacked them on all sides, drove them into a corner, and made a bargain with them that they should become citizens of Florence, and have privileges there instead of toll. A house called Degli Uberti had a chief hand in this. It was Buondelmonte's grandfather who came, or rather had started to come. But the Ema was in flood when he tried to ford it, and he, a very stout man, was drowned. People told each other this was a fate upon him, and advised his son to turn back; but the young man said: "Not Fate, but Fat has done this. For if Ema had been thin my father would have walked over, or if my father had been thin he would have swum over. I shall go on; and it may be that the Uberti will be sorry one of these days." By which he meant that they, in a sense, had drowned his father. He went into Florence, therefore, and married Cunegonda Giandonati, and begat this Buondelmonte, and Ranieri, and some others, and then died. Our man, now head of his house, was rich, young, a good fighter: a pleasant, handsome man, very splendid in his tastes. His blood could not be bettered; he was chief of all the kindreds who dwelt in his country and had their towers near by his in the street by the river wall. Blood-relations were the

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Giandonati, the Gianfigliazzi, and Importuni; other houses, like the Gualterotti, were allied by friendship or common interest. All of these looked to him to play a great part, and to that end, to marry; but he had women enough at his command, and set no store by marriage. He was a great lover, they say; few women could look at him without looking again, and few twice without a stir in the side. He had a very easy way with them and their belongings: to pinch a girl's cheek, or kiss her on the chin, as if to say, "You are worth so much to me, or so much." They called him the Butterfly for this sipping trick of his.

Of a different stamp altogether was Schiatta degli Uberti—chief of that very house which had brought in Buondelmonte's,—a big, strong man, very hairy, with arms too long for his height, which was nothing to boast of. His descent—if you may believe all you hear—was the noblest in the city, and his power great; but not so great that it might not grow greater, as he thought. He said that Catiline, the enemy of Rome, was his ancestor, and that, far from being descended from the Emperor's house, the Emperor was derived from some by-blow of his own. This was the sort of talk he held. He had two great castles in Florence, in that quarter of the city which lies behind and below the Badia of the Marquess Ugo; and all his kinsmen and friends lived near about him and assembled at his board. They filled the long tables of the hall, all told; for he had a great family of his own by his first and second wives—sons, strong and warlike young men, and grave daughters, all hungry for power like their father, and proud, and quickly affronted. These were the names of his kindred: the Amidei, who lived north of him in the same quarter of San Piero Scheraggio; the Fifanti and Infangati, close by; the Lamberti, whose tower was west of the Old Market, and of whom Mosca de' Lamberti, the one-eyed man, was chief. He allowed also the claim of the Caponsacchi to be relatives of his, because they came from Fiesole, whence the wife of Catiline's son Uberto had been taken. "For," as Schiatta used to say, "if your people, Caponsacchi, were as good as you say they were, they must have been the best in Fiesole; and I am sure my ancestor Uberto would have been content with nothing short of the best. So you may come in." Caponsacchi had to be content with that; and under some similar tossed favor the Gangalandi could confess him chief and lord: the Gangalandi, a great stock, who bore the arms of the Marquess Ugo, and accounted themselves something!

Then there was a man living below St. Reparata's church, named Forese Donati, a vexed, rather unhappy man. He had made a good marriage, with Gualdrada, the daughter of Guido Bellincione de' Berti; but for all that his affairs had not prospered, and he was very poor. He brooded over this a good deal; for he said that his family was longer in Florence than any other save his wife's, and that while the Uberti were hiding from justice behind rocks on the hills, the Donati were making the Florentine laws and feeding the Fifanti with scrap-meat from their tables. On his wife's side he was akin to the Counts Guidi of the Upper Arno; but this served him little, since most of them took up the cry of the Uberti and helped them to do what they chose with the government of Florence. They were all Emperor's men, while Forese had chosen for the Pope. He had three sons—Buonaccorso was one of them,—lean, needy, sulky men, and two daughters, Capuccia and Piccarda, fine slim girls, the younger exceedingly beautiful. On the day that this Piccarda was ten years old, Gualdrada said to her husband: "Forese, this is a peach to keep on the wall, but veiled, lest the wasps get at it. If you take my advice you will lock up this girl and feed her on the best. And you will put by all that you can spare in a good coffer with double keys, to be her dowry. The likes of this girl are not born in Florence every day; no, nor every ten years. She is all honey and wine in a lovely case. You will be able to pick and choose where you will for a husband; and it will be a strange thing if you don't better our fortunes." Forese said that she could do as she pleased; there was time enough. "Never too early to begin," said Gualdrada; "as the ass knows, so he bites carrots."

From that day forward there was nothing she did not do for her Piccarda.

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She washed her every day and dressed her hair; she gave her rich and fine food, with cream and butter, wine and the best fruits that could be had. She caused her to take the air at a time when nobody was about, and to sleep at noon and early in the night. So careful was she in what she was doing that no man in Florence knew of Piccarda. The elder girl, Capuccia, went openly to mass with her mother; but when Piccarda went she was dressed like a servant and covered up in a hood. For confessor she chose a discreet and reverend priest, canon of Santa Reparata and cousin of her own, and knowing that she could rely upon his counsel, made him partner in her designs. Piccarda grew up to be a still girl, excessively beautiful. She had dark brown hair which reached the joints of her knees; her head was small, her face oval in shape, composed and steadfast in expression. Her eyes were long, narrow, and gray, the lashes of them black; she had a very red mouth and a smooth white throat. For all this, she looked more like a woman than a maiden. She was not taller than a fine girl should be, had very little to say; and whether she could love or not, was not to be determined, since no breath of that mystery had ever been suffered near her, nor was any light talk allowed in her presence. She saw no men except her father and the priest: even her brothers were not allowed with her.

Whatever Gualdrada could save, by pinching or shifting, was put into a coffer and kept under two locks. One way and another she got a good deal together. Forese and his sons traded or went to the wars; their return was welcome to Gualdrada according as they came heavy or light to house. And she kept her ears wide, and looked askance all ways for her great alliance. She had heard about Buondelmonte, and thought he might do for lack of better. But the next thing she heard about him put her in a fury.

II

Forese Donati met Buondelmonte outside the gate of San Pancrazio as he was going to Peretola upon some business of sheep. Buondelmonte was coming in from hawking in the meadows by the river. He had his falcon on his wrist, and two greyhounds at his horse's heels. His color was fresh and strong, and his leather coat fitted him well. Forese gave him the good-day, and Buondelmonte reined up to talk.

"What sport have you had, Buondelmonte?" asked Forese.

Buondelmonte said it was good. He had a heron and a crane, and his goshawk had killed three mallards in the osiers. He asked Forese where he was going.

"To Peretola," said Forese, "to fetch in some sheep which have been on the mountains. I have to look after household affairs, you notice, while you take your pastime and kill mallards."

Buondelmonte said, laughing, "that his own household affairs were easily managed."

"You should marry," said Forese, "and then they would be easier still. Your wife would stay at home and see that your servants did their work, and you would have still more time for your mallards, or for warfare and exercise of arms."

"It does not seem to be the case with you, Forese," said Buondelmonte. "Your wife, I suppose, watches your servants as well as any woman; but you go after sheep at Peretola."

Forese said: "There are reasons for that. I have had some bad affairs lately. My son Buonaccorso got into trouble in the Garfagnana and came home limping; there has been a murrain among the cattle; and a convoy of mine from Rome, coming by the Val di Chiana, was set upon by the Aretines and stripped as bare as my hand. Moreover, I have my daughter's dowry to see to. That will be worth having, mind you, when I have done with it."

"Ah," said Buondelmonte, "I have no such business on my hands."

"It is a business which every man must take up sooner or later," said Forese. "Think of it, Buondelmonte."

"I do think of it," said Buondelmonte; and so they parted.

Buondelmonte rode into the city, to his house in the Borgo Apostoli. He talked to his friends of what Forese had said to him; and they all agreed that he should marry. For, as they put it to him, a

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man is not a man until he has made a man. Alberigo degl' Importuni said: "An alliance rightly framed might bring great advantage to Florence and to our party. I like hard knocks as well as any man, but they are best dealt with in the open, not at the street corner. There has been too much secret stabbing of late, all done in the dark. If you do marry, Buondelmonte, let it be in a good kindred."

"Forese Donati was talking about his girl this morning," said Buondelmonte. "He seemed to think that she would have something."

"It will be all there is, then," said Viero Gianfigliazzi, who was there; "and what he will find for the other, except a veil and a pair of sandals, I should be sorry to say."

"Has he two daughters?" Buondelmonte asked.

"Yes, there are two," said Viero, "as I happen to know."

They advised him strongly to marry one of the Uberti kindred. No reason could be urged against it. There had not been bad blood between Buondelmonte and that house, or what there may have been in the past seemed all fair now; but between the Uberti and the Donati it had been very bad.

"If you go on with the Donati," said Alberigo, "you will draw anew upon our faction all the misesteem of the Uberti, and no good can come of that. Choose one of the Uberti; or if they don't suit, go to the Fifanti or Amidei, settle how much you will lay out, and see about it as soon as you can. You are the head of all our race, and should provide us with an heir. Sons to fight under your ensign are no bad ensigns in themselves, let me tell you. And do not let the pretensions of the Uberti trouble you. When once we are all together under the tree it will be an odd thing if none of the apples fall into our laps."

The others agreed.

Buondelmonte said he would talk with Schiatta degli Uberti about it. Schiatta had treated him fairly of late. He would give fifty gold florins for Morgengabe—which is what they call the gift paid by the bridegroom for the honor of the bride on the morning after marriage—to a good girl who brought him 1500 *liras* in lands, goods, and money.

In two or three days' time, his mind made up, Buondelmonte went to the house of the Uberti behind the church of San Stefano. He found Schiatta sitting at board in the high seat, with his kinsmen all about him—Lambertuccio degl' Amidei, Mosca de' Lamberti, Oderigo Fifanti, and others of the race. Schiatta made him welcome, gave him a place next to himself at the high table, and asked him how he did.

"Very well," said Buondelmonte, "but not so well that I could not do better."

"That is the case with most of us," said Schiatta, throwing back his great shoulders to open his chest. "But how can I serve you in that?"

"Why, perhaps in this way: My kinsmen tell me that I should take a wife."

"Well," said Schiatta, "that is a good thing to do. But do you ask me to give you mine?"

"It is a wife I seek, not a grandmother," said Buondelmonte. "And I am willing to offer so much, if on behalf of one of your girls you will put down so much. This will show you, I hope, that I have no mind for foolish old grudges on the score of our forefathers' misadventures."

Schiatta said: "This is a serious matter, if you are serious. I shall not deny that I am very glad of your friendly offer."

"I take the world as lightly as I dare," said Buondelmonte; "but I am quite serious in this affair."

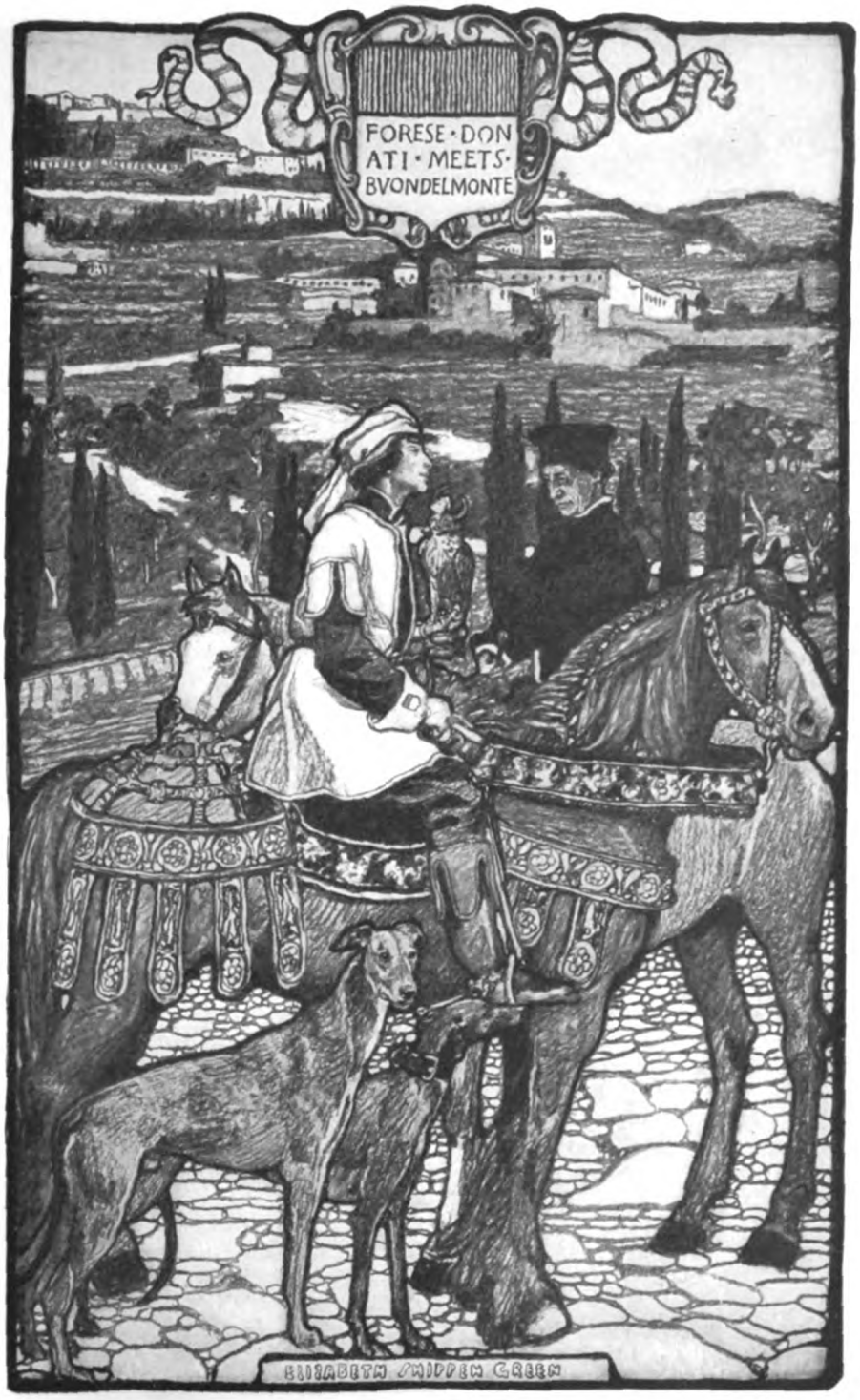
"We'll soon see about that," said Schiatta.

"The sooner the better for me," Buondelmonte said.

All the eyes of the kindred were fixed upon him; but he bore their scrutiny pleasantly and well. Some of them began to talk together in undertones; and Schiatta sat quiet, tapping his teeth with his dagger. The young men, sons of Schiatta, and bastards, nephews, and cousins, as they had been taught, looked down at their platters while this was going forward. The minstrel sat at the end of the board, his rote upon his knee, waiting the sign.

Presently Schiatta looked straight at Buondelmonte, and asked, "How much are you good for, my friend?"

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"YOU SHOULD MARRY," SAID FORESE

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Buondelmonte said: "I like your frankness, Schiatta, and will repay it in kind. My wife will have her portion in my lands of Montebuono in Val di Greve and my tenements in Signa. She will have the use of my house in the Borgo, and of all the gear both there and at Montebuono. In addition to this, I will give her fifty gold florins for her honor as Morgengabe, if you will endow her with 1500 *liras* in movables."

"That's a very handsome offer," said Schiatta; "and I shall advise one of my kindred to take advantage of it."

Mosca de' Lamberti knocked on the table. "I will offer my daughter Lapia to Buondelmonte, Schiatta," he said, and seemed very keen.

Buondelmonte, who had his reasons, said that his business was with Schiatta himself as far as he understood it. He could not abide Mosca, though he had nothing against the man, except an old quarrel in which each of them had been to blame.

"That is very well," said Schiatta, "but it is not in my power to oblige you. Two of my girls are wedded already, and one is promised, and a fourth is too old, and a fifth too young for you. I suppose you to be in a hurry?"

Buondelmonte said, the sooner the better: that brought Mosca to his feet. "I say again, Schiatta," he said, "that I am ready to meet Buondelmonte at this very hour. And I hope he will read in that a sign that I bear him no grudge."

"What says Buondelmonte to that?" Schiatta asked, and Buondelmonte replied that he could not hope to please Mosca de' Lamberti. Mosca sat down.

"That being so," said Schiatta, with a great laugh, "I recommend you to my kinsman Lambertuccio, who has a fine girl to dispose of."

Buondelmonte knew this man well, as being of a house, the Amidei, than which there were few in Florence better descended or on surer ground. He liked the man, too, and respected him. Lambertuccio was a composed, smooth man, tall and finely dressed. He had a large house, kept an open table, and never went out under the Gonfalon without a following of fifty men on horseback. He was first cousin of Schiatta's and nephew of Mosca de' Lamberti's, that is, sister's son.

"What do you think, Lambertuccio, of this fine offer of Buondelmonte's?" said Schiatta; "will it suit your Cunizza?"

Lambertuccio said that he thought it might, if Buondelmonte held to it.

"My offer was made to Schiatta," Buondelmonte said; "but I shall not be far away from him if I go with you. Is your daughter to be seen?"

"You shall see her this afternoon," said Lambertuccio, "if you will come to my house. At this hour she will be sleeping, and will look all the better for it afterwards. But come when you please between noon and sundown."

Buondelmonte replied that he would certainly come, but without binding himself; and then he took his leave and went to walk on the Piazza until it should be time to go. Here he met Forese Donati by chance, who asked him if he had been thinking over what he had said the other day. Oh yes, said Buondelmonte, he had been turning it over in his mind. Well, Forese said, he believed it would be a good thing well done, when it was settled. Buondelmonte owned it would be very good.

"I believe I could meet you," said Forese, "in a reasonable way."

"I have seen your daughter," Buondelmonte said. "She looks a strong, willing girl, and very religious."

Forese said: "She is all that and more. But I have another girl."

"Ah," said Buondelmonte, "I heard something of it, but I have never seen her."

"How would it be if I were to show her to you?" asked Forese.

"There would be no harm done, at any rate. But to-day I cannot. I have business."

"As you please, and when you please," said Forese, rather red in the face. "We Donati have no need to press our alliance. But it might be worth your while."

"Very easily indeed," said Buondelmonte. Forese cursed him for a dunghill cock, and went off on his affairs. He felt vexed with himself for having cheapened to little purpose, and determined he had best say nothing to his wife about it; for she took these things to heart, and made a noise in the house, so that the neighbors knew as much about his trouble as he did.

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Buondelmonte went to the house of the Amidei, and Lambertuccio told his wife to fetch down Cunizza. So she was brought in. Buondelmonte saw that she was a strapping girl, white as milk, with yellow hair, and brown eyes like a deer's, which had a trick of staring and seeing nothing. Well brought up, too, she proved; not timid, answering whatever questions were put to her in a quiet voice, without tremor and with no trouble either in breath or blood. She was turned fifteen and had never been sick or sorry since she was weaned. Buondelmonte saw that here was a wife who would do him credit, and get him an heir as soon as he pleased. He said a few things to her as they came into his head, jokes and pleasantries. She looked down at her feet. Then he gave her a kiss upon her cool chin; and then she was taken away by her mother.

Lambertuccio asked how the business struck him. He said, "I am ready to go on with it."

"Very well," said Lambertuccio, "we will have the deed drawn up, and then do you come here with your witnesses, and you shall plight her with your ring as soon as we have sealed. Will you drink a cup?"

"Very willingly." Lambertuccio's wife poured out the cup, and all three drank of it in turn.

III

The news came into the Old Market that Buondelmonte was betrothed to Lambertuccio's girl Cunizza, and that the dowry was such and such. There was plenty of talk, as there always is about those things. Forese Donati heard of it, and was very angry; but he said nothing at home. "Take troubles as they come," he thought; "my wife will know soon enough."

Gualdrada got the news at San Piero Maggiore when she went to mass. She was in a terrible stew. Half her husband's lands would not have been too much for Buondelmonte; but when they told her of his splendid proposals and of the dowry that went with Cunizza, she could have torn her hair out. "A white slug," she called Cunizza—"a mule, a cow, a bolster, a load of clay." She told Forese all her trouble. Had he heard of it? Yes, he said, he had understood something about it. It was likely to be a fine match, a great alliance on both sides. Buondelmonte would not come empty to the wedding, nor alone. Half the Borgo were his kindred — Giandonati, Gianfigliazzi, Degli Scali, Gualterotti, Importuni. The Uberti would be more careful how they came down the street with naked swords after this. It was good to have a hostage of theirs in hand. A wife was, as it were, a hostage. Then there would be children—better and better. Forese would have gone on if she had not stopped him with dangerous eyes. "Children! Yes, indeed. But what of my children? They are to be barren, it seems. And kiss the rosary, and have the crucifix for a bedfellow! And this to go on under your nose, Forese, and all you do is to talk of great matches, and hostages, and advantage to the Borgo. Where is our advantage? What is to be done for my beautiful girl? Is that hair to be sheared off? Is that soft body to be scrubbed by gray serge? Have I pinched all these years for the advantage of the Borgo? Gone hungry to my bed so that the Gualterotti may go safely to theirs? Oh, you have given me something to dream about, let me tell you."

"Wife," said Forese, "I cannot force Buondelmonte to take my girl. That is not a becoming action for the Donati; and so I told him only the other day."

Gualdrada narrowed her eyes and peered at her husband.

"Ah, so you have spoken to him about Piccarda?" she said. "Now I am learning something. And the other day? On his way to the Amidei?"

"No, no," said Forese. "How you take me up. You have it wrong. I spoke to him then, sure enough; but we had talked of it before, maybe a week ago. And I say again, I could not force Piccarda into his arms."

Gualdrada raised her hands and let them fall with a clap. Then she turned fiercely upon her husband.

"This is what comes of your grievous secrecy," she said, "that holds my dearest hope in the shut fist of you, and lets it wither sooner than give it air. Now, what a fine turn you have done me, and your own daughter, and our affairs—as if they needed it! Do you suppose I

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would have let go of Buondelmonte if I had seen him once or twice? But no! You must needs go and come, and sit to eat, and lie in your bed, with all this fast in your mind, and when it is too late and the chance gone for good, you tell me the whole story as if it was news. Now, I shall say to you, Forese—"

He stopped her here, saying: "You have told me too much. Better hold there."

"Then I am to see you bring your family to ruin, and laugh with you at the good fortune of the Borgo; and perhaps stand gossip to the child?" said Gualdrada, folding her arms.

Forese said: "You are to see what you please, and laugh as you can. But you are not to rail at me. You may tempt me to do that which will give you pain in one part and me pain in another. I don't advise it."

She knew she could not go any further; so held her tongue. But when Forese had gone out, she walked up and down her hall, thinking of her troubles, past and to come. And for many days, as she sat or walked, or went to church, or did her marketing, she kept the bitter thing astir in her mind. She felt that she had a grudge indeed. The Amidei had outwitted her. Nay, they had robbed her. For if Buondelmonte had been to her first, as he as good as promised Forese, it stood to reason that he would have concluded where he was. And the portion that went with Cunizza! She knew the length of her coffer to a finger's-point, and what was in it. She could have given two hundred *liras* more than the Amidei. Yes, she had been cheated of the best match in Florence.

One night, as she thought of it all more grievously than ever, she took the lamp in her hand and went into the chamber where her two girls slept together. She held the lamp over her head and turned back the bedclothes. Capuccia lay on her back, but Piccarda on her face, with her cheek turned sideways on the bolster, and all her hair tumbling about her. Her body was white as alabaster, and her cheek flushed like the heart of a rose. Her long eyelashes brushed it and curved upwards. "Ay," said Gualdrada to herself, "there's a bonny shape for a nunnery, and a flower to hide up among cloister weeds." Piccarda, feeling the cold, turned and opened her eyes. Her mother kissed her on the cheek and shoulder a half-dozen times and covered her up again. Then she blundered out of the chamber as best she could, for the tears blinded her.

IV

After the betrothal, Buondelmonte went once or twice to see Cunizza, but to no very good purpose. He found the girl unresponsive, too well-bred by half. "If this is a foretaste of the rest of our commerce," he said to himself, "it promises to be a dull affair." He liked Lambertuccio very well, and his wife; but Schiatta degli Uberti did not please him. Though he knew his own value quite well, he was himself a modest man, which Schiatta was not. And he grew tired of hearing of his good fortune, of the fine match he had made for himself, and greatly resented being told that his politics were contemptible. Schiatta talked openly when he was well fed; he did not disguise his intention of ruling the city. He had hopes of being Vicar of the Empire: that would do for a beginning. In those days, he said, it would be as well to find yourself on the right side. "You would not choose, Buondelmonte," he continued, "to see your wife and children trudging the hill road to Bologna just because you had held out against her family." Buondelmonte laughed, and said that all roads did not lead to Bologna. "Some go to Arezzo, Schiatta," he said, "where the Tarlati might take pity on the Emperor's castoffs. And that would be the time for you to reflect whether you had done wisely to refuse the warnings of your niece's husband, between this and Arezzo, my dear friend." Schiatta frowned and said this was poor jesting; his son Farinata, who was a tall, black-browed young man, openly advised Buondelmonte to talk of other things. Buondelmonte held on for a little, to save his face; but he was much annoyed. Mosca de' Lamberti, who was present—he was a grizzled, one-eyed man, who grinned fearfully when he was put out,—followed him into the street after dark, saying he would walk with him to Por' Santa Maria. "You are a bold man, Buondelmonte," he said, "to go out alone and unarmed after nightfall, having said the things you have."

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"I think better of Schiatta than you do, it appears," said Buondelmonte; "for though I consider him a boaster, arrogant, and quarrelsome, I have never suspected him of being a night-stabber."

"He has many friends," said Mosca, "who would be glad to prove their service."

"It would be a strange way of proving it, to my thinking. Are you one of them? Here is your chance if you wish for it. This is a lonely corner, for instance. Would you prefer me to stand still, or can you hit a running deer?"

"This is very foolish talk," said Mosca. "Yet the entry of the gate here would be an ugly place for a man against two or three."

Buondelmonte measured the ground with his eye. There was moonlight, which was reflected in the river, brimful of winter rains. "I could show you a worse in the Borgo," he said. "We fight very close in there. But, to be sure, we don't send out six against one, as a rule."

Mosca came closer and grinned into his face. "One against one is good fighting for me," he said, "by day or by night, with sword or dagger. And so I proved it with you once before."

Buondelmonte had a thought that Mosca wished to pick up the old quarrel with him; but as he had no more ill-will towards the man than what sprang from hearty dislike, he took no notice. He did say, however, that he was glad Mosca could be so easily satisfied. Mosca stopped short; Buondelmonte stopped also. "Yes, I can be satisfied, Buondelmonte," said he, "if it will satisfy you."

"Oh, I don't fight with a one-eyed man," said Buondelmonte. "You had two when we tried conclusions before; and a thing done is done with for me." Mosca took a sharp breath and seemed about to spring at him; but he went on: "And, moreover, to kill the kinsman of my affianced wife, or to be killed by him, if you will, is stupid preparation for a marriage, to my mind."

Mosca seemed to come to his senses after this, muttered some sort of excuse, that he had overdrunk himself, held out his hand, and would have embraced Buondelmonte. This, however, the young man did not feel inclined to accept. He put his hand on his late enemy's shoulder instead. "Remember, Mosca," said he, "that it takes two to make a marriage, and two for a good quarrel. If Lambertuccio has thought it well to give me his daughter, I may have had some thinking to do before I could take her from him. But if Lambertuccio's kinsman thinks well to quarrel with me, why, I may have some more thinking to do," said Buondelmonte. Mosca blurted out his grievance: "You passed me over. You would have nothing to do with me. You chose to follow the Amidei. The Lamberti are the better blood, God knows. And yet you passed me by. I was angry, and well I might be."

"I have had enough talking. Give you good-night, Mosca," said Buondelmonte, and turned about on his heel and walked slowly up the Borgo, picking his way among the puddles. Mosca made the figs at him with his two fists; but Buondelmonte never looked back. He shrugged his shoulders as he went into his house. "A brisk kindred is preparing for me," he thought, "but they are balanced by a stolid wife. When I feel the want of bustle at home I shall know where to go for it, my head!"

The Uberti began to think their new kinsman was rather fond of walking in the clouds. Farinata told his father that the talk about Arezzo and the Tarlati was very unbecoming. He thought Buondelmonte ought to be told. Schiatta laughed. "He will learn soon enough where the corn-bin stands," he said. "He has mettle, and should be ridden with a light hand at first. If you put him on the curb now, he will pull your arms out of you. It was I began the jesting."

"You are the head of the house, sir," said Farinata, "and I am your eldest son. You may say what you please; it is your right. And I may resent what is offensive to your honor. That, I conceive, is my right." Schiatta turned upon him.

"If you, Farinata," said he, "intend to quarrel with my new kinsman, you will have first to quarrel with me. I myself intend quarrels to be done with. The Oertaldesi have asked for a Podestà. They shall have you. I will send word that you are coming; and you shall be off this day three weeks. By that time

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Buondelmonte will be of the house. If you snap your fingers under his nose now, you will scare him off. So let there be an end of it. Go and snap your fingers in Certaldo."

Farinata said that he would obey. "Of course you will obey," said Schiatta; "I should like to see the son of mine who would disobey."

Buondelmonte went to see his affianced the very next day, and remained with her for an hour or so. Next he went to the hall of the Uberti, just to show that he was not to be put down by Schiatta or intimidated by his son Farinata. After that he let a week or more go by, during which he meditated on the state of his affairs. Then he went again to each house in turn. Nothing was said which could offend him. Farinata was not there, Mosca was very civil, Schiatta as friendly as he knew how to be. But at the end of dinner, as he mounted his horse, he knew he was glad the thing was over. "I shall hold off that quarter for a week or so more," he thought. "I will go hunting in Monti Catini, or to San Casciano to see Gentucca. One or both of these pastimes I will afford myself." He rode up the street called "de' Balestrieri," which leads along the old wall of Florence past the Badia, until he came to the Corso, which runs east and west in a straight line; and there hesitated, wondering what he should do. He was in a quarter which held few of his friends, unarmed; instead of holding on, therefore, he turned west along the Corso, and rode at a walking pace, the reins loose, and his thoughts fixed upon his discontent. Richly dressed, as his custom was, sitting a fine horse, he had the appearance of a lord of the earth, and took his signiory lightly, as if it was a plaything. Many a woman followed him with her eyes, or nudged her workmate and said: "There rides a winsome young man. Happy is she who gets him."

Gualdrada Donati was looking out of an upper window of her house, and saw him coming. Her heart gave a leap upwards, and she looked the other way, as people do when they are considering something they have seen suddenly. Then she drew a deep breath and opened the shutters wide, waiting for him to pass. As he came under her window she took a flower from her dress and dropped it before him into the street. Buondelmonte saw it fall, and checked his horse lest it should trample it. The next minute he looked up, and saw Gualdrada. A boy in the street picked up the flower and put it in his hand. Buondelmonte, smiling, took the flower and put it to his lips, still looking up at Gualdrada.

"For me, fair lady?" he asked.

"A greeting from your friends," said Gualdrada.

"Happy augury!" he said, and again kissed the flower.

"Why not?" said Gualdrada. "Do not all wish you well? For one so seldom seen you are much loved."

"If I am seldom seen," said he, "it is no fault of mine. If I am seldom invited, I must needs sit still."

Gualdrada said, "If I invite one, I like to be sure of my guest."

"Then you may invite whom you will, lady," said he.

She said, "What if I take you at your word?"

"Try me," said Buondelmonte. She replied nothing, but looked at him, and smiled wisely and slowly. She was a handsome, sleepy-looking woman, whom it became to smile in that fashion. Buondelmonte called his page to tie up his horse. He dismounted, and looking up to the window, held out the flower. Gualdrada saw him, and drew in her head. He went up the stair.

V

Gualdrada poured a cup of wine and touched it with her lips, looking at Buondelmonte as she did it. Then she offered it to him silently; and he took it and turned it round, so that the place her lips had touched his should also touch.

"To what shall I drink, lady?"

She said: "To what I did, O Buondelmonte. To the fair bride, and the marriage-bed, and the rich dowry."

"That is a toast I cannot refuse you," said he, and drank deep. Then they began to talk familiarly together, sitting side by side in the window-seat. She told him she was a diviner, who by secret arts would find out the uttermost places of his heart. Laughing, he said that she would see herself in there.

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"I know better than that," she said. "For instance, I know that you have just now been visiting a lady. Is it not so?"

"It is so."

"Now this lady was kind, and not cold at all; and she gave you three kisses. Am I right?"

He laughed again. "No, you are gone astray. The lady whom I visited was neither kind nor cold; and as for her kisses, she harbored them against the proper time."

"The spells have worked awry," said Gualdrada; "but still I seem to see something. I see her cross her arms and bow her head before you, bidding you by those gestures to take her when you are ready. Again, I see her with scissors in her hand cut a strand of her dark hair for your delight. Now I am right."

"You are very wrong indeed. The lady sat all the time by the window, spinning flax for a bridal garment. And in her hair, which is as yellow as corn, the snood was fast, and so it will remain yet awhile. I see that you know very little of this lady, for all your nigromancy."

"In the crystal ball," said Gualdrada, "I saw her speaking a quick welcome; the words came tumbling from her lips. And I saw her take you by the hand and show you her coffer full to the lid with silver and gold, fine linen and wool. And I heard it said that she would scorn to take money from you for her Morgengabe; for as her honor was above price, so she would freely give it you for the asking."

"It may be so," said Buondelmonte. "She speaks when she is spoken to, and said Yes when I asked her a question, and No when I asked her another."

"She could hardly do less, certainly," said Gualdrada. "But she comes of a good house, and a rich house. The coffer may speak for her."

"The coffer is a good orator," Buondelmonte said, "and never tells lies."

She said, "I warrant it has spoken handsomely to you."

"Lady," he answered her, tired of this fencing, "if the coffer is not full, I can fill it up. But you have much to learn of sorcery and divining if you mean to go on with the art."

"I know," said Gualdrada, "what I have done and what I might have done. I know one more ardent than this bride of yours, who is as beautiful as the flush of dawn; and what she has in hand for the man of my choosing. And Lambertuccio knows too, and Mosca knows very well."

"There is some magic here, at all events," said Buondelmonte.

Gualdrada said, "Yes, indeed," and pressed her lips together.

"What is this, Gualdrada," said he, "that you have done? Who is this flushed bride? Who is the man you are to choose for her? Light a candle; it is hard walking in the dark."

Then Gualdrada got up, saying: "You shall judge. Wait a little." She went to the door of a closet, opened it, and called out, "Come, Piccarda." Out there came in a little while a virgin not fifteen years old, as beautiful as the rose of dawn. Gualdrada took her by the hand and led her before Buondelmonte, who was greatly astonished.

She said: "See this girl of mine, Buondelmonte; look at her well. Is she not a lovely person? Look at these smooth arms. Are the bride's as white and warm? Hath the bride hair of this length and texture? Hath she cheeks to flame so quick?" She touched the girl's cheeks and set them on fire. She held up her chin and bade her look Buondelmonte in the face, saying, "Give him look for look, Piccarda; for you may never see again so fine a young man when you are in the cloister, nor so great a lord, unless he be painted upon the walls." Buondelmonte saw that she had gray eyes, narrow and serious, like deep water; and remembered that Cunizza's were brown and blank. Piccarda had a gown of white silk upon her, and a belt of gold.

"By the Lord Jesus!" said Buondelmonte, "this is a lovely person indeed, and he is a fortunate man who possesses her."

Gualdrada said: "I have no patience with you, Buondelmonte, for your haste and easy temper. For I had kept this girl for you from the hour I saw what her worth was. No man has ever looked at her but you, nor she at any man but her father and you. Her very brothers are strangers to her. And now, for some chance word of a fool, you have sold

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BY THE WINDOW, SPINNING FLAX FOR A BRIDAL GARMENT

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yourself to a girl of stone and little account; and my Piccarda must go into the cloister of the Grey Women."

"That will be a great wrong done her," said Buondelmonte, "and I am sorry on every account. But the Amidei are a good house, well descended, and their kindred are strong men."

"It seems, indeed, that you think them strong men," said Gualdrada. "And it may be that the Uberti and the Lamberti and Fifanti are too much for the Buondelmonti, though formerly it was otherwise."

"How, lady, too much?" he asked her, reddening a little; for, even-tempered as he was, he did not relish this morsel. But he looked again at Piccarda, and kept looking at her.

"Why," said Gualdrada, "if Schiatta had a mind he could compel you to wed with his cook-maid and a dowry of a hundred *soldi*."

"You speak lightly," he said, "and as if you were vexed. But you are wide of the mark. He offered me Mosca's daughter, but I refused him. Let me go now, lest I regret something." He said this without offering to go, or removing his gaze from Piccarda, who (for her part) by no means refused pleasure to her own eyes. Her hand lay still in her mother's, but her looks were free.

Then Gualdrada moved lightly towards him, and said, "You fool, you shall regret something indeed." To her daughter she said, "Girl, take him into the closet and show him the marriage-portion." She put their hands together and stood looking at them, tapping her foot on the flags and shaking with rage and disappointment, as the damsel led Buondelmonte towards the closet. There he saw three chests full of fine stuffs, linen and cloth of gold, fine woollen and silken webs, and long table-cloths with scarlet fringes, bedclothes, and coverlets of silk and gold knot-work, hangings of arras for the chambers and hall; and a chest full of gold, and another of silver.

Amazed, he said when he came back, "All this with a damsel so rich in herself!"

"Rich she is indeed," said Gualdrada, "and you have lost her."

"That," said he, "is not so certain, as it would certainly be a pity."

On a sudden Gualdrada said to him, "Take and kiss her, Buondelmonte, for she was kept for you."

Buondelmonte took Piccarda in his arms and kissed her on the mouth; and when he felt how sweet and buxom she was, he could not let her go, but kissed her again. And she kissed him back; and so they remained for a space like fond lovers, until he turned to Gualdrada, but without releasing the girl, and said, "I must have her, Gualdrada."

"Well," said Gualdrada, "take her, then, and I will pay forfeit to the Amidei. Few men would refuse her, I think."

"I am not one, at least," said he; and after an hour took leave of Gualdrada and his beloved and rode to his house.

Forese Donati said, when he heard of it all: "There will be no good out of such a bargain as this. I would rather cut my hand off than consent to it."

"And I would rather see you with a maimed stump than your child peaking in a cloister," said Gualdrada.

"It has a bad look, this shifting and veering," Forese went on. "How do we know but he will serve us the same trick?"

"Ah, never, never," said Gualdrada. "And so would you say if you had seen them together. Love leaped playing between them like summer fires on the hills. They were as two pigeons billing each other; you could not part them. And was not he bound to us in the beginning? Did he not agree to come first to you before ever he saw or thought of the Amidei? And where does our house stand in Florence if the Uberti and Buondelmonti and all their kindreds join hands? Do you wish to bring in a tyrant? And a tyrant like Schiatta? Your enemy and mine? Do we owe the Uberti so much? Out upon such weakness! Is your heart a sponge, holding water instead of blood?"

"You madden me with your questions," said Forese. He was not convinced, though obliged to own that he had spoken to Buondelmonte first. He was for going to Lambertuccio then and there with the forfeit; but Gualdrada prevailed upon him to leave the thing alone for a while, for she believed Buondelmonte would pay it himself.

[CONCLUSION IN MARCH NUMBER.]

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The Dutch Founding of New York

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

I

ARTFUL fiction being more convincing than artless fact, it is not likely that the highly untruthful impression of the Dutch colonists of Manhattan given by Washington Irving ever will be effaced. Very subtly mendacious is Irving's delightful *History of New York from the beginning of the World to the end of the Dutch Dynasty*. Bearing in mind the time when he wrote—before Mr. Brodhead had performed the great work of collecting in Europe the documents relating to our colonial history, and while the records of the city and of the State still were in confusion—his general truth to the letter is surprising. But precisely because of his truth to the letter are his readers misled by his untruth to the spirit. Over the facts which he was at such pains to gather and to assemble, he has cast everywhere the glamour of a belittling farcical romance: with the result that his humorous conception of our ancestral Dutch colony peopled by a sleepy tobacco-loving and schnapps-loving race stands in the place of the real colony peopled by hard-headed and hard-hitting men.

Irving's fancy undoubtedly is kindlier than the plain truth. They were a rough lot, those Dutchmen who settled here in Manhattan nearly three hundred years ago; and they did not—the phrase is from our own frontier vocabulary—come here for their health. As has happened in the case of much later outpost settlements on this continent, they cheated the savages whom they found in residence, and most cruelly oppressed them. Also, on occasion, they cheated each other; out of which habit, as is shown by the verbose records of their little courts, arose much petty litigation of a snarling sort among themselves. In a larger and more impersonal fashion, they consistently cheated the revenue laws of the colony; and with a fine equanimity they broke any other laws which happened to get in their way—a line of conduct that is not to be condemned sweepingly, however, because most of the revenue laws of the colony, and many of its general laws, were unjust intrinsically, and were administered in a manner that gave to those who evaded or broke them a good deal in the way of colorable excuse. In a word, our Dutch ancestors who founded this city had the vices of their kind enlarged by the vices of their time. But, also, they had certain virtues—unmentioned by Irving—which in their time were, and in our time still are, respectable. With all their shortcomings, they were tough and they were sturdy and they were as plucky as men could be. Of the easy-going somnolent habit that Irving has fastened upon them as their dominant characteristic there is not to be found in the records the slightest trace. I am satisfied that that characteristic did not exist.

Certainly, there was no suggestion of somnolence in the promptness with which the Dutch followed up Hudson's practical discovery of the river that now bears his name. Hudson's immediate backers, to be sure, the members of the Dutch East India Company, took no action in the premises. They had sent him out to find a northerly passage to the Indies—and that he had not found. What he had found was of no use to them. The region drained by his great river was outside the limits of their charter; and trade with it did not promise—though promising much—returns at all comparable with those which were pouring in upon them from their spice-trade with the East. Therefore, his voyage having been a mere waste of their money, they charged off the cost of it to their profit-and-loss account and sent him away to sea again: on that final quest of his for the impossible passage to the East by the North that ended in his death in Hudson Bay.

But when Hudson's report of the fur-

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yielding country that he had found was made public in Holland certain other of the Dutch merchants pricked up their ears. These were the traders who carried European and Eastern goods to Russia and there bartered them for Muscovy furs: a commerce that had its beginning toward the end of the sixteenth century, and that was greatly stimulated by certain concessions granted by the Czar to the Dutch in the year 1604. Those concessions provided, in effect, that goods might be imported into Russia, and that goods to an equal value might be exported thence, on the payment of landing and loading duties of two and a half per cent., while on exports above the value of imports a farther duty of five per cent. was laid: a tariff system which, for those times, was at once so liberal and so simple that it drew to Archangel a fleet of from sixty to eighty Dutch ships a year.

But Hudson's exposition of the fur trade possible in America made a still better showing. In dealing with ingenuous savages, unhampered by a government of any sort whatever, there would be no duties to pay on either imports or exports; and instead of being compelled to give value for value—a custom that all traders of all times have resented—a ship-load of furs could be had for the insignificant outlay of a few jerry-made hatchets and some odds and ends of beads. (It is but just to the Netherlanders to add that they have lost nothing, in the passing of the centuries, of their acuteness in such matters: as is evidenced by their ability to get and to keep the weather-gage of the unlucky savages of the Congo Protectorate to-day.) And so, in the summer of 1610, certain merchants of Amsterdam — suffering no grass to grow under their feet—despatched to the island of Manhattan a vessel loaded with "a cargo of goods suitable for traffic with the Indians": and no doubt but it was a precious lot of rubbish that they put on board!

I am sorry to say that the name of that first trading-ship sent to this port remains unknown. But the fact of her sailing is established, as is also the fact that her crew in part was made up of men who had sailed with Hudson in the *Half Moon*. Mr. Brodhead is of the opinion that she was commanded by Hudson's Dutch mate; and he cites the tradition that the Hollanders who came again to this island, and the Indians living here, were "much rejoiced at seeing each other": a cordiality which—however reasonable it may have been on the side of the Dutch—showed that the savages had no endowment of prophetic instinct to warn them that the stars in their courses were fighting against them, and that then was the beginning of their end.

For my present purposes it suffices to say that the briskness with which that first trading voyage was undertaken and accomplished strikes the key-note of Dutch character. Keenness and alertness — not the drowsiness upon which Irving so harps in his persistent pleasantries—were the personal and national characteristics of the people who founded this city; and who founded it, we must remember, in the very thick of their glorious fight for freedom with what then was the first sea-power of the world. Those qualities clearly were in evidence in their despatch to Manhattan—almost on the instant that Hudson's report of his discovery was made public—of that little nameless merchantman: with the coming of which into this harbor, solely as a trader, the commerce of the port of New York began.

II

There was a nice touch of prophetic fitness in the fact that the very first product of skilled labor on our island was a ship; and a still nicer touch—since the commercial supremacy of our city was assured at the outset by its combined command of salt-water and of fresh-water navigation—in the farther fact that that ship was large enough to venture out upon the ocean, and yet was small enough to work her way far into the interior of the continent: up the channels of the thirteen rivers which fall into, or which have their outlet through, New York Bay. And, also, I like to fancy that the spirit of prophecy was upon the Dutch builders of that heroically great little vessel when they named her the *Onrust:* because, assuredly, the word "Restless"—in its sense of untiring energy—at once describes the most essential characteristic of, and is the most fit motto

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for, the city of New York. Indeed, I wish that this early venture in ship-building had been remembered when our civic arms were granted to us; and that then—instead of our beaver and of our later-added windmill sails and flour-barrels, full of meaning though those charges are—we had been given a ship for our device, and with it for our motto the pregnant word: "Onrust."

Our little first ship—built almost in the glowing moment of the city's founding—was a child of disaster; but all the more for that reason, I think, was the making of her heroic. Following quickly in the wake of the little nameless merchantman, other ships were sent to the river Mauritius—as they were beginning to call it in honor of their Stadtholder—to win a share of the profits in the newly opened trade. From Amsterdam were sent the *Fortune*, commanded by Hendrick Christiansen, and the *Tiger*, commanded by Adriaen Block; and another ship, also called the *Fortune*, commanded by Cornelis Jacobsen, was sent out from Hoorn. By the year 1613 half a dozen voyages had been made; and by that time, also, there was some sort of a little trading-post here: a group of huts, possibly stockaded, which stood where the Fort stood later and where the irrational walls of the new Custom-house are rising now.

The disaster to which the building of the *Onrust* was due was the burning of Block's ship, the *Tiger*, just as he was making ready to return in her to Holland—in the autumn of the year 1613. Had Block and his men been of a ruminative habit—the habit that Irving has ascribed to the Dutch generally—they would have meditated the winter through, with their hands in their pockets, upon the disaster that had overtaken them. What they actually did was to set to work instantly to build another vessel. Presumably they saved from the burned *Tiger* what little iron-work they needed (ships in those days were pegged together with wooden pins, which was why they came apart so easily and leaked so prodigiously), and for ship-timber there was not need to go farther up town—as we should say nowadays—than Rector Street; very likely there was not need to go so far. And so they buckled down to their work, and by the spring-time of the year 1614 the *Onrust* was finished and launched: a yacht, as she was classed, of 44 feet 6 inches keel; 11 feet 6 inches beam; and of "about eight lasts burthen"—that is to say, of about sixteen tons. The Dutch are not a demonstrative race—but I fancy that there was cheering on this island on the day that the *Onrust* slid down the ways!

There is good ground for believing that the ship-yard in which Block and his men worked was close by the present meeting-place of Pearl and Broad streets, on the bank of the creek that then flowed where Broad Street now is. It is my earnest hope that a monument may be set up there to commemorate that great building of our little first ship: the ancestor of all the ships which have been built on this island in the now nearly completed three centuries since she took the water; the ancestor of all the ships which will be built on this island in all the centuries to come. And I am the more eager to see my monument erected because at this very time precisely the site for it is being prepared. The purchase of Fraunces's Tavern, for permanent preservation, includes the purchase of a half-block of land at Pearl and Broad streets—whence the modern houses are to be removed, that in their place may be laid out a little park. Possibly the *Onrust* was built on the very piece of land thus to be vacated; almost certainly she was built not a stone's-cast from its borders. In that park, therefore, the monument to New York's first ship must stand.

As the direct result of the building of the *Onrust* the Dutch field of American discovery and possession materially was enlarged. Block sailed away in her, in the sunshine of that long-past spring-time, to explore the bays and rivers to the eastward—"into which the larger ships of the Dutch traders had not ventured." He laid his course boldly through Hell Gate—it is probable that the *Onrust* was the first sailing-vessel to make that perilous passage—and, going onward through Long Island Sound, crossed Narragansett Bay and Buzzards Bay, coasted Cape Cod, and made his highest northing in "Pye Bay, as it is called by some of our navigators, in latitude 42° 30′, to which the limits of New Netherland extend." As he returned southward he

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fell in with the *Fortune,* homeward bound from Manhattan, and went back in her to Holland to report upon the new countries which he had found—leaving the *Onrust* to make farther voyages of discovery under the command of Cornelis Hendricksen.

Block's claim that Pye Bay (in mercy to summer residents upon the North Shore of Massachusetts, we call it Nahant Bay now) marked the limits of New Netherland to the northward was one of those liberal assertions common to the explorers of his day. That claim clashed with claims under English grants, and while it was asserted it was not maintained. But the Dutch did claim resolutely, in their subsequent wranglings with the English, as far north as the Fresh Water—that is to say, the Connecticut River: on the ground that Block was the first European to enter that river, and that the Dutch planted the first European colony upon its banks. On like grounds they claimed, and for a long while held without dispute, the whole of Long Island. Broadly speaking, therefore, the building of the *Onrust* and the voyages made in her resulted in bringing within the Dutch "sphere of influence," as we should phrase it nowadays, both shores of Long Island Sound.

The official record of what the *Onrust* accomplished, and of what came of it, was spread upon the minutes of the States-General (August 18, 1616) in these words: "Cornelis Henricxs[s], Skipper, appears before the Assembly, assisted by Notary Carel van Geldre, on behalf of Gerrit Jacob Witssen, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, Jonas Witssen, Lambrecht van Tweenhuyzen, Paulus Pelgrom *cum suis*, Directors of New Netherland, extending from forty to five-and-forty degrees, situate in America between New France and Virginia, rendering a Report of the second Voyage, of the manner in which the aforesaid Skipper hath found and discovered a certain country, bay, and three rivers [the Housatonic, Connecticut, and Pequod, or Thames] lying between the thirty-eighth and fortieth degree of Latitude (as is more fully to be seen by the Figurative Map) in a small yacht of about eight Lasts, named the *Onrust*. Which little yacht they caused to be built in the aforesaid Country, where they employed the said Skipper in looking for new countries, havens, bays, rivers, etc. Requesting the privilege to trade exclusively to the aforesaid countries for the term of four years, according to their High Mightiness's placard issued in March 1614. It is resolved, before determining herein, that the Comparants shall be ordered to render and to transmit in writing the Report that they have made."

III

"Their High Mightiness's placard," above cited, was an epoch-making document. It had its origin in a joint resolution of the states of Holland and West Vriesland taken March 20, 1614, "on the Remonstrance of divers merchants wishing to discover new unknown rivers countries and places not sought for (nor resorted to) heretofore from these parts;" and it declared that "whoever shall resort to and discover such new lands and places shall alone be privileged to make four voyages to such lands and places from these countries, exclusive of every other person, until the aforesaid four voyages shall have been completed."

To make the resolution effective, it was sent up to be confirmed by the Assembly of the United Provinces at the Hague; and there, evidently, it had strong backers who were in a hurry. Their High Mightinesses were not given to acting precipitately. Quite the contrary. But on that occasion—as the result, we reasonably may assume, of very lively lobbying on the part of a delegation sent to the Hague from Amsterdam—the resolution of the states of Holland and West Vriesland was "railroaded" at such a rate that in a single week the Assembly had embodied it in a placard, or proclamation, which gave it the authority of a national law. As the making of Manhattan was the outcome of the local resolution and of the general proclamation which gave it effective force, a pleasing parallel may be drawn between this piece of brisk legislation and other pieces of brisk legislation in later times; indeed, it is not too much to assert that the precedent then was established of sending lobbying delegations from New York to Albany—and I see no reason for doubting that the Hague lobby was run then very much as the Albany lobby is run now. Customs

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and clothes change from one century to another; but it is well to remember that the men inside of the clothes and customs do not change much from age to age.

Without going deeper into this matter of ethics, it suffices here to state that the placard issued by the States-General gave the Amsterdam ring what it wanted—but with a commendably greater dignity of expression than usually is found in the legislative acts affecting "cities of the first class" which issue from Albany to-day. The charging points of that famous placard are as follows: "Whereas, we understand that it would be honourable serviceable and profitable to this Country, and for the promotion of its prosperity, as well as for the maintenance of seafaring people, that the good Inhabitants should be excited and encouraged to employ and occupy themselves in seeking out and discovering Passages, Havens, Countries, and Places that have not before now been discovered nor frequented; and being informed by some Traders that they intend, with God's merciful help, by diligence labour danger and expense, to employ themselves thereat, as they expect to derive a handsome profit therefrom, if it pleased Us to privilege charter and favour them that they alone might resort and sail to and frequent the passages havens countries and places to be by them newly found and discovered for six voyages, as a compensation for their outlays trouble and risk . . . Therefore: We, having duly weighed the aforesaid matter, and finding, as hereinbefore stated, the said undertaking to be laudable honourable and serviceable for the prosperity of the United Provinces, and wishing that the experiment be free and open to all and every of the inhabitants of this country . . . do hereby grant and consent that whosoever from now henceforward shall discover any new Passages Havens Countries or Places shall alone resort to the same or cause them to be frequented for four voyages, without any other person directly or indirectly sailing frequenting or resorting from the United Netherlands to the said newly discovered and found passages havens countries or places until the first discoverer and finder shall have made, or caused to be made, the said four voyages: on pain of confiscation of the goods and ships wherewith the contrary attempt shall be made, and a fine of fifty thousand Netherland Ducats, to the benefit of the aforesaid finder or discoverer."

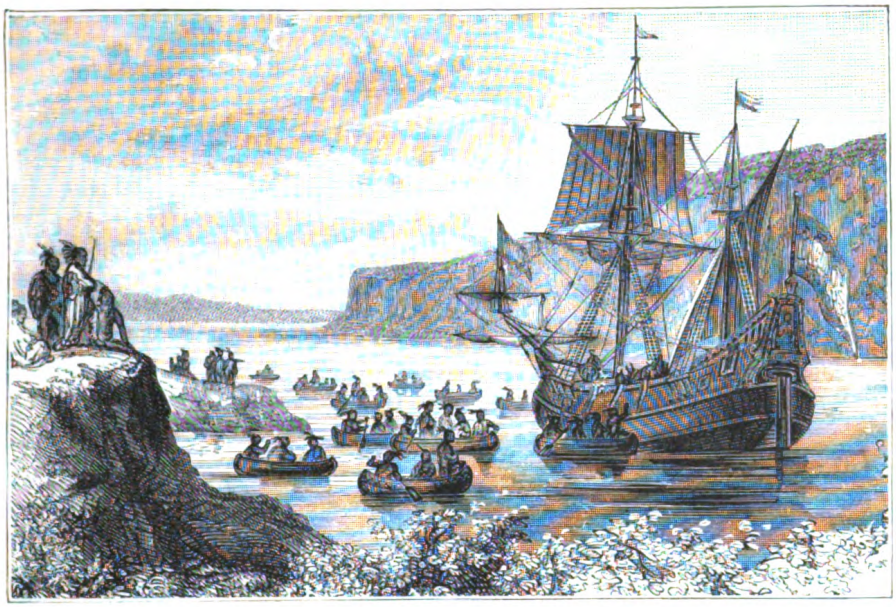
It would seem from the foregoing that the Amsterdam men asked for six voyages and were granted four: even as at Albany a "strike" nowadays is so made that the Assembly may manifest a fine faithfulness to the public interests by cutting it down handsomely—and still give the "strikers" all they want. Again I may observe that in this energetic piece of legislation — obviously rushed through that older Assembly by powerful private interest—there is no very pointed manifestation of the Dutch sleepiness upon which Irving so freely descants.

Indeed, as I have already stated, and as I shall state more at length presently, the Dutch showed a most lively eagerness during the years immediately following Hudson's discovery to seize upon and to develop the trade with North America. Broadly, they sought to capture that trade before it fell into the hands of other nations. Narrowly, they sought to wrest it from each other—as may be seen in the fierce contention for trading privileges which went on among themselves. Petitions and counter-petitions for trading rights pestered the several assemblies of the states and the States-General. One large company was formed to take, and for a time did take, the whole of the American contract. There was a constant wrangling that disturbed the land. Partly to quiet that wrangling, but more to serve high national interests, measures at last were taken which put an end to all rivalries (other than with outsiders) by creating a single powerful corporation in which was vested an exclusive right to the American trade.

IV

Very great principles of religion and of state, along with other principles of a strictly commonplace selfish sort, lay at the root of the founding of the Dutch West India Company. In a grand way, that Company was intended to win freedom for the Netherlands by smashing the power of Spain. In a less grand way—but in a way that never was lost sight of—it was intended to line the pockets of the practical patriots who were its stockholders. On its larger lines, as an in-

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THE "HALF MOON" ON THE HUDSON

strument of justice, and incidentally as an instrument of personal and political revenge, it was to a great extent a success. On its smaller lines, as a commercial investment, it was a ruinous failure. We of New York are none the better for its success, and we distinctly are the worse for its failure. That failure gave this city a bad start.

William Usselincx the originator of the Company, and for thirty years its most persistent promoter, was one of the half-million or so of Protestant Belgians who were driven to take refuge in Holland by Spanish persecution. As an Antwerp merchant, under Spanish rule, he had traded to America; and so had come to know that the colonies whence Spain drew her main revenues were at once her strength and her weakness. He realized that those colonies, widely scattered and individually ill-defended, were secure only because they were not attacked; and he farther realized that even a small naval force, resolutely handled, could give a good account of the treasure-fleets which sailed annually from America to Spain. His simple plan, developed from those conditions, was to seize and to sack the richer cities of the Spanish islands and the Spanish Main, and to capture such plate-ships as could be caught conveniently upon the sea—with the immediate result of a very satisfactory return in cash from his sackings and capturings, and with an ultimate result of a greater and more far-reaching sort. On that larger side was patriotism. His great purpose was to cripple Spain by seizing her revenues at their source, and still farther to cripple her by breaking her line of communication with that source: both by the actual capture of her treasure-laden ships, and by the threat of capture that would make Spanish shipmasters fearful of their voyage. The threat was a potent one. In our own day, when the *Alabama* was afloat, we have seen what such a threat, backed by only a ship or two, will do to wreck the commerce of a nation by driving its vessels to the shelter of foreign flags. In those large days of hard fighting refuge under a foreign flag was a thing unknown. Spain had no choice but to stand up and take Dutch punishment until—and that was intended to be the glorious ending of the struggle—she should be so weakened that her hold upon the Netherlands could be broken for good and all.

It was in the year 1591 that Usselincx broached his heroic project for organizing that private military corporation which anticipated by almost precisely three cen-

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turies Mr. Stockton's "Great War Syndicate": an association of financiers who, in a strictly business way, were to expel the Spaniards from the Netherlands—and who were to net upon the transaction a profit of from fifty to one hundred per cent. Also, it was on business lines that his project was opposed—but with a mingling in the opposition of considerations of classes and of creeds. The destruction by the Spaniards of the commerce of Antwerp had thrown a large part of that commerce to Rotterdam and Amsterdam. It was asking a good deal, therefore, to ask the Dutch to take a hand in a venture that would bring them to grips with the strongest state in the world; and that would have for its outcome, if successful, the return of the Belgian refugees in triumph to their own country to re-establish—at the cost of their Dutch allies—their lost trade on the Scheldt. John of Barneveldt, as a statesman—perhaps as a somewhat narrow-minded statesman—opposed the Belgian plan. Behind him were the town aristocracies of birth and of wealth, the advocates of republicanism, the Arminians. The Belgians had for allies the lower classes in the towns of Holland, the monarchists, the strict Calvinists, and for a rallying centre the House of Orange—the head of which great House, taking a strictly personal interest in the matter, played always and only for his own hand.

The two great parties then formed lasted intact until the French Revolution, and are not extinct even now. For thirty years the fight between them—broadly on the Belgian matter, but with many side-issues—was waged vigorously. In the first acute stage of the struggle, 1607-1609, the main issue was war or truce or peace with Spain—and the threat implied by Usselincx's project had much to do with compelling Spain to accept the humiliating twelve years' truce that was signed in the year 1609. In the second acute stage, 1617-1619, the main issue was theological: the fight for supremacy between the Calvinists and the Arminians. That fight ended, on May 13, 1619, with the execution of Barneveldt. Then Usselincx's plan was taken up in good earnest: with the result that things began to move forward briskly toward the founding of New York.

I confess that there is a suggestion of anticlimax in treating as mere incidents of that great struggle the wrecking of the power of Spain and the winning of freedom for the United Netherlands; and as its culmination nothing more stirring than the establishment of a fur-traders' camp on a lonely islet nooked in the waters of an almost unknown land. But I protest that, for my present purposes, the most important result which flowed from the rise of the Dutch Republic precisely was the establishment of that fur-traders' camp.

V

Just the same human nature that still is in use showed itself in the fight that went on in the Low Countries during those strenuous thirty years. That much is made clear by the records of the states of Holland and of West Vriesland—where the Belgian party was strongest—and by the records of the States-General. But the spicy personal details of the conflict, being hid in the phrases "divers merchants" and "divers traders," are lost.

On June 21, 1614, when the light sparring of the second round was beginning, a petition of "divers traders of these provinces" was presented to the States-General praying for power to form "a general company for the West Indies, the coast of Africa, and through the Straits of Magellan." The petition was ordered to lie over for four weeks, to the end that "their High Mightinesses may thoroughly examine the matter"; but its opponents—by means which were not recorded in the minutes—managed to keep it in committee for more than two months. It did come up again, however, on the 25th of August; and so vigorously that the Assembly voted "that the business of forming a general West India Company shall be undertaken to-morrow morning." Again the opposition got in some fine work—and the business was not undertaken on that "to-morrow morning" of nearly three hundred years ago. It was adjourned until September 2. On that day the two parties came to a clinch—that ended for the Belgian party in a clean fall. During the morning the Belgians clearly had the lead, and the Assembly resolved "that the affair of the

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HENDRIK HUDSON

West India Company shall be continued this afternoon." But it wasn't—and before the West India Company was founded that momentary stoppage had stretched out into nine years. Very interesting would be the record—if it existed, and if we could get at it—of what happened that day at the Hague after the morning session of the Assembly stood adjourned! Having no record to go by, we can only make guesses: being guided a little in our guessing by knowledge of what has happened at Albany, between two sessions of another Assembly, in later times.

A little light is thrown on the situation by an act passed (September 27, 1614) by the states of Holland and West Vriesland: in which is the pointed suggestion that under cover of a general company "some may secretly endeavor to pursue trade to Guinea . . . in case the trade to the other countries should . . . happen to fail, to be interrupted, or to cease." Probably, then, the Dutch slave-traders had a hand in "knifing" the bill that day. Some measures in our own Congress were "knifed" by the slaveholding interest much less than three centuries ago. Also, it is fair to assume that the promoters of the New Netherland Company had much to do with the "knifing." Certainly, that Company was chartered only a little more than a month after the West India Company went by the board.

Among the members of the New Netherland Company were Hans Hongers, Paulus Pelgrom, and Lambrecht van Tweenhuysen, owners of the ships *Tiger* and *Fortune*—and therefore the owners of the yacht *Onrust:* and the major claim on which they rested their request for special trading privileges was their right to benefit from the discoveries that had resulted from the little yacht's voyage. To that Company the States-General granted a charter (October 11, 1614) which gave the right "to resort to, or cause to be frequented, the aforesaid newly discovered countries situate in America between New France and Virginia, the sea coasts whereof lie in the Latitude of forty to forty five degrees, now named New Netherland, as is to be seen by a Figurative Map hereunto annexed; and that for four voyages within the term of three years commencing the first January XVI^{c} and fifteen next coming, or sooner, to the exclusion of all others."

In that document the name "New Netherland" first was used officially; and was used, to quote Mr. Brodhead, to designate the "unoccupied regions of America lying between Virginia and Canada by a name which they continued to bear for half a century—until, in the fulness of time, right gave way to power and the Dutch colony of New Netherland became the English province of New York."

The question of title that Mr. Brodhead raises in this loose statement of fact is far too large a question to be dealt with here. But it is only fair to add that his



SEAL OF NEW NETHERLAND

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hot contention that the Dutch had a just right to their North-American holding is denied with equal heat by a Dutch authority. The peppery Mr. Asher—in his life of Hudson, prepared for the Hakluyt Society—disposes of the claims of his own countrymen in these words: "The [Dutch] title itself was little better than a shadow. It was entirely founded on the boldest, the most obstinate, and the most extensive act of 'squatting' recorded in colonial history. The territory called New Netherland, which the West India Company claimed on account of Hudson's discovery, belonged by the best possible right to England. It formed part of a vast tract of country, the coast of which had been first discovered by English ships, on which settlements had been formed by English colonists, and which had been publicly claimed by England, and granted to an English company, before Hudson ever set foot on American ground. But the wilds and wastes of primeval forests were thought of so little value that the Dutch were for many years allowed to encroach upon English rights, without more than passing remonstrance of the British government."

It is my duty to state the clashing opinions of these two fiery historians; but I have not the effrontery to discuss the question on which, so signally, they are at odds. Nor is discussion necessary. Most happily, that once burning question was quieted by the Treaty of Breda (1667) and has been a dead issue for more than two hundred years.

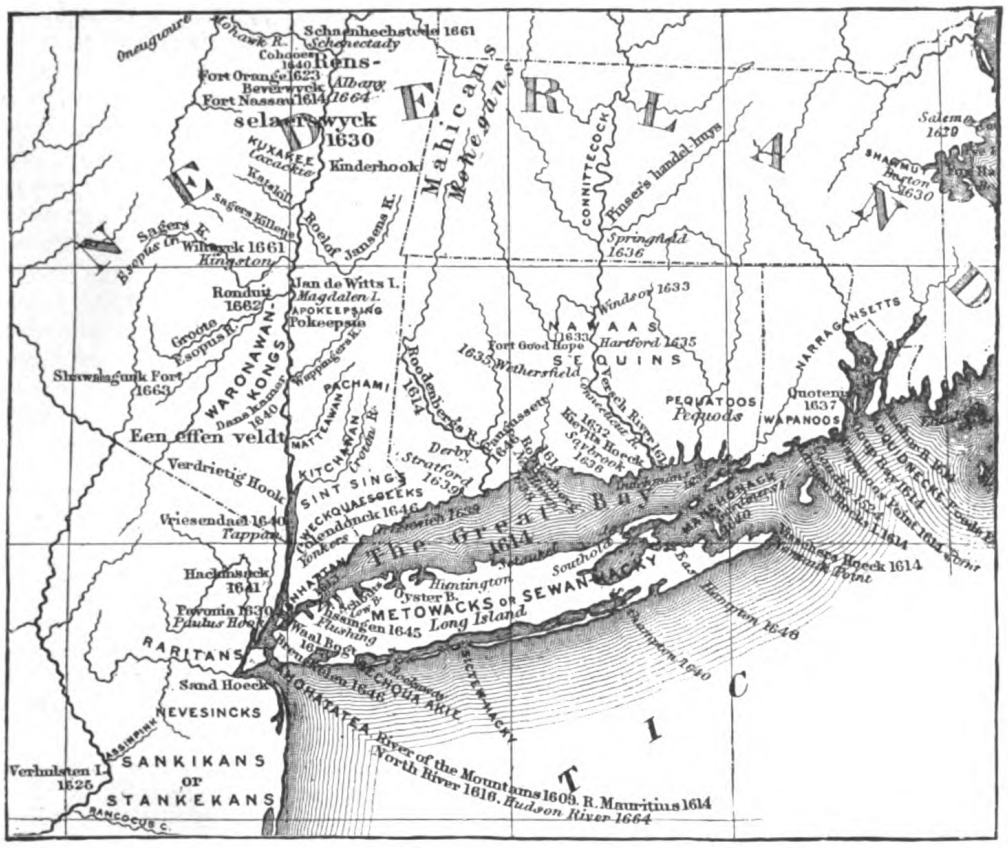
In the end, as I have written, Usselinex and the Belgians won through. When John of Barneveldt's head ceased to be associated with his body—the equities of that detachment need not here be discussed—opposition to the founding of the West India Company came to an end. The actual establishment of the Company had to be postponed until the expiration of the truce with Spain. But matters immediately were set in train for it; and, upon the renewal of hostilities, the act of incorporation (June 3, 1621) was passed.

Under the terms of the charter—which, as Mr. Brodhead puts it, "created a sort of marine principality with sovereign rights on foreign shores"—the Company was granted exclusive rights to trade on the coasts of Africa between the Tropic of Cancer and the Cape of Good Hope; to the West Indies; and to the coast of America between Newfoundland and the Strait of Magellan: with power to make treaties, to found colonies within those limits, to appoint governors over such colonies, to administer justice in them, and to raise a military force for their defence. Farther, the States-General engaged to defend the Company against every person in free navigation and traffic; to "assist" it with a grant of a million guilders; and to give it sixteen warships—that the Company was to man and to equip, and to match by raising an equal naval force of its own: the whole fleet to be under the command of an admiral whom the States-General should name. Also, the States-General reserved the right to confirm or to reject the governors nominated by the Company, and to exercise a general control of its affairs.

Thus, at last, the Dutch West India Company was launched. Had Irving touched upon its history he probably would have attributed the long delay to Dutch sleepiness; and would have given us many neatly turned pleasantries about the number of pipes smoked drowsily, and about the drowsy talk that went on for thirty years between those stolid Dutch statesmen and those stolid Dutch financiers—all of which would have been vastly amusing, but would have left something on the side of fact to be desired.

There was substantial cause for that long delay. In addition to the great problems of statecraft which had to be dealt with, the Dutch were dealing with a new great project on new great lines. Their nearest approach to a precedent was the East India Company: of which the primary purpose—as trade went and as peace was understood in those days—was peaceful trade. The primary purpose of the West India Company was war. Its main dividends were expected to come from, and eventually did come from, the capture of Spanish treasure. But provision had to be made for earning money in between whiles—during the close season for treasure-hunting—by employing its armed fleet in ordinary trade: in carrying cargoes

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MAP OF NEW NETHERLAND ACCORDING TO THE CHARTERS GRANTED BY THE STATES-GENERAL (1614-21)

of slaves and peltries and other general merchandise of the times. And at every turn conflicting interests, political and commercial, had to be reconciled and brought into line. Nowadays a half-dozen corporation lawyers would get together and organize such a company in a fortnight, and in another fortnight—if the New Jersey Legislature happened to be in session—it would have its charter and would be established as a going concern. But we do these things quickly now—being also freed from the trammels of state policy—because we have precedents in abundance to work by, and because we have the tools to work with (I use the phrase with a broad impersonality) lying ready to our hands. To take a strictly legal parallel: any little seventeenth-century English conveyancer was able to get the weather-gage of the Statute of Uses after Orlando Bridgman had showed him how it could be done. Yet sleepiness—whatever may be said of its slowness—never has been suggested as a distinguishing characteristic of the seventeenth-century English bar. Nor were the Dutch of that century sleepy. They were very wide-awake indeed.

One other point in the making of the West India Company I must touch upon. With the sincere immodesty that is not the least marked of our civic traits, we of New York are accustomed to believe that that Company was organized and chartered mainly for the purpose of exploiting our own New Netherland. Actually, the part that our little island (and its dependent continent) had in that large piece of statecraft was microscopic: as we realize when we consider the great elements—rival trade interests, contending factions, warring creeds—which were combined in it under the strangely blended pressure of sordid selfishness and lofty patriotism and hot revenge. Looked at in that way, there is nothing in the history of the Company to stir our vanity.

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But looked at in another way, even our vanity has its consolations. Although the splendid part that the Company took in fighting to a glorious finish the glorious fight that Holland put up with Spain is not forgotten, its share of honor in a way is lost: being merged into, and almost indistinguishably blended with, the national honor which the Dutch won by a victory that instantly benefited, and that still continues to benefit, the whole civilized world. But the Company shared with no one the glory of planting the city of New Amsterdam, that in time's fulness was to be the city of New York—nor had it, I venture incidentally to assert, the least notion that out of that trifling colonial venture any glory ever would come. Yet that most minor of all its accomplishments is precisely the accomplishment that has kept green its memory; that will continue to keep green its memory as long as New York endures.

I hasten to add that we owe the Company no thanks. What it did for the making of our city was done badly—and the very founding of it was barely more than a mere by-blow of chance. In point of fact, the nearest approach to naming New Netherland in the Company's charter was the mandatory clause ordering the colonization of "fruitful and unsettled lands." At least, the description is recognizable. Manhattan was both of those then, and is one of them still.

VI

Even before the West India Company was organized the germ of the destruction of Dutch rule in North America had taken form. In November, 1620, the patent had passed the Great Seal by which King James granted to the Plymouth Company "an absolute property in all the American territory extending from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of latitude and from the Atlantic to the Pacific." That large-handed grant was qualified, to be sure, by the proviso that colonies might not be planted in any region "actually possessed or inhabited by any other Christian prince or state"; but as England refused to acknowledge that the Dutch had any possessions between the Virginia and the New England plantations, and as the English ambassador in Holland, Sir Dudley Carleton, lodged (February 9, 1622) a formal protest against the planting of the New Netherland colony, that proviso was no more than a politely turned phrase. On the other hand, the States-General paid very little attention to the protest, and never formally replied to it. However, there it was on the record; and so was in readiness for use. But England went slowly in those days. Almost half a century passed before it was used. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner were quicker in getting from cause to consequence a couple of years or so ago.

While the ambassadors talked—or maintained a discreet but aggravating silence—the merchants acted. In the years while the West India Company was in course of formation the foundation of the sea-wealth of New York was laid. The Dutch planted their trading-post on the island of Manhattan because the many waterways which came together there obviously made it a good place for trade with the interior of the country. As exploration continued, the fact was demonstrated that it not only was a good place but that it absolutely was the best place for trade on the coast of North America: that there was no other such great landlocked harbor, which at once was near to the sea, easily open to it, and free from the dangers of outlying reefs and shoals; that nowhere else — and this fact continued to count first with us until the time of railroads—was there any such system of interior waterways as that which made the Sandy Hook channel the inlet to the trade of a vast part, and a vastly rich part, of the continent. Therefore the Dutch shallops went and came on our thirteen rivers—and beyond the shallop service, plying in the upper reaches of those rivers and in countless minor streams, was a still farther-reaching service of canoes. And all of that trade ebbed from and flowed to this island of Manhattan: where the round-bellied Dutch ships linked it with and made it a part of the commerce of the world. Even a minor prophet, with those geographical facts in his possession, would not have hesitated to prophesy a great future for such a seaport with such a hold upon the land.

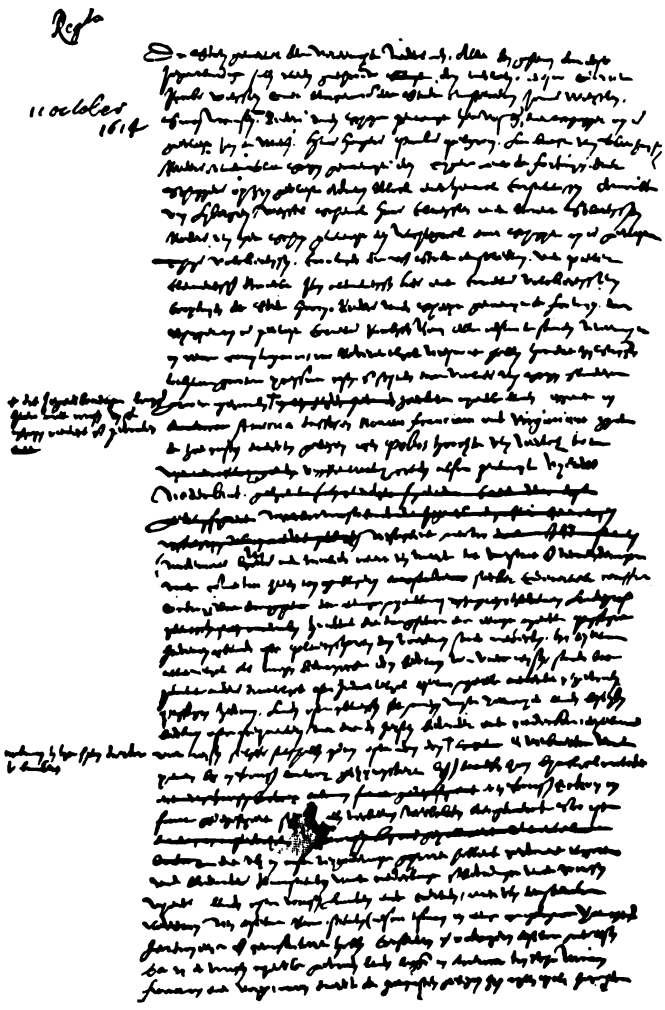
When the West India Company came into existence it therefore had among its

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assets—although ignored in its chartered list of assets—a little trading-post that was in the way of promotion to be the capital of a flourishing colony, had there been manifested even a very small amount of common-sense and common justice in the management of its affairs. And at the beginning—being stimulated to wise action, perhaps, by the English assertion of a counter-claim to their American possessions—the Company did go at the planting of New Netherland with a certain show of energy, and on lines of broader policy than were called for by the mere requirements of trade.

Upon the completion of the Company's organization the management of the affairs of New Netherland was confided by the Directorate, the Council of XIX., to the Chamber of Amsterdam—whence came the name that was given to the settlement on Manhattan Island—and by that Chamber the first shipload of colonists, thirty families, was despatched from the Texel in the ship *New Netherland* in March 1623. Making their course to the westward by a long reach into the south—as was the habit of the Dutch navigators, who ever were fearful of North Atlantic storms—they touched at the Canaries and at Guiana, and then beat up the coast to Sandy Hook and made their harbor early in May. (Possibly our otherwise unaccounted-for custom of May-day movings had its origin in their arrival about May-day, and the consequent running of their yearly tenures from that date.)

They were of good stuff, those colonists—mostly Walloons, very eager to get away from European religious intolerance for good and all. Their coming marks the real founding of New York. They were the first Europeans who came to dwell upon this island with the intention of spending their lives here; and, in the end—though that part of their intention was understood rather than stated—of making themselves permanently a part of it by being buried in its soil.



A PART OF THE NEW NETHERLAND CHARTER

Meantime, by way of fortifying the situation politically, the States-General erected into a province the West India Company's cometlike holding—which had a tiny material head upon the seaboard, and a vast vaporous tail that extended vaguely across the continent westward—

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and gave it, as a province, the heraldic rank and bearings of a count.

Then it was that our beloved Beaver came to us: the same worthy animal who still figures gallantly in the arms of the city of New York. As we first received him, he was our civic crest. Later, when new civic arms were granted to us by the English crown—in the time of great commercial prosperity that followed upon the passage of the Bolting Act—he modestly descended from his proud eminence to join the windmill sails and the flour-barrels, and so became a mere beaver "in chief and in base" in the charges of the shield. And there he remains to this day: in lasting memorial of the fact that the foundation of the sea-wealth of this city was laid in its trade in furs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Arrears

BY ADA BARTRICK BAKER

YOURS, at last! And I pay my debt.
How the years have seen it grow and grow
In a thousand ways that I treasure yet.
Dear, while I loved you so,
How I wondered:—Did you know?

If I had looked into your eyes,
Fixed you so, trembling, all confessed—?
No: let the hawk stoop for its prize,
Beak in the flutt'ring breast.
I . . . waited. This is best.

This: you to love and lean upon
At last, your breast, where beating true
Lies the full heart I might have won;
Had won, yet scarcely knew.
(*You* could be secret, too!)

Yet, . . . was it somehow understood?
Unhelped, unhindered, by a word,
How each soul felt that it was good
To be by the other stirred;
With silence for a third.

That was Love's proof. What showed the least
Was hardest: ever grew more hard.
To stand in sight of a rich feast,—
Looks, even, held in guard,—
And hunger, self-debarr'd.

And now? Ah! what a debt to pay!
Look in my eyes, look in my soul.
Take . . . . all? Never will come the day!
Reopens a fresh scroll;
And see! Love owes . . . *the whole.*

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The Caravan

BY MARY TRACY EARLE

TARLETON had seldom been so tired of the cars. He was in the South, on one of those small branch roads where trains stop to look for a lady's lost handkerchief, and run so slowly at the best that travellers insure their lives against death from old age instead of from accident. The coach in which he sat had been pervaded by a family of children who were showing life to their mother,—a reproachful, futile little widow, who had already seen more than she wished of it. At the last station they had left the car, but egg-shells and chicken bones strewn upon the floor remained as souvenirs. The day was hot, the windows were open, and drifts of cinders had turned the upholstery gray. Just in front of Tarleton a man whose travelling-case bore the name of "G. P. Hill" had been yawning in his corner, but failing to catch the nap he wished. He and Tarleton had chatted earlier in the day, and now he shook himself up and leaned over the seat as if something of importance had come into his mind.

"Did you ever hear of Rogers, the New England martyr?" he asked.

"No," said Tarleton.

"I merely mentioned him because I think it was his widow that got off at the last station," Hill explained. "It's a matter of history that she was left with nine small children and one in her arms."

Tarleton took up the idea. "She must be a great traveller," he said. "I see her wherever I go in the South."

"Yes; she's evidently moved South," the other agreed. "I judge you're not a Southerner yourself."

There was a shrug in answer. "I? I'm anything you please to call me; I'm a travelling man."

"It's a weary business," Hill said, "and you're right: a man doesn't belong anywhere. We're just cursed Wandering Jews, every one of us, and, if you notice, there's a lot of people that despise us, too."

Tarleton smiled at some thought larger than he cared to speak, and looked out of the window, where bits of pine-land, interspersed with meagre cotton-fields, basked in the sunshine. Superficially he might be tired of the cars, but the spirit of the rover was deep in him, and he knew it.

"For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried,"

he quoted under his breath.

"I didn't catch that," Hill said.

"I was only thinking of some queer things I've come across in my travels," Tarleton answered, and stretched himself back into his corner.

It was not long before the car door opened and he heard the train-boy's familiar voice. He turned, and at the same time a general stir of interest went through the car.

The train-boy advanced with a self-conscious grin. His usual basket hung from his right hand but on his left arm he was carrying a child.

"Fresh candies! Fruit! Chewing-gum! Playful baby to rent!" he called, quite as if the news company or the confectioners furnished him with infants at every supply station.

Hill and Tarleton were at his side before he had finished his announcement. He put down his basket and began to dance the baby in his hands, much as the vender of a mechanical toy might wind one and set it going.

"Nice article!" he declared. "You joggle it — so — it laughs, shows four teeth. You lay it down on a seat, it shows temper and yells like a Mogul engine.— For rent on easy terms."

The other passengers came crunching through the peanut shells to look at the baby, but the train-boy held it out to Hill.

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"Try it," he said, convincingly. "Answers to the name of Sonny. If you don't find it just as recommended, it sha'n't cost you a cent."

Hill's face showed willingness to be amused by any new trick of the trade which enterprise had invented for train-boys. "Don't care if I do," he said; and taking the child with some aptitude, proceeded to "joggle" it,—one hand as chair seat, the other as back of chair. Sonny was not in the least afraid. In fact, the change seemed to please him. His smile broadened from quivering uncertainty into an infectious display of dimples and the promised teeth. Hill laughed. "In working order," he declared. "How long can I keep it?"

The vender was all agrin. "That's for its mother to know and us to find out," he said. "It was asleep on one of the seats in the forward car, and at the last station she asked me to glimpse it once in a while; she wanted to go out for a cup of coffee. That's all I know. She didn't get on again."

The other passengers pressed close with futile, exclamatory surmises. Tarleton backed out of the excitement and stood looking at everybody with amused interest; but as Hill danced the baby higher and higher to show confidence in its mother's intentions, he gave a little start and stepped closer. A flat, heart-shaped locket, which had been hanging by a blue ribbon round the baby's neck, but inside his dress, had been jolted up and had fallen outside into view.

Tarleton had seen many heart-shaped lockets; yet, as he lifted this heart it was with a presentiment of the initials he would find inside its case. He had given such a locket as this once to a girl. Years later she had married another man, had been deserted, and he had seen his own boyish love pledge worn by a pink-faced baby lying across her knees.

"It has nothing to do with you now," she had said to him. "I found it the other day among some old things, and I've given it to Sonny to keep his father's picture in— Do you care?"

That was a year ago, and it was many years since they had met before, or since he had given her more than the passing thought a man in constant contact with the world can give to memories.

He took the ribbon from the child's neck and pressed the spring. The locket opened, and on one side were the initials he expected. On the other was a small, unflattering tintype of G. P. Hill.

In his amazement he gave a long stare at Hill, verifying eyes and nose and mouth and general air of having been knocked carelessly about the world. The man had grown older, and even the excitement of a rented infant to be thrown aloft could not quite banish his inclination to a listless yawn. For him to be tossing his own child and not knowing that it belonged to him was as dreary a piece of justice as any judge could have devised. Tarleton closed the heart and slipped it into his pocket. No one else had seen what it held.

"Well?" Hill asked, as the trinket disappeared. "Is he your long-lost brother's son and heir?"

"I know the child's mother," Tarleton answered, shortly enough. He turned to the staring train-boy. "You can make your mind easy," he said. "I'll be responsible for this young man. The mother got detained somehow,—that's all. When we get to Hickoryville we'll find a telegram from her, you can depend on that."

The train-boy shrugged his shoulders, picked up his basket, and started down the aisle, and the passengers, after a few more questions, went back to their places with a feeling that Tarleton had done them out of a sensation by claiming to know the child without telling them whose it was or showing them the picture in the locket.

Even Hill felt slightly defrauded. "I'm getting off at Hickoryville," he said to Tarleton, when they had established themselves in a seat together, "so if your business takes you further you don't need to interrupt yourself. I'll see the kid safely restored."

The unconscious aptness of the proposition brought a rather grim humor into Tarleton's face. "We'll talk that over later on,—we've a long run before us yet," he said, stretching himself into comfort.

One of Sonny's hands, reaching toward the window, brushed Hill's face. Hill moved his head nervously to one side, and a dull red burned in his cheeks. "A man don't know what he misses with-

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"FRESH CANDIES! FRUIT! PLAYFUL BABY TO RENT!" HE CALLED

out one of these little chaps," he admitted, in a constrained voice.

"You're a family man yourself?" Tarleton asked.

"I?" the other rejoined, much as Tarleton had spoken earlier in the hour. "I'm a wanderer, a cursed Wandering Jew, that's all."

Tarleton stared out at a stretch of gullied fields, thickets, and inconsequent ragged bits of forest. It was a landscape that had suffered almost humanly from poverty and poor judgment and neglect. He knew it all so well that he could almost see the people in the weather-stained houses that flitted past, and he knew that if he stood at any of those doors and knocked, a woman would come out who would presently tell him some odd sad fact which would fit with other facts

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which he knew, or was soon to know, and round out the story of some life. Strange things happened to him, and, without his wish, his hand was always finding its way to the springs which laid open other people's lives.

He had not decided whether to let Hill know the truth. The child and the mother might suffer more if the impetus of this unexpected encounter carried Hill back to them than if he stayed away. He could scarcely make up his mind until he had probed into Hill's heart to find if it would be a property worth returning to a woman.

Hill sat swaying the baby with a cradling motion on his knee. The intense feeling he had shown was past, and he was again the bored traveller, looking for diversion. "I judge you found the picture of some particular friend of yours in that locket," he said.

Tarleton hesitated a moment, weighing this abrupt opening against his plans for drawing Hill out, and his own right to a decision in the case seemed to fade. He drew the heart from his pocket, opened it, handed it to Hill, and turned away. The train jogged on through the same alternations of ragged bits of forest and threadbare fields. Suddenly its whistle sounded in a long, harsh blast.

"There's Hickoryville," Tarleton said, turning round.

Hill looked as if he had not stirred a muscle except to sway the child, but the locket was hanging by its ribbon around the child's neck where it had been at first. "Will you get off as you planned?" he asked.

"That's as you say," Tarleton answered.

"Then stop off if you can spare the time," Hill said, rising to reach for his travelling-case.

The station building at Hickoryville stood engulfed in hot sunshine. Tarleton opened his umbrella and sheltered Hill and Sonny as they crossed to the telegrapher's room with the conductor and the train-boy. There was no message waiting for them, and when they tried to telegraph back for tidings the office at Red Oak gave no response.

"Do you suppose we can hire a rig in this hole and drive back?" Hill asked.

"That seems to be about all we *can* do," Tarleton answered; and though the road was long, they set out, leaving behind a telegram to be sent as soon as possible, explaining that the baby was in good hands and was returning to its mother by carriage.

Sonny cried for a while and finally fell asleep. Hill had talked no more than was necessary since receiving the locket, and he continued to keep his counsel. Tarleton drove, speaking now and then in a tone of fellowship to the horses, though his mood was all excitement and impatience.

The country through which they were passing was desolate in the extreme, and its aspect subtly increased his sense of some tragic element in the affair. Many of the old plantations had been sublet to negroes; and a man or woman taking refuge on one of them might never see a white face again without looking for it beyond the plantation gates.

Tarleton stirred uneasily, irked by the silence. "All the whites have moved to the little towns," he said, describing a great arc in front of the carriage with his whip. "They board one another for a living, and the fellow who can tell where the living really comes from will find perpetual motion mere child's play."

Hill turned with a short laugh, and Tarleton noticed for the first time how his face had changed in the hour. Every line in it was tense, and the eyes burned excitedly.

They were on the crest of a high, broken ridge, and through a gap in other ridges they could see the village of Red Oak nestling in a valley miles away. There was only a glimpse of huddled houses, but it made the end of their quest seem near and their time short. Tarleton pointed it out with his whip.

"I'd like to know what's happened to her over there," he said.

Hill stared after the village until it vanished behind the ridges as a familiar face is lost in a dream. Then he laid one clenched hand on his knee.

"If you have anything to tell me about my wife, you'd better get through with it," he said.

"I don't know that there's much for me to tell you," Tarleton answered, noting the airy dance of heat in the road ahead. "In an hour, if no harm has

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come to her, she can tell you what she wants to herself."

Hill's face set into a grimness that told nothing of his plans. "No harm could come to a woman in a place like that," he declared.

The other shrugged his shoulders. He was intensely nervous, and would have urged forward his team except that the breathless heat forbade much speed.

"A little, sleepy, dead-alive place like that," he retorted, "is the very garden-spot for harm."

The horses plodded up red clay hills and through long stretches of sand, where the wheels dragged. At last the dusty outskirts of Red Oak came in nearer view. The road passed into a settlement of negro cabins, and on into a main thoroughfare fringed with unprosperous, blighted little stores. Red Oak might be a garden-spot for harm, but certainly it was a garden-spot for nothing else.

Tarleton turned down a street leading to the railroad station. Here were a few more general-merchandise houses, several saloons, a drug-store where a girl in white was drinking a soda-water, and a millinery-shop, to which a notary's sign had incongruously attached itself. The notary was also a justice of the peace, and a few loafers round the door of the shop testified that some trial of more general interest than that of hats and bonnets was going on within. The justice sat at the back of the shop, at a table which his wife had partially cleared of flowers and plumes. He was in his shirt sleeves, his elbows were planted on the table, and he was leaning forward over it, questioning a woman. Several other men were in the room, sitting with their hats in their hands, as if they had come to get new ribbons for them.

Tarleton had never seen the law of the land so oddly ensconced, and the picture which he caught in passing would have remained as a memory if he had driven straight on. But the woman in front of the justice's table turned at sound of the carriage, gave a little cry, and came running to the door,—the justice and half a dozen others jumping up and following.

Tarleton stopped his team and waited inquiringly. The woman slipped down from the high sidewalk and came straight to Hill's side.

"Oh, you've brought me my baby!" she cried, half sobbing, and holding up her arms.

Hill and Tarleton both stared at her without a word. She was a frail-looking young woman in a somewhat grimy travelling-dress; her face was marked by tears, and tears stood in her eyes. She looked from one to the other, and something in their amazed faces brought a flood of color over hers. For an instant her eyes fell. She pulled out a handkerchief, wiped away her tears, and looked up again, evidently shamefaced.

"Was he good without me?" she asked, in a pathetically diffident tone. "Did they think I'd deserted him when they found him alone on the cars?"

Tarleton and Hill looked at each other. Neither of them had ever seen the woman before,—neither of them knew what to think.

"Drive on," Hill said, in a low voice. "This is some mistake. Drive on."

The woman put a hand on the carriage wheel. She was suddenly as pale as she had been flushed a moment before; her eyes were dilated, and she was trembling. "You mustn't think I didn't mean to get back to the train," she said, with an intense thrill of pleading in her voice. "And finding me here in—in trouble, you mustn't think that I'm not a good mother to him. I tried to get back to the train and they wouldn't let me. I told them my baby was there."

Tarleton looked over her head at the justice of the peace. The child had so evidently belonged to Hill that there had not been a moment's doubt of its identity in his mind. Hill had accepted it as unquestioningly as he, and to have an unknown woman come suddenly upon the scene and claim it seemed more like fantasy than fact, in spite of her detailed knowledge of the facts. "What does she mean?" he asked. "This child was left on the train, but it's not hers. It belongs to a friend of mine. I recognized it by the locket it wears."

The woman withdrew from the wheel and stood locking and unlocking her hands. The justice looked at her in a good deal of perplexity.

"She says it is," he temporized. "She's been talking about it enough, and you saw how she ran out at sight of it. That's

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all I know about her. She was brought here, and I've just got round to hearing her case. She's charged with pocketing the spoons in a restaurant where she was drinking coffee."

The woman shrank into herself with a moan. "That has nothing to do with Sonny," she declared, piteously. "That was why they stopped me and I couldn't get back to him."

Hill had kept his gaze riveted on her ashen face. After she had spoken she turned toward him and lifted her eyes slowly, but instead of yielding to the desperate appeal in them, he took the locket from the child's neck, opened it, and held it for her to see. The justice and half a dozen others tried to look at it over her shoulder. Hill gave them all their turn, and then spoke out with harsh distinctness.

"I gave that picture to my wife. I've not seen her or my child for a year, but when this child was brought to me and I saw my own picture in the locket, I knew the child was mine, and if this woman was travelling with him and left him on the train, it's because she stole him, that's all." He turned to Tarleton. "It's no use arguing with her; drive on," he urged.

But Tarleton hesitated; and the woman, pressing suddenly between the carriage wheels, got her arms around the boy.

"He's mine," she sobbed. "I'm telling you the truth. I only took the locket. He's mine."

No one had thought of appealing directly to the child, and, wonted to the noises and alarms of the cars, he had slept, heedless of rival claims. But with the woman's voice in his ears he wakened, and, smiling at her as only a baby can, put up his hands to catch and hold the love in her face. She drew him away from Hill and sat down on the sidewalk, talking to him in a broken murmur of questions and assurances.

Tarleton took a deep breath. "If this baby is yours," he asked, gently, "won't you tell us why you took the locket?"

She tried to face him over the child's shoulder, but burst freshly into tears. "I couldn't help it. We were visiting in the same house, and when I went to kiss her baby good-by—I—oh, things look so pretty to me, or so easy to take off," she sobbed. "Wherever I go I get into trouble. I just take things; I don't steal, but nobody believes that."

"Oh, is it that way?" Tarleton said.

"She's been trying to make us think that she steals things without wanting to," the justice of the peace put in with a judicial frown. "But the way I look at it, when she has 'em in her pocket it don't much matter how she came to put 'em there."

"She can't help it," Tarleton explained. "Any doctor will tell you there are people afflicted that way."

A murmur of comment passed through the little gathering, and the justice spoke to a man standing near him: "In that case you'll withdraw your charge against her, won't you?"

The man nodded. "I'd have let her go at first," he said, "if I'd believed she really had a baby on the train."

The woman thanked him tremulously, and rose as if she would like to hurry out of sight, but hesitated, giving a nervous glance at Hill, who was regarding her with a hard, unconvinced gaze.

Tarleton laid a hand on his companion's knee. "If she had stolen the child she wouldn't keep the locket round his neck, would she?" he asked.

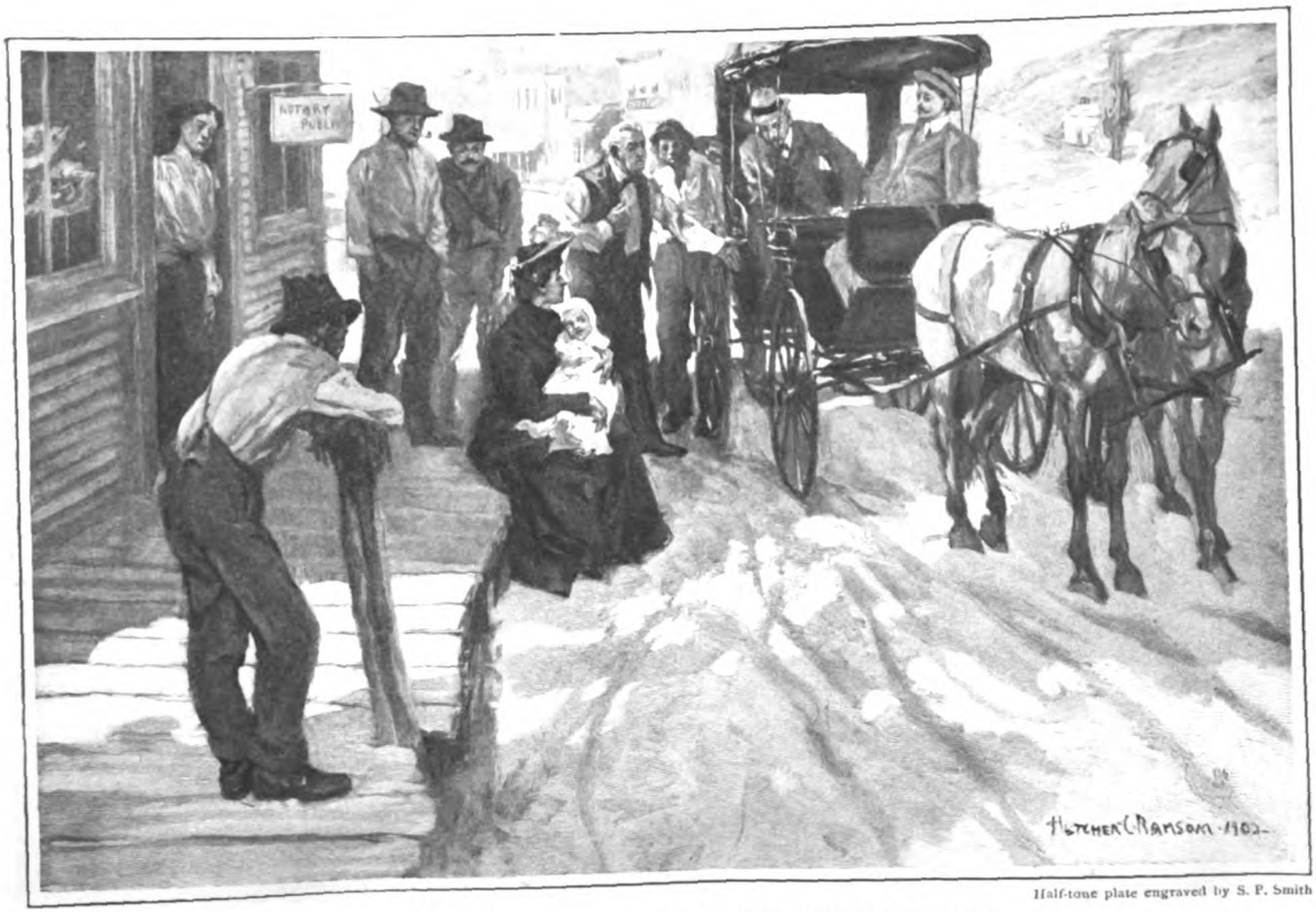
Hill confronted him with a quivering face. "You might as well say, if she stole the locket, would she hang it on her child? She's unbalanced. How can I tell what she would do?"

For a moment both men were silent. The woman had grown calmer, and stood patiently watching them, now and then kissing one of Sonny's hands which she held against her lips. Suddenly the incredulous expression fell away from Hill. The slow flush of his deepest feeling took its place, and his eyes filled. "And yet," he admitted, "I know the boy is hers."

"Of course you do," Tarleton cried; but the woman buried her face in Sonny's dress, and they could hear her murmuring over all his baby names.

Tarleton, watching her, added her voice and attitude to his long line of memories. Whatever her life had been or was to be, for this poignant moment it stood for all the tenderness of motherhood, and nothing else. He should see her figure now beside the figure of Hill's wife on the door-step. Hill's wife,—the

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Half-tone plate engraved by S. P. Smith

"HE'S MINE," SHE SOBBED. "I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH"

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thought of her cut through his heart, reproaching him for letting the moments slip away. At this very time, perhaps, she was sitting as he had seen her, clasping her own child close and whispering to it. The months had gone hard with her, —he knew that from the heart-break and the longing in her face a year ago,—and each instant seemed cruel to him, as it added itself to her long suspense; for if Hill did not return to her now, he would never return.

The woman with the child started toward the railroad station. She was frail, and the child was heavy. The sun beat down on them, and the hot dust of the street rose after each footstep. No one could have looked more pitiable, yet none of the men round the millinery shop took a step after her to carry the child or to offer hospitality until the time of the next train. Hill was staring after her as she plodded down the dusty street, looking so uncared-for, so unprotected, that perhaps as he watched her he saw for the first time the desolation of a woman left, as his wife had been left, to face the world unprepared. Perhaps for the first time he forgot his own sore pride. Perhaps all the longing of a year's exile rose suddenly in a heart that had seemed to hold only the dust and bitterness of love. His eyes fell as if the glare of the hot sun had blinded them, and he sat drawing hard, shaken breaths. At last he looked up and met Tarleton's glance with a long, full gaze.

"I'm going back," he said, with a tremor in his voice—"to my wife."

He straightened his shoulders to make sure that listlessness had fallen from them, and took out his watch. His face was wonderfully shot with light. "If I can get an hour in Hickoryville before the east-bound passenger comes through, I'll take that," he added.

Tarleton gathered up the reins for answer, and turned the carriage. The horses had had time to breathe, and they started off at a swinging pace, feeling their heads toward home. Hill had been carrying the gold heart in his hands. He opened it and looked curiously at the initials and the face.

"How did you know this was my wife's locket?" he asked. "I never saw it before in my life."

Tarleton smiled a little, the question came so late. "I gave it to her," he said, "long ago, when we were scarcely more than boy and girl. I knew her well then."

The idea seemed to win acceptance slowly with Hill. "You must have known her before I did," he said at last.

"Long before, I reckon," Tarleton answered, and went on to tell of the old days of friendship, the interval of forgetfulness, and the last brief meeting, which had haunted him through the year.

Hill dropped his forehead in his hands and listened, asking a question now and then. The sun circled slowly towards the west, the air lost its oppression, and the one golden hour of the day came on. At last Tarleton had told all he had to say.

Hill lifted his face. "It's strange," he commented, "that you and I and that woman should have been on the train together to-day. I've travelled a long time, and I never knew of so odd a coincidence before."

"And I've travelled a long time and I come across strange things nearly every day. Why, I've seen so much happen, that when I walk into a car and glance along the seats to know who's there before me, it wouldn't take much to imagine queer implements in the hand-baggage—little Mr. Cupid's bow and arrows slung up over a seat, or old Death's scythe. That's what a man could fancy if he was imaginative," he added.

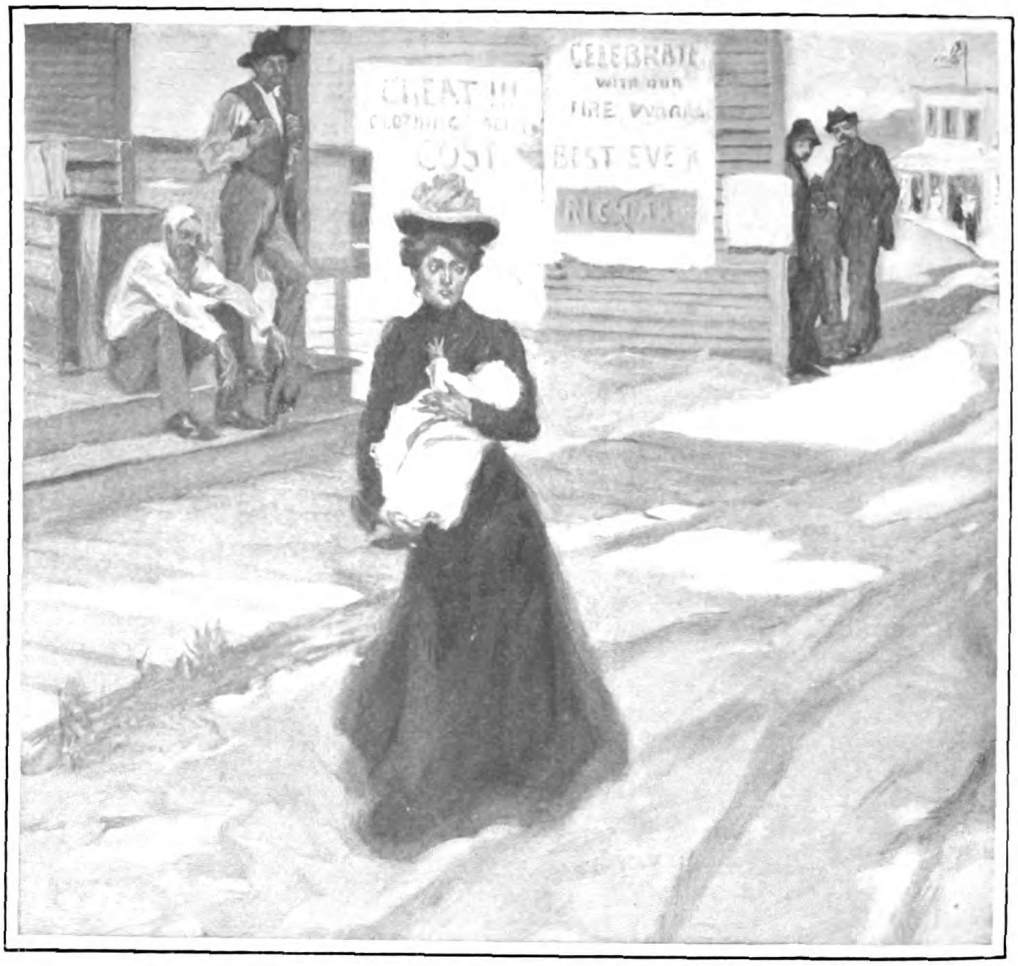
"You were born for the road," Hill said, with a vague smile.

Tarleton chirruped to the horses. "I wish I'd asked that poor woman back there whom she belongs to, and why she's travelling alone," he went on, in a different tone. "But I'll ask her to-night on the train, and if she has people anywhere, I'll stir them out to look after her, if I can."

"You go west to-night and I go east," Hill said, absently. He was looking again at his own face in the heart where his wife had put it for their child to know. "Do you go far?"

"Far? Of course I go far," Tarleton answered, and his glance wandered ahead. In its sunset glow the country seemed even emptier and sadder to him than it had before, and he wondered if he was envious of the man at his side. Hill

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE PLODDED DOWN THE DUSTY STREET

was going home, but he was only going forward, just as he had been going forward all his life. Forward and forward and forward,—he travelled to places that he knew, on errands that he knew, yet of late years with an underlying sense that all his journeyings were for some unknown greater purpose.

"Where bound?" Hill asked.

Tarleton laughed. "There's a little town called Magnolia where I shall make my next stop," he said, "and beyond that I can't say."

"You'll get orders there?" Hill asked.

"Yes, temporary orders," Tarleton answered, "and I'll not be consulted as to where I want to go."

"A man never is," Hill agreed.

Tarleton laughed again, the other's literalness fitted so well with the subtler meanings of his own mood. "You know Magnolia," he suggested, whimsically; "did you ever think of it as a *'Tent where takes his one day's rest, A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest'*? That's what it is."

"I certainly never did," Hill answered.

"Then probably you don't know our line of march, either," Tarleton went on,—

"What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!"

But nature had intended Hill neither for a poet nor a philosopher, and his face grew puzzled.

"I don't believe that I'm familiar with those lines," he said.

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True Gods and False in Art

BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

INTRODUCTION BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

WE were speaking of art, of teaching, of the artistic tendencies of the day, and of the numberless difficulties in the way of young artists who enter upon this career. In the following pages Gérôme gives his impressions upon these questions, and points the way to the achievement by the young artists of to-day of the highest artistic ideals. He speaks, as he writes, simply and without affectation. "Whatever is truth," he says, "is good to tell." Truth is the one word that best sums up the essential attribute of his character and of his talent.

Gérôme came to Paris early—he was only seventeen—in 1841. He spent the first few years as a student in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, where he has now been a professor for more than thirty years. In 1844 he went with Delaroche to Italy, where he gathered material for some of his later Roman paintings. Three years later he first won public recognition through the acceptance by the Salon of a painting now in the Luxembourg, called the "Combat des Coqs." Trips to Egypt and Turkey followed in 1853 and 1856, and brought him the material for the wonderful studies of Eastern life, which many critics consider the best of his work.

One of these paintings, the "Door of the Mosque El Assaneyn, with the heads of the Beys who were massacred by Salek Kachef," shows the artist's creative ability, the controlling love of truth, and the fine artistic probity which are characteristic of all his work, and of which he speaks here as essential to the highest ideals. In some of these Eastern studies, such, for example, as the "Slave Market," the subjects are in themselves revolting. Gérôme treats them from the point of view of truth only, without violence, without repulsion. By this restraint, by this very coldness and accuracy of truth, he enhances, as only a master can, the terrible fascination of these pictures of life.

It is not going too far to say that while Gérôme is not primarily a painter of landscape, his backgrounds, like the view of the Nile in the "Prisoner," and the view of the Egyptian country in the "Hache-paille Egyptien," are worthy of the highest artistic consideration. Among Gérôme's best-known works are "The Age of Augustus," a great historical work, which was purchased by the state (1855); the "Gladiators bidding farewell to Cæsar" (1859); the "Death of Cæsar" (1867); and the painting of "Diogenes," now at the Walters Gallery in Baltimore. His work taken as a whole represents the achievements of a man who, although he has reached the time of life when success is his in fullest measure, has not yet passed the age of progress. He is a master-artist in thorough accord with the time and with the best traditions of our national art.

IT seems to me that the moment has come to protest against the pleasantries of the critics. In art everything is topsyturvy, and they call it progress. In a few years the opposite will be true, and still it will be called progress. Progress in art is the fashion of the day. These reflections are suggested to me by what is actually happening, by the painting we see nowadays, and by the so-called modern sculpture, which is in reality merely a perversion of true art. But the saddest thing to me is that there are some people who think well of it. The syndicate of picture-merchants and of art critics that has been

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formed praises pictures that have no value, pictures that are artistic cheats. I will add that here in France the state is equally to blame in admitting these paintings to the Luxembourg. The young artists who see them say to themselves, "The only thing to do is to make a picture that will sell—one that the state approves of—let us strive for that result." They start on the wrong path, and never depart from it. They slip into idleness and inaction. Success awaits the one who "arrives" first through ineffective originality or tricks of art. Many are the young artists of incontestable worth who, drunk with ambition, are slipping into this gulf without knowing that it means artistic destruction. Indeed, if our artists persist in this way, it means the destruction of art itself.

But the time must come when men, having their eyes opened, will understand that they have been blind. One cannot deceive Nature with impunity. She never pardons those who do not respect her and who do not love her. An artist must have this love, must fill his eyes with her splendor, and, above all, must reproduce what he sees. Honesty is even more indispensable in art than in anything else. And, in saying this, I am not speaking in paradoxes. Without honesty there will follow quickly the end of all serious art. Even the artists of Italy, the land of classicism *par excellence,* the land where one sees beauty everywhere, are painting in what is called the modern style. They wish to be simple: they only succeed in complicating their designs to their own great detriment. And yet the formula for the best art is very simple: one need only be sincere, naïve, at all times a student of nature. There are artists who have never been great thinkers, such, for example, as Claude le Lorrain. And yet, thanks to this sincerity, to this naïveté, they have succeeded in producing worthy works of art.

Many artists, both in France and America, dabble in this "facile" art, which demands neither imagination nor science. Among them are a few of great talent, true workers. I have many students who work with an altogether praiseworthy ardor, and who will go far towards success. But they do not forget that they will only succeed with time and under the shield of the great masters. Rude and Barye should be their models. Of Rude I recall a characteristic incident. He was a close friend of Monge, the mathematician. One day the latter was in his studio, when Rude, speaking of the model he was using at that time, said, "What a magnificent statue one could make if one could only reproduce actual nature." "Nothing more easy," replied Monge; "buy some compasses," . . . . and it was from that moment that Rude became the great sculptor that we know.

The fact is that truth is the one thing truly good and beautiful; and, to render it effectively, the surest means are those of mathematical accuracy. Nature alone is audacious above anything human; she alone is original and picturesque. It is, then, to her that we must become attached if we wish to interest and enthuse the spectator. When a sculptor sets up a figure, if he has carefully taken the principal measurements and if the outlines are well placed, he is astonished, although there is as yet only an unformed mass, to see that the whole work is already almost completed. The execution is only a question of hours of labor.

As an example of this necessity for accurate observation, I had made a picture of a muezzin singing at night on the top of a minaret. The sky, in proportion to the size of the painting, was rather large, and I had placed the stars no matter where and no matter how. In spite of the care I had taken with the design, I saw that the work as a whole was ineffective. I submitted the sketch to my friend Jansen, the astronomer, asking him to draw a design of the stars in their exact dimensions. The problem was solved to my satisfaction. I had spoken the language of truth. Some of Barye's sketches are not of remarkable merit, but his wild animals are of the greatest beauty. Why? Because he has studied them sincerely with the love of a great artist, of an observer, and of a poet. Before him this method was not at all understood, as witness those abominable lions of Canova in St. Peter's at Rome, which are cited to you in Italy as works of art! I remember seeing in Florence, three years ago, some of the other works that are considered everywhere as the world's

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A VISIT OF THE PUPILS TO GÉRÔME'S STUDIO

Halftone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

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From the original by Gérôme

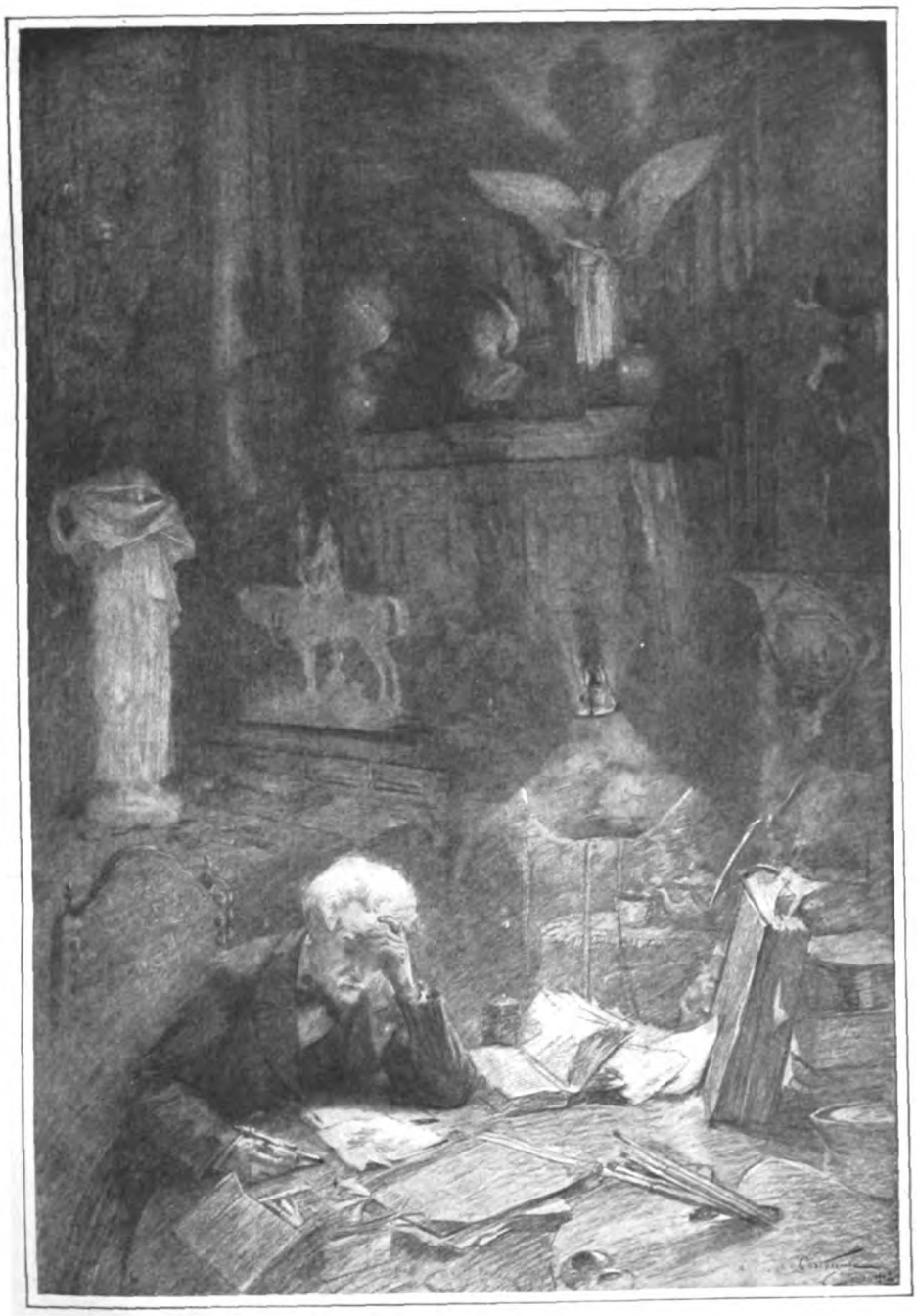
SIGN-BOARD FOR OPTICIAN'S SHOP

M. Gérôme's sense of humor is shown by this sign-board: the amusing title and the picture of the little dog (o-petit-chien) attracted much attention in Paris.

chefs-d'œuvre,—among others, the Donatellos. It is saddening to note that the false opinions of a few incompetent critics have prevailed over good sense and sane criticism. It was a pleasure for me to study the Raphaels and the Michael Angelos. I know them well, and I love them. But I cannot help thinking that, in spite of their genius, they set a detestable example. Raphael in his declining years made use of a formula in his art that was neither sincere nor naïve. Michael Angelo fashions nature after his own ideas. He is a master one must admire, but whom one should refrain from imitating.

In France also the critics have gone wide of the mark. For a long time the Barbizon school, which, as is generally known, is composed of seven or eight painters, remained in obscurity. A few years ago they were "discovered," and the critics wrote dithyrambs without number about them. If formerly these artists were not appreciated, they are too much so to-day. Indeed, nowadays one hears

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GÉRÔME IN HIS STUDIO

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very little of the great masters of the French school. They are relegated to the background. Wise and serious people are beginning to think it necessary to reconsider and to put things in order, that the critics have gone beyond all reason, and that the works of these artists are not the last word in art. And I think they are right. The artists of the Barbizon school have painted many charming things. They have done *conscientious* work, but they show the absence of fundamental education. A great part of their work is despairingly *monotonous*. One of their number, a painter of landscape, has made himself the painter of peasants—a style relatively easy. In his designs and in his pastels he gives them from time to time a certain grandeur, but their resemblance to apes is too marked. The great thing lacking is sincerity and a certain artistic probity.

In contrast, take the work of a master like Phidias. His work is admirable; it is nature seen, observed, sincere. In his Parthenon Frieze, with its variety of workmanship, its proportions and movement, Phidias shows himself the master of all of us. As for the other Greeks, they are often cold, heavy, and tiresome. In painting, Rembrandt is one of the greatest men I know. He is the poet allied with the painter, a great visionary. Then there are many who are great painters and not poets at all. The case of Rubens, one of the rare portrait-painters who has made beautiful paintings, is sufficiently typical. The great majority of portrait-painters are simple workmen, and are not artists—that is to say, poets and thinkers. But there are great portrait-painters whose work is admirable. Holbein, for example, Van Dyck, and many others. In general, I do not believe in the superiority of the old masters. There are excellent artists in every age. The Germans, for example, have Menzel, who has done some very beautiful things. He is the German Meissonier. As a military painter, the greatest of all is Raffet, the Rembrandt of military painting. He is, moreover, an illustrator whom every artist could well choose as a model. Among our own masters of illustration, Gavarni, besides having a sense of humor, could draw well; much better than Daumier, for example, who, I think, is rated too highly. We have also Doré, a man admirably endowed with the very highest intelligence. Unfortunately he did not know the essentials of drawing.

The art of illustration has made progress. It is more documentary, but none the less artistic. From this point of view the Americans excel. They have learned how to make use of the document and to make it serve their purpose. In this, instantaneous photography has been of inestimable assistance. I remember that before the discovery of instantaneous photography, twenty-five years ago, I was at Newmarket, where I saw the racehorses in training. As I watched them, I was surprised to note that the legs of the animals, when in rapid motion, seemed to make a kind of wheel under their bodies. I afterward made several sketches, of the same size, of each separate movement as I had observed it. I pasted these sketches one behind the other, and the true effect was produced. One is astonished that certain great artists like Géricault and Horace Vernet have always



STUDIES FROM LIFE

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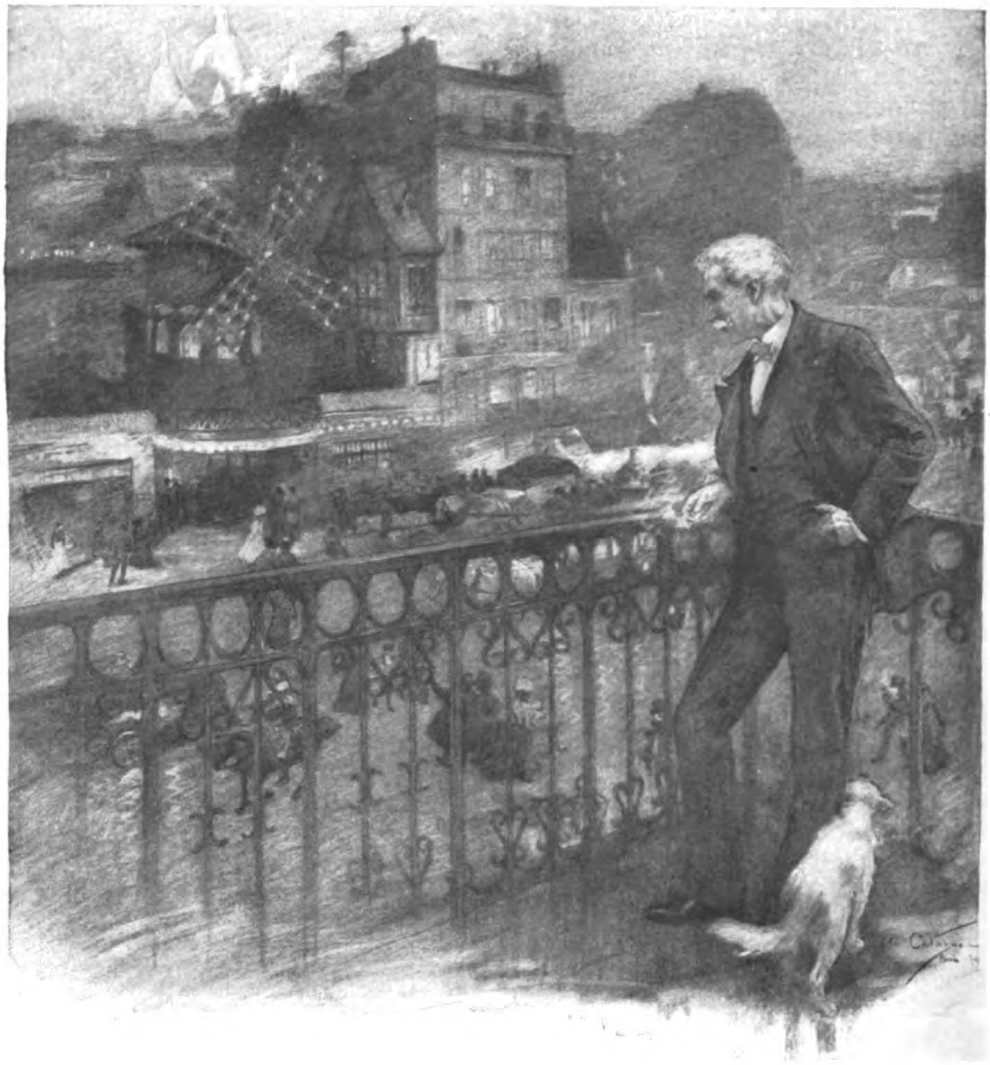
From a pencil sketch by Gérôme

STUDY OF AN ANGEL

stopped at reproducing the conventional routine movement, when the least observation would have opened their eyes, and must have made for them the synthesis of this movement. From all this one must conclude that our sense of sight is not as well developed as that of the Greeks or of the Japanese, and that it is not one of our gifts to observe with sufficient attention the various aspects of nature when in rapid motion.

But with this care in observation there must be creative ability. Oftentimes very little things are most suggestive. My own work on old Roman subjects began in a curious way. There was brought to my notice a casque found among the excavations at Rome. At once the thought came to me that no one had ever painted the Roman gladiators. From that I set to work. I began to study passionately the history of the Cirque, and the idea little by little took form. I surrounded myself with documents of all kinds. I reconstructed the armor of the time and started to work. Meissonier came to see me one day. He arrived just as a model in casque and armor came in. You can imagine his surprise. This unexpected vision brought before his eyes

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GÉRÔME ON HIS BALCONY

a view of the whole Roman world. Then, one night some years ago, I was invited to dinner at Versailles. The rendezvous was at the Trianon. An admirable twilight, all of green and rose-colored golds, made of the garden of Versailles an enchanted fairyland. The moon was rising over the palace. I started to dream of the great century of Louis XIV. I made of this little souvenir my "Promenade de Louis XIV." Had I not arrived late, had I not been invited to dine at Versailles—who knows?—perhaps I should never have painted this tableau.

When one is young and inexperienced one prefers the art of sentiment, and has even the false idea that too much study, too much truth, take away from work its light and its movement. When one has grown old in the harness, when one has worked for many years, observed well, compared well, ideas change. The artist should be a poet in conception, a determined, honest, and sincere workman in the execution. One must put into his work an artistic probity, and, above all, work, work. But there can be no serious and durable work if it is not based upon reason and mathematical accuracy,—if, in a word, art is not allied to science.

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The Motherhood of Beechy Daw

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

RED WOLF and Company, tanners of buckskin, sat beside the spring working patiently. The Wolf was a stalwart Shoshone. The "Company" consisted entirely of his squaw, for their little brown papoose, amusing himself in the sun, was hardly to be counted in the industrial association.

The family of three were up in the timber belt of a broad Sierra spur, in a gorge or channel like a "Devil's Slide" of titanic proportions.

The Indians were encamped in a cove carpeted with dry grass, except about the spring, where the fringe was old green. Buck and Mahala, the two Shoshones, were absorbingly busy in the Indian-summer sunlight. In the hands of either a deer-skin was being denuded of hair. This process was accomplished at the expense of much energy. The portion of hair which had come away easily was already lying in a fresco about the workers. To rid the hides of what remained, the Indian tanners worked at the surface with sharp bone implements.

Not fifteen feet above where the Indians labored the granite wall lightly held a few hundred tons of snow in a great precipitous scar or hollow. It was a new deposit, which had fallen the previous week, and the only remnants of which were a few isolated drifts, slowly melting in places shaded from the sun.

The child was sitting quietly in the brown grass, grasping in his tiny fist the headless body of a rattlesnake, the yellow belly of which was twisted upward tortuously. Nearly naked as he was, the small Shoshone chieftain had an intaglio pattern of the grass and twigs embossed in the soft bronze of his pretty legs. He had been sitting there on the grass for a long time. Indeed, he was now so weary of amusing himself that it was with exceeding difficulty he remained awake. His grip on the dead snake playfellow was listless.

Vexed with the clumsy Lotharios of the lumber-camp below, vexed with herself, vexed with the fate which had dragged her back to the woods and the saw-mill from the charms of Boston, Beechy Daw came sullenly toiling up the gorge. She was escaping the undesired attentions of Hiram Thole. It was true, she admitted, that Hiram had formerly fulfilled all her category of requirements in a man, but that had been before Boston. Her ideals had undergone a change. She would never marry; her life she intended to devote to art. She had told this decision to Shanny Merrill and to Adam Knox already.

It was a far cry, according to Beechy, from æsthetic Boston to the crude camp in the California timber; and Beechy knew, for she had cried nearly all the distance returning. She had gone away from the saw-mill a homely, sensible girl—a woman-jewel in the rough; she had returned homely, art-smitten, roughly cut. Hiram, Shanny, and Adam had been a trifle more than she could bear.

Beechy was not an artist. She was a very angry girl, who had been spoiled by too much Boston.

As she climbed the gulch the girl was unconsciously permitting her spirit and mood to reamalgamate with the deep, omnipresent tone of nature, which breathed from these great mother mountains. Thus she came to the brown-grass cove where the mated Shoshones labored with the buckskins.

The chief and his squaw looked up and nodded to the girl as she stood surveying the striking scene.

"Hullo, Lone Pine Injun!" said Beechy. She remembered to have seen the man in the mining-town across the summit before her father moved away to the lumber-camp to the westward.

"Hullo, Lone Pine girl!"

"You fix buckskin?" said Beechy.

"Heap pix um," agreed the Indian.

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"Where is the Injun camp?"

The toiler waved his hand comprehensively toward the summit.

Beechy looked at the small papoose. The naked little man was slowly toppling over with the weight of sleep on his eyes. Even while the girl was watching, his head pillowed itself on a rock, and the tiny fist released its grip on the plaything snake.

For a moment the girl's "Boston" aversion to children drew a string in her lip to curl disdainfully. She pitied the squaw mother, a slave to this little brown brat, a slave to toil, a creature denied the æsthetic flights of art. Then it presently occurred to the artist that the papoose presented a subject for painting such as she had rarely encountered.

She confessed mentally that the bit of bronze humanity looked almost pretty; his smooth soft skin was so sunny brown, his round little face so tinted with outdoor color and baby innocence, his pose so childishly weary and abandoned to the day's caress!

Her eyes lighted; she began to breathe faster at the thought of hastening away to get her box of paints. It was late in the Indian-summer afternoon; the sun had edged around the cliff till its rays were beating on the huge bank of snow above the spring.

"Lone Pine Injun," she said, "how long you stay here? Are you going back to Injun camp to-night?"

"Going back to-morrow night," said the man. "Make um camp here one more night, pix um buckskin."

Then, thought Beechy, she could have the entire day on the morrow in which to sketch the Indian papoose. She slowly turned about to depart the way she had come.

The sun went down; the shadows that all day long had lurked in deeps came forth and crept along the gorge, gaining on the lingering light like monster ghosts. Canyons filled with darkness overflowed till the gloom engulfed the mighty ranges.

At length the cold moon looked over the cliff-brink down into the cove. The small Shoshone chieftain still sat in the grass, his big brown eyes wide open, his hand again clutching the lifeless snake for companionship. He stared across the narrow arena, at a huge pyramid of snow, standing like an Indian's campoodie beneath the now empty scar in the solid wall. It was such a silent campoodie. It was such a white, frozen wigwam. The water of the spring had trickled out from beneath the mass, but the door it had made was very low and small. There were two Shoshones in the great white camp, their work in their hands, but they never came out. The little cold papoose waited and watched.

The day was balmy warm again, the ardent sun was even sucking up the mist from the hills and valleys to roll into clouds, when Beechy Daw came climbing up the gorge, box of paints and bundled easel in hand. From time to time, as she reached an eminence, she halted and turned about to scan the path she had come. If Hiram Thole had really started to follow, as she believed he had, she had foiled him completely. He might watch, if he pleased, to catch her returning; it would be a long day of waiting she would give him.

Up the final stairway of split bowlders she went like a chamois. The old Sierra exhilaration was again upon her. Not even to herself would the girl admit how intensely she loved the mountains; it was too much like conceding a point against Boston.

She was panting when she reached the brim of the cove. With an amateur artist's concern as to whether the model had moved, she looked for the papoose. There he was, asleep, exactly as she had seen him the previous afternoon.

For a moment the girl was so eager to begin that she knelt upon the ground and went at her strapped easel and box before she looked at anything else about the place. She remembered the working Indians at last, as if it were merely a matter of duty. Then she looked up, to nod them a morning's salutation.

Winking her eyes and brushing back a wisp of hair from her face, she stood up, a puzzled expression on her brow. She stared at the silent heap of snow steadily. As gradually as the moonlight had crept down the wall, a look of paleness and dread crept from her chin to her mouth and up to her eyes. Her gaze slowly returned to the brown papoose, asleep in the grass. She started forward,

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and stopped. Then, with a creeping feeling of terror, she slowly approached the monument of snow. She presently realized, however, that Red Wolf and Company were past all human assistance. Her thought came back to the child again. She thought of the little creature's possible hunger.

She experienced a feeling of annoyance. It would certainly be harsh to go down to the mill and send some one else to carry down the child; yet—the child had no right to thrust itself upon her care. Reluctantly her stubborn self admitted that the child's condition demanded a bit of humanity.

"I suppose the least I can do is to take you home to the Injuns," said the girl, frowning upon a tendril of feeling in her bosom; and kicking the body of the dead rattler away with a shiver of loathing, she beheld the small chieftain open his eyes and sit up, blinking.

His brown little hand went searching for the snake as he looked up in her face. Without even the serpent playfellow, he felt alone indeed.

"Now I suppose you'll cry," said Beechy, somewhat harshly. "I do wish you wouldn't."

The child continued to look in her face with a wistful question in his eyes. He did not cry.

She was a strong girl, both physically and in resolution. Having conceded that the task was there to perform, she took the velvety little rascal in her arms and started up the hill stoutly, leaving her paints, easel, and the luncheon lying on the rocks to await her return.

By the time she had reached the ridge of the spur, Beechy was ready to place her burden down and seat herself on a rock to breathe. She looked from the darkening sky to the child at her feet. He seemed like a little dumb animal, always watching her face for a sign. Again he searched about with his tiny hand for the plaything the girl had kicked away. She saw that he missed his grewsome consolation.

So swiftly did the storm-darkness gather as she strode onward with the small Shoshone down the slope that the girl glanced about her in doubt of the hills that she had thought she knew. A low rumble of thunder seemed to press the gloom down closer to the mountains. Beechy grew uneasy.

Almost racing down the sandy declivity, the girl felt herself growing angry again at the whole proceeding, impatient that the child should have involved her in this unwelcome labor.

For a moment she failed to observe that the sand and rocks under foot were slipping down at every step she took. But soon such a local avalanche was moving toward the base that she found herself unable to halt. Pebbles first, then fist-sized stones, and finally bowlders were rolling madly down before her in a herd. In the semi-darkness of the storm they seemed alive and uncanny. Thoroughly alarmed, Beechy struggled against her downward momentum. Every movement contributed to her involuntary race. To add to her growing concern, she realized that she had never before encountered this gravel declivity; therefore she was certainly off her proper course.

Clinging frantically to the baby Shoshone, the girl abandoned herself to a headlong plunge toward the cavernous ravine below. This place she gained before the rain became a torrent.

Beneath a group of trees she finally darted, throwing herself upon the dry mould of pine needles in a state of temporary exhaustion. The little brown papoose had fallen fast asleep.

The storm was sharp but brief. The hills were alive with sand-sluicing rivulets racing to the base, but the shower had actually gone by the time the drops came trickling through the thirsty foliage of the pines.

With her charge once more in her arms, Beechy issued forth at length and resumed her journey. The clouds still continued to pile up blue-black masses in the sky; the ranges were dark and the summits lost in wreaths of mist.

Resting frequently, climbing not so rapidly, the girl continued upward for something more than an hour. Then she paused to look about. The hills were unfamiliar, the world oddly silent, lifeless, and deserted.

"Something queer," she mused; "that slope over yonder is the only one that seems to be right at all."

She thought she should have been above Lone Pine by this, and almost in

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touch with the old Indian camp. Skirting the rise, she labored ahead for yet another hour or more, till she came to the hill she had noted. Its features then were foreign to every remembrance, while still another rounded shoulder lured her onward and up.

More slowly and with fading hope, she continued the climb. Her arms ached, her shoe was grinding on her heel. Suddenly she halted.

"Why," she cried aloud, "I'm lost!"

"Oh no!" she cried again; and stirred by fear, she hastened here and there, up and down, over and across the hills, wildly and in a fever, hour in and hour out, striving now to find anything familiar which should lead her home or to anything she knew. The afternoon was worn away. The daylight failed. The brief twilight retreated to the highest peaks, and the darkness of night descended on the desperate girl and the child. Utterly fagged, broken in spirit, she sank with a moan to the inhospitable earth. In sheer self-defence she folded the wondering child to her breast for warmth, and sat with her back to a tree, bitterly inveighing against the hour she had gone to the gorge.

Hour after hour of the keen autumn night was heralded aloft by the mighty procession of the stars.

Stiff, and staggering with the aches and pangs of her whole body, Beechy arose with the dawn. The Indian child was awake, gazing in dumb awe upon the face he found above his own.

Her arms were sore when she lifted him up. Whither to turn, which of the hills to clamber now, where all of them towered to stern austerity, her mind refused to suggest.

"I must climb to a height and look about," Beechy told herself courageously. She cradled the small papoose, and toiled in pain to a summit.

All that day—a day of matchless beauty, but soulless—she labored patiently onward, here, there, anywhere that beckoned with the mocking promise of hope and resemblance.

She was weak by noon, deathly weary by the time the sun began to near its western throne. Now and again she drank at a spring, wet the baby's lips, and bathed her hands and face. She gathered and ate of the manzanita's little red berries. They were dry, sweet, big with seeds; her head began to ache and throb from their powerful effect.

The Indian child made never a sound. Afraid to cry, incapable of speech, it gazed in dumb appeal in the face of the girl with those tireless eyes of animal eloquence and beauty.

At the end of the sun's ruddy painting in the west Beechy had staggered to one more hill to look with hopeless eyes on the endless stretch of mountains. How much they seemed like the hard, swollen muscles of pitiless giant earth!

As she gazed to the west and slowly turned to the south, as she sat in hopeless weariness on a rock, she suddenly started and uttered a low, eager cry, half a moan, half a shout. She arose, and shielding her eyes with her hand, peered long and breathlessly down athwart the hills.

The sight was unmistakable—a town. True, it was shown but dimly in the twilight, yet houses there were, dispelling doubt by their own upstanding forms.

In her impulse of joy the wanderer kissed the slumbering little chieftain and crooned a murmur of hope.

Pausing only to trace out a course by rocks, trees, and promontories of the range, she hastened as fast as her weariness and her lameness would permit down the slope in the flush of her rallied strength and courage.

The night came down, it seemed with haste unnecessary. The way that had seemed all smooth and down an easy grade when seen from the eminence, was rough with rocks, obstructed by bushes, steep and corrugated everywhere with gullies. Her back was aching till it seemed all divided with intercrossing lines of pain. Her arms were numb and heavier than lead; her feet were blistered and swollen; her legs trembled, either as she stood or went ahead.

She staggered on.

"Soon," she thought, with anxious hopefulness. "Oh, it must be soon we shall see the lights of the windows."

Dragging her feet, stumbling, faltering, yet holding the child with a tenderer care, she marched and struggled against the mocking steeps.

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"I've missed the way," she nearly sobbed. "I have missed the way." And still she labored slowly on.

A low, broad ridge rose up ahead to be climbed. She halted.

"You poor baby!" she crooned to the sleeping child, astir in her arms. "I'll climb this last pitiless hill, and then—we'll—rest."

Painfully halting at every step, she toiled to the top. It was level there, and she limped along for several rods. Suddenly looming out of the night a flat, rectangular shadow seemed to rise in her very path. Then to the left appeared another, to the right a pair, and farther away a scattered collection.

"Oh," she cried, "the town! — the town! Now we'll get milk for the baby! Now we'll be warm and happy!" and sobbing and laughing hysterically she almost ran to gain the haven of human habitations.

She stepped to the front of the first house she came to on the hill. It was dark and silent; the door was open and creaking dully on its hinges in the breeze of night.

"Oh," moaned the girl, and she fled to another.

Like the first, this house was also silent and sombre. Its door was gone completely. The windows yawned like mouths of caves.

Then it broke on the girl with a terrible sense of shock that not a light shone forth from a single one of these weird and hollow shells.

The town was deserted — streets, houses, all, abandoned. Not a living thing resided here in any of the ghostly huts and cabins — nothing but wraiths of memory—echoes of shouts, songs, and groans of the miners who had lived here and gone—nothing now but mystic whisperings, dusty shadows, and wails of the wind of darkness.

"Oh—let me go—away from here—away—anywhere!" cried the girl; and she started back into the merciless hills. But she fell headlong in the brush, and when at length her swoon was gone, she slept, and shivered.

In the gilding light of morning the houses of the deserted town presented an aspect, not inspiring dread, but rather compelling pity. The girl was drawn into something akin to sympathy with these, the abandoned things that once had been shelters and bright homes for women, men, and children.

No longer restlessly striving, but calm now, weary with effort and pain, the girl limped patiently back to the houses and entered them, one by one, or sat in the doorways idly, caressing and cooing to the child. She noted with tired indifference the abandoned mines and tunnels on the hill, the time-attritioned trail that led—the Lord knew whither. In some of the houses there were chairs, tables, stoves. In the windows of one a faded and dusty curtain swung and shredded its fabric away in the breeze. In the dust that covered the floors there were tracks of rabbits that romped in the empty places by moonlight.

"Nothing to eat, no nice milk—I'm sorry, little man," said Beechy to the bronze papoose. The child looked at her with his ever-wistful query in his eyes.

Beechy's pains were being dulled; she was listless; she could hardly walk. Yet she dragged herself along to the houses, paying a visit to each, as if in recognition of the right of these old places to the mournful formality.

In one, at length, when the day was nearly done, she found a number of chairs with ghosts of tidies still upon their backs. A carpet still adorned the floor, and a small, old-fashioned organ stood against the wooden partition.

As one in a dream, she placed the small Shoshone in a chair.

"We're home," she said, and she seated herself wearily.

The silent little chap, in his seat, felt about, as he watched the girl, for the dead snake, which had been the "acquaintance" with which he had parted last. Beechy felt her heart sink at this. She had been needlessly heartless. She felt poignantly guilty. She gazed at the child longingly.

"Baby," she said, "why, oh, why don't you cry?"

As the darkness gathered, she partially closed the door. It shrieked on its rusted hinges. She pulled the old cloth from a chair to wrap about the uncomplaining little warrior.

At midnight she awoke with a start. A horrid chorus of yelping coyotes

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brought her suddenly to her feet. Stabbed with pains, she reeled to the window. The waning moon was shining on the deserted town. From one of the houses there was a sudden exodus of rabbits. The scream of one that was captured came shrilly on the air. Then two coyotes fought and snarled and rended the furry warm bit to shreds as they fed upon it.

Shrinking away, Beechy crept to the sleeping child. She gathered him close to her bosom, and crooning and patting him gently and hovering the tiny form, she glared toward the door with a new ferocity of maternity.

By morning hunger had taught the child to suck its fingers. Beechy knew what the symptom meant. She groaned as she cuddled the wistful little rogue against her bosom, but there was nothing she could do. Her shoes had become tatters before she arrived at the town of empty houses. Her feet bled if she walked a hundred yards. She was fearfully weak. The effort to carry the child to a spring on the hill near by taxed her utmost strength.

In the morning she walked, crawled, staggered about among the houses searching for something to feed the child. It seemed impossible there could be nothing to eat in the town. A frenzy was on her to keep the baby from starving. At times she sat in front of one of the houses by the hour, rocking the little fellow in her arms. She began to wish most fervently it would cry or moan—do something that would seem like an appeal to be mothered. There was no sound from the dumb little lips.

The wee Shoshone looked wan. He slept too frequently. He seemed like a little wild bird too long held in an eager fist—crushed and drooping. Beechy suffered anguish after anguish. She grew wild, desperate. Something must be secured for the little man to eat! She goaded herself; she was like a mother eagle, atilt for prey for its eaglet.

In her searching mind came an abrupt recurrence of the scene she had witnessed in the night—coyotes hunting down the rabbits. Like a crazed creature she staggered forward on her swollen feet to carry the child to the "home" she had originally adopted. In the evening, when she had sung him asleep, she wrapped him up, laid him in a chair, and went forth, shutting the door behind her.

Making her way to the house in which the rabbit had lost its life, she stretched herself on the ground and waited. In the darkness she fancied the rabbits came, but she could see nothing of them. Cunningly she made no sound.

It was late when at length the moon arose. A graveyard stillness was over that deserted village. Now and then the night wind creaked a swinging door. At length the crouching girl beheld some nimble-footed creatures approach the house, hop in at the door, come forth, enter again, and patter with ghostly tread upon the floor.

With held breath and a heart that seemed to turn completely over in her breast, she crawled stealthily, silently, nearer and nearer. Suddenly springing forward, she clutched the door and slammed it violently behind her.

Panting, she crawled about on the floor, reaching out her hand in quick grabs. She heard a patter of cushioned feet, and the hot blood of natural savagery leaped in her veins. In the darkness of the place she was powerless to see the captive rabbit, but guided by its audible scampering hither and yon, she darted from corner to corner ferociously.

Hour after hour she panted, crept about on hands and knees, snatched at noises, battered her knuckles, and followed the lead of those pattering feet.

The dawn came at last. The haggard girl, wild-eyed, hair dishevelled and grayed with cobwebs, clothing torn and dusty, hands grimy and bleeding, beheld her prey cowering in a corner, its eyes as unnatural as her own. She laughed. Arising to her feet, she picked up a stick from the floor, and slowly advanced upon the quivering rabbit.

When she was almost upon it, the creature darted madly to escape. She struck at it, missed, and suddenly pounced. The little beast cried out as her eager fingers fairly sank into its neck and body. She screamed in triumph. Already the fierceness of her clutch had killed the frightened creature.

"My baby!" she cried, and hobbling on her wounded feet, she made for

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"home" like a mad woman, savagely tearing and biting at the game as she entered the door.

It was the purr of a tigress over its whelp that she sounded as she pressed the rabbit's bleeding neck to the lips of the little Shoshone.

He may have received some of the nourishment, but he was far too listless to nurse the fast-congealing fluid. He put his little hand on the soft fur and patted it gently. He seemed more to like the feeling of the bunny against his face than he did to taste the hot elixir of life so closely pressed to his mouth. When he moved his lips away, Beechy let the rabbit fall limply to the floor.

The brown little man of the sage-brush could no longer sit up in the dust on the floor. As he lay there, winking slowly and watching Beechy with his great appealing eyes, his hand rested on the rabbit's little rumpled body. The fur of the animal was pushed the wrong way; the once nimble legs were crossed crookedly; on the open eye a dull film of dust had settled.

Beechy took him up in her arms again and loved him against her bosom. She rocked herself to and fro and sang him a lullaby. She called him her baby times without number. At last she thought of the little old organ against the wall. Placing the uncomplaining child, with his rabbit, in a chair beside herself, she opened the dusty instrument and let her fingers wander slowly over the keys. It was a plaintive wail that came from the deserted organ. Some of the notes were less than whispers. To the ghost of a tune she was able to play, Beechy sang,

"I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

Looking down yearningly on the little Indian, she saw that at last he smiled. Bursting into tears, she kissed him and kissed him. Then, sobbing, she caught the child up in her arms and pressed him wildly to her bosom. She held him in one arm, fondly, while she played with her one free hand, and sang once more,

"Home, home, home—sweet—home,
Be it ever so—so—humble,
There is—no place—like—like—like—
home."

Perhaps as she sang, perhaps as she mothered the silent little chap, with his rabbit, against her breast, he passed from her. She knew nothing about it till he began to grow cold. Then her anguish made her mute, motionless, tearless.

She sat, with the little form across her knees, till late in the afternoon. At length she laid him out upon the floor, the rabbit on his breast, and his two tiny hands crossed in the rumpled fur. She went out in the sage-brush and gathered the dull gray tips of the branches for flowers. These she laid all about the little chieftain on the floor. She sat on the carpet and looked on the wan brown face, so still and small. From time to time she patted the cold little cheeks.

"My baby," she said, "why didn't you ever, ever cry?"

Far in the night she dreamed of two men, and one was an Indian trailer. They came through the brush, a lantern swinging and bobbing as they walked. Down the street of the echoing houses they hastened, the Indian leading.

She waked once, and was dimly conscious of the swaying motion of a stretcher. By lantern-light a face bent down above her own—a face whereon a tender love and a great anxiety were written large.

"Oh, Hiram!" she said, and weakly she placed her arms about his neck. Then she moved uneasily and felt about. "Hiram," she added, in a whisper, "the baby—did you bring the baby?"

And Hiram answered, "Yes."

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A Study of a "Decreed" Town

BY RICHARD T. ELY, Ph.D., LL.D.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN and Charles Kingsley have presented two strikingly contrasted views of individual destiny in economic affairs. Abraham Lincoln, in his message to Congress on December 3, 1861, said: "There is not in necessity any such thing as a free, hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. Many independent men, everywhere in these States, a few years back in their lives were hired laborers. The prudent, penniless beginner in the world labors for wages a while, saves a surplus with which to buy tools and land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires a new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system, which opens the way to all—gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement of condition to all."

Charles Kingsley, on the other hand, in one of his books, utters these words: "I do not think the cry 'Get on' to be anything but a devil's cry. The moral of my book [*Alton Locke*] is that the workman who tries to get on, to desert his class and rise above it, enters into a lie and leaves God's path for his own. . . . . Second, I believe that a man might be as a tailor or a costermonger every inch of him a saint and a scholar and a gentleman, for I have seen some few such already. . . . I believe from experience that when you put workmen into human dwellings and give them a Christian education, so far from wishing discontentedly to rise out of their class, or to level others to it, exactly the opposite takes place. They become sensible of the dignity of work, and they begin to see their labor as a true calling in God's church."

Far apart as the two ideals are, may not each be true in its own way, the one the voice of the Old World, the other the voice of the New? "Be content; accept your station. If you are a carpenter, be the best carpenter you possibly can, with the employment of all your powers; improve your mental and spiritual faculties; be, if possible, a 'saint and a scholar and a gentleman.'" The other ideal bids the humble wage-earner aspire to the loftiest position, and never rest content with any present achievement.

This latter ideal has, unquestionably, been the American ideal, and is, perhaps, still a true expression of the American spirit. Those who live in our own East, and seldom go one hundred miles west of the Atlantic coast, may be inclined to doubt this statement; and certainly they can scarcely understand the forces which underlie the Americanism of this continent. The vast prairies of the Mississippi Valley, and the arid far West, are an essential part of America, and only those who come in contact in a real, vital way with the millions inhabiting this immense territory understand the American people. The typical American spirit is the spirit of the newer sections of the country, which are but slightly removed from the frontier. He who would understand this sentiment fully must examine it in the concrete, and perhaps the whole American continent affords no better place for this kind of sociological study than Greeley, Colorado. Here events have moved rapidly, and within the short period of thirty years we may see an economic development which has elsewhere frequently required a century.

Between three and four thousand people live in Greeley in comfort, a large proportion with an adequate supply of wealth for the satisfaction of all rational, economic wants, while those whose condition, for a place of this kind, must be described as one of affluence, are a

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A BUSY DAY IN GREELEY

considerable body; and substantially all this wealth has come into existence since 1870. Moreover, it has come directly and indirectly from agriculture, and this renders the progress of Greeley all the more instructive for the American, because, in the past, it is agriculture which has shaped American thought and formed American ideals.

In 1869 Nathan C. Meeker, at that time associated with Horace Greeley on the New York *Tribune,* conceived the idea of establishing a colony in the West which should, through co-operation and carefully thought-out plans, afford all who might participate in the movement substantially equal opportunities for improvement of their own individual resources, while at the same time enabling them to provide themselves with the advantages of long-established communities. When the project was broached to Horace Greeley, it received from him both sympathy and support. The plan was to gather together men of high moral character and intelligence and some little property. It was hoped that a considerable number would join the colony having as much property as $10,000 each; that there would be twice as many with $5000, and that others would have property varying in amount from $200 to $1000. Mr. Meeker's call, which appeared in the New York *Tribune* late in 1869, begins with these words:

"I propose to unite with the proper persons in establishing a colony in Colorado Territory. . . . The persons with whom I would be willing to associate must be temperance men and ambitious to establish a good society. . . . Whatever professions and occupations enter into the formation of an intelligent and educated and thrifty community should be embraced by this colony, and it should be the object to accept what is best in modern civilization. In particular should moral and religious sentiments prevail, for without these qualities man is nothing. At the same time tolerance and liberality should also prevail. One thing more is equally important. The happiness, wealth, and glory of the state spring from the family, and it should be the aim and high ambition to preserve the family pure in all its relations, and to labor with the best force life and strength can give to make the home comfortable, to beautify and adorn it, and to supply it with whatever will make it attractive and loved."

These lofty ideals of Mr. Meeker are,

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in Greeley, still ideals, and only partially realized. Yet they are now, as they always have been, a living force in this community.

It was the plan of Mr. Meeker, and one which has been quite largely carried out, that the people should live in the village and cultivate holdings outside the village, as well as gardens within it. The aim was to avoid the isolation of American farm life and to secure the advantages of associated effort. By way of explanation, I cannot do better than to quote two paragraphs from his circular:

"My own plan would be to make the settlement almost wholly in a village, and to divide the land into lots of ten acres, and to divide these into eight lots for building purposes; and then to apportion to each family from forty to eighty, even 160, acres, adjoining the village. Northampton, Massachusetts, and several other New England towns and villages were settled in this manner, but some improvements are suggested. Since some outlying tracts will be more desirable than others, a preference may be secured by selling them at auction, and the proceeds of such appropriated to the use of the colony; and all the lots of the village should be sold, that funds may be obtained for making improvements for the common good—such as the building of a church, a town hall, a school-house, and for the establishment of a library, by which means the lots will be worth five or ten times more than they cost; and one of the very first public institutions should be a first-class school, in which not only the common, but the higher branches should be taught, including music. The town of Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, adopted this plan on a large scale, and several hundred thousand dollars have already been obtained.

"Some of the advantages of settling in a village will be—easy access to schools and public places, meetings, lectures, and the like; and society can be had at once. In planting, in fruit-growing, and improving homes generally, the skill and experience of a few will be common to all, and much greater progress can be made than where each lives isolated. It seems to me that a laundry and a bakery could be established, and the washing and baking could be done for all the community; but other household work should be done by the families. In all this the separate household and the ownership of property should be without change; and I only propose that if there are any advantages in co-operation, they should be secured by a colony. Cheap rates of freight and passage could be secured, while many things which all will want in the commencement can be bought at wholesale. There are some other advantages which I think such a town will possess, and they are important; but in this commencement I do not think proper to mention them; and there are besides, of course, disadvantages."*

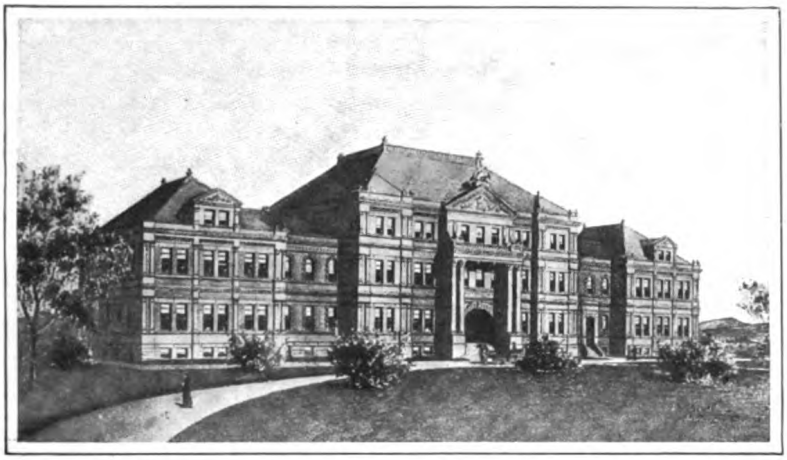
The Union Colony of Colorado was thus established and a committee appointed to secure a location. After considerable investigation and careful scrutiny of various proposed locations, a most wise selection was made, namely, the territory now occupied by the city of Greeley and the surrounding country. This was the beginning of the most successful colony with which Horace Greeley was ever associated. Colonies, socialistic and semi-socialistic in nature, which he more or less actively helped organize, have long since disappeared; but Greeley, based upon private property and private industry, still flourishes.

After early trials, after many mistakes inevitable in all such undertakings, after the plague of grasshoppers for four years, after a destructive blizzard and a devastating hail-storm, and after other misfortunes, the colony began to move forward in the acquisition of wealth; and then, notwithstanding bad years now and again, prosperity finally came to the people of Greeley by "leaps and bounds."

It is important to bear in mind the fact that Greeley is one of the many *a priori* or "decreed" cities in the United States. American cities have been of two classes, those which have simply "grown up," like Topsy, and those which have been carefully planned in advance. Among the latter, in the West, we may instance Grinnell, Iowa, with its reservation for Iowa College; Colorado Springs, of which Colorado College also seems to

* *A History: Greeley and the Union Colony of Colorado.* By David Boyd. pp. 32–33.

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THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

have been a part in the original plan; Salt Lake City, and also the other Mormon settlements.

Greeley is a type of this class of American cities, and an examination of them will convince us that human forethought counts for as much in city building as it does elsewhere, and the only inclination to find fault is in the fact that those who make the plans do not look a little farther ahead and make still more generous provision for common needs. Rugby, Tennessee, established quite largely through the instrumentality of the revered author of *Tom Brown at Rugby,* affords an illustration of a colony with generous provision for common needs, but which shows that even wise plans, without the right kind of material to carry them out, accomplish very little.

It is interesting and instructive briefly to contrast Rugby and Greeley. In 1883 I accepted an invitation from Judge Hughes to meet him at Rugby and discuss with him the English Christian socialism of the '50's. I was glad while there to make an examination of the conditions existing in Rugby. I found that Rugby was a "decreed" community. Evidently the *a priori* plans were quite as well thought out as in Greeley, and possibly more ample provision was made for common needs, in reservations of property for public use. The importance of beauty was appreciated, as shown by the selection of the site of the colony, along high, beautifully wooded banks of a river, with an abundance of wild flowers and magnificent shrubbery. The village itself was attractive in its neat, homelike-looking cottages, surrounded by flowers, suggesting romantic love in a cottage, and all that sort of thing. I remember in particular the charm of the cottage occupied by the aged mother of Judge Hughes. Everywhere in Rugby one met evidences of superior refinement and culture.

As was to be expected, there was a co-operative store, and the original plans contemplated a large measure of co-operation along with private property and private industry. There was just one thing lacking, and that was the right kind of men to carry out the finely planned and carefully elaborated colony scheme. First of all, it may be mentioned that, on account of the absence of experienced men in the committee on location, the land selected seemed to be somewhat indifferent in quality for agricultural purposes. In the second place, the natives seem to have been too shrewd at bargaining with the purchasers of their land, and an unduly high price appears to have been paid for it. Then the colonists were, almost altogether, sons of English gentlemen—fine fellows, to be sure, but men who wanted to live the life of country gentlemen. A man who is at all acquainted with pioneering in this country must smile at the idea. In Rugby I met one workingman, an English gardener, and he and his wife were contented, happy, and pros-

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perous, raising vegetables and selling them at a profit. I also heard about a hard-working young Englishman who was a sheep-raiser and was making money. I saw in the billiard-room of the hotel, and elsewhere, amusing themselves, young men who appeared to be typical colonists. Although sheep were raised in Rugby, there was not one individual there who knew how to slaughter a sheep, and when the hotel desired fresh mutton the manager was obliged to send for it to Cincinnati, a hundred miles or more away.

In Greeley, on the other hand, the colonists were men of large previous experience in various walks of life, and men, moreover, who did not consider themselves superior to any honest labor. Some of those who became farmers had had no more previous experience in farming than the colonists of Rugby, but they were willing to work hard and eager to learn from the experience of others. We see, then, in Rugby, Tennessee, and in Greeley, Colorado, that the highest measure of success implies well-devised schemes carried out by men strong in body and mind, and men industrious and resourceful. First of all, and above everything else, success depends upon the character of the individual man. It is well to emphasize this, but it is possible to go too far in the emphasis which we lay upon the individual, and so to neglect the importance of wise social plans and contrivances. No one who studies American economic history in the concrete can fail to see the truth of this proposition.

We have already seen that in Mr. Mecker's circular he had in the beginning planned the sale of lots, with the use of the proceeds "for making improvements for the common good," special mention being made of a church, town hall, and school-house, and the establishment of a library. The school is especially emphasized. Ten acres were set aside in the heart of the city for a public park, now called Lincoln Park, and a most attractive feature of Greeley. Provision has also been made for a larger outlying park, and something like fifty acres have been reserved near the city; but this has as yet never been improved. Efforts were made, only partially successful, to prevent any person from seizing more than a fair share of the opportunities. In other words, speculation was discouraged, and it was desired to give every one a fair opportunity to carve out his own fortune, with the aid of neighbors and friends.

While the wealth of Greeley is connected with agriculture, it should not be forgotten that this is irrigated agriculture, and that irrigation brings with it its own problems, and that it produces more or less peculiar effects in the kind of cultivation which it develops. The construction of irrigating-ditches is by no means an altogether simple engineering undertaking, and novices are bound to make mistakes, as did the pioneers of Greeley. Their ditches were too small, and before they could be enlarged and made adequate they had cost twenty-fold more than was originally anticipated. This delayed the coming of prosperity, and exhausted the strength and resources of many who had not staying-power. But this is not all. Irrigation implies comparatively small farms, an eighty-acre farm being one of very fair proportions, and it necessitates a very close association of all those who live "under" ditches belonging to one system, and, indeed, a considerable degree of co-operation and association between the various systems. There is a close solidarity binding together those who pursue an irrigated agriculture, and this comes ultimately to embrace even those who live in different States. The individualist must unlearn his individualism and become a co-operative man before he can succeed in irrigated agriculture. This means many a hard knock for obstinate human nature.

Tradition and environment made the American farmer of early days an individualist. His economic life was, relatively speaking, an isolated one. He entertained strong prejudices against corporations and their methods, and was reluctant to adopt any highly developed form of co-operation. Irrigation must change all this, and until the farmer adjusts himself to new habits of thought and action he is involved in perpetual difficulties. Litigation has been, and still is, the curse of the irrigated regions of the United States, and while irrigation

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SOME OF THE BETTER CLASS OF HOMES IN GREELEY

draws men together, there arises an antagonism of interests which breeds suspicion and hatred among neighbors, and between sections, and even States, all of which can be avoided only by a very strong hand regulating economic relations. There must be a vigorous government of some sort, giving to each man his due and assuring each man that no one will take that from him, in order to bring peace and prosperity to those regions which depend for prosperity upon irrigation. Where there is an absence of forceful regulation of relations, the unscrupulous will take advantage of the scrupulous, and action which begins with the less conscientious will, in self-defence, be followed by those who are naturally right-minded and right-acting, until general suspicion replaces general confidence.

We see in Greeley the process going on which we can observe everywhere in the United States. As men come into close economic relations with each other, they learn that a condition of prosperity and of industrial liberty is found in the regulation of economic relations by a superior power representing all impartially. There is no choice in regard to this, and it is a condition imposed by stern necessity. Consequently we witness everywhere in the United States, as well as elsewhere in modern civilization, a change of attitude with respect to the nature and functions of government.

The history of irrigation in the United States is still young. Its modern phases in this country began with the settlement of Utah by the Mormons, and a second great historic step was taken when Greeley was founded. As Professor Mead finely says in his recent book on *Irrigation Institutions**: "As Utah is the result of a religious emigration, so Greeley is the creation of the New England town meeting transplanted to the far West. Its founding marked the beginning of a new and different industrial development in Colorado. Before the colony became noted, the wealth of the mines and the migratory and adventurous life of the range live-stock men had been the chief magnets in attracting settlement. Greeley represented an

* Chap. III.

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effort of home-making people to enjoy both landed independence and social and intellectual privileges equal to those of the towns and cities they had left. Among its first buildings was Colony Hall, and among its first organizations the Lyceum, in which all the affairs of the community were debated with a fervor and fearlessness quite worthy of Horace Greeley's following. The wisdom and justice of making common property of the town site, where beauty and value could be created only by the enterprise and public spirit of all, were recognized and put into practice with satisfactory results. The best methods, both of irrigation and of cultivation, were sought out through numberless experiments, until Greeley and its potatoes grew famous together. The homes and civic institutions of the colony became the pride of the State, and the hard-won success of the community inspired numerous similar undertakings, and furnished an impulse which resulted in the reclamation and settlement of northern Colorado. Boulder, Longmont, Loveland, and Fort Collins were the outgrowth of this success, and each adopted many of the ideas and tendencies of the parent colony."

Greeley is in Weld County, some fifty miles north of Denver. It is strange that in 1870 this particular location should have been selected for the new colony. It did not look, to be sure, quite so desolate as the cactus-covered sands of the valleys of Utah, but to all appearances it was a barren waste. Apart from a limited supply of prairie-grass, the principal vegetable products of the plateau were the sage-brush and the cactus, and the animals most found were the rattlesnake, the prairie-dog, the horned toad, and the wolf. On the other hand, there were some small streams traversing the county, of which the principal are the Cache la Poudre, the Big Thompson, and the South Platte rivers. Doubtless Mr. Meeker and the other members of the committee saw the vegetation along the borders of the streams; and then they had also the experience of the Mormons in Utah to encourage them. They had the belief that the apparently barren soil would be found fruitful if it could be covered with water. This proved literally true, while other theories of a change of climate by cultivation have proved wholly illusory. Six feet beyond the irrigation ditches the soil produces no more than it did a generation ago. The soil is fertile, and in some places has a depth of twenty or thirty feet, so that the dirt thrown up from the bottom of the wells is fruitful. The colonists had many things to learn, and many obstacles to overcome. Notwithstanding the productivity of the soil, it is unlike the dark, rich soil surrounding the "decreed" Iowa city which has been mentioned—namely, Grinnell,—in that it requires constant fertilization. The discovery of one single crop has proved the salvation of Greeley, and of a large part of our Western territory, and that is alfalfa. Three crops of alfalfa and four or five tons to the acre can be harvested yearly; but that is not the main thing in Greeley. The main thing is the value of the alfalfa for fertilizing purposes, its roots extending three feet and more underground. After alfalfa was discovered, another invention was still required to enable the farmers to utilize the alfalfa for purposes of fertilization by turning it under. The long, hard, intertwined roots could not be ploughed until a peculiar plough for that express purpose had been invented. After the irrigating-ditches had been enlarged suitably, and the colonists had learned how large a supply of water is needed for irrigation, and learned also how to apply the water, after the cultivation of alfalfa had been introduced and suitable tools for ploughing the alfalfa under had been invented, the initial steps had been taken for a marvellous production of agricultural wealth. Four years of the grasshopper plague, from 1873 through 1876, were a period during which the struggle for existence was a severe one. Writing of this period, one of the colonists says, "Some of us were pretty well pegged out in the contest, and some of us were already dead."

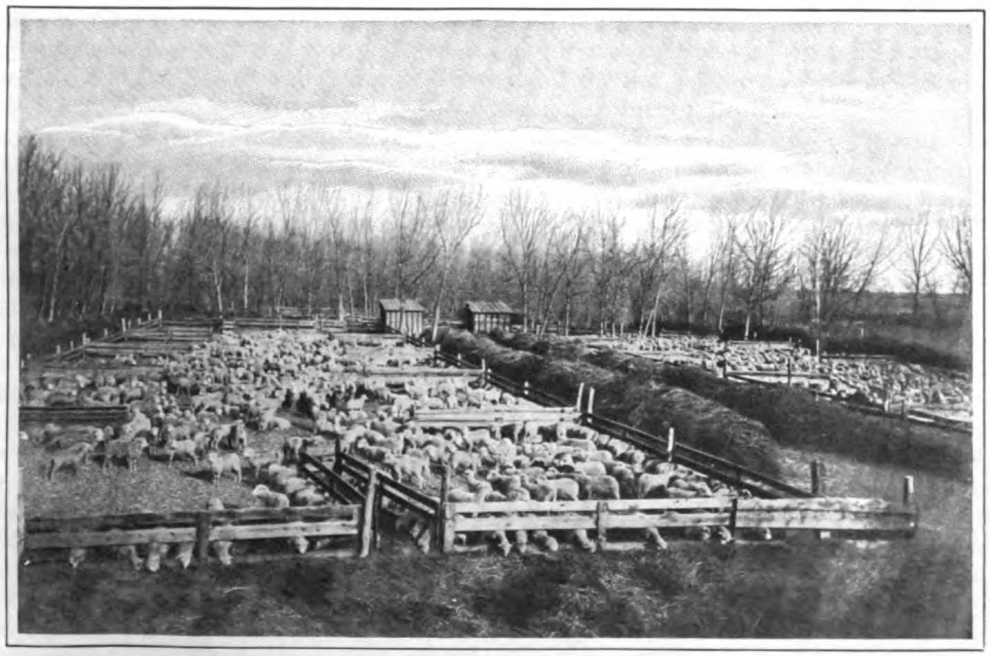
The chief source of wealth in Greeley up to the present time has been the potato—or, as they frequently say in Colorado, the spud. In Greeley "Potato is king." "Potato is king" does not sound so poetical as "Cotton is king," or even "Corn is king," but one who has never seen the broad fields of Greeley in potatoes cannot imagine their beauty.

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I have never seen the cotton-fields in their full glory, but I have frequently admired immense areas covered with Indian corn in Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska. But no corn-field which I have ever seen equals in beauty, in my opinion, the potato-fields of Weld County, Colorado. They stretch away for long distances towards the horizon, in long, straight rows, covered with the richest green and dotted with the beautiful potato blossoms. Here and there towards the horizon one sees the cottonwood-trees, sometimes looking like stately elms, sometimes like sturdy, broad-branched oaks; and I may remark that the cottonwood-tree, often despised, has a beauty which is rarely appreciated by those who live where it flourishes and is the main reliance for shade. Occasionally one sees a long avenue of cottonwood-trees which can compare in beauty with the elms of a New England town.

It is claimed that nowhere else in the United States is there so large a production per acre of potatoes of high quality as in Weld County, of which Greeley is the county-seat and the principal city. An eighty-acre farm has been known to produce as high as $10,000 worth of potatoes in a single year. In recent years the price of land has become high, say from $75 to $150 per acre, but it has again and again happened that a man has paid for his farm in one crop.

As the cultivated area has extended out from Greeley, an increasingly large number of people live outside the city, although many farmers cling to the old plan of living in the city and going out to their work in the country. Every one in Greeley, whatever profession or calling he follows, has an interest in potatoes. It is said that a Greeley banker would not stand well if he did not own a potato farm. It is customary in various parts of Colorado to have an annual celebration, which has some of the features of the Harvest Home. It is connected in each case with the harvesting of the crop which, in the particular section, plays the chief rôle. At Rocky Ford we have a melon day; in Boulder, the strawberry day; in Grand Junction, the peach day; and in Greeley, the potato day. All the world is invited to participate in the celebration, and a great picnic with free food is held, the chief article being the product which is celebrated. The Greeley day was a fitting observance of the harvesting of the tuber for the country in which potato



SHEEP FEEDING NEAR GREELEY

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is king. Curiously enough, potato day has ceased to be celebrated in Greeley, and that for a reason which is short-sighted, and does not reflect the greatest credit upon her people. It was feared the celebration of the potato day would attract too great attention to the potato and lead to competition which would decrease the value of their product.

Stock-raising has from the beginning been one of the chief industries of the colonists. At first there were vast public ranges where free pasturage could be had. Cattle and sheep roamed over these, and the cowboy and the herdsman played their part in the life of this new country. As has always been the case from time immemorial, there was, and still is, strife between the cattlemen and sheep-raisers, —the sheep destroying the pastures for cattle. At times it was simply a question who could first reach his six-shooter and, as they say in the West, "get the drop" on the other. But such conditions fast disappeared, and as irrigation has extended and the public ranges have continued to decrease in size, conditions have changed. Herds are smaller, but still the aggregate production of sheep and cattle is as large as ever before. The accompanying illustration showing the sheep feeding about Greeley suggests a man rich in flocks.

Recently beet-culture has been introduced, and a great beet-sugar factory was finished in Greeley in the fall of 1902. The production of the sugar beet has introduced various changes in Greeley and elsewhere. The inhabitants of this section have been largely of American birth, and have been men mainly of New England traditions. Work has been done chiefly by machinery, and the hoe culture of the potato and other crops, so painfully familiar to many of us brought up in the East, is regarded as antiquated. The hoe may be used to some little extent to cut down stray weeds, but that is about all. Beet-culture requires more hand labor, and has brought in a great many Russian families, who cultivate the beets at so much per acre. It is feared that this will change the complexion of the city disadvantageously.

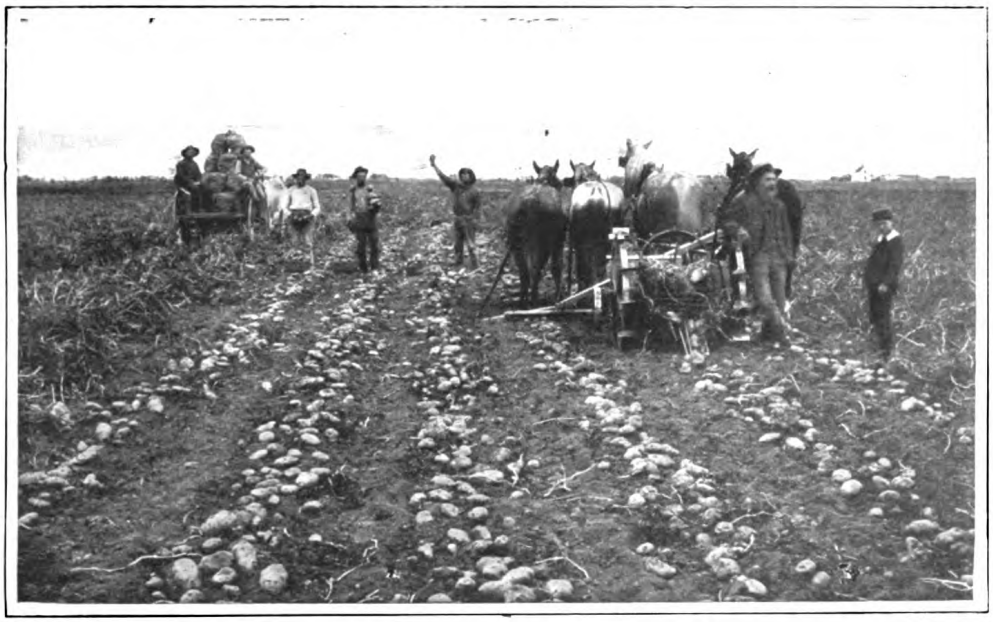
Greeley has become a wealthy city, in which people have means for the satisfaction of their wants. The circumstances under which it has grown up produce many striking effects. Manual labor receives a very high rate of remuneration, and land is abundant. The two are closely related. Five hundred dollars is a high price for a lot in Greeley which is well located and has an area of 100 by 190 feet. Many a good lot can be bought for $200. I saw one fine corner lot, 175 by 90 feet, covered with fruit trees, which had recently been sold for $300 — the highest-priced lot which I found outside the central business section of the city. Manifestly it is easy, under such conditions, to own a home, as most of the people living in Greeley do. Carpenters, machinists, janitors of public buildings, and people of that economic class occupy very attractive homes, which appeal to the æsthetic sense of culture. The accompanying illustration affords a type of a working-man's home which is common enough in Greeley.

The "helpers" of the skilled mechanics who were working on the extension of the Normal School building in Greeley while I was there were receiving $3 a day. Twenty cents an hour is the common price for a working-woman, and sometimes when they come early and stay late they receive more than $2 for a day's work. A maid of all work in the kitchen receives $20 or $25 a month. An unmarried farm-laborer will receive perhaps $30 a month and board. It is curious that farm labor in the West, where labor is very high, receives a comparatively low rate of remuneration, as I found to be particularly the case in Montana with the sheep-herders, and is something which no one whom I met seemed able to explain to me.

How natural it is to think that every one can rise in life under conditions such as those which have obtained in Greeley, and again and again we see precisely that sort of thing which Abraham Lincoln described.

When we examine a little more closely into the lot of those who originally settled Greeley and have come since, we find a large chance element in individual fortunes which has never received adequate scientific attention. Good health has much to do with the acquisition of a competence, and death frequently

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THE CHIEF SOURCE OF WEALTH IN GREELEY

comes just at the time to prevent the fruition of well-founded hopes. It is not merely good health in general, but it is having sufficient strength and a sufficient degree of good fortune in respect to good health at a critical juncture. Many a Greeley colonist could now withstand the adversity of poor health on his own part, or that of his family, who would have been ruined by one year's bad health with attendant expenses and attendant incapacity at a critical juncture.

"Blood will tell," and men of the ancestry of the Greeley people are sure to love intellectual pursuits, and to provide themselves with educational opportunities. The original New-Englander is somewhat akin to the Greek in his intellectual activity, although he does not spend all his time in "seeking some new thing." The Lyceum played a large rôle in the early days of Greeley, and national and local problems were zealously debated. There was a common, active, intellectual life in which all shared. The first thought was to provide good schools, and I do not think that I have ever been in a place of the size of Greeley which has, on the whole, better educational opportunities. In addition to the ward schools, there is a high school, and one of the best Normal schools in the United States. Even in the country districts, in marked contrast to the conditions which I found in the South, the schools are maintained for nine months of the year, and the teachers receive as high as $75 a month. The High School enrolment is said to be relatively the largest which can be found in the United States. The total school population, including all between six and twenty-one, residing in the district, is 1376. The total enrolment of the public schools, outside of the Normal School, is 955, and the High School enrolment is 175. It must be borne in mind also that in the Normal School there is a high-school department, which draws quite largely on the same territory for its pupils. It is said that in the West there have been seven stages in the evolution of the school-house, as follows: first, the dugout; second, the sod or adobe school-building; third, the log cabin; fourth, the slab house; fifth, the frame building; sixth, the little brick school-house; and seventh, the magnificent ward school-house, costing as high as $150,000. The Greeley school-houses in the country districts are in the fifth and sixth stages, and in the city itself the seventh stage has been reached.

As another illustration of intellectual

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life the Greeleyites make the claim that, according to the Post-office reports, the post-office business of Greeley has in times past been larger than that of any other city of its size in the Union. We find in Greeley what we find in every other American city of that size—and what we find perhaps to a greater extent in the West than in the East—religious sectarianism. The great number of religious bodies makes each one weak, and divides the spiritual resources of the city. Greeley has, as already stated, a population something like 3500, and approximately a dozen different denominations. Fortunately, however, one notices in Greeley, as elsewhere, the breaking down of denominational bitterness and increasing inclination to come together to promote common interests and civic righteousness. In this particular, as in others, we witness in Greeley, in a small, concrete way, a great national movement.

The farther West one goes, the more democratic becomes society. I must confess that I did not understand true Americanism, in one of its phases at least, until I got far away from the Atlantic coast. Coming to Madison, Wisconsin, from Baltimore, Maryland, the freedom of intercourse between all economic classes and men of the widest divergence of wealth and intellect attracted my attention; but there are social differences even in Madison which would be scorned in a place like Greeley. Anything like aristocracy seems to be absolutely unknown in Greeley, unless it is the aristocracy of personal merit.

A curious fact in the evolution of civilization is this—that individuals, as they swarm from their early homes and form new settlements, may take with them their individual acquisitions, but to only a limited extent do they carry with them their social acquisitions. They lose in a large part the results of social experience, and have to begin by slow and painful processes the formation of a civilized society. What they precisely lose in a great measure is what we must term a social consciousness and a social conscience, and without both a high grade of civilization is not possible. This explains the civic backwardness and, in some cases, the civic corruption in new cities. It also explains in some measure, I believe, the fact that in our civic life we Americans are in many particulars still behind the older countries of the world. One reason for this is that in a new city men expect to stay for a short time, make just as much money as they possibly can, and then leave. Consequently one frequently finds a most shocking but deliberate sacrifice of the future to the present. When the public-utility franchise question came up in Seattle, Washington, not long ago, one of the citizens, voicing the sentiments of others, said:

"I don't care about the future. What I want is to make money now."

But apart from such crass materialism, there is the absence of social consciousness. The men in a new city come together from various places, and they have to learn to act together, and ties among them must be formed. They must also learn who among them are trustworthy and suitable leaders. It was only within a few years that the ten acres reserved for Lincoln Park in Greeley, now so attractive, were improved. The civic spirit is growing rapidly in Greeley now, and they have a Civic Improvement Society, which, among other things, provides baskets for waste paper and rubbish—a small thing, but indicative of much. All this is especially noteworthy in Greeley, because a deliberate effort was made to carry thither the acquisitions of an older civilization, and because there was a larger measure of success than one usually finds. There was some public provision for public needs—common funds were provided for irrigation ditches; land was reserved for parks, for school-houses, and churches. There is a small reservation about the water-works which belongs to the city. Citizens gave forty acres of land to the Normal School, and a small sum of money was raised for it. The spirit of individualism is still rife, however, and, on the whole, the public provision for public needs is less than one would probably find in a New England city. The spirit of giving for public purposes is one which is gradually developed, and has not received a very high grade of development in Greeley.

One of the main features of Greeley is that there they have prohibition which actually prohibits. This is a part of the

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TYPICAL COTTAGE OF GREELEY WORKING-PEOPLE

original plan. Only "temperance people" were invited in the beginning to join the community. In all the deeds it is provided that land shall be forfeited if in any way it is connected with the traffic of intoxicating beverages. Among the people there is a sentiment—indeed, a practically unanimous sentiment—against the sale of intoxicating beverages in Greeley, and measures have been taken once or twice to suppress the so-called "blind pig" which show that a man incurs a serious risk both to his person and his property if he attempts to violate the prohibitory regulations of the city.

The development which has begun in Greeley will continue. Many of the early pioneers have passed away; the others will quickly join "the great majority"; but Greeley will continue to be a monument to Nathan C. Meeker, and in lesser degree to Horace Greeley. Mr. Meeker was one of those idealists who knew better how to help others than to help themselves. He himself was massacred while an Indian agent, endeavoring to elevate the Indians, and had little property to leave. He left his family a noble memory, and a grateful country has pensioned his widow. Mr. J. Max Clark tells us that toward the close of Mr. Meeker's life he was one day driving with him through the country surrounding Greeley to which permanent prosperity had come. Mr. Meeker had been speaking to Mr. Clark about his own financial difficulties, and perhaps it was at this time that he spoke about his own mistake in not "taking up" a good-sized tract of farming-land, inasmuch as he had not believed in the speculative ownership of land. He had come to see that the social institutions are not individual creations, and that individuals must act in accordance with institutions which have been established by society. The only result of his abstinence from land-ownership was that he did not share in the increasing value of land which had come to others. Mr. Meeker also spoke about his increasing troubles in the management of the Indians; but as they reached a bluff from which they could overlook the city of Greeley, with its many happy homes, and with the dense foliage of the trees which had replaced the former bleak outlook, he said to Mr. Clark: "After all, Max, although the enterprise yielded me nothing in return, in a worldly sense, yet I am proud to have been the leader in such a movement; it will be counted an honor to every man who took part in the settlement of Greeley. I am more than compensated in the grand success of the undertaking itself, and I have nothing to regret."

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The Trellis

BY MARGARET CAMERON

MRS. ELLERTON was tired. Her head, usually held erect, leaned wearily against a pillar of the veranda; her hands lay lax and nerveless in her lap, and all the vigorous lines of her figure drooped. The day had been long, and bristling with irritations, of which the young medical student whom Arthur had invited to dinner had proved to be not the least. Ordinarily she liked boys and girls, and felt a warm sympathy with their interests, but young Barton's positive assumptions had set her nerves on edge, and his youthful philosophies and cynicisms had seemed hopelessly crude. She had escaped from the drawing-room as soon as possible, leaving the young people together. She could hear Ethel's soft little laugh now and then, following Barton's penetrating tones, and occasionally the sound of Arthur's voice raised in argument. Once there was a shrill note of protest from one of the children going to bed upstairs, and then silence. A little wandering breeze stirred the leaves in the garden, lifted the loose hair on Mrs. Ellerton's temples, and died away.

Her eyes sought the shadows gratefully. She was struggling with a strange feeling of impotence, a sense of weakness and failure that was foreign to her temperament, and was striving to assure herself, in the old confident way, that to-morrow would bring again the joy of achievement. To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow they stretched before her, endless days of effort and of defeat, and all for—what? She slowly rose, and turned toward the long, open window of the drawing-room. Barton's voice met her.

"But that is not true," he said, aggressively. "Emerson was right when he said we find in life exactly what we put in it."

Mrs. Ellerton recognized her favorite maxim, and paused for the reply.

"That is my sister-in-law's creed," pettishly said Ethel; "but it implies strength like hers to demand what one wants, and determination to accept nothing else."

"'If you don't see what you want, ask for it,'" said Arthur, laughing.

Mrs. Ellerton turned back to the dusky garden, and wandered slowly down its winding paths to a spot away from the lights and sounds of the house.

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it!"

Had she never asked for it? Had she never put it into life? Had she not given it, with the best of life itself, to these young people, her husband's brothers and sisters, who had passed into her hands, with other of his assets and liabilities, at the time of his death?

They rose before her, one after the other. Little Tom, rough, boyish, and generous; nervous, irritable Florence; Arthur, arriving now at the critical age, and growing daily more like Philip, her husband; and Ethel,—pretty, supercilious, shallow Ethel, the most vexing problem of them all.

Her thoughts went back with a leap to her own girlhood, and to the ideals that had been hers. She stumbled over a small wooden box that the gardener had neglected to take away, and instinctively pushed it aside, where its presence would be less a menace to the comfort of the passer. Then, in half-unconscious revolt against the careful habit of years, she deliberately pulled it back into the path, and as deliberately seated herself to review her life. The daughter of a country physician, her childhood had been one long object-lesson in self-sacrifice and renunciation. She recalled her secret girlish dreams of hospital service and nursing sisterhoods, and saw, in retrospect, the quiet tact with which her mother, a wise woman who had recognized the potentialities beneath her daughter's merry exterior, had guided her thoughts into another channel. She had begun to de-

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SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL NO LONGER

velop extraordinary talent for drawing, and there had been much talk of New York and Paris.

Then she had discovered that she was a little girl no longer. A widower, with two small children, had asked her to marry him. His tale had been all of his need of her, and she felt again the benumbing conviction of unworthiness that had come to her with the realization that this did not satisfy her. To be necessary to some one, to spend her life in serving, in guiding, in cheering, had seemed to her the height of a woman's happiness, and to find that her heart failed to respond to this appeal had shocked her, and made her seem puny and insufficient in her own sight. But while her heart was not satisfied, there was a strong touch upon her sympathies, and in a passion of self-abnegation she might have yielded, had not her father put in a counter-plea, begging her to hold yet a little longer to her girlhood. So she had sent her first lover away; but her conscience had ached for many a month when she thought of those motherless babies. Mrs. Ellerton sighed, even now, remembering them.

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She recounted to herself the various methods she and her mother had used to add to their small income after her father's death, and her lips curved in a wavering smile as she remembered the intoxication of the little triumphs and the tragedy of the small failures. Later, her ability as an illustrator had taken them to a large city, that she might find employment for her talent. Other men had followed in the footsteps of the widower, and to each she had given something of her heart, in her effort to fulfil his requirements. One there had been, and one only, who had made no conscious claim upon her sympathy except that he loved her, and who had asked nothing but the privilege of serving her. She wondered, now, why she had refused Brian Crawford, and decided that she had been governed by the same inheritance from her covenanting grandfathers that had prompted her, even as a child, to refuse, for no definite reason, things for which she deeply hungered. Mrs. Ellerton's heart contracted with a pang of impersonal pity for the child that she had been, as she remembered how many times she had clinched her small hands in panic lest they should betray her by accepting some alluring and unforbidden sweetmeat, and recalled the stern formula, "*Must not, must not, must not,*" by whose insistent repetition she had reduced her rebellious nature to obedience. It seemed to her, now, that that formula had always come between her and happiness. And so she had sent Brian away. In replying to her mother's gentle questioning she had said, simply,

"He didn't need me; besides, he is very young, and I don't think he really meant it."

Time had demonstrated the wisdom of her young judgment, she thought, for, after a few years, Brian had returned, and apparently accepting without question the position she had assigned him, had been ever since one of her most trusted friends, with no hint of a warmer feeling for her.

She had not gone to Paris; there had never been time. There had always been so many things to do, and so many demands upon her, that it was with difficulty that she had found time in which to do her regular work.

Then—she had married Philip. His had been a meagre, starved life, redolent of boarding-schools and hotels, and she had anticipated with eagerness his happiness in his own home. She recalled, with a smile that was principally sigh, her efforts to make herself over, after the pattern that Philip had admired. Then had followed six busy, anxious years, the earlier ones filled with financial cares, and the later ones with efforts to mend Philip's health, which had been broken by the strain preceding his great success. In these years she had found her cheerful philosophy sorely tried. She had learned to laugh when her heart made her ill with its aching, and to sing to stifle the sob. Philip had unconsciously divided society into two classes, his family and the rest of the world, and from a month after their marriage she had ever been subtly conscious that she had not been born an Ellerton, and had spent her days in a vain endeavor to atone to him for this inevitable disappointment. She had rigorously schooled herself to accept his tolerant admiration and masculine pride of possession in lieu of the love that was accorded by other men to their wives; she had learned to curb her tongue and to suppress her opinions when they did not coincide with Philip's; to defer to him in small things and in great; and withal, in every crisis, to keep her head cool and her hands steady.

When, in the third year of their marriage, Philip's mother had died, and he had brought his four brothers and sisters to her, she had felt that her burden was indeed heavy, but she had tried to carry it with a laugh and a song, as she had tried to live all her life, and her work had been her salvation. As she looked back at those years now, she wondered why she had not been unhappy. But she had not been. She had been too busy to think of herself. But neither had she been happy.

Then Philip had died and left her his family. They were dear children; she had grown fond of them, and there was no one else in the world to whom they might turn; so she had accepted them, as she had accepted all the rest, and had sent hardly a thought toward her own life and freedom. And they had assented to this guardianship as a matter of course.

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Were they not Ellertons? And was not she Philip's widow?

So, for years, she had watched and tended them; and in the mean time other interests had helped to fill her life. There was a little church for which she had worked early and late—not because of any sectarian sympathy, but because it was doing good work in its immediate field, and she would not see it die for lack of competent management,—and a club here and there which depended upon her for its life impulse. And she always had time to make a set of dinner cards for a friend, or to illustrate a calendar for the benefit of some charitable institution, or to sing, at a moment's notice, for some disappointed hostess whose plans had been disarranged. And if, in doing these things, she gave up most of her own plans and renounced most of her personal ambitions, no one was the wiser. All her life she had been saying to herself, "I can wait," and now—she was so tired!

All her little world leaned upon her, from the maid in her kitchen, who asked her help in her love-affairs, to the President of the Art Association, who begged her influence in reconciling the opposing factions in that society. One after another they brought their troubles to her, certain of comprehension and sympathy, and to each she gave of the best she had.

Once, in an hour of bitter pain, she had turned to a man whose strength she had hoped might give him comprehension.

"Yes," he had said, with a surprised kindliness, "it is hard, of course. But it is not as if you were a weaker woman. To-morrow you will be your old, strong self again. And then, you have your work. You are indeed a woman of many interests."

And she had remorsefully felt that she had been weak, that she had suddenly disappointed him.

"A woman of many interests"—and no one thought about the heart that lay under them. Admiration and deference were hers to a superlative degree; grateful acknowledgment of her strength surrounded her; but love—the sweet, spontaneous tenderness that other women sometimes put aside—had never been hers since her mother died. In fifteen years no man had offered it to her. And she was still a young woman. Even Brian Crawford, after his early disappointment, had seemed to accept the popular estimate of her character, and never again attempted to look beneath the surface of her life. And to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow—they stretched before her—

She rose with a little shiver. The night air had grown cooler, and her muscles, straining with the tension of her thoughts, had stiffened. She straightened herself with an effort, and there rose in her mind the image of a stand of vines that had been planted under her bed-room window. A slender pole had been placed for them to twine about. Early in the spring it had stood erect and strong, but as the season advanced and the vines grew heavy, it had been pulled by their weight out of the perpendicular, and now slanted perceptibly, with the heavy vines still dragging at it.

Mrs. Ellerton crossed the garden with quick determination, and seizing the pole, pulled it out of the ground. The vines clung to it, but she tore them away, and carried the pole to a dusky corner, where it might escape the eyes of the gardener, and laid it flat and close beside the fence. As she returned, the long tendrils of the vine, lying across the path, caught at her feet. She pushed them aside and passed on. Then she turned back, and with a sort of impatient tenderness lifted them back into the bed, where no wandering foot would crush them.

"After all, I suppose you can't help being vines," she said, aloud, "and you are ornamental. That's more than can be said for the pole," she added, and the sob that had been in her throat all the evening broke hoarsely forth.

A hand touched her shoulder, and Brian Crawford's firm voice said:

"Let me help you. Is this the hour you always choose for gardening?"

"This isn't gardening; it's first aid to the injured," she replied, with her ready laugh; but her voice was not quite steady, and she stepped back, to put more darkness between her face and those keen, kind eyes of his.

"Then you have done enough rescue-work for the day," he said. "Let's go somewhere and sit down—out here in the

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garden, where it's dark," he added. She wondered, with sharp fear, if he had detected her emotion, but he went smoothly on: "It's still very warm in the house. I came over to congratulate you on the success of that Art Association business. Holmes tells me that the hatchet has been formally interred, and that you were Chief Priestess at the obsequies. That's a good piece of work, and I doubt if any one but you could have accomplished it."

"If it will only stay buried," she sighed, wearily. "I have haunting visions of a resurrection and of a series of ghost dances."

"Let them dance, then," he absently said. "You can't go on forever exorcising their evil spirits, High Priestess though you be!"

They entered the grape arbor and found some chairs.

"How does it feel to be always successful?" he asked.

"You should know," she replied.

"I was not referring to the sort of success that I manufacture," he said. "That is an imitation of yours. You have succeeded; I — have not entirely failed. There is a distinction." He tasted the bitterness of her silence. "Judith," he gently added, "it is given to few people to know absolute success."

"And to fewer still to be satisfied with it," she replied.

He turned toward her in the darkness.

"Judith," he abruptly asked, "why did you pull up that stick?" He felt rather than saw her shrink. "I dare say that angels would quail at this point," he continued, in the same tone; "or I may be fanciful, but—I saw you do it. I've a notion that it meant more than your 'first aid to the injured' would imply, and—I want to know."

It was his first allusion to the days when he had laid his heart bare before her, and it touched her.

"It is I who am fanciful," she said. "I thought the poor old pole looked tired, and I ruined the vine to get it away."

"Are you tired of being a pole, Judith?" he asked.

She sprang to her feet.

"You misunderstand," she said, sharply. "That is a personal application that a woman might have made."

"And that is an evasion," he gravely replied. "I asked you to tell me the truth."

"Then you insinuate that I have not done so!"

"Have you?" She did not reply. "Have you, Judith?"

"Why should I tell you?" she asked.

"Because I love you."

She shivered. This, then, was to be her punishment. For one hour of weakness, she must lose this friend, whose pity for her had moved him to renew the almost forgotten story of his youth.

"Isn't that enough?" he continued. "Or. must I tell you that I have never ceased to love you?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried. "Don't! Don't! I should have spared you this, but—I didn't know—"

"Why should you know?" he quickly interrupted. "You didn't need my love. It could only distress you, and—there were daws about, so I put my heart away. You were happy and successful, winning from life what was dearest to you—"

"How do you know that?" she questioned, sharply, and all the pain of the years that were gone stung in her tone. "What do you know of failure, that you prate so confidently of success? What do you know of the sorrow and the bitterness and the hunger that mean victory?"

"But you have succeeded!" he persisted, strenuously, albeit his voice was strained and dry, as that of one holding himself in leash. "Life has repaid your sacrifices. It has given you your heart's desire. You have found and filled your place in the world. You have won."

His insistence pierced her reserves.

"I have been the sword in the hand of the victor," she said; "the steps beneath the feet of those who have climbed; the rock within whose shadow the weary have rested; but they have all forgotten that I am also—a woman!"

"But you have said," he stammered—"you have seemed—you have done—"

"I have said! I have seemed! I have done!" she cried. "Is that the story of a woman's heart?"

He put out his hand uncertainly, as if to give physical aid to his mental groping, and it touched hers in the darkness. Her hand was cold, and shook, but she did not withdraw it, and for a moment

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"JUDITH!" HE CRIED. "JUDITH!"

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there was silence between them. Then she turned away, saying, lightly:

"The odors of the night have made us mad. Come, let us go in!"

"Judith!" he cried. "Judith!"

She felt suddenly the familiar, sickening conviction that here was something that she must not let herself touch, because she wanted it more than anything else in the world, and she shut her eyes and duly repeated the old, childish formula, "*Must not, must not, must not!*" She mechanically tried to pull her hand out of his strong clasp, and was vaguely relieved when she found her effort vain. She was conscious that he was talking, in unsteady, pleading tones, and that something within her, that seemed like conscience, fought blindly with something else that might be selfish desire. She resisted faintly, as he drew her within the strong circle of his arm.

"Dear," he brokenly asked, "will you let me try?"

For a moment her struggle ceased, and she leaned against him, yielding absolutely to the blessed sense of rest.

"Judith!" called Ethel, from the veranda.

Judith started guiltily.

"No, no!" she cried. "You must let me go!"

"I will never let you go!" he declared. "There is no power in heaven or earth that shall induce me to let you go—if you love me!"

"Judith! Judith!" Ethel's voice rang out over the garden.

"Listen! They are calling! I must go!"

"Let them call! You have gone at their bidding long enough. The pole has been torn away from the vines, and it need never be replanted. Judith, do you love me?"

She pulled herself away from him.

"But they need me!" she protested. "There is no one else! I must go to them!"

"Do you love me?" he insisted.

She made no reply. He took her hand again and gently laid it in his open palm.

"Will you leave it there, dear?" he asked.

For an instant her fingers instinctively clung to his, and his hand joyfully closed upon them. Then she struggled to pull them away, crying,

"Oh, the children!"

"We'll build them a trellis," he said.

The Cost

BY CHARLOTTE BECKER

TO-DAY is only won from yesterday;
The flower must lose its sweet to dower the bee;
The breeze is gathered in the great wind's way;
The river bears its largess to the sea.

And we must pay for laughter with our tears;
Mint coin of sorrow for each cherished breath
Of happiness; buy knowledge with the years;
And give our lives to know the peace of death!

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THE MER-MOTHER

THE PINE LADY

Verses by

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

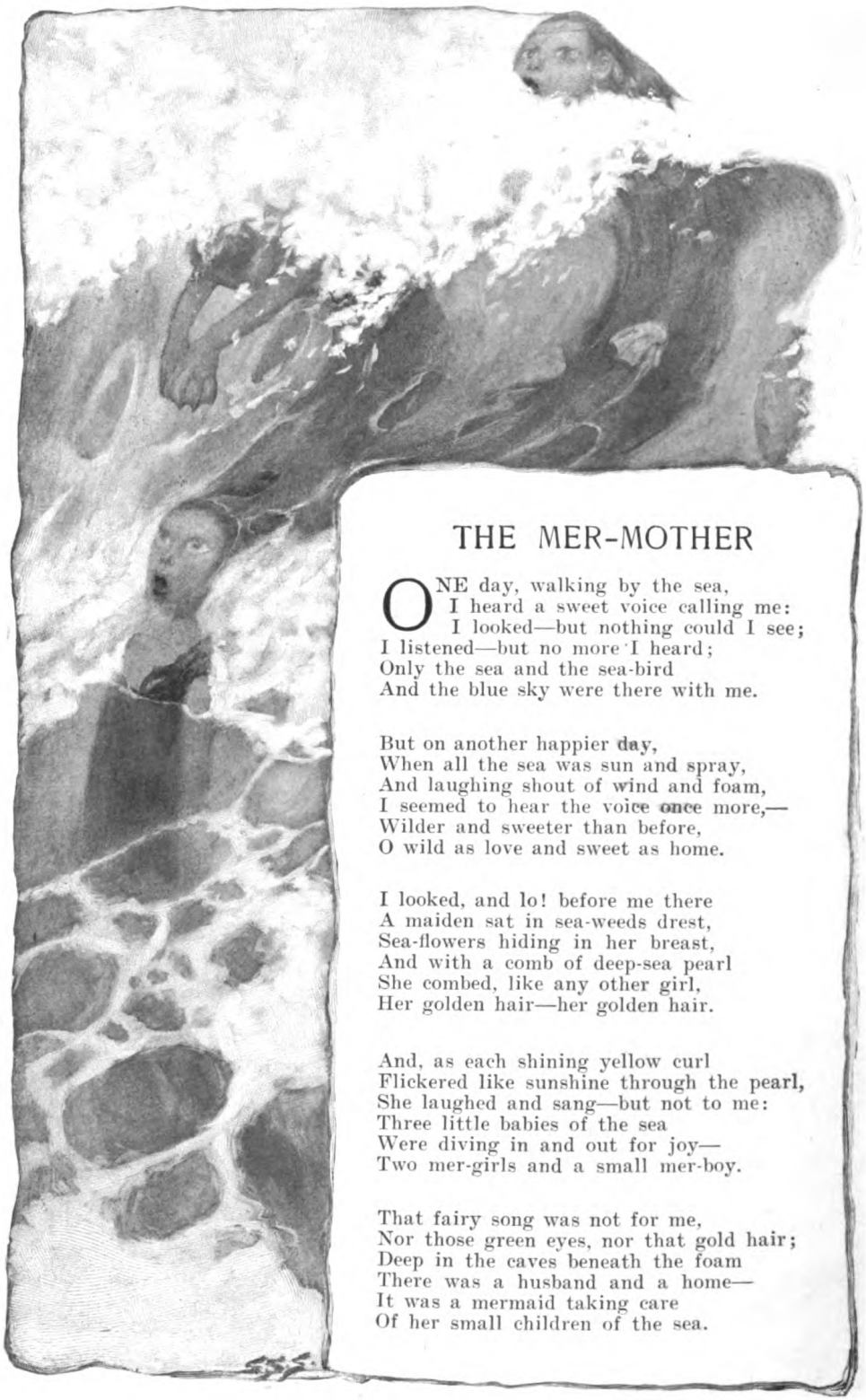
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THE MER-MOTHER

ONE day, walking by the sea,
I heard a sweet voice calling me:
I looked—but nothing could I see;
I listened—but no more I heard;
Only the sea and the sea-bird
And the blue sky were there with me.

But on another happier day,
When all the sea was sun and spray,
And laughing shout of wind and foam,
I seemed to hear the voice once more,—
Wilder and sweeter than before,
O wild as love and sweet as home.

I looked, and lo! before me there
A maiden sat in sea-weeds drest,
Sea-flowers hiding in her breast,
And with a comb of deep-sea pearl
She combed, like any other girl,
Her golden hair—her golden hair.

And, as each shining yellow curl
Flickered like sunshine through the pearl,
She laughed and sang—but not to me:
Three little babies of the sea
Were diving in and out for joy—
Two mer-girls and a small mer-boy.

That fairy song was not for me,
Nor those green eyes, nor that gold hair;
Deep in the caves beneath the foam
There was a husband and a home—
It was a mermaid taking care
Of her small children of the sea.

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And with a comb
of deep-sea pearl
She combed, like
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Her golden hair.



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THE PINE LADY

O HAVE you seen the Pine Lady—
Or heard her how she sings!
Have you heard her play
Your soul away
On a harp with moonbeam strings?
In a palace all of the night-black pine
She hides like a queen all day,
Till a moonbeam knocks
On her secret tree,
And she opens her door
With a silver key,
While the village clocks
Are striking bed
Nine times sleepily.

O come and hear the Pine Lady
Up in the haunted wood!
The stars are rising, the moths are flitting,
The owls are calling,
The dew is falling;
And, high in the boughs
Of her haunted house,
The moon and she are sitting.

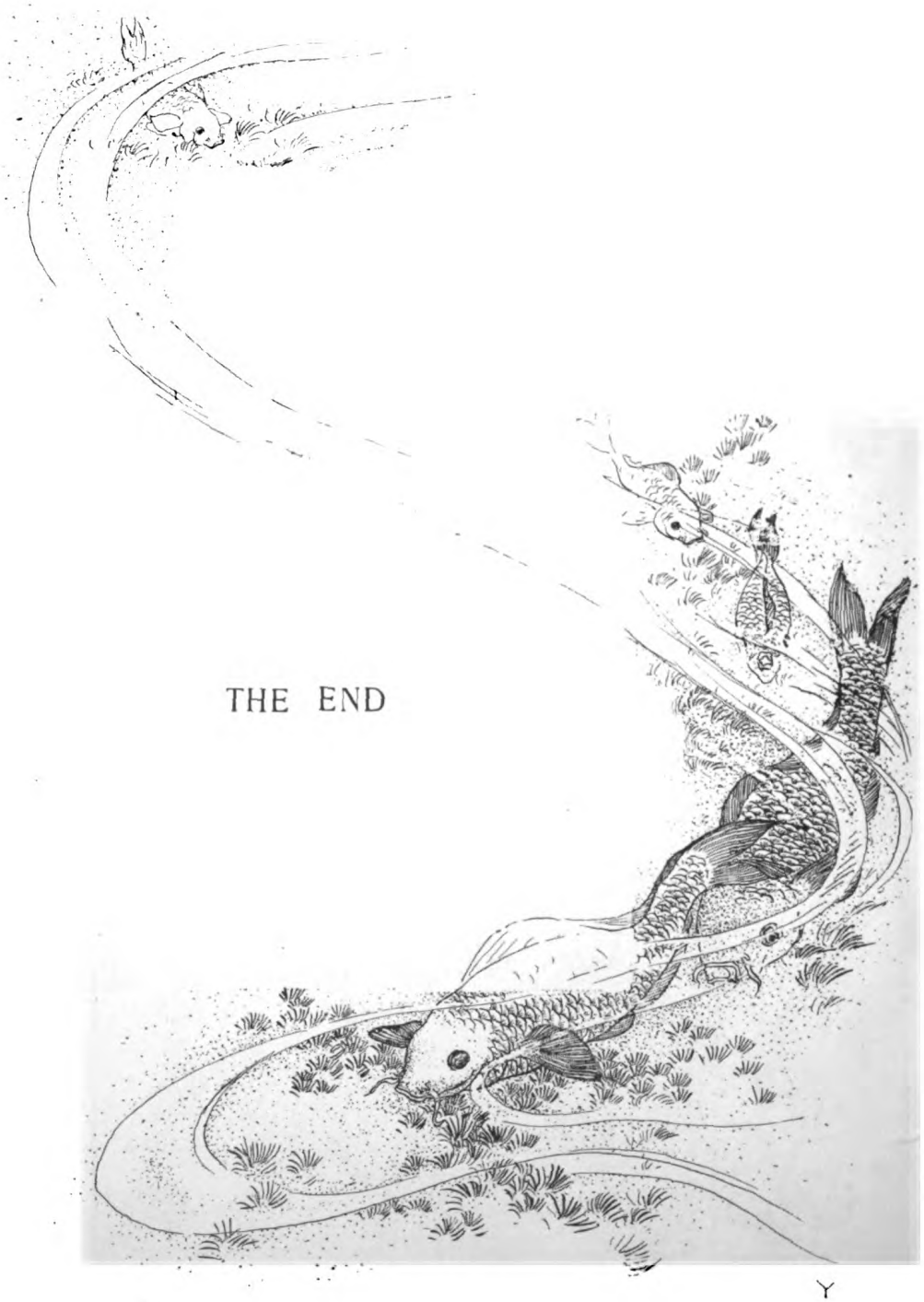
Out on the moor the nightjar drones
Rough-throated love,
The beetle comes
With his sudden drums,
And many a silent unseen thing
Frightens your cheek with its ghostly wing;
While there above,
In a palace builded of needles and cones,
The pine is telling the moon her love,
Telling her love on the moonbeam strings—
O have you seen the Pine Lady,
Or heard her how she sings!

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And, high in the
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THE END

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Rights of Man

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

IT was something more tangible than the shadows of the beeches that Dr. John Stone saw moving in the moonlight—a something seemingly emerging out of the bowels of the earth from beneath the buttresses of the plain little stone church.

He vaulted the low wall of fence because of a suspicion that the squat, stocky figure, finally emerged and upright in the moonlight, was Jim; and to come at queer-witted Jim in one of these off and unguarded moments was to sometimes get at the heart of him.

Dr. Stone had retained a boyish habit of making for the heart of things. It was in the heart of the woods, when a little shaver, that he and old Jim had tramped and hunted together.

Right now he was hoping the gentleman had not noted his approach; but as he came up, that unshorn, bushy-bearded person was seating himself in a too suspiciously unconcerned fashion on a tree root and preparing to light his pipe.

Dr. Stone coughed.

Slowly Jim brought his shaggy head around. "Thought I heared a step. Fine evenin'," he remarked, as though a church-yard in the hours succeeding midnight was the natural place for incidental meeting.

"Very," agreed the doctor, putting down his medicine-case and helping himself to another tree root.

Old Jim eyed the performance. Then he spoke again: "Fine night for mockers. Been splittin' their th'oats. Whippcrwills callin', too. Kin' of nights I al'ays sets aroun' an' meditates."

But Dr. Stone was not to be hoodwinked. He had caught sight of something behind Jim that whetted curiosity.

"Ladies of the church starting a junk-shop?" he inquired.

Jim squared himself so as to suggest a barrier between this too inquisitive young person and a heterogeneous pile of disreputable household articles on the ground behind him. "No tellin'," he returned; "there ain't no countin' on ladies."

His audience had reasons of his own for feeling this to be true. "There isn't," he agreed.

"Specially young ones," supplemented Jim.

Dr. Stone looked across as with suspicion. But Jim was studying the moon. He had not finished what he had to say on the subject of the ladies, however:

"It's bad enough when they're only young, which makes 'em reasonable skittish, but when they're bent on doin' their duty by you, too—Lawd! Reckon you didn't find Miss Sidney to home when I seed you drivin' in there?"

Perhaps it was a relief to unburden himself, even partially, to some one.

"No," admitted the doctor, with gloom, "I didn't."

Jim shuffled his feet, then leaned forward confidentially, as though a better feeling was growing between himself and the other: "She were over to my cabin. I foun' her there, waitin' for me. I'm movin'!"

Jim and his cabin seemed one.

"What for?" queried Dr. Stone.

"Because there ain't ary man ain't jestified to his quiet place. I've stood lettin' Miss Sidney do her duty by me as long as I kin. Seein' as I done rid her on my back when she was a baby, I stood it while she was growin' up, th'ough them Helpin' Hand times and them Ministerin' Circle spells she took later. I reasoned it were like her measles and sech, an' would be gettin' th'ough with. But seems like there ain't no end. Now she's home f'om her college schoolin', she's upliftin' us by idols."

It needed no Jim to enlighten young Dr. Stone on the subject of the young and ardent Sidney. He could have given the other points. Right now the young

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person in question was engaged in uplifting the ideals of the lowly of Sycamore Valley. She confessed to large faith in the regenerating powers of art and beauty. One would have thought the idea was new. She had confessed it not long ago to John Stone, and her dark eyes had glowed starlike, and the rose of her cheek had warmed to crimson with the ardor of her conviction. Dr. Stone would have been content to listen forever, if also he might gaze. What the unregenerate lowly of Sycamore Valley thought about it was another matter.

"Uplifting you by ideals, is she?" said he, the magic of the night, the sweets of a thousand blooms upon the night wind, the cascade of ecstasy pouring from the mocking-bird in the locust thicket, the memory of those starlike eyes beneath a cloud of dusky hair—these things holding him rapt, content, while old Jim rambled on.

"Them's what she calls it. She's put a picter in every cabin in the valley, an' she's give us a glass vase, what we got to keep full of flowerin' things. An' that ain't all. D'rectly she got home f'om her college schoolin' this summer, she cast her eye around, an' seems like it fell on me. First thing I knew she come totin' ol' Mis' Ryan to my cabin to clean it up. An' it ended in her havin' all my things moved outen the coal-shed, while she put in new ones f'om her ma's house-cleanin'. An' now she keeps comin' over all times I ain't lookin' for her, to see if I'm keepin' things straight. An' I ask you if that sort of uneasiness ain't upsettin' to any man? It's cool, too, to be sleepin' out at nights."

"What are you sleeping out for?" demanded the doctor.

Jim hitched himself up on the root as if certain recollections suggested physical discomfort. "On the porch bench," he affirmed. "I reasons it this a-way: If I don't use that room, that room's goin' to stay redd up. So I ain't usin' it. An' now she done driv' me off the porch. She said to me this evenin', over to my place, as how my dogs was keepin' the porch disgraceful. An' she said, 'Don't it take a right prosp'rous state of things to be keepin' three dogs?' That's what she said, an' I'm movin'."

Now John Stone had a fond mamma and devoted sisters, who came into town from the paternal farm with discouraging frequency to do their duty by him and mend and straighten him up. Perhaps Jim divined understanding in the other's acceptance of the situation, which only asked, "Where to?"

Jim moved his shaggy head warily: "I done learned one thing you ain't learned yet. There ain't ary lady it ain't best to keep out the way of, if you don't want to do her way. That's the reason I'm movin'—yonder."

The backward lurch of Jim's body would seem to indicate the vine-covered church behind him. "In the furnace-cellar," confided Jim. "Ev'ey man's jestified to his quiet place, an' there ain't none nowhere cooler than a cellar for summer."

The cautious lowering of Dr. John Stone's voice would seem to indicate a committal of self: "But won't she—won't the ladies of the church be onto you?"

Old Jim shook his head craftily: "How they goin' to know it? Who uses the furnace cellar of a summer? And there sets that cabin with its idol picter an' its glass vase, the same as it makes Miss Sidney happy in her mind to see it, while ol' Jim, with his own belongin's out the coal-shed, he's livin' here peaceablelike in the cellar. How she goin' to know? Who a-goin' to tell her?"

Perhaps the young doctor's conscience began to suggest he owed a loyalty elsewhere. But his speech rang hollow: "Do—do you—is this quite right to her—you know—"

Jim brought his shaggy-browed vision around to eye the speaker. The eying was a lengthened process. The object of it moved uneasily. One crossed Jim at a risk, with a sure knowledge he would even the matter sooner or later. The mocking-bird was silent. The night wind had died. The vision of the eyes had faded. Dr. Stone rose. Perhaps the time had come to go.

But Jim was ahead of him: "She's treatin' you a little cool right now, Miss Sidney, ain't she?"

The physician, gathering up his medicine-case, made a great show of not hearing.

"It was about the Sloanes she got

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"SHE COME TOTIN' OL' MIS' RYAN TO MY CABIN"

huffy, wasn't it? She ain't spoke to you since, is she?"

Dr. Stone was beating a retreat from under the beeches, and the spectacle of a six-foot giant under such conditions suggests sheepishness. There was little that went on in the valley that old Jim did not know.

"Get them books of yourn she turned back on ye?" called Jim, after. "She tol' me to leave them at your office. She gim me a dime for takin' them."

His striding victim was nearing the fence.

"Hol' on," called Jim, shuffling after. "Hol' on there; it's done come to me. I al'ays sees things plainer after the moon's clean up. Miss Sidney, now, she won't speak to you, an' she won't leave me be. Ain't there no way we can change places? If she'd jus' turn in with them upliftin' idols on you—"

But Dr. Stone had vaulted the fence and was fleeing up the road.

As time went on, however, he would have been glad for attention from Miss Sidney Carter under any guise. He was not a proud young man. He might once have been, but he had been a humble suitor for so much longer that he had forgotten it. And to have the lady of his heart these days acknowledging him by a mere drooping of her lids was further chastening to that humble spirit, while to have her, on social occasions, remove herself from a group as he approached it, was making overtures exceedingly difficult.

The trouble originated with the Sloanes, the most shiftless, aimless of the poor whites in the valley. When uplifting by the ideal, the deeper the degradation, the more to be hoped for. Over the Sloanes, therefore, the optimistic young spirit of Miss Carter yearned. "There are wings unfolded; Psyche sleeps somewhere in the most squalid soul," she had stated to John Stone.

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"Sleeps—yes—" he was willing to admit, but stopped there, the rest unfinished, by reason of his attention being preoccupied with her lips, parted with the eager joy of her avowal—red young lips, —so softly full,—so fresh,—so sweet—

At this point John Stone had grown giddy. It had come to his remembrance that he had once tied a string about a tiny pearl, more commonly known as an incisor, within those same maddening lips, and jerked—when she was six and he was seven.

It was following this conversation that Miss Carter had become zealous in the uplifting of the Sloanes. And it was in the full tide of her ardent enthusiasm that the Sloanes one day had shut their door in her face.

Dr. Stone was going there himself at the time, in behalf of an infant Sloane. Not that he looked for return, either in lucre or gratitude, having his own opinion about the Sloanes. With him it was only that a doctor must begin somewhere.

On this particular day Miss Carter, leaving perforce as he came driving up, stopped him to demand some explanation of Sloane etiquette, as though, he being their physical adviser, she held him also responsible for their social shortcomings.

She stood at the road-side gazing up at him, the crimson from indignation upon her cheek most charming to behold, and stated the behavior of the Sloanes. "What could have made them do it?" she demanded.

And here John Stone made his mistake. He told the truth as he saw it, and beamed down upon the lady, and said they probably shut their door because they wanted to be let alone.

And Miss Carter had not spoken to him since. As the Sloanes had done to her, so, metaphorically, she was doing to John Stone.

And so things had stood, until now one morning John Stone found on his office table an armful of crimson roses, and so felt he had a right to consider himself forgiven. True there had been flowers on his table several mornings, but not being a vain young man, he had put them to the credit of a non-paying but grateful old lady patient. But the only climbing roses such as these he knew of clambered the Carters' summer-house.

So with soul aglow he got his hat. All he ever asked was to be allowed the privilege of being forgiven, and in Southern village life gentlemen do not have to wait for evening to go to be forgiven. But turning the post-office corner, he met Miss Carter. It was a warm morning, yet to John Stone the air felt suddenly frosty. She was acknowledging him by a scarcely discernible drooping of her lids. To do this properly requires that the head be held at an angle suggestive of much haughtiness. It was vastly becoming to Miss Carter, making her look like a decree-dealing young goddess, but it was disconcerting to the young man, who went up the street mechanically. Not that he had anything now to go for, but that he didn't know how to turn just then to go back.

A little way along he met Jim emerging from a gate opening from the parsonage cow-lot.

"Is she gone?" queried that individual. "I seen her an' dodged."

Perhaps the doctor was wishing *he* had. At any rate, he halted and regarded Jim gloomily.

"I'm aimin' not to meet her this mawnin'," confessed Jim. "There is a big crap of ras'berries in her ma's garden honin' to get picked. Says she to me las' night, at her ma's back door, 'Jim,' says she, 'ev'ey self-respectin' man keeps his independence.' 'They do that, Miss Sidney,' says I. An' so I'm dodgin' her this mawnin'. She were leadin' up to me pickin' them berries. That's a nice red rose on yo' coat. Spruces you up consid'rable."

John Stone, returning to his office, felt that he did not understand it.

But later there came a morning when he found indubitable proof of her forgiveness on his sanctum table in the shape of a picture of Miss Carter,—the same she had demanded return of following the Sloane episode. Previous to that it used to hang above his sanctum table. There was the discolored oval on the papering as reminder.

Now Dr. Stone was not an overly exacting housekeeper. And since old Mrs. Ryan, his janitress, cleaned on the principle that the place for everything is where the thing at the moment chances to be, including dust, she and the

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doctor got along very well indeed. But that oval on the wall defined in dust had somehow depressed him.

And now the picture had returned. Again John Stone put his hat on his blond head, for he had knelt down and gotten up at this young person's bidding too many times to be proud. All he wanted was to be allowed the privilege of doing it again.

As he opened his office door he found Jim sunk in a disconsolate heap on the step outside, his dogs around him. He had evidently dropped in passing. His chin was sunk on the bosom of his unbleached shirt, while between his knees was an axe, its head resting on the step. As Dr. Stone came out, old Jim promptly hitched himself to one side.

As a usual thing the doctor shut his eyes to this phase of Jim's wiles. Generally when he grew dejected he wanted something. But this morning Dr. Stone was off guard.

"Heat knocked you out?" he inquired. There had been a storm the night before, and the morning had succeeded hot and humid.



"THEM IDOL PICTERS"

"No," said Jim. "The wind blowed down that holler oak in the Carters' yard last night. Miss Sidney she sent for me this mawnin'. Cu'rous room she's got these days—them idol picters all over the walls. Said she wanted to have a upliftin' talk with me. Said she wanted to he'p me he'p myself. Said she would furnish the axe, an' that if I would furnish the muscle, there was all my winter fuel waitin' to be cut up in that ol' oak, an' the ladies of the church wouldn't have me on their minds freezin' next winter. I ask you who asks them to have me on their minds? I've stood all I'm a-goin' to stand. I've done all ary one man is called on to do. I've eat the leavin's from their society oyster suppers, an' their cake sales they've been dumpin' on me for twenty year, till there ain't nothin' will injest in my cistern any more. I ain't got no stomach nor no disposition left. I ain't goin' to heft nary 'nother of their obligations."

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THERE HAD BEEN FLOWERS ON HIS TABLE

Jim got up stiffly.

"Going?" inquired Dr. Stone, absently. He was debating the chances of finding Sidney at home or abroad.

"Yes," said Jim, shortly; "ther' ain't no he'p this time. She's waitin' for me in her yard."

Perhaps he had hoped for warmer sympathy from the other. He looked at that young person. Then he spoke again:

"Her ma had a bad headache las' night, 'count of the storm. I were there. Mrs. Carter she gives me the back-door vittles for me an' my dogs. She don't have no strings tied to what she gives, neither. Miss Sidney she don't 'prove her ma's ways, but this here's between her ma an' me. I been goin' to the Carter back door since before Miss Sidney were bawn. Mrs. Carter she wanted me to get you for her head, 'count of not likin' to bring the old doctor out in the storm, but Miss Sidney she up an' say her ma sha'n't have you."

John Stone concluded he would not go to be forgiven until he had thought about it longer. Half an hour later he was still thinking about it, and gazing upon a charming young face in a gilded oval frame. Should he go and be snubbed, or stay and be miserable?

Fate was to decide. A moment later there came a small boy, breathless. Dr. Stone was to come—and come quick—to the Carters'.

He went—no doctor ever went quicker,—to find Jim prostrate by the fallen oak, with a broken collar-bone. He had gone down with his first stroke.

"All my life," he groaned, "it's made me sick to work—an' I slipped on them pesky wet leaves."

The unhappy author of the trouble, no longer haughty-headed in her sufficiency, but with pale cheek and dishevelled dark hair, stood over her victim with tears and apologies. Her mother stood farther off on a drier footing of gravel driveway, and gave voice to reproaches. Not that this was just the time, but because timid ladies learn that it is in moments of exasperation they must speak their minds or never. She put out a hand of welcome to John Stone, but she did not stay her speech to her daughter.

"Why ask me if you may have a mattress?" the little lady was saying. "When a person is bent on sacrificing the peace of mind and the comfort of herself and her family, it does not matter whether it's a mattress or something else. All I ask is, don't bring it back."

Late that afternoon Dr. Stone was tying his horse to a fence post in front of Jim's cabin. He had left him that morning with old Mrs. Ryan installed by the Carters as nurse and attendant.

The cabin door was open, and as he alighted there came out to him the sound of excited, even alarmed, voices, one the voice of Miss Carter. Turning in the doorway just then and seeing him, she flew to meet him. Whatever the cause, the object was grateful. She had been moving in the other direction at his approach for some time.

"He's gone," she cried to him, with despairing gesture.

"Who's gone?" inquired John Stone, his eyes on her hands, now so movingly extended toward him.

"Jim."

Old Mrs. Ryan was close behind, her voice aggrieved, defensive. "He were

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nappin' like any baby," she declared, "an' I jus' stepped to the fence to call to Mis' Sloane an' smoke my pipe, an' when I come in, seein' Miss Sidney arrivin', he were gone."

John Stone, with the appealing eyes of Miss Carter on his, moved uneasily. He had his suspicions, but would it further his cause with the lady to confess to a knowledge that would seem to make him an abettor to Jim?

"Afore he dozed off," confessed Mrs. Ryan, "he'd been a-mutterin' like a person that were teched."

It left John Stone no choice. He was first a doctor. "I—I have an idea I know where to find him," he said.

Evidently personal animosity was forgotten in this more immediate affair.

"Oh, do you?" cried Miss Carter. "Then come,—oh—please—"

Would John Stone have believed that he might ever help her with reluctance into his buggy? Nor did his perturbation lessen as they reached the nearby church-yard.

He was prepared to find the cellar door open as they drove around, but not to have a shaggy head come up from out that opening to greet them, wagging ominously. Miss Carter gave a cry of not unnatural surprise:

"Why—Jim—"

"You needn't light," called Jim. "I've turned on the whole likes of you."

"He's wandering,—poor—poor thing!" cried Sidney. "Oh—let me out."

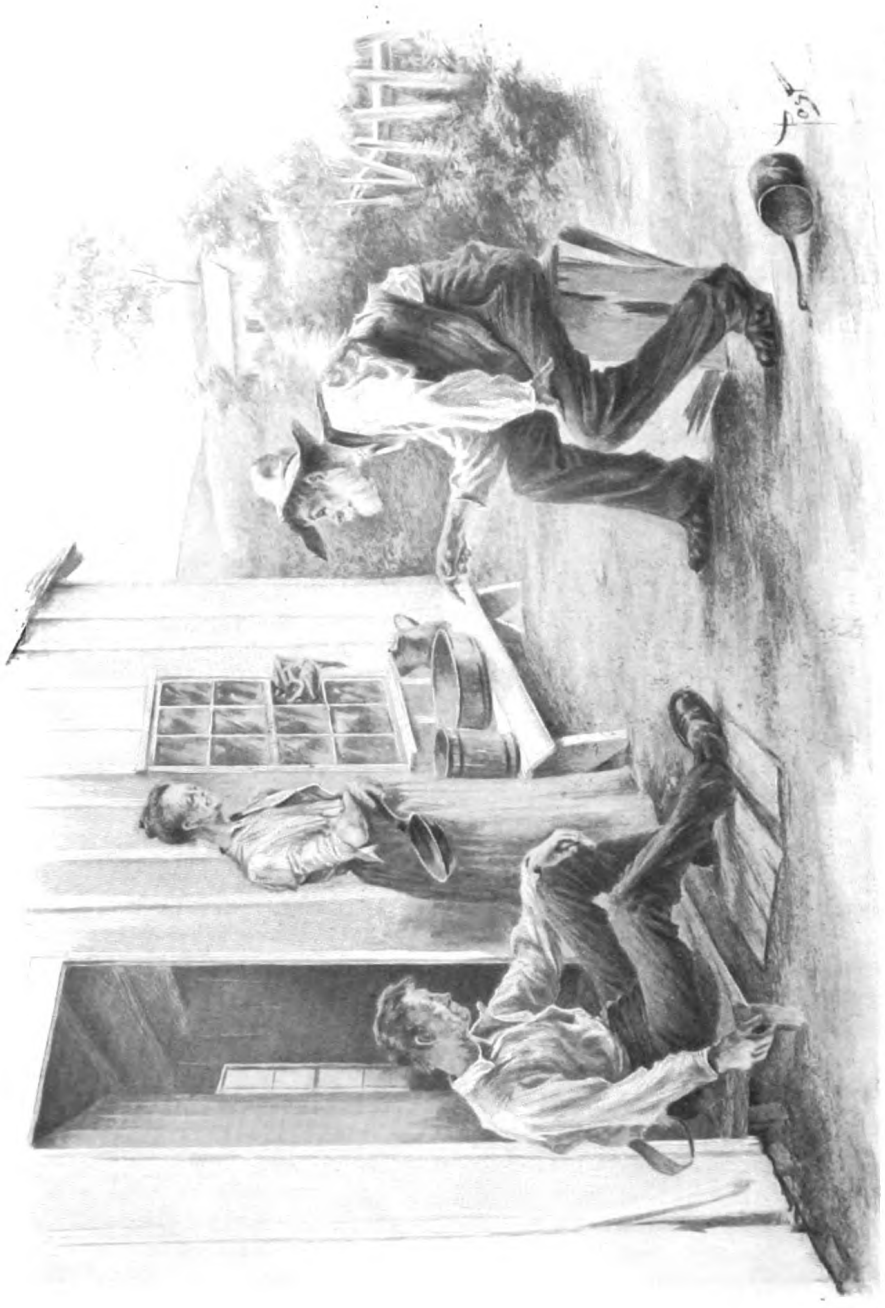
Old Jim looked threatening. "You needn't light," he reiterated. "Ev'ey man's jestified to his quiet place to die in, an' this here's mine. An' no man with a broken



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"HEAT KNOCKED YOU OUT?"

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"FOLLER IT UP BY SHUTTIN' THE DOOR IN THEIR FACE"

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shoulder is to be expected to heft them obligations any longer."

The brown eyes of the girl in the buggy had been opening wide with wonder, even with alarm, but up to this with no suspicion. But now there began to creep into them an uneasiness. The miserable John Stone sat apprehensive.

"Why—Jim—" she began.

"Yes, 'm," said Jim, "you're meanin' well, an' I stood up for you as long as I could agin' the rest—the Sloanes an' the Smysers an' ol' Mis' Ryan an' all. But this here's the limits. No, I ain't feverish, Doctor Stone. I heared you. I'm havin' my say, an' I'm goin' to have it out to you, Miss Sidney, an' you ain't no right to take it hard. For, even feelin' as I have about it, ain't I been keepin' your precepts right along? 'Pass it on,' you say, when we don't want to be hectored into mo' obligations. So I been passin' it on. There ain't no worse cluttered place in this town than Doctor Stone's office-rooms. So, 'stead of takin' them upliftin' flowers to the valley folks you give me, I been takin' them to him. An' seein' the store you set on what them idol picters do for a man what's cluttery, I took a picter off your desk this mawnin' an' carried it round to him."

Was it a gasp or a cry from the lady by John Stone?

"Yes, 'm," said Jim, "I done the best by you that I could. I stood it all till now, but after they got me to the cabin this mawnin', an' you stood over me, an' me layin' there with a broken shoulder—an' it broke in your int'rests, too,—when you up an' tol' Mis' Ryan to haul that nigger barber over to give me a bath, 'Them's the limits,' said I. An' I up an' wropped myse'f in those bedclo'es, an' I called soft to them dogs you turned out the house, an' I come over here like a fox run to hole, an' you'll have to dig me out to get me. Nary soul comes down here but Doctor Stone. He's stood a heap too, an' I ain't holdin' it agin' him that he brought you down here. He's young yet, an' he ain't to be expected to hol' out agin' ladies till he's learnt more."

The shaggy head disappeared. Perhaps because it was time, for John Stone was laying a tentative hand experimentally on that of a collapsed young lady, stunned and tearful. His was a generous soul. He had forgotten his own mistreatment.

But a second later he gathered up the reins. She had repelled the hand by removing herself the extreme limits of a very narrow buggy-seat. Dr. Stone concluded he would take the lady home and then return to the patient.

But Jim forestalled departure. His head emerged again. Had he witnessed the repulse of Dr. Stone?

"There are another thing, Miss Sidney," he called. "It weren't him what tol' Mis' Sloane he couldn't have you ladies interferin' with the doctorin' of the baby. It were me told her to say he said it. 'An' if that don't rid you of them,' said I, 'foller it up by shuttin' the door in their face.' An' she done it."

It took longer to drive the lady home than the distance warranted. But when the lady, in tears, allows herself to be gathered to a manly shoulder to weep upon, it is wise to linger where beech shade is thickest.

"You—you are so long-suffering and amiable," the voice buried against John Stone's coat collar declared between sobs, "you just invite me to be hateful. Why don't you browbeat me, John Stone; why don't you make me behave? Can't you understand?—I'd—I'd like to be made to mind you; I would, John Stone—"

But he was all engrossed in regarding the wonder of a slender hand lifted in his big pink and white palm. "I could crush it—the little thing—so," he said. But he did not; he kissed it.

But when in time they reached the Carter home, the fateful and unchopped tree, which lay uprooted and prostrate on the lawn, reminded her of Jim, and indignation again deepened the rose of her cheek.

"The miserable, ungrateful thing!" she declared. "And now we women will be worrying about him all winter."

John Stone ventured a rejoinder. "Why should you worry?" he queried: "Jim don't." And he was left wondering at the ensuing sudden withdrawal of the young lady's hand.

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The Literary Age of Boston

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

Professor of Comparative Literature, Columbia University

HARVARD COLLEGE was the fountain-head of New England literature. Boston would have been an interesting place without its fructifying neighbor, such was its civic stock; with its double lobe of Puritan and Pilgrim, it would have been the brain of the State, a mart of trade, and a nest of rebels, but hardly, perhaps, one of the little historic Meccas that perpetually challenge the real importance of metropolitan vastness; and in the hearts of its people, at least, with Florence and Edinburgh, not to be profane with diviner names, Boston brings up the rear of small but famous towns. Whatever of truth there is in this well-known boast comes from the College. It happened in the old days, long before Harvard became the high altar of learning it now is, the feeding flame of manifold lofty causes, sacrosanct with honorable lives and the votive wealth of dying generations set apart for the disinterested uses of men; the present University, with its millions of money devoted to the unborn millions of our people, is a latter-day miracle, with its own future all before it; but in the time that was, in the two centuries of humbleness when the old College was still only the camp-fire kindled by the Muses in the wilderness, there lies an accomplished past, a work ended and done, whose memory most survives in the literary fame of Boston.

The collegiate spark, which is now parcelled out among museums and laboratories, and feeds an immense power-house of technical arts, applied sciences, and lucrative professions, was then rather a thing of men's bosoms, of the instincts of imagination, the guesses of philosophy, the intuitions of religion; if the University, through the inculcation of scientific knowledge and its varied training for useful pursuits, has now become more a great prop of the material state, the College discharged well its elder function as a restorer of the human spirit through the seeking of truth; and under its plain academic rule, before the old order changed, giving place to new, Harvard came into vital touch with the thoughts of men, and bore once that little, unnoticed flower of the soul whose seeds at last are blown through the world. It began, perhaps, in the time of Channing, and the first true contact may have been in that pure, mild spirit; then the young Emerson left the pulpit, the young Phillips mounted the platform; outside—for the academic race is never more than a small part of the various and abounding state—Garrison struck the hour. It was a crude, strange, composite time. The phalanx was converging on Brook Farm; dervishes of all kinds were camping round the Saadi tent at Concord; Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Lowell kept their lettered seclusion undisturbed; the Lyceum multiplied, like a torch, from village to village; and the new woman of the period had grown up in Margaret Fuller, and, in fact, in Sophia Peabody and Maria White was already married to Hawthorne and Lowell. It was the literary age of Boston.

The traits of the period are still hard to grasp. The immense crudity of that age taxes our credulity, and at times perplexes us by arousing the sense of humor instead of exciting the organs of reverence. "Thou shalt read Hafiz," says Emerson, as he lays down the gospels; and the modern reader of Hafiz stands aghast. The amazing contradictions, — young parsons leaders of the mob; the naïve surprises,—Lowell as a temperance lecturer at the picnic where Maria White as queen was crowned with a coronal of pond-lilies; the suggestions, now of a deodorized bohemia at Fresh

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Pond or the Arcadia of married lovers and confirmed hermits at Walden, now of the *milieu* of the *Vicar of Wakefield,* and again of some *fête champêtre* in Sterne,—all puzzle the ingenuous and unacclimated mind. The provinciality of the life is as fresh and startling, and as humanly interesting, as in the work of great novelists. The wonderful rurality of Lowell's youth, scarcely guessed even by his biographers, is one extreme; the other is,—let us say Allston, returned from abroad. He had known Coleridge. What a figure he wore in Cambridgeport! Had Jane Austen lived her girlhood at Salem, or Peacock passed a summer at Concord, what delightful mischief might have been ours! What an enrichment of our literature in eccentric and ever-laughable realism! but the society of which Allston was an ornament, the study of Ticknor, the dining-room of Judge Prescott, the counting-room of Francis and Thorndike, the court-room of Mason and Shaw, would have required a yet more masterly hand. We get glimpses of it in memoirs and anecdotes, but the scene yet waits its author, and is most like to pass away without a poet. Yet this conservative, commercial, respectable society of the travelled and home-keeping provincials is the background on which must be relieved the radicalism of Emerson and Phillips, the elegance of Longfellow, the self-sufficiency of Hawthorne, the manhood-worth of Whittier, the Brahmin pride of Holmes, the cleverness of Lowell. If the background be so impossible to sketch, still more is the sway and jostle of the contemporary crowd. Only a few impressions are firm enough to be put down.

Emerson stands the foremost figure. In him the spirituality of New England culminated, and was so blended with practical character as to make him a very high type of his race. Spirituality was of the essence of New England from its birth, and underlies its historic democracy as the things of eternity underlie the things of time. In the earlier age, however, the soul-life was cramped in archaisms of thought and breeding, and all expression was in stiffened forms. This Puritan past impresses our minds now very much as Byzantine art affects our eyes, as a thing in bonds; it is real, though remote; it shrouds mysteries of religious feeling dark to us; but above all else it seems a spirit imprisoned. Blake might so have pictured it more intelligibly with his rude strength; a thing gaunt, tragic, powerful, one of the Titan forms of human suffering. The enlargement, the enfranchisement, the new sphere of light, of labor and prayer, had come before Emerson; he was born into a free world. The spread of Unitarianism in New England was a growth in the order of nature; it was not revolutionary, it was normal development; and in this mental expansion and moral softening, in the amelioration of the American spirit in all ways, which Unitarianism denoted in the community, Harvard College was the radiating influence. By his collegiate clerical fathers Emerson was in the first line of those who were to share the new thought and advance the new practice. The work of Channing and his friends is not to be forgotten, but in the lapse of time it has lost distinction and blurs into half-remembered things like ancestral strains; the climax of the liberal movement was in Emerson's genius, and there shines concentrated, a white light of the spirit for a long age. He was a pure radical; we are apt to forget how radical he was. Harvard recoiled, astounded and indignant at the son she had borne; yet it was from within her halls—and it is ever to be remembered for Harvard honor—that both the academic and the religious proclamation went forth from his lips, in the Phi Beta Kappa oration, and the Divinity School address; and however the elders might disown and protest, the words fell on good ground in the hearts of youth, and multiplied sixty and a hundred fold. It is not without reason that the hall of philosophy there should bear his name, now that all old controversies have fallen asleep; for both by his inheritance from the past and his influence upon the American world Harvard was the corner-stone of his pure and high fame.

But though Harvard and the things of Harvard were the essential environment of Emerson, and he was the child of the old College in a much larger sense than is usually meant by that phrase,

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there was something of much greater import in his genius, deeper, fast-rooted in what lies below education, intellect and books, something communal that made him even more the son of the soil, one of the people. He had that quality of race which marks the aristocrat in the real sense of that word, whose abuse has almost exiled it from the speech of truth. What characterized the stock shone forth in him highly perfected and efficient, in the form of character on both its heavenward and its earthward sides, and he possessed besides that accomplishment of language which allowed him to give the racial element in the form of literature. He would have been called, as the world goes, a poor man, but in his own village he was well-off; he lived, on his thousand or more dollars a year, the life of a refined gentleman, and reared his family, like others of his own station, on this sum in an atmosphere of true cultivation; he was economical, frugal even, and independent; but what distinguished him and made him a true leader in that homogeneous community was that he kept the old perspective of the relative worth of spiritual and temporal things, inherited from Puritan days in the habits of the mind, and held to the lasting transcendency of the one and the evanescence of the other, without any sense of effort or consciousness of peculiarity, just as his neighbors also did, but he did it in a singularly high and exemplary way.

In a world so conceived his freedom was remarkable, his disengagement, his independence of thought and action both, his responsibility only to himself, his indifference to others' views. Scarce any man was so free as he. His self-possession in this attitude was almost spectacular to others. It struck them as "sublime insolence," as any number of such phrases of amazement at a man who was simply true to himself, and took no more thought of the crowd or of the individual than he did of the morrow. Truth had never a better seeker; he took only what was necessary for the journey, and what he found with his eyes he declared with his lips. Things that were not in the line of his search did not interest him; they might be matters as grave and sacred, as endeared and intimate, as the Blessed Communion, but he passed on; of course he shocked many a tender conscience and many a hardy dogmatist, but he was ignorant of it essentially, being clad in a panoply of innocence that was almost simplicity of mind. The same spirit that he showed in religious thought he exhibited also in politics, and not temporary politics only, but that lasting Americanism which he moulded into so many memorable phrases of freedom, equality, and fraternity.

His time of illumination was in early manhood, and the little work called *Nature* was its gospel; later, as he travelled farther from the light, he declined on more mundane matters of morals and manners, on conduct, on the question of human behavior in one or another way, and left the old speculative table-lands of his youth; and with him life after thirty-five was a declining day. Yet always his method was by intuition; his courage responded to the challenge of the unknown, to the tangle-growth of poetry and philosophy, to the dragon-jaws of paradox; and if at times, in our more sophisticated sight, Emerson in his mental adventures seems to suffer from the irrepressible joke that lurks in life, almost like some Parson Adams of the mind, he is only thereby brought the nearer to our home-breed, and graced the more with that nameless quality which in other ways also shines from his figure and endears the Don Quixotes of every idealistic race. Such he was,—the idealism of New England in its human saintship; or, if not quite that, as near it as heaven ever makes the living Don Quixotes of real life.

These analogies may seem derogatory, but they are not really so; they are in their sphere patents of true nobility; another sort of crowning phrase to tell how in his mortal life he was not untouched by the pathetic grotesqueness which clings to the idealist everywhere in this tough world, while in his soul he was also the white flower of Puritanism,—*flos regum*, the last of his race. Puritanism, the search for God in New England, ended in him; and he became its medium at its culminating moment of vision and freedom because he was a man of race, and held condensed, purified, and heightened in

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his own heart the developed genius of the small, free, resolute, righteous, God-fearing people the child of whose brief centuries he was; they found no other world-voice. Emerson was their gift at the great altar of man.

If Emerson was the concentration and embodiment of the inward Puritan life, the strength and beauty of the naked soul that had cast the garment of the past and emerged at last in lucid regions, Longfellow—who, perhaps from some prepossession in favor of poets, I cannot but regard as second in the New England group — was representative of the outward charm of intellectual culture as it came to fulness in the community; and, though it may seem a mere subtlety to say so, intellectual culture is in truth an outward thing. So, too, as Harvard, by virtue of being the fount of the old ministry, the place of the enlightenment and enlargement when the kinder hour came, and the nursery of the youth who heard and followed the new voice, had bred, nourished, and supported Emerson, the old College also performed a similar service for Longfellow, opening the way for him, yielding him a place in the midst of her power, and surrounding him from youth to age with such a happy environment of friends and things that he might well think of his lot as the special favor of heaven.

He was Maine-born, and reared at the neighboring college of Bowdoin, to whose academic influences he was greatly indebted; but Harvard in adopting him made him her own and gave him a career among her own, and he and the humane studies he stood for became an integral and lasting part of the ideal of Harvard culture, which has suffered no essential change even now, though its relative sphere at Harvard is much narrowed, partaking the spiritual retrogression, the decline in refinement, of the best in the nation at large. It is true that this ideal of Harvard culture had already begun to form before Longfellow's time. Just as Channing had prepared the way for Emerson in the things of the pure spirit, George Ticknor was the precursor of Longfellow, not only as a scholar, in whom the refining power of scholarship was eminent, but as a scholar in the same fields of literature. Yet the crest of the wave, which was the first movement of old-world culture across the Atlantic, was certainly Longfellow's "Dante," of which his earlier collections and translations were forerunners, and to which Lowell's work, when he came to succeed him, was hardly more than an appendix. That first appropriation of foreign thought in New England took place so obscurely and had so few distinctive results in our own literature that its history and import are much forgotten. It deserves a little chapter to itself when our literature comes to be written in any other than a biographical form.

The impact of Carlyle and a few other single figures, such as Goethe, Lessing, and Fourier, is sometimes noted, and to such writers as Ripley and Margaret Fuller, Hedge and Hilliard, much is due. What Longfellow accomplished did not lay so much in this field of individual authors and specific thought on particular matters then of current interest; he brought over, as it were, whole literatures, putting us in touch, as a nation, with the tongues of the north and south of Europe alike, with all the stores of old romance, with the spirit that abides beautiful in the chronicles of wasted time; he annexed by a stroke of the pen this literary past of Europe to our New World,—at least to him as unquestionably the first modern scholar of his time, a scholar of the spirit as well as of the text, goes the praise and the grateful remembrance of all who have since followed, though far off, in his footsteps. So Emerson, too, first felt the fructifying power of Oriental thought in his own sphere of philosophy and the poetry of general causes, and interpreted it somewhat, however defective the interpretation; and through these two men largely such expansion as contacts with fresh and novel literatures can give came to our letters. It is in this part of his work that Harvard, holding up Longfellow's hands, most helped the cause of civilization so far as that is involved in the permanence of literature, and received for her reward that ideal of Harvard culture, already referred to, which is embedded in her traditions.

As a scholar Longfellow was cosmopolitan; but in that portion of his life which was the fruit of his poetic gift he was distinctively American. If the mild-

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ness of his nature be considered, the fervor of Longfellow's patriotism was a very marked quality; his habitual artistic control conceals its real force, but does not hide its clear depth; from the early days when he was all for Americanism in literature, through his manhood friendship with Sumner and his anti-slavery poems, to the darker days of the sinking of the *Cumberland* and the prayer for the ship of state, he was one with his country's aspiration, struggle, and trial, one in heart with her life; but he showed this patriotic prepossession of his whole nature, if less touchingly, still more significantly, by his choice of American themes for what were in no sense occasional poems, but the greater works in which he built most consciously and patiently for her fame in poetry, —in "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," and the like.

It is the fashion to decry these poems now; yet the fact cannot be gainsaid that each of these remains the only successful poem of its kind, one of the Indian life, one of colonial pastoral, one of the Puritan idyl, while the trials made by others have been numerous; and in each of these, but especially in the first two, there is in quality a marvellous purity of tone which for those who are sensitive to it is one of the rarest of poetic pleasures. It is the fashion to decry also the shorter poems by which Longfellow entered into the homes of the people; but if heaven ever grants the prayer that a poet may write the songs of a people, it is surely in such poems as these that the divine gift reveals its presence. They are in the mouths of children and on the lips of boys, and that is well; but they are also strength and consolation to older hearts, they are read in quiet hours, they are murmured in darkened rooms, they blend with the sacred experiences of many lives. Say what one will, the "Psalm of Life" is a trumpet-call, and a music breathes from "Resignation" in which the clod on the coffin ceases to be heard, and dies out of the ear at last with peace. In the grosser spirit of life that now everywhere prevails even among the best, and is not confined to any one sphere of politics, art or letters, nor to any one country or capital, it is not surprising that the fame of Longfellow should be obscured; but his silent presence must still be deeply and widely felt in those simpler and million homes that make up the popular life which, as the whole history of poetry shows, can never be corrupted. Longfellow had this remarkable and double blessing: he was the product of the old Puritan stock at its culminating moment of refinement, its most cultivated gentleman, and he enters most easily at lowly doors.

Hawthorne is the third great New England name, and many would place him higher than either Emerson or Longfellow in valuing his pure genius; but from the point of view here taken, which is mainly one of historical significance and the communal life, he falls necessarily into an inferior position. He, too, was the child of the old Puritanism, and, like the others, was emancipated from its bonds from boyhood; but something stayed in his blood which in the others had suffered a happy change. The genius of Emerson and Longfellow worked in the line of growth, so that they mark in their different spheres the attainment of a new goal; the genius of Hawthorne involved rather a reversion to the Puritan past, and not only that, but to what was grim, harsh, and terrible in its spirit; his genius worked in a reactionary way upon the theme of his brooding, and he threw open the doors of the past rather than the gates of the future. He found what people find in tombs,—dead sins and mouldered garments of the soul. Puritanism was to him a dreadful memory, which so fastened on his mind as to obtain new life like an evil obsession there, as if in truth it were still contemporary in men's bosoms, too, and he could read them by its dark light.

This recrudescence of Puritanism, in an imaginative form, in Hawthorne was the cardinal thing about him in relation to the community; by virtue of it he made Tuscany another Salem, and gave the treasures of Catholic art to feed the fires of the Puritan Moloch. His village world of observation was his own, as he saw it in daily life and faithfully recorded it; but his world of imagination was the old Puritan country-side seen in spectral, uncanny, Dantesque ways, a hateful past full of pictures turning to

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life under his hand, to your life and my life, to the life of man as it is in the eternal present. He could not shake it off; his genius cast shadow; he was a profound pessimist,—sin to him was life. Out of all this came a single new creation, which, with Knickerbocker and Leatherstocking, makes the third original American type, Donatello; like them he has no basis in vital life; he is a blend of elemental things, a dream of the mind, an emanation half of the artistic senses of a poetic temperament in love with life, half of the remorseful thought of a heart that had "kept watch o'er man's mortality"; but, visionary as he is, Donatello is a true imaginative type, no more to be forgotten than the other purely artistic figures of literature, like Galahad, like the Red Cross Knight, of whose race he is. It seems a miracle of time that drew out of the dark bosom of Puritanism this figure of the early world, fair with Greek beauty, and made its plastic loveliness the flower in art of the Puritan conscience.

It is art that finally sets Hawthorne aloof from the others in a place of his own. It might almost be said that for him heredity had become environment, so much did the past oversway the present in his moral temperament, his outlook on life and his probings of its mysteries; his genius, in its most concentrated and intense work, was deeply engaged in this inherited subject-matter, this reluctant, repellent, stubborn Puritan stuff, the dark hard ore; but the object of his attention being thus given, and the manner of its interpretation being born in him also, he remained for the rest more the pure literary artist than his contemporaries in New England; the instinct of romantic art for its own mere sake was in him. In the expanding life of New England this thing, too, had happened with other things: an artist had been born there. He was strangely indifferent to everything in the community, he was solitary and a man apart; but he was faithful to his own one talent, the power to take an original view of the world, a romantic view, and turn it to pictures in the loom of literature. The world remained the old Puritan world, all the world he knew; but in his eyes it became a pictorial thing, while retaining necessarily its moral substance and tragic suggestiveness, and it took on artistic form under his hand. His love for his art and the things in life that would feed it was absorbing; he idled at all times when not employed with it; he found his happiness in its exercise. It was his art that was necessary to him, not its message; he lived by imagination. In him consequently the communal life is seen in the last of its threefold manifestations in the literature of the old Puritan race; in Emerson it shone forth in the pure soul, in Longfellow it blossomed in the heart, and in Hawthorne it left, as on darkness, its imaginative dream.

In these three men the genius of the people, working out in the place and among the things of its New England nativity, reached its height, so far as concerns that partial expression which literature can give to a people's life. They were surrounded by manifold other activities of the communal spirit, in politics, trade, philanthropy, taking place in a busy state; they were supported, however, by an educated class in large numbers of similar breeding, sympathetic in taste and interest and openly appreciative of their labors; and there were also, perhaps, a score of other writers about them, among whom three still stand out with great prominence — Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell, of whom two, as in the other group, were closely bound to Harvard College.

Holmes was, in fact, what he liked to be thought, a town wit. His attachment to the English of the eighteenth century was the result of a native sympathy. He was a citified man, such as the old Londoners were. He was not so much a New-Englander as he was a Bostonian; and not so much a Bostonian as he was a "Brahmin," to use his own name for the thing, with just that diminishing inclusiveness that Henry James expressed in saying of Thoreau that he was "more than provincial; he was parochial." Holmes was in certain ways the city parallel to that. It is seen in his consciousness of his audience, which is ever present, in the dinner-talk flavor of his prose, in the local "asides" of his many occasional poems; he has not the art to forget himself. Such a writer is seldom understood except by the generation with

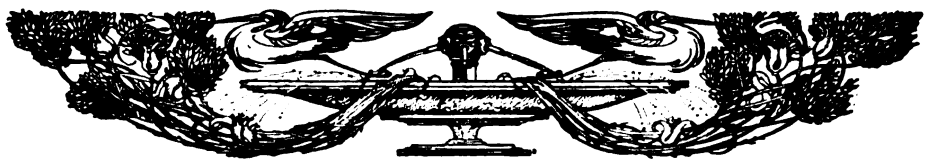
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which he is in social touch; magnetism leaves him; he amuses his own time with a brilliant mental vivacity, but there it ends.

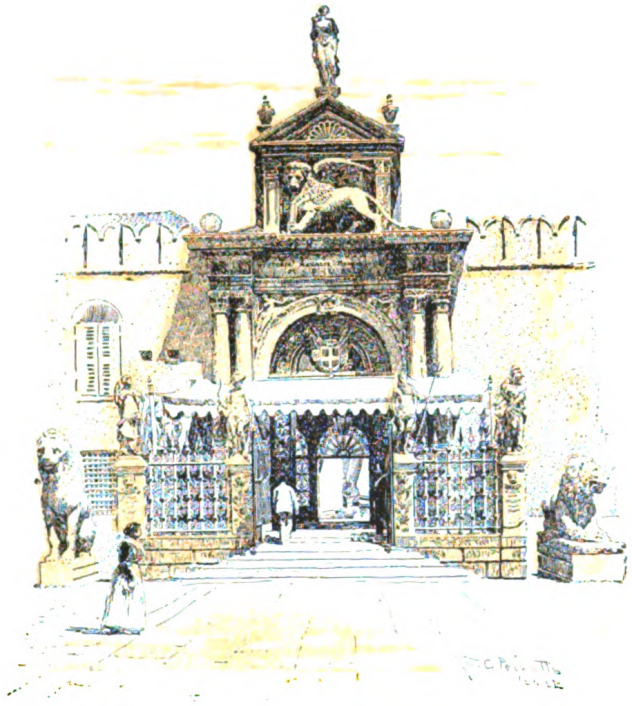
Whittier was the opposite of Holmes; he was the poet of the plain people, born among them, and never parting company by virtue of education or that sort of growth which involves a change in social surroundings. His Quaker blood distinguished him from the others, who were all Unitarians; but the distinction is illusory, for his Quakerism did for him precisely what Unitarianism did for them in giving mildness and breadth to his religious spirit. It is by his piety that he most appeals now to the general heart; by his reminiscences of the outward form of New England country life and its domestic types, as in "Snowbound," he came near to the homes of the community as a whole, while as the anti-slavery poet he held a specific and historic place in the life of the times; the three strains of interest, especially when felt through the medium of his simple goodness, preserve his fame; moreover, as a people's poet whose humble manhood remained unspoiled, he is assured of long memory. As a type of character he was as appropriate for the country as Holmes was for the city; though both are high types, and though it may seem paradoxical, Whittier had vastly the greater range. Both were deeply rooted in the soil, and had native history in their blood; both, too, were provincial in a way that their three great contemporaries were not.

In the case of Lowell there is still something enigmatic. He was younger than the others; he was more complex in nature, and changed more from youth to age and even late in life. He alone owed much of his public recognition to the accident of office. He cannot take his own place in literature until, like Irving, he is forgotten as an ambassador. He came of Unitarian ancestry like Emerson; he was bred on the same studies as Longfellow, whom he succeeded as a scholar; he developed criticism, but did not relinquish poetry; he did not work hard at either prose or verse. The Biglow Papers is his most original work, racy of the soil and the times, in its homelier sphere as native a product of the practical as Donatello is of the spiritual temper of that breed of men. The "Commemoration Ode" is his loftiest achievement. He was the poet of the civil war in a sense not so true of any of the four older poets. He lived in a Harvard atmosphere all his life, but no man was less academic. His prose came mainly from his brain, and is of a transitory nature, and steadily grows less interesting. These are the main facts about him. He now seems essentially a man of letters of high endowments, having the accomplishment of verse with his many other rich and varied gifts, and no more than that. It would appear that the inspiration that gave us Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne had already begun to fail, and beat with a lowered pulse in the youngest and last of the group.

It becomes plain on looking back that the literary age of Boston was before the civil war. With the exception of Lowell —and this helps to explain his position— the character of these men was formed and their work completely determined before 1860, and most of it was done. It was all the aftermath of Puritanism in literature. The debt it owed to Unitarianism is clear; its direct and indirect obligation to Harvard College, though but partially set forth, is obviously great, and just as clearly was due to the old humanities as there taught. In forty years we have drifted farther perhaps than any of us have thought from the conditions and influences that gave our country so large a part of its literary distinction.



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THE ARSENAL GATE

A Summer in a Sandolo

BY MARY H. PEIXOTTO

WE were living with two Italian ladies in a *cinque-cento* palace facing the Giudecca Canal.

From our balcony, ruddy with scarlet geraniums and shaded by an orange-colored awning, we watched the coming and going of many craft — majestic steamers from the Orient; puffing military tugs towing barges of soldiers; fishing-smacks from Chioggia, their painted sails glowing with suns and crosses; clumsy tortoiselike freight-boats shining with tar; and now and then a big ship under a towering spread of canvas, slowly drifting to an anchorage. Among these heavier vessels glided barcas and sable gondolas. And suddenly, skimming the water like a gull, a tawny *sandolo* would dart past, distancing all her more dignified sisters. Doctors and business men use these light craft as the quickest means of getting about, and boys row them instead of the usual gondoliers.

One day as I was admiring the doctor's boat that had just shot out from the shadow of a low-arched bridge, Signorina told me that she knew where its double could be found, and a reliable *piccolo* to care for it.

So the very same afternoon I had an interview with a strapping big Venetian, owner of the *sandolo,* who brought with him a short, square-set boy of fourteen, dressed in old trousers and a coat about nine sizes too large for him. A few words sealed the bargain that made me mistress of the boat. It was to be delivered next morning in perfect condition: fresh rugs, black leather cushions well padded, its low steel prow polished, its wood-work oiled, and its prancing brass sea-horses brightly burnished.

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Then turning to the boy, who had never ceased twirling his old felt hat—fit companion to his fringed trousers,—I asked him what he expected a month.

"A *lira* and a half a day," said he.

I shook my head, and he quickly added, "That's what I *asked*, but you can give me what you please."

That settled the bargain, and Giovanni entered my service at once, with no other wardrobe than his winter rags—though we were then in the dog-days.

Next morning the yellow *sandolo*, immaculately clean, swept up to our *riva*, with Giovanni, proud as an admiral, standing on the *poppa*, perfectly unconscious of the ridiculous figure he cut.



THE LESS FREQUENTED CANALS

I felt at once he could not row me about in such rags, for I had dreamed of him in spotless white, with broad sailor collar, and long blue ribbons dangling from his wide-brimmed straw hat. But certainly he could not be trusted to select this finery alone. So I bade him row me to the Rialto, adding, "for you must have a straw hat, a brilliant sash, and some thinner clothes."

"*Servo suo*," was his dignified response. No delighted smile, though I noticed that the *sandolo* flew.

He chose the way through a *rio* where many gondoliers live; and friends of his, leaning over the low parapet, greeted him with quiet bravos as we passed. I doubt not but that was the proudest moment of his young life; for was he not rowing a "*signora inglese!*"

We darted out into the Grand Canal, and in my admiration of his young strength I quite forgot what a funny figure he cut in his tatters.

An omnibus steamer was coming directly toward us.

The nose of the *sandolo* hesitated, trembled, then wavered, first to the right, then to the left. The little *vaporetto* loomed up big as a thousand-tonner, and Giovanni's oar still being undecided, the steamer almost ran us down. By some divine interposition we managed to graze by her, and she left us bouncing in her foamy wake, my heart thumping, and the passengers calling out warning reprovals. Giovanni's black eyes snapped; the perspiration coursed in shining rivulets down his smooth, round face, and turning, he shouted after the disappearing boat, "It's all your fault,"—which so amused me that I quite calmed down.

We made the Rialto without further incident, though his landing was clumsy, which I willingly enough excused, as the boy was so "flustrated."

Leaving the *sandolo* in charge of an old man, we set off, Giovanni bareheaded, through the crowded Mercerie. Pushing our way through that narrow, busy street, I thought of a day centuries ago, when the Venetians, celebrating a great victory, hung the priceless canvases of Titian and Tintoretto and Palma along its entire length. Probably never before or after was such wealth of art displayed in a public thoroughfare.

But I dismissed the thoughts of the noble past, and began prosaically to search in the small shops on either hand for a wide-brimmed straw hat. The unusual size of Giovanni's head made it a difficult task. We were obliged at length to content ourselves with a hat minus long ribbons; but Giovanni philosophically remarked, "That doesn't matter, for isn't my sister a tailor? and she can make

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PAINTED SAILS GLOWING WITH SUNS AND CROSSES

the ribbons long." Linen trousers were next found; but they needed shortening, which alteration, of course, the tailor sister could make. Then we added a scarlet waist-scarf, and completed our purchases with some loose blue and white shirts of striped material.

Giovanni proudly bore away his parcels, smiling contentedly under his new hat, and we set off toward home for the transformation scene.

But he must have lost his wits completely, for we went headlong into every floating object on the Grand Canal, and very soon I learned the uses of our strong steel ram.

At last we did manage to get into the narrow Rio San Trovaso, and I realized the sad truth that my boy lacked experience. On reaching home I told him he could keep the clothes, but that he could not be my *poppe* another hour. He pleaded his cause nobly, and assured me that every gondolier on the Grand Canal

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A MADONNA, SERENE ON A PALACE WALL

was at fault except himself; but I looked away from his big black eyes and held to my resolution.

With Giovanni's failure my castles fell.

But boys in Venice are as plentiful as the stones, and crop up as quickly as the heads of the Lernæan Hydra! Within two hours the choice became embarrassing; but at last I decided upon Domenico, the son of our fruitman at the corner.

To my delight Domenico proved thoroughly competent — even having white clothes of his own and a new straw hat. On complimenting him upon his neat appearance, he said: "And you see this hat? I've just bought it from Giovanni for one *lira* fifty; non è caro,—vero?"

And surely Giovanni had not allowed much sand to slip through the hour-glass ere he had disposed of my gift, and possibly now was puffing the fruits of his deal in cigarette smoke round the corner. Oh, these *piccoli di Venezia!*

Then began those dreamy days spent sketching in less frequented canals, Domenico sitting on the *poppa* back of me, his bronzed face framed in his white open shirt. Or, curling himself up in the bottom of the *sandolo,* he would sleep for hours, rocked by the passing of an occasional gondola or fruit-barge laden with luscious grapes and rosy-cheeked peaches and baskets of tomatoes piled high in scarlet pyramids. How deftly these venders manage their boats in the narrow waterways, often dropping the oar to push with their hands against the house walls! And then squeezing round that last bend of the dingy Malcanton, what a flood of sunshine bursts upon their flaming freight, which, like a brand of fire, burns long trembling reflections in the dark water.

And in broader channels we drifted on limpid mirrors, in whose glassy surfaces each palace—a real coquette—sees its wondrous beauty doubled, — palaces as rare in color as the rugs of Persia, faded by the wear of centuries. And I tried to picture them in their original splendor, and as I did so, thought of the horror of the lordly owners, coming back from over Styx, and seeing, emblazoned above their proud escutcheons, "Glass Manufactory," or, "Mosaic Works"!

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A CHIOGGIA CANAL

When I suggested a pause, Domenico would run a short nail into a wall chink and tie up in the shadow of a Gothic palace whose wide entrance-steps—dank and green—led to a mysteriously dusky interior, and the slimy, greenish walls recalled the story of that hapless *signore* who, stealing by night from his lady's bower, fell through a trap into a dark chamber, half under water, where he miserably died of cold and hunger, while his mistress in her tapestried halls listened in vain for his coming.

At other times, under low bridges, where reflected lights of stirring waters rippled over rough-cut stones like lights on Pompeian glass, we rested and watched the play of sunlight down the watery streets — the gondolas, freighted with dark shadows, nosing under a Madonna, serene on a palace wall, 'mid bunches of wistaria. And under the bridge that leads to the Foscari gates the echoes of many centuries roll back, and distinctly from among them comes the hollow tramp of horses overhead — a gallant escort of young nobles leading forth a timid bride. The gorgeous pageant takes its way in triumph through the narrow lanes and over rattling wooden bridges and across the broad Piazza to the Ducal Palace in the full splendor of a perfect day, with champing and pawing of noble steeds and the blasts of many trumpets.



THE BROAD LAGOONS

But the trickling water from a passing oar recalls me to the silent Venice of to-day, and to the generations of Venetians who never have seen so much as even a pack-mule in their fascinating streets.

On warm summer evenings we rowed to the Lido,

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and there cooled ourselves by a dip in the lazy sea. And afterwards upon a terrace we watched the violet tones die into the starlit night. After the heat of noonday, how refreshing to glide homeward with a gentle breeze fanning our faces and the moonlight dancing on the rippling water!

During the tranquil autumn days—those days before the death of summer—we visited the surrounding islands. Striking through the main artery of the Giudecca, where saffron sails of fishing-smacks flaunt their rich colors, and festoons of purple nets—rich laces of the fisher-folk—swing from mast to mast, we come out into open water. A pearly whiteness bathes the broad lagoons, uniting sea and sky—the sea a smooth enamel, the sky veiled like a bride's pale face. Little islands dotted with trees float mirage-like on the glassy waters. A campanile and the hulls of far-off barges lend the only darker note.

Every day we rippled the reflections of Don Carlos's golden *fleurs-de-lis*. My



A CAMPIELLO NEAR SAN ROCCO

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN

Domenico could not understand why Don Carlos—so handsome a prince and really King of Spain (should the Carlists have full sway)—lived so quietly, with a red parrot perched on his *passetto,* and an old majordomo in blue jeans sitting at his palace entrance. And often, as we passed, the long-tailed bird screeched after us. But I noticed she preserved a respectful silence if her lordly master was entering his gondola.

Domenico's idea of kings meant brave uniforms and flying flags, and tapestries hanging from palace windows. And so one day, when news came that Italy's King and Queen were really coming to Venice (the first time since their accession to the throne), Domenico was beside himself with joy.

The afternoon of their arrival, in spotless white, he appeared at our *riva* at three, though the royal party was not expected until six. So immaculate was the *sandolo* that I wished their Majesties would visit Venice more frequently. Finally, in a double line of embarcations crowded with an eager throng, we took our places on the Grand Canal. Every balcony was decked with flags and rugs and costly brocades; every window was peopled with a group of heads.

Just as the sun's last rays were gilding the mellow palace fronts a glorious burst of color shot down the Grand Canal—a glow of tints that no pen can describe.

A dozen *bissone,* boats of great size, each manned by a score of men, headed the brilliant cortège. One bore upon its prow Fame blowing her golden trumpet; another, Neptune, trident in hand, on his silver shell; and still another, Flora scattering her blossoms. Some of the oarsmen were robed as Phœnicians, others as Egyptians, while a crew of young Romeos rowed another boat, dragging in their wake yards of crimson velvet. Canopies of damask and cloth of gold sheltered the city's dignitaries. And in this festive group moved a sombre gondola manned by four gondoliers in liveries of red and black. As it passed, the bands played and people waved their hats, for in it sat the King and Queen—he in general's uniform, she in white. Behind them in compact masses followed the countless gondolas of Venice's nobility in gala dress, escorting the youthful couple to the Royal Palace.

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See page 443

"POOR WILLY!" SHE SOBBED

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The Last Gift

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

ROBINSON CARNES pilgrimmed along the country road between Sanderson and Elmville. He wore a shabby clerical suit, and he carried a rusty black bag which might have contained sermons. It did actually hold one sermon, a favorite which he had delivered many times in many pulpits, and in which he felt a certain covert pride of authorship.

The bag contained, besides the sermon, two old shirts with frayed cuffs, three collars, one pocket-handkerchief, a Bible, and a few ancient toilet articles. These were all his worldly goods, except the clothes he wore, and a matter of forty-odd cents in his old wallet. Robinson Carnes subsisted after a curious parasitical fashion. He travelled about the country with his rusty black bag, journeying from place to place—no matter what place, so long as it held an evangelical church. Straight to the parson of this church he went, stated his name and calling, produced certain vouchers in proof of the same, and inquired if he knew of any opening for a clergyman out of employment, if he had heard of any country pulpit in which an itinerant preacher might find humble harbor. He never obtained any permanent situation; he sometimes supplied a pulpit for a day, or officiated at a funeral or wedding, but that was all. But he never failed to receive hospitality, some sufficient meals, and lodging for one night at least in the parsonage guest-chamber.

Although Carnes's living was so precarious, he looked neither forlorn nor hungry. He had, in fact, had at noon an excellent dinner of roast beef at the home of the Presbyterian minister in Sanderson. It was the day before Christmas, and a certain subtle stir of festive significance was in the very air. Every now and then a wagon laden with young hemlocks, and trailing with greens, passed him. The road was strewn with evergreen sprigs and stray branches, with an occasional jewel-like sprinkle of holly berries. Often he heard a silvery burst of laughter and chatter, and boys and girls appeared from a skirting wood with their arms laden with green vines and branches. He also met country carriages whose occupants had their laps heaped with parcels of Christmas presents. These last gave the tramp preacher a feeling of melancholy so intense that it amounted to pain. It was to him like the sight of a tavern to a drunkard when his pockets are empty and his thirst is great. It touched Robinson Carnes in his tenderest point. He had fallen a victim in early youth to a singular species of spiritual dissipation. Possessed by nature of a most unselfish love for his kind, and an involuntary generosity, this tendency, laudable in itself, had become in time like a flower run wild until it was a weed. His love of giving amounted to a pure and innocent but unruly passion. It had at one time assumed such proportions that it barely escaped being recognized as actual mania. As it was, people, even those who had benefited by his reckless generosity, spoke of him as a mild idiot.

There had been a day of plenty with him, for he had fallen joint heir to a large and reasonably profitable New England farm, and a small sum in bank. The other heir was his younger brother. His brother had just married. Robinson told him to live on the farm and give him a small percentage of the profits yearly. When the crops failed through bad weather and mismanagement, he said easily, without the slightest sense of self-sacrifice, that the brother need not pay him the percentage that year. The brother did not pay it, as a matter of course, the next year, and in fact never did. In three years the brother's wife was ailing, and the family increasing, and he was in debt for the taxes. Robinson paid them all, and he

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continued paying them as long as his money in the bank lasted. He wished his brother to keep his intact, on account of his family. Then he gave from his poor salary to everything and everybody. Then he was in debt for his board. He rented a small room, and lived, it was said, on oatmeal porridge until the debt was paid.

Robinson Carnes had a fierce honesty. When he was in debt, he felt, for the first time in his life, disgraced, and like hiding his head. He often reflected with the greatest shame upon that period of his life when he had an impulse to go out of his way to avoid the woman whom he owed. He felt nothing like it now, although to some his present mode of existence might savor of beggary. He considered that in some fashion he generally rendered an equivalent for the hospitality which kept the breath of life in him. Sometimes the minister who entertained him was ailing, and he preached the sermon in his black bag in his stead. Sometimes he did some copying for him; often he had toiled to good purpose at his wood-pile or in his garden; he had even assisted the minister's wife with her carpet-beating in her spring cleaning. He had now nothing to be ashamed of, but he felt his very memory burn with shame when he remembered that time of debt. That had been the end of his career as a regularly settled minister. People might have forgiven the debt, but they could not forgive nor overlook the fact that while in such dire straits he had given away the only decent coat which he owned to wear in the pulpit, and also that he had given away to a needy family, swarming with half-fed children, the cakes and pies with which some female members of his parish had presented him to alleviate his oatmeal diet. That last had in reality decided the matter. He was requested to resign.

So Robinson Carnes resigned his pastorate, and had never been successful in obtaining another. He went out of the village on foot. He had given away every dollar of the last instalment of his meagre salary to a woman in sore straits. He had given away his trunk years ago to a young man about to be married and settle in the West. He regretted leaving his sermons behind because of the lack of a trunk. He stored them in a barrel in the garret of one of the deacon's houses. He stowed away what he could of his poor little possessions in his black bag, feeling thankful that no one had seemed to need that also. Since he had given away his best coat, he had only his old one, which was very shabby. When he shook hands with his half-hearted friends at parting, he was careful not to raise his right arm too high, lest he reveal a sad rip in the under-arm seam. Since, he had had several coats bestowed upon him by his clerical friends, when an old one was on the verge of total disruption, but the new coat was always at variance as to its right under-arm seams. Robinson Carnes had thereby acquired such an exceedingly cautious habit of extending his right arm as to give rise to frequent inquiries whether he had put his shoulder out of joint, or had rheumatism. Now the ripped seam was concealed by an old but very respectable and warm overcoat which the Presbyterian minister in Sanderson had bestowed upon him, and which he had requited by an interpretation of the original Greek of one of the gospels, which aided the minister materially in the composition of his Christmas sermons. Carnes was an excellent Hebrew and Greek scholar, and his entertainer was rusty and had never been very proficient. Robinson had been in the theological seminary with this man, and had often come to his aid when there. Robinson had also set up the Christmas tree for the Sunday-school in the church vestry. He was exceedingly skilful with his hands. The Christmas tree had awakened in him the old passion, and his face saddened as he looked at the inviting spread of branches.

"I wish I had something to hang on the tree for your children and the Sunday-school," he said, wistfully, to the minister; and the other man, who knew his history, received his speech in meaning silence. But when Carnes repeated his remark, being anxious that his poor little gift of a Christmas wish, which was all that he had to offer, might at least be accepted, the other replied coldly that one's first duty was to one's self, and unjustified giving was pauperizing to the giver and the recipient.

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Then poor Robinson Carnes, abashed, for he understood the purport of the speech, bade the minister good-by meekly, and went his way. When he saw the other Christmas trees on the road to Elmville, his wistful sadness became intensified. He felt the full bitterness of having absolutely nothing to give, of having even a kindly wish scorned when the wish was his last coin. He felt utterly bankrupt as to benefits towards his fellow-creatures, that sorest bankruptcy for him who can understand it.

Carnes had just watched a wagon loaded with Christmas greens pass slowly out of sight around a bend in the road, when he came unexpectedly upon a forlorn company. They were so forlorn, and so unusual in the heart of a prosperous State, that he could hardly believe his eyes at first. They seemed impossible. There were six of them in all: a man, two women—one young and one old—and three children: one a baby two years old, the others five and eight. The man stood bolt-upright, staring straight ahead with blank eyes; the women were seated on the low stone wall which bordered the road. The younger, the mother, held the five-year-old child; the older, evidently the grandmother, held the youngest; the eldest—all were girls—sat apart, huddled upon herself, her small back hooped, hugging herself with her thin arms in an effort to keep warm. As Carnes drew near, she looked at him, and an impulse of flight was evident in her eyes. The younger of the two women surveyed him with a sort of apathy which partook of anger. The youngest child, in the old woman's lap, was wailing aloud. The grandmother did not try to hush it. Her face, full of a dumb appeal to and questioning of something which Carnes felt dimly was beyond him, gazed over the small head in a soiled white hood which beat wrathfully against her withered bosom. The woman wore an old shawl which was warm; she kept a corner well wrapped about the crying child. The younger woman was very thinly clad. Her hat had a pathetic last summer's rose in it. Now and then a long rigor of chill passed over her; at such times her meagre body seemed to elongate, her arms held the little girl on her lap like two clamps. The man, standing still, with face turned toward the sky over the distant horizon line, gave a glance at Carnes with eyes which bore no curiosity or interest, but were simply indifferent. He looked away again, and Carnes felt that he was forgotten, while his shadow and the man's still intermingled.

Then Carnes broke the silence. He stepped in front of the man. "See here, friend," he said, "what's the matter?"

The man looked at him perforce. He was past words. He had come to that pass where speech as a means of expression seemed superfluous. His look said as much to his questioner. "You ask me what is the matter?" the look said. "Are you *blind?*" But the question in the man's dull eyes was not resentful. He was not one in whom misery arouses resentment against others or Providence. Fate seemed to have paralyzed him, as the clutch of a carnivorous animal is said to paralyze a victim.

"What is it?" Carnes inquired again. "What is the matter?"

Still the man did not answer, but the younger of the two women did. She spoke with great force, but her lips were stiff, and apparently not a muscle of her face moved. "I'll tell you what the matter is," said she. "He's good for nothing. He's a no-account man. He ain't fit to take care of a family. That's what's the matter." Then the other woman bore her testimony, which was horrible from its intensity and its triviality. It was the tragedy of a pin-prick in a meagre soul.

"He's left my hair-cloth sofy an' my feather bed," said she, in a high shrill plaint.

Then the forlorn male, badgered betwixt the two females of his species, who were, as it often happens with birds, of a finer, fiercer sort than he, broke silence with a feeble note of expostulation. "Now, don't, mother," said he. "You shall hev that sofy and that feather bed agin."

The younger woman rose, setting the little girl on the frozen ground so hard that she began to cry. "Have 'em back? How is she goin' to have 'em back?" she demanded. "There's the hair-cloth sofy she earned and set her eyes by, and there's the feather bed she's always slept on, left over there in Sanderson, stored

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away in a dirty old barn. How's she goin' to ever get 'em again? What's the poor old woman goin' to sit on an' sleep on?"

"We'll go back an' git 'em," muttered the man. "Don't, Emmy."

"Yes, I will! I'll tell the truth, and I don't care who knows it. You're a no-account man. How are we goin' to git 'em back, I'd like to know? You hain't a cent and you can't get work. If I was a man, I'd git work if it killed me. How is your mother goin' to git that sofy and feather bed again as long as she lives? And that ain't all—there's all my nice furniture that I worked and earned before I was married; you didn't earn none of it except jest that one bedstead and bureau that you bought. I earned all the other things workin' in the shop myself, and there they all be stored in that dirty old barn to be eaten up by rats, and covered with dust."

"We will get 'em back. Don't, Emmy."

"How'll we get 'em back? You're a good-for-nothin' man. You ain't fit to support a family."

"He's left my sofy an' feather bed," reiterated the old woman.

The man looked helplessly from one to the other; then he cast a glance at Carnes—that look full of agony and appeal which one man gives another in such a crisis when he is set upon by those whom he cannot fight.

Carnes, when he met his fellow-man's piteous look, felt at once an impulse of partisanship. He stepped close to him and laid a hand on the thin shoulder in the thin coat. "See here, friend," he said, "tell me all about it." The compassion in Carnes's voice was a power in itself; he had, moreover, a great deal of the clergyman evident, as well in his manner as in the cut of his clothes.

The man hesitated a moment, then he began, and the story of his woes flowed like a stream. It was a simple story enough. The man was evidently one of those who work well and faithfully while in harness, like a horse. Taken out, he was naked and helpless and ashamed, without spirit enough to leave his old hitching-posts and beaten roads of life, and gallop in new pastures unbridled. He became a poor nondescript, not knowing what he knew. The man, whose name was William Jarvis, had worked in a shoe factory ever since he was a boy. He had been an industrious and skilled workman, but had met with many vicissitudes. He had left a poor position for an exceedingly lucrative one in a large factory in Sanderson, and had moved there with his family. Then the factory had been closed through the bankruptcy of the owner. Since then he had had a hard time. He had left his family in Sanderson in their little rented house, and he had been about the country seeking in vain for employment. Then he had returned, to find that the old factory was to be reopened in a month's time, and then he could have a job, but every cent of his money was gone, and he was in debt. Not only Jarvis's money was gone, but his credit. The tradesmen had learned to be wary about trusting the shifting factory population.

The rent was due on the house; Jarvis paid that, and was literally penniless. He packed his humble furniture, and stored it in a neighbor's barn, on condition that it should be taken for storage if he did not claim it within a year.

Then he and his family set forth. It was the hopeless, senseless sort of exodus which might have been expected of people like these who deal only with the present, being incapacitated, like some insects, from any but a limited vision in one direction. Carnes received a confused impression, from a confused statement of the man, that they had a hope of being able to reach a town in the northern part of the State, where the wife had some distant relatives, and the others of this poor clan might possibly come to their rescue. They had had a hope of friendly lifts in northward-journeying wagons. But there had been no lifts, and they had advanced only about five miles toward their forlorn Mecca on the day before Christmas. The children were unable to walk farther, and the parents were unable to carry them. The grandmother, too, was at the end of her strength. The weather was very cold, and snow threatened. They were none too warmly clad. They had only the small luggage which they could carry—an old valise, and a bundle tied up in an old shawl. The middle child had an old doll that had lost one arm, her blond wig, and an eye, but

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was going on her travels in her best, faded pink muslin dress and a bit of blue sash. The child stood sobbing wearily, but she still held fast to the doll. The eldest girl eyed her with tender solicitude. She had outgrown dolls. She got a dingy little handkerchief from her pocket and folded it cornerwise for a shawl; then she got down from the wall and pinned it closely around the doll. "There," she said, "that is better." After that the children themselves felt warmer.

Carnes saw everything—the people, the doll, their poor little possessions,—and an agony of pity, which from the nature of the man and its futility became actual torture, seized him. He looked at the other man who had confided in him, at the women who now seemed to watch him with a lingering hope of assistance. He opened his mouth to speak, but he said nothing. What could he say?

Then the man, William Jarvis, added something to his poor story. Two weeks before, he had slipped on the ice and injured his shoulder; he had strained it with moving, and it was causing him much distress. Indeed, his face, which was strained with pain as well as misery, bore witness to the truth of that.

The wife had eyed her husband with growing concentration during this last. When he had finished, her face brightened with tenderness; she made a sudden move forward and threw her arms around him, and began to weep in a sort of rage of pity and love and remorse. "Poor Willy! poor Willy!" she sobbed. "Here we've been abusin' you when you've worked like a dog with your shoulder 'most killin' you. You've always done the best you could. I don't care who says you haven't. I'd like to hear anybody say you haven't. I guess they wouldn't darse say it twice to me." She turned on the old woman with unreasoning fury. "Hold your tongue about your old hair-cloth sofy an' your feather bed, grandma!" said she. "Ain't he your own son? I guess you won't die if you lose your old hair-cloth sofy an' your feather bed! The stuffin's all comin' out of your old sofy, anyhow! You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself, grandma! Ain't he your own son?"

"I guess he was my son afore he was your husband," returned the old woman with spirit. "I ain't pesterin' of him any more 'n you be, Emmy Jarvis." With that she began to weep shrilly like a child, leaning her face against the head of the crying child in her lap. The little girl with the doll set up a fresh pipe of woe; the doll slipped to the ground. The elder sister got down from the stone wall and gathered it up and fondled it. "You've dropped poor Angelina and hurt her, Nannie," said she, reproachfully.

"Poor Willy!" again sobbed his wife, "you've been treated like a dog by them you had a right to expect something better of, an' I don't care if I do say so."

Again the man's eyes, overlooking his wife's head, sought the other man's for an understanding of his peculiar masculine distress.

Carnes returned the look with such utter comprehension and perfect compassion as would have lifted the other's burden for all time could it have taken practical form. In reality, Carnes, at this juncture, suffered more than the man. Here was a whole family penniless, suffering. Here was a man with the impulse of a thousand Samaritans to bring succor, but positively helpless to lift a finger toward any alleviation of their misery. It became evident to him in a flash what the outside view of the situation would be: that the only course for a man of ordinary sense and reason was to return to Sanderson and notify the authorities of this suicidal venture; that it was his duty for the sake of the helpless children to have them cared for by force, if there was no other way. But still, this course he could not bring himself to follow. It seemed an infringement upon all the poor souls had left in the world—their individual freedom. He could not do it, and yet what else was there to do? He thought of his forty cents, his only available assets against this heavy arrear of pity and generosity, with fury. At that moment the philanthropist without resources, the Samaritan without his flask of oil, was fairly dangerous to himself from this terrible blocking of almost abnormal impulses for good. It seemed to him that he must die or go mad if he could not do something for these people. He cast about his eyes,

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like a drowning man, and he saw in a field on the left, quite a distance away, a small house; only its chimneys were visible above a gentle slope. A thought struck him. "Wait a moment," he ordered, and leaped the stone wall and ran across the field, crunching the frozen herbage until his footsteps echoed loudly. The forlorn family watched him. It was only a short time before he returned. He caught up the second little girl from the ground. "Come," cried Carnes in an excited voice. "Come. Nobody lives in that house over there! I can get in! There is a shed with hay in it! There's a fireplace! There's plenty of wood to pick up in the grove behind it! Come!"

His tone was wild with elation. Here was something which could be done. It was small, but something. The others were moved by his enthusiasm. Their faces lightened. The father caught the youngest child from the grandmother; the mother took the eldest by the hand. They all started, the old grandmother outracing them with a quick, short-stepped toddle like a child. "See your mother go," said the wife, and she fairly laughed. In fact, the old woman was almost at her last gasp, and it was an extreme effort of nature, a final spurt of nerve and will.

The house was a substantial cottage, in fair repair. The door at the back was unlocked. Carnes threw it open, and ushered in the people as if they had been his guests. A frightful chill struck them as they entered. It was much colder than outside, with a concentration of chill which overwhelmed like an actual presence of wintry death. The children, all except the eldest girl, who hugged the doll tightly, and whispered to her not to mind, it would be warm pretty soon, began to cry again. This was a new deprivation added to the old. They had expected something from the stranger, and he had betrayed them. The grandmother leaned exhausted against the wall; her lips moved, but nothing could be heard. The wife caught up the youngest crying child and shook her.

"Be still, will you?" she said, in a furious voice. "We've got enough to put up with without your bawling." Then she kissed and fondled it, and her own tears dropped fast on its wet face.

But not one whit of Carnes's enthusiasm abated. He beckoned the man, who sprang to his bidding. They brought wood from the grove behind the house. Carnes built a fire on the old hearth, and he found some old boxes in the little barn. He rigged up some seats with boards, and barrels for backs; he spread hay on the boards for cushions. The warmth and light of the fire filled the room. All of a sudden it was furnished and inhabited. Their faces began to relax and lighten. The awful blue tints of cold gave place to soft rose and white. The children began to laugh.

"What did I tell you?" the eldest girl asked the doll, and she danced it before the ruddy glow. The wife bade her husband sit with his lame shoulder next the fire. The youngest child climbed into her grandmother's lap again, and sat with her thumb in her mouth surveying the fire. She was hungry, but she sucked her own thumb, and she was warm. The old woman nodded peacefully. She had taken off her bonnet, and her white head gleamed with a rosy tint in the firelight.

Carnes was radiant for a few minutes. He stood surveying the transformation he had wrought. "Well, now this is better," he said, and he laughed like a child. Then suddenly his face fell again. This was not a solution of the problem. He had simply stated it. There was no food, there was no permanent shelter. Then the second little girl, who was the most delicate and nervous of them all, began to cry again. "I want somefin to eat," she wailed. Her father, who had been watching them with as much delight as Carnes, also experienced a revulsion. Again he looked at Carnes.

"Yes," said the wife in a bitter tone, "here is a fire and a roof over us, but we may get turned out any minute, if anybody sees the smoke comin' out of the chimney, and there's nothin' to eat."

The eldest little girl's lip quivered. She hugged the doll more closely.

"Don't cry, and you shall have a piece of cake pretty soon," she whispered. The man continued to look at Carnes, who suddenly stood straight and threw up his head with a resolute look. "I'm going, but I will come back very soon," said he, "and then we'll have supper. Don't

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worry. Put enough wood on the fire to keep warm." Then he went out.

He hurried across the field to the road under the lowering quiet of the gray sky. His resolve was stanch, but his heart failed him. Again the agony of balked compassion was over him. He looked ahead over the reach of frozen highway without a traveller in sight, he looked up at the awful winter sky threatening with storm, and he was in a mood of blasphemy. There was that misery, there was he with the willingness to relieve, and—forty cents. It was a time when money reached a value beyond itself, when it represented the treasure of heaven. This poor forty cents would buy bread, at least, and a little milk. It would keep them alive a few hours, but that was only a part of the difficulty solved. The cold was intense, and they were not adequately protected against it. There were an old woman and three children. He was only giving them the most ephemeral aid, and what would come next?

Carnes, standing there in the road all alone, mechanically thrust his hand in his pocket for the feel of his forty cents; but instead of putting his hand in his own coat pocket, he thrust it in the pocket of the overcoat which the minister in Sanderson had given him. He pulled out, instead of his own poor old wallet, a prosperous portly one of black seal-skin. He did not at first realize what it meant. He stood staring vacuously. Then he knew. The minister in Sanderson had left his own wallet in the overcoat pocket. The coat was one which he had been wearing until his new one had come from the tailor's the day before.

Carnes stood gazing at this pocket-book; then he slowly, with shaking fingers, opened it. There were papers which he saw at a glance were valuable, and there was a large roll of bills. Carnes began counting them slowly. He sat down on the stone wall the while. His legs trembled so that he could scarcely stand. There was over two hundred dollars in bills in the wallet. Carnes sat awhile regarding the bills. A strange expression was coming over his gentle, scholarly, somewhat weak face—an expression evil and unworthy in its original meaning, but, as it were, glorified by the motive which actuated it. The man's face became full of a most angelic greed of money. He was thinking what he could do with only a hundred dollars of that other man's money. He knew with no hesitation that he would run to Elmville, hire a carriage, take the distressed family back to Sanderson to their old house, pay the rent a month in advance, pay their debts, get the stored furniture, help them set it up, give them money to buy fuel and provisions for the month before the factory reopened. A hundred dollars of that money in his hand, which did not belong to him, meant respite for distress, which would be like a taste of heaven; it meant perhaps life instead of death; it meant perhaps more than earthly life, perhaps spiritual life, to save this family from the awful test of despair.

Carnes separated a hundred dollars from the rest. He put it in his own old wallet. He replaced the remainder in the minister's, and he went on to Elmville.

It was ten o'clock on Christmas eve before Robinson Carnes, having left the Jarvis family reinstated in their old home, warmed and fed, and happier perhaps than they had ever been or perhaps ever would be, went to the vestry blazing with light in which the Christmas tree was being held. He stood in the door and saw the minister, portly and smiling, seated well forward. As he watched, the minister's name was called, and he received a package. The minister was a man with a wealthy parish; he had, moreover, money of his own, and not a large reputation for giving. Carnes reflected upon this as he stood there. It seemed to him that with such a man his chances of mercy were small. He had his mind steeled for the worst. He considered, as he stood there, his very good chance of arraignment, of imprisonment. "It may mean State prison for me," he thought. Then a wave of happiness came over him. "Anyway," he told himself, "they have the money." He did not conceive of the possibility of the minister taking away the money from that poverty and distress; that was past his imagination. "They have the money," he kept repeating. It also occurred to him, for he was strong in the doctrines of his church creed, that he had possibly incurred a heavier than earthly justice for his deed; and then he told himself again, "Well, they have it."

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A mental picture of the family in warmth and comfort in their home came before him, and while he reflected upon theft and its penalty, he smiled like an angel. Presently he called a little boy near by and sent him to the minister.

"Ask Mr. Abbott if he will please see Mr. Carnes a moment," he said. "Say he has something important to tell him."

Soon the boy returned, and his manner unconsciously aped Mr. Abbot.

"Mr. Abbot says he is sorry, but he cannot leave just now," he said. It was evident that the minister wished to shake off the mendicant of his holy profession.

Carnes took the rebuff meekly, but he bade the boy wait a moment. He took a pencil from his pocket and wrote something on a scrap of paper. He wrote this:

"I found this wallet in your pocket in the coat which you gave me. I have stolen one hundred dollars to relieve the necessities of a poor family. I await your pleasure. Robinson Carnes."

The boy passed up the aisle with the pocket-book and the note. Carnes, watching, saw a sudden convulsive motion of the minister's shoulders in his direction, but he did not turn his head. His name was called again for a present as the boy passed down the aisle, returning to Carnes.

Again the boy unconsciously aped Mr. Abbot's manner as he addressed Carnes. It was conclusive, coldly disapproving, non-retaliative, dismissing. Carnes knew the minister, and he had no doubt. "Mr. Abbot says that he has no need to see you, that you can go when you wish," said the boy. Carnes knew that he was quite free, that no penalty would attach to his theft.

The snow had begun to fall as Robinson Carnes took his way out of Sanderson on the road to Elmville, but the earth had come into a sort of celestial atmosphere which obliterated the storm for human hearts. All around were innocent happiness and festivity, and the display of love by loving gifts. The poor minister was alone on a stormy road on Christmas eve. He had no presentiment of anything bright in his future: he did not know that he was to find an asylum and a friend for life in the clergyman in the town toward which his face was set. He travelled on, bending his shoulders before the sleety wind. His heart was heavier and heavier before the sense of his own guilt. He felt to the full that he had done a great wrong. He had stolen, and stolen from his benefactor. He had taken off the minister's coat and laid it gently over the back of a settee in the vestry before he left, but that made no difference. If only he had not stolen from the man who had given him his coat. And yet he always had, along with the remorse, that light of great joy which could not be wholly darkened by any thought of self, when he reflected upon the poor family who were happy. He thought that possibly the minister had in reality been glad, although he condemned him. He began to love him and thank him for his generosity. He pulled his thin coat closely around him and went on. He had given the last gift which he had to give—his own honesty.

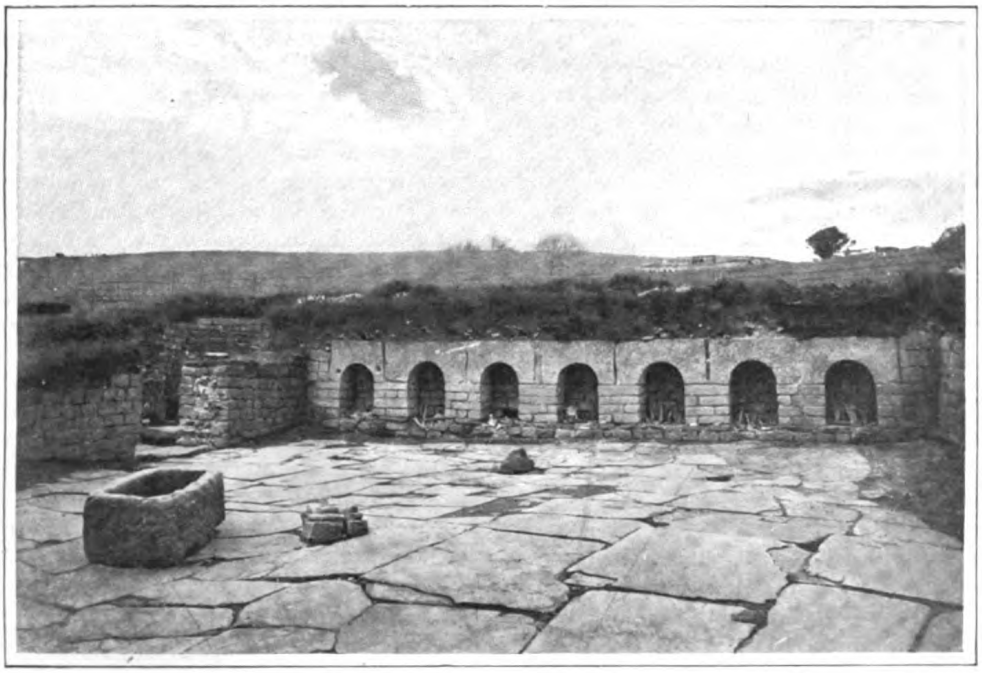
Impatience

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

OH, foolish soul that could not watch and wait
Until the bud should of itself unfold,
Spreading each satin petal in due state,
To show at last its heart of virgin gold!

Oh, foolish fingers that could tear and soil
The close-furled petals, seeking to disclose
Their precious hoard too soon, the bud you spoil
And never know the beauty of the rose!

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ROMAN RUINS AT CHESTER

The Edge of an Empire

BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD

THE kindly schoolmaster, conducting a youthful intelligence on a tour through ancient history, sometimes points out that the Roman Emperor Hadrian, when vexed by northern barbarians, built a wall across England from Tyne to Solway. His maps indorse the fact, and youthful fingers trace the thin black line indicating its course over hill and valley with mild wonder; but there, for scholar and pupil alike, the matter generally ends. Yet that wall still stands to-day; forgotten of tourists, bitterly despoiled by generations of shepherd builders, but nevertheless much as it was when English history was but in the beginning—the very front and buckler of a bygone empire, eloquent in each yard of its seventy miles; the greatest, the most neglected, the least valued of our national antiquities!

One of the happiest things about it is its splendid isolation. Save at the extreme eastern and western ends, where towns have overwhelmed it, all that remains on the wild Northumberland fells is amongst absolutely the same scenery and surroundings as those of the long four hundred years which only ended when Byzantian Rome withered at the roots, and one by one all her branches to their outmost twigs felt the drain of her sinking vitality and fell away.

On the north front the remains of the wall still look out, stern and unrelenting, over the hills and dales of Pict land, that wild, inhospitable wilderness which even Rome did not subdue. There lived those with whom the Mistress of the World had no commune. Not a sheep nor a leveret could pass anywhere between the Irish Channel and the North Sea without leave when the wall was new. Rome had nothing for the unrepentant barbarian—not a sign nor a letter, but the hard front of her imperial buckler! But when you pass within, to the southern side of those massive ramparts, which at their best

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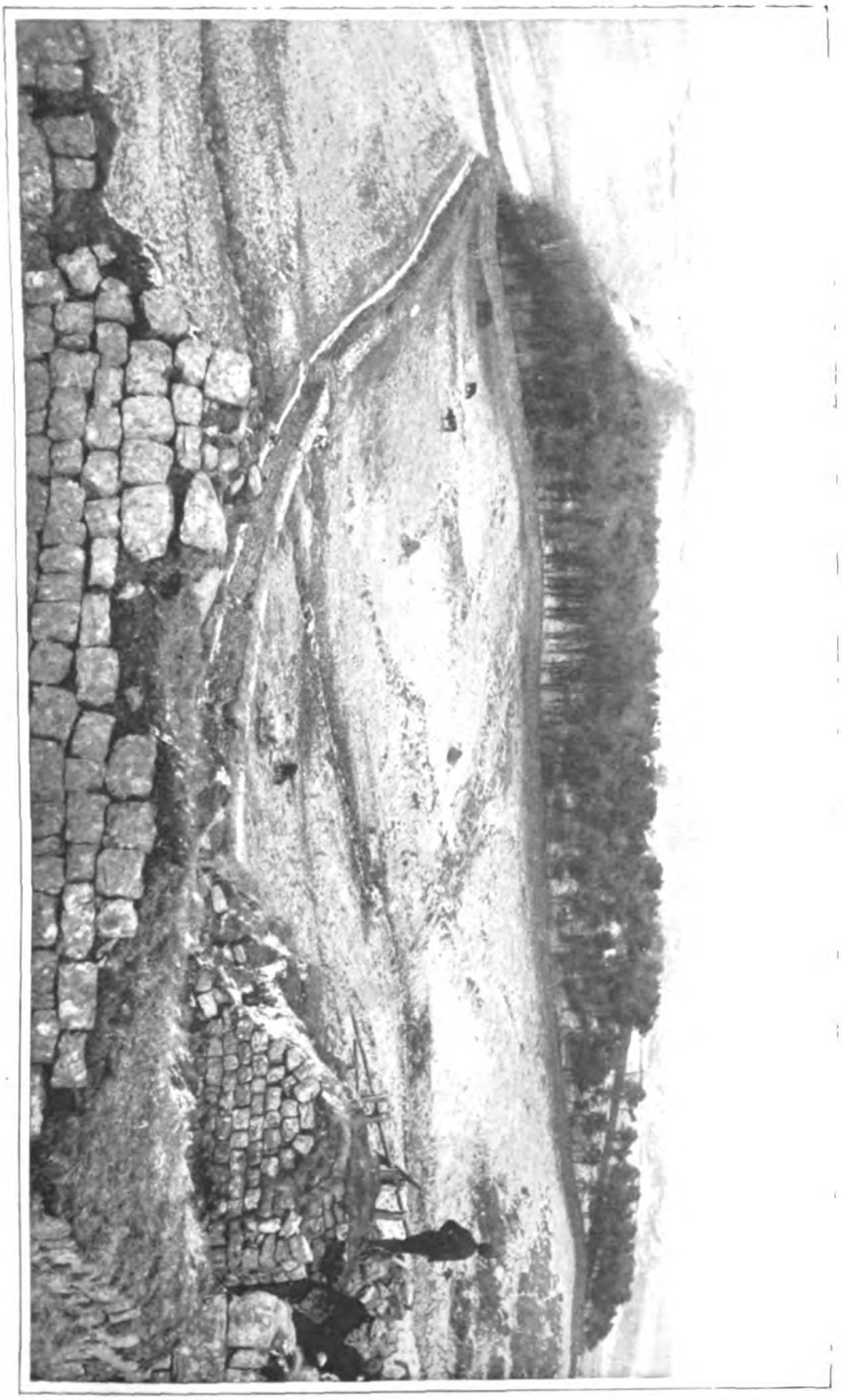
were eight feet thick by sixteen or eighteen feet high, without a break from Tyne to Solway, then you find yourself in a new world of interest; you feel yourself, even to-day, more than one thousand six hundred years after the sentinels took their last look northward and the last chariot wheels rattled over the gateway lintels, a Roman citizen,—a privileged being; those few strides through a gap in the iron masonry have brought you within the pale, and all around now lie the littered vestiges of the Mother of Empires, the signs and significances of a dead life that was as splendid in its fulness as that beyond was void and blank.

It is a curious arrangement, this of the great demarcation which Hadrian, and Antoninus Pius after him, made between the empire and the beyond, and its plan is eloquent of the terms on which the conquerors held Britain for the four hundred years of their stay. Briefly, there was the tall wall to the north, with a ditch ten feet deep outside. Within was a narrow strip of land, along the centre of which ran the military road, varying from a few hundred yards to half a mile in width. Its southern boundary was a tall earth *vallum*, originally carrying a palisade of stakes, and a deep and broad ditch again outside that. Thus the great frontier divide was guarded against the open enmity of Picts in the north and the dubious loyalty of conquered Britons to the south; while the road, protected all the way and with its ends open to the sea at either extremity, would have enabled the defenders to be provisioned even if the command of the military "streets" coming up from York or Chester had been temporarily lost. And that narrow strip of fell country, with utter solitudes on both sides of it, must once have been teeming from end to end with imperial life. No part of it could have been unoccupied without endangering the whole. There must have been a garrison of at least 20,000 men, without counting women and camp-followers, year after year here on the northern mosses, and this garrison consisted in the main of colonial troops of the empire. Asturians, Batavians, Tungrians, Gauls, Dalmatians, Thracians, — even Moors and Africans came to hold Rome's outermost line against the barbarian; she set them alternately to prevent conspiracy amongst them in those four-mile camps, of which foundations still remain along the side of the central roadway. They brought their women and children with them, their weapons and gods, and, held together by an admixture of veteran legionaries from Tiber, and under the stern rule of grim old fighters like Lollius Urbicus and Marcellus Ulpius, they must have made as polyglot, as striking, a military colony there on the farthest rim of the empire as any history knows of.

How they must have suffered! How they must have cursed the emperor and all his deities during the wild northern winters when the barren fells for illimitable distances before and behind were sheathed in snow, and the stinging northern blast sang out of the Pictish forests! What wild fights those must have been which have left their mark in overthrown spaces of the wall, and the red flush still shining, after more than a thousand years, on the gateways and northern approaches of burnt Pretorian houses! Of them, all we know is a chance allusion here and there in the classic writers, and the infinitely more graphic memorials of the wall itself. Yet these latter, if legitimate fancy may fill in the gaps of established fact, are enough to make a volume. From the time when Hadrian came in person, and metaphorically, if not actually, traced out the course of the famous defence with his sword-point in the green Northumberland sward, to the black night of terror and confusion four hundred years later when the deserted mercenaries of Rome threw all they valued or reverenced into the well at Procolitia and fled south, with the victorious barbarian at their heels, every step in that splendid chapter of defiance can be traced.

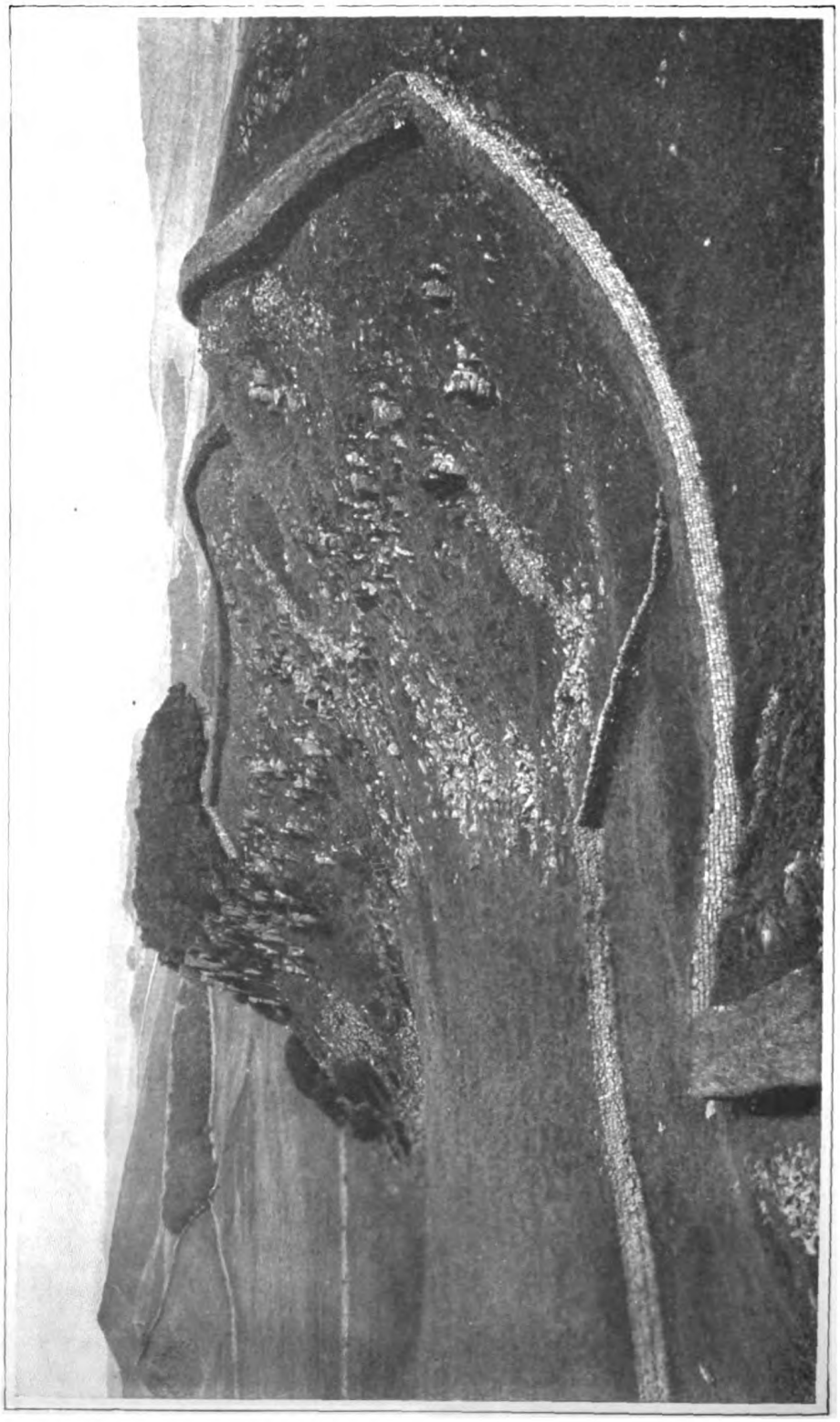
He who loves these things can to-day see on the old quarry-sides the roughly chipped names of the soldiers who worked them. They are immortal, those gallant, brass-bound loafers who sat on the ledges and gossiped as they eat their black bread and vegetables, or scratched those names on the barbarian cliff while they waited the slow coming of the stone-carts. And all along the lonely hill moorlands, now lost in coppices of fir and alder, now dipping out of sight for the

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BORCOVICUS.—WINTER WALL, LOOKING EAST

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ROMAN WALL AT CUDDY'S CRAG, NEAR BORCOVICUS

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moment in the valley, and then shining in the sun again on a far-away hill-top, is the rampart they built,—working like the scriptural masons, with trowel in hand and sword by side. Nothing turned them from the line they had chosen. When the great north foss came to soft land, it was well and good: they dug it ten feet deep and forty wide. When it followed the wall up the steep hill-side and came to solid black rock as hard as the nether millstone, it was well and good again: they still hewed and hammered it out ten feet deep and forty wide! The wall that rose above was equally the work of those indomitable soldier-masons, and here and there a tablet is inlet, declaring with legitimate pride that so many paces to left or right had been erected by such and such a cohort.

But it is of course in the four-mile camps that the human interest is the keenest. As you wander amongst those many-acre enclosures of gray ruins, the larks rise singing out of the roofless chamber,—all its alcoves facing south to catch the scanty rays of northern sunshine,—where doubtless my lady Fabina plaited her black hair, the while bemoaning the fate that had married her to an exiled soldier. The mountain-hares amble about the paved forum where Severus perhaps took counsel with his captains on the eve of that expedition which taught him the hopelessness of chasing naked savages over hills covered in blue mist. In the gangways of the gates the ruts are still deep where they were worn by the chariot wheels, and the lintels by the guard-houses still bear the marks worn when Asturian or Gaulish sentinels sharpened sword and spear upon them.

Above all, it is the inscribed altars which bear evidence to the life of that strange and solitary garrison. The blessing of the antiquarian is upon them for their piety and the way they recorded at the footstools of the gods every emotion of love, or hope, or accomplishment. Here we have the hunters of Banna dedicating a stone to the jolly wood-god Silvanus for his help with boar and deer in the forest of modern Gilsland, and there another in laudation of an emperor newly come to the purple. The captain who had accomplished a dangerous mission thus commemorates his return; the master mourns a faithful slave, and the husband grieves for a departed wife. Nothing indeed is more striking than the testimony of these altars to the keen personal affections which harbored under the iron fronts of the masters of the ancient world. Amongst the clash of arms and the tireless struggle for dominion everywhere you find these strong soldiers dropping into tenderness, for a moment, over some grief that is as recognizable to-day as when a thousand years ago it unnerved a vigorous arm and spoiled the fruits of victory. Now it is a tribune spending two months' pay, where pay was scarce and scanty, to erect a memorial to his little daughter of twelve years old; and there again Barate the Palmyrene commemorates the virtues of his Catuallaunian wife in an inscription of infinite pathos. There it is all on that one slab: slave at first, then wife in Gaul, deity in Britain,—and then the Latin ends suddenly with an exclamation in Palmyrene, "Alas for Barate." Were those the last words of the fair southern girl as she turned her face to the wall and died of the bitter northern winter? We can but guess. Alas, indeed, Barate! The eyes of the modern smart in sympathy with that long dead grief of yours, and he prays, as he turns to other things, almost as fervently as you did, that the gods of the shades to whom you commended her were good to your Catuallaunian!

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The Little Cruise of the "Violetta"

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I

THE THEORY OF ZONES

STANTON, the electrical engineer, told us this pleasant story of the cruise of the *Violetta*, and called it the Little Cruise, because he was not with her on the longer cruises following. He told it in the spring sunlight on the wharf beside Bateman's Slip, where fat, black, and lazy ships, far-sea travellers, come up by Sandy Hook to discharge themselves of responsibility and to sleep at their docks.

"It is the business of the tropic and temperate zones," he was saying, "to entertain and supplement each other. They trade experiences, like crude rubber for sewing-machines, to the profit of both parties. Put them together, and there arises in the mind of each a sense of restful and romantic joy. Providence has supplied the need of man for permanent astonishment by a trifling gradation of heat, so that when either shall feel the need for the miraculous and incongruous, it has only to find the other.

"I pointed this out to Mrs. Mink, who owned the *Violetta*,—or rather to Mrs. Coe, who was Mrs. Mink's aunt,—that sailing in the tropics was only falling in with this arrangement of Providence, and she was pleased to hear it; for she sometimes felt scruples of conscience about so going on the loose, ungoverned seas of lazy climates: it sometimes seemed to her lax and disorderly; but if it could be attached to Providence in that way, it made her feel more comfortable. And she had so much natural tranquillity that it seemed an honor to contribute to her peace of mind."

II

DR. ULSWATER

"I fell sick of yellow fever in the city of Portate, South America. I came up to recover at Nassau, which is a town in the Bahamas. In the West Indies they call any kind of sickness a 'fever,' to save trouble, and then bury you with as little trouble as possible.

"But Nassau is a healthy place, running up the side of a bluff, and overlooking an enclosed harbor, blue and dimpled and happy. There, too, I fell into the hands of one Dr. Ulswater, who would take me with him, for the health of the body, to lie on the rocks and watch him search in the shoals for small cuttlefish. He used a three-pronged spear to stir them out of the lairs, and a long knife to put into their vital points. It took skilful surgery to find their vital points. They waved and slapped their wild, blistered arms around his neck and shoulders, while he poked placidly into their vitality; and so, being entertained and happy, I recovered from yellow fever.

"Dr. Ulswater was a large, bushy man in the prime of a varied life. He was born an American, had studied in German universities, practised medicine in Italy and afterward in Singapore, and one of his hobbies was South-American archæology. He owned a silver-mine in Nevada, and kept a sort of residence in New York at this time, and was collecting specimens for a New England museum. So that he was what you might call a distributed man, for he had been in most countries of the globe; yet was not a 'globe-trotter,' but rather a floater,—in a manner resembling sea-weed, that drifts from place to place, but wherever it drifts or clings is tranquil and accommodating. And he seemed to me suitable to the tropics and the seas,—large, easy, and warm of body; of a learning like the sea, mysterious and bottomless; of a mind luxuriously fertile, but somewhat ungoverned. His idioms were mixed, his conversations opalescent. His only criticism of himself was that he had not personality enough.

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"THEY WAVED THEIR WILD, BLISTERED ARMS AROUND HIS NECK"

"'No, mein liebe,' he said, wrapping a dead cuttle-fish up neatly in its own arms. 'I am like the cuttle-fish whose vital point is loose. You are yourself, my friend, a little ignorant person, with prepossessions beyond belief, but you have a personality and entertaining virtues. Therefore I will let you smoke two cigars this night instead of one, and to-morrow it may be three, for your sickness is becoming an hypocrisy.'

"Then we went over the rocks to our boat and the sulky, sleepy negro boatman, the doctor with his flabby cuttle-fish, and I with a basket full of coral and conch-shells. And the boatman rowed us out over a sea garden with submerged coral grottos,—pink and white of the branching and the brain coral, sea-fans and purple sea-feathers, coral shrubs, coral in shelving masses, sponges, and green hanging moss; yellow, emerald, and scarlet fish, silver, satin, ringed, fringed, and spotted; all deep beneath in their liquid, deluding atmosphere,—a cold vision, outlandish, brilliant, grotesque. We floated over it and looked down. 'Hypocrisy, pretence, illusion!' went on Dr. Ulswater. 'Why attach to these words a meaning of praise or condemnation which begs the question? The personality is all, the point of view. To observe an alcyonoid polyp through thirty feet of water, an ineffable vision, or under a microscope which pronounces the ineffable vision hypocrisy, pretence, illusion — in which is there more truth? Is not my hypocrisy an intimate truth of me? Doggoned if I know! There is a new yacht in the harbor. We will go to it.'

"And we moved across the calm glassy harbor toward the long white steam-yacht.

"It was a handsome sea-going boat. Its brasses glistened in the afternoon sunlight. *Violetta* was its gilt-lettered name. Sailors were busy forward, lowering a dingy, and a striped awning was over the after-deck. As we drew near, a wo-

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man stood up under the awning and came over to the rail. I asked if we might come aboard, and the doctor grumbled at me in disgust,—something about 'frizzle-brained women.'

"'Of course you can,' she said, decisively. 'Wait till they bring the steps,' and disappeared.

"'Hah!' he said, 'steps! And a Middle West accent! Very good.'

"We went aboard, leaving the negro in his boat, and under the striped awning made the acquaintance of Mrs. Mink and Mrs. Coe, and a stout sailing-master, Captain Jansen."

III

MRS. MINK AND MRS. COE

"Mrs. Mink was a pleasant-looking woman, though somewhat thin, and with sharp gray eyes. She wore a plain, neat black dress, such as a self-respecting woman might wear to church in some village or small inland city. Mrs. Coe had white hair. She laid down her knitting and gazed at us benevolently through her spectacles. A large flowered rug covered the deck, a round mahogany table in the middle of it. There were a hammock and a number of upholstered chairs, each with a doily on the back of it. Two work-baskets stood on the table, brimming with sewing materials. A white crocheted shawl hung on the back of Mrs. Coe's chair.

"The scene wakened sleeping associations of mine. Just such a shawl my grandmother used to wear in Vermont, just such doilies were on her rocking-chairs, just such a flowered carpet was in her parlor, and so she used to look at me benevolently. An aunt, too, I once had who dressed like Mrs. Mink, but, to the best of my recollection, was not so agreeable to look at.

"That weird glistening sea garden of coral and purple feathers and improbable fish was fresh in my mind, with Dr. Ulswater's talk, both undomestic, paradoxical, and showing colored objects slumberously afloat in a transparent and deluding element. The wide blue harbor; the steep white town buried in tropical foliage; the big spruce yacht, too, the red-bearded Swede Jansen, and the crew in flat caps and jumpers—all these belonged to the world as I had known it of later years. With the line of the awning came the abrupt change,—the flowered carpet, the centre table, the doilies, the provincial feminine touch. Wall-paper was lacking, and green curtains and pink paper lamp-shade, the insipid and carefully framed print, and the black stove; but Mrs. Mink and Mrs. Coe seemed to have made themselves at home, so far as they were able, and the effect certainly was homelike.

"All this while Mrs. Coe looked benevolent and Mrs. Mink critical, and Dr. Ulswater was introducing himself and me. Presently I was sitting by Mrs. Coe, and pouring into her motherly sympathetic ear my story, even my griefs and ambitions, tempted by the associations. It seemed comforting and healing. It was interrupted by my becoming aware that Mrs. Mink was telling Dr. Ulswater her story.

"It appeared that Mrs. Mink and Mrs. Coe came from the town or small city of Potterville, Ohio, whose aspect might be inferred and pictured—a half-dozen brick business blocks, a railway station, a dozen churches, dusty streets, board sidewalks, maples for shade trees—mainly young and unhealthy,—clapboarded frame houses with narrow piazzas, a thin, monotonous current of social talk, a limited and local existence.

"Until the year before, the fortunes of Mrs. Mink and Mrs. Coe had hardly led either of them beyond the borders of the State, nor away from Potterville for more than a few days. Mrs. Coe had lived many years with Mrs. Mink.

"Mr. Mink, a silent, plodding man, a banker, counted a well-to-do citizen, but not suspected of unusual wealth, died the year before of a natural and normal sickness. There must have been a secretive element in him, something now forever unexplained. He had sat at his desk in his bank. Away from the bank he had never alluded to business. He had not liked any habits to be altered. No one in Potterville, not the bank cashier nor Mrs. Mink, suspected that Potterville harbored a millionaire. But when Mrs. Mink found herself a widow of extensive and varied wealth, she set herself, with Mrs. Coe's help, to consider the situation. So far the story was in part inferential. Mrs. Mink spoke with some reserve.

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"It seemed then to Mrs. Mink that she ought to be equal to the situation. When the size of her income was explained to her by her lawyer, who was also her neighbor, she cried, in some alarm, 'What *shall* I do?'

"He said: 'Get a steam-yacht. Go into high society, and found a college. Spend it on the heathen. Make your name immortal in Potterville.'

"'But,' said Mrs. Mink, narratively, 'I thought those were too many different things. But Aunt Coe said that when she was little she often wished she could see the equator, and now she wanted very much to see the heathen, and the idols that have ugly pictures in Sunday-school quarterlies. The more I thought of parrots and monkeys and bananas and Foreign Missions, the more I agreed with Aunt Coe what we ought to do first. Because I knew more about Foreign Missions than about colleges, and I thought tropical countries would be nicer than high society.'

"'Admirable!' cried Dr. Ulswater, suddenly. 'What logic! For subtle inference and accurate reasoning, look at that!' Mrs. Mink looked surprised.

"'But I felt sure that Aunt Coe ought to be comfortable while we were examining the missions, so I went to the lawyer, and he sent me to some people who made ships. After that everything was plain.'

"'Plain!' cried Dr. Ulswater. 'It's all plain. It's a syllogism.'

"'The ship-dealer was very kind,' said Mrs. Mink, reflecting. 'He got the *Violetta* and Captain Jansen. It has been quite pleasant so far. But—' She hesitated and looked at Mrs. Coe, who had flushed slightly at the reference to her weakness for the equator. I conceived a strong liking for Mrs. Coe.

"'But you have not as yet seen what you seek for,' said Dr. Ulswater. 'You have taken but a step into the imperium of the tropics. You have far to go, and I have been on the road these twenty years. Well, I will show you the model upon which the heathen idol type is constructed.'



"I ASKED IF WE MIGHT COME ABOARD"

"He brought up the cuttle-fish from the boat and unbundled it. Mrs. Mink thought it surely was uglier than any pictures of heathen idols.

"'The faith of the savage is based upon fear,' said Dr. Ulswater. 'This is an incarnate terror and obscure nightmare seen crawling through ineffable sea gardens. You are wise, Mrs. Mink, desiring to see and to hear, to know the

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miracle of the world. For everywhere two miracles confront each other, the visible world and the soul of man beholding it, but custom and usage are blinding; that is to say, the more you get used to a thing, the more you don't see it.'

"Mrs. Mink nodded. Mrs. Coe laid down her knitting.

"'The soul of the heathen,' continued Dr. Ulswater, musing, 'and that of the missionary are both remarkable.' Mrs. Mink looked suspicious; but he continued, musing: 'There is an insurrection in Haiti, and a mountain blowing up in Peru. Ten thousand miles from there is a large brown idol that I know, sitting in the woods in Sumatra, with green jade eyes and silver finger-nails. And it's all turned over once a day.'

"Something about Mrs. Mink, self-contained, quiet, and decisive, looking at him with shrewd, unbewildered eyes, seemed to rouse him to conversation; or else he had an object in being entertaining. Captain Jansen and two or three blue-capped sailors were near, and stood at the corner of the cabin listening, while he talked on, until the tide ran out and the sun set, and Mrs. Mink said, 'Now you'll stay to tea,' so decisively that we stayed to tea.

"In the cabin were green curtains and pink lamp-shade, wall-paper and framed prints, a radiator, biscuits, cake, preserves, an Irish servant-girl, and Mrs. Mink and Mrs. Coe at home. Mrs. Mink was thoughtful.

"'Do you *have* to collect cuttle-fish?' she asked at last.

"'I? No. I do what I like. Why?' Dr. Ulswater's innocence of manner was perhaps too elaborate. 'My young friend must not go back to his job for some weeks in South America, for he is not yet a grizzly-bear. He is languid like a jelly-fish.'

"'Well, I shouldn't dare ask any one away from business. But we have a spare room. Aunt Coe and I would be pleased if you and Mr. Stanton would visit us. It would be a great help, if you aren't too busy.'

"Mrs. Coe beamed on me benevolently. Her eyes shone with the roused instincts of compassion.

"'We are your grateful guests,' said Dr. Ulswater, elaborately.

"When we came to go, the sulky negro and his boat had disappeared. Captain Jansen offered to take us ashore. Dr. Ulswater bundled up his cuttle-fish. Mrs. Mink said,

"'He's dreadfully untidy.'

"'Admirable!' cried Dr. Ulswater again. 'It's a select word, a creative description! He's a regular litter. His very vital point is loose.'

"We slid away in the starlight.

"'What personality!' muttered Dr. Ulswater. 'What point of view! Untidy! The very word! She buys a steam-yacht, furnishes it in the style of Potterville, Ohio, and starts off to examine Foreign Missions. Why, sure! That's easy!'

"Captain Jansen chuckled: 'I see men try sheat her more'n once, but they don't. She have a head.'

"I was thinking of the years gone when I lived with my grandmother in Vermont."

IV

THE THIRTY PATRIOTS

"We left Nassau the following morning. On the third day we passed the Inaguas and sighted Tortuga. They were days rich with the tropical outpourings of Dr. Ulswater, into whose warm Gulf Stream of conversation Mrs. Mink now and then dropped cool comments and punctuations that excited his luxuriant praise. What Mrs. Mink thought of Dr. Ulswater was not so clear. Mrs. Coe and I fell into the peace of great friendship.

"The green cliffs of Haiti overhung a white surf and the lapping mouths of half-submerged caves below; above was the tangle of the forest, great pendent leaves, sweeping and coiling creepers. It was the hot morning of the fourth day. There was a thin, shining mist about, and Dr. Ulswater quoted:

> . . . soft and purple mist
> Like a vaporous amethyst,
> . . . . red and golden vines
> Piercing with their trellised lines
> The rough dark-skirted wilderness.

'Vaporous amethyst! Gaseous spirit of jewel! Ah, Mrs. Mink! Lyric poetry, is it not a religion?'

"Mrs. Mink shook her head.

"'You see a distinction. You are right. You would say, in the worship

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of beauty the ethical element is too subsidiary. You would point out the lack of rigidity and purpose.'

"Mrs. Mink did not commit herself. Mrs. Coe knitted and smiled. We watched the smoke of a steamer coming toward us from the east.

"'I see the deep's untrampled floor!' murmured Dr. Ulswater to Mrs. Mink.

"The steamer drew nearer, a dilapidated side-wheeler. A small cannon was plainly to be seen in the prow, but the only men in sight were a negro at the wheel and another walking the bridge. As they came within hailing, the cannon went off suddenly. The ball boomed overhead, spat! into the cliff, and on the deck a crowd of negroes sprang and fell dancing, howling, waving their guns. Mrs. Coe fixed her spectacles and rocked nervously. Mrs. Mink said, 'For goodness' sake!'



"THE COMMODORE SAT STIFFLY UPRIGHT"

"Dr. Ulswater and I went to join Captain Jansen.

"'Yas,' he said, 'I don' know. If I know it, I had get avay.'

"Three boat-loads of negroes were coming to board. In the prow of the first was one tall and thin, with a gold-laced regimental coat, a tasselled sword, a wide-brimmed straw hat, and the dignity of a commodore. They drew under the side, and Dr. Ulswater and the Commodore talked Haitian French.

"Then they scrambled aboard, marched aft in an orderly manner, squatted on the deck against the rail at the edge of the flowered carpet. Most of them grinned sociably and chattered to each other. The crew of the *Violetta* remained forward discussing them. Dr. Ulswater, the Commodore, Captain Jansen, and I sat down under the awning in the upholstered chairs, together with Mrs. Mink and Mrs. Coe. Dr. Ulswater explained, cheerfully:

"'He says he's an insurrection. He admits that we're not the enemy, but says he's got to have the *Violetta* in order to triumph over the tyrant of Haiti. When he has triumphed we will be rewarded,—meaning he'll be in a position to pay damages. Also, he thinks our consciences will reward us. He seems to think that's a strong point,—maybe stronger than the other. He has only one warship—that's the one—and he needs another in order to attack the navies of the tyrant. If you ask whether he's innocent or clever, why, I give it up. I guess he's superlatively one of them. He appears to be calm.'

"'Do you mean he wants me to give him the *Violetta?*' asked Mrs. Mink, sharply.

"'Sort of resembling that. It's not so unnatural,' waving his hand balmily, 'you know, from his point of view.'

"'Nonsense! I sha'n't do anything of the kind!'

"'But—well—I gather his innocence is such that he might get up and take it.'

"'I'd like to see him! Who is he?'

"She was sharp-voiced, alert, keen. Dr. Ulswater seemed bewildered.

"'Well—I gather he's a sort of patriotic pirate,—piratical so far that it might not do to irritate him.'

"Mrs. Mink softened a degree: 'Is he patriotic?'

"'Well—my experience in this neighborhood has been that patriotic leaders who are down on the tyrant are generally looking for his job. But they appear to be some two or three to one, and armed, and, technically speaking, to have the drop on us. There is a West-Indian

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proverb to the effect that "a spider and a fly don't bargain." Nevertheless I would suggest something diplomatic, something perhaps a little yielding. Yes—something of that kind.'

"The Commodore all this while sat stiffly upright, with one hand on the hilt of his tasselled sword, and no expression on his face, glaring away from us across the sea. It seemed to me his bearing couldn't be natural to a being with human weaknesses and went beyond the real requirements of his uniform. I thought he must have gotten it off an equestrian statue.

"Dr. Ulswater began to talk with him again. Of the military on the edge of the flowered carpet, some looked genial, some murderous—most of them genially murderous. Captain Jansen pulled his beard and looked meekly at Mrs. Mink. Mrs. Coe thought they looked much like negroes in Potterville. Mrs. Mink examined the Commodore critically.

"'He says,' resumed Dr. Ulswater,



"DR. ULSWATER, YOU MUST PUT THEM TO SLEEP"

'that it's a military crisis, and he must have another war-ship or go under. When he has conquered the ships of the tyrant, he will reward us. His remarks, like his manner, are a bit monotonous, but I gather he's nearly, what you might call, on his last legs. He rather intends to put us all ashore.'

"'Fiddlesticks!'

"'A—certainly! Yes. You think—'

"'Fiddlesticks!'

"Dr. Ulswater subsided.

"'Ask them if they don't want some coffee. Ask how many are left in the other ship. They can have some too.'

"Dr. Ulswater reported that they did; that there were five on the war-ship; that the Commodore was gratified to find madame accepted the necessity amiably.

"The crew and all of us hurried under Mrs. Mink's orders. She collected cups and glasses. She called for three kettles of boiling water to the cabin, and closed the door. There were six of us, including Captain Jansen and the Irish girl, Norah.

"'Now, Dr. Ulswater, you must help. Listen! You must put them to sleep.'

"'A—'

"'*Listen!* These two kettles will hold about thirty cups. Don't give them too much. See that they all drink it at the same time. Send a pot to the other ship. When they're all asleep, put them ashore. Now don't tell me you can't, or you haven't anything to do it with, because you *must!* I won't stand it! It will serve them right. The idea of giving up the *Violetta* to be shot at! How do I know what would happen to it? This pot we'll keep for ourselves, and pour into the blue cups. *Hush!* Don't talk to me! Ask them to drink a health or something to something or other, so they'll go to sleep together. Give up the *Violetta!* That silly, conceited thing sitting up there like a barber's pole and asking me that!'

"'You want some knock-out drops!' gasped Dr. Ulswater.

"'*Hush!* Laudanum, laughing-gas! You know. Hurry!'

"Dr. Ulswater gazed at her with speechless admiration, took two kettles, and disappeared in the passageway toward his cabin.

"'Captain Jansen, you'll take this gray

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"'A LA PATRIE!' HE CRIED. 'LET HER GO!'"

pot to the other ship, and only one man with you, so they won't suspect; as soon as they're asleep you'd better tie them up and come back. Put the trays on the table, Mr. Stanton, and the cups and things on the trays. Keep the blue cups together. You might fill them now. Do you know if they like sugar?'

"Dr. Ulswater returned.

"'Now take the gray pot, Captain Jansen; we won't serve here till you get there. Norah, pour them fuller. Dr. Ulswater, you must go out and explain. Tell them it will be ready in a few moments.'

"Dr. Ulswater opened the door and went out, muttering, 'Wonderful!'

"The Commodore sat as before, holding his sword-hilt; the military, around the edge of the carpet. Dr. Ulswater made a speech, which appeared to please them. Captain Jansen and one of the crew rowed away in the boat, the captain nursing the gray pot on his knee. Mrs. Coe was tremulous and filled with scruples: 'I hope it won't hurt them.'

Mrs. Mink filled cups, glasses, and tins: 'I hope it will make that barber's pole sick. Give up the *Violetta!* There! Captain Jansen has gone up. Dr. Ulswater! Tell them about taking it all together. Tell them they *must*. Tell them to wait till we're ready. Aunt Coe, you stay here with Norah. Mr. Stanton, you're spilling. Take care of the blue cups, and let the men pass the other trays. You two go to the right, you two to the left, you to the other end— Now we're ready.'

"Norah was pallid, Mrs. Coe tremulous. The twenty-five patriots took their cups in hand and waited with wide, grinning mouths. Dr. Ulswater lifted his coffee-cup.

"'A la Patrie!' he cried. 'La Révolution! Cà ira! Let her go!'

"'They haven't all emptied their cups! Dr. Ulswater!'

"'Encore!' thundered the doctor. 'La Révolution! Videz toutes! Bottoms up.'

"'Goodness!' cried Mrs. Mink. 'How they look!' and ran into the cabin to the arms of Norah and Mrs. Coe.

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"Under the spell of Dr. Ulswater's powerful drops the twenty-five stared, grunted, fell back, twitching, kicking, astonished, breathing in snorts. Glass and china crashed on the deck. One staggered up with a yell and dropped again. One rolled half across the flowered carpet. The Commodore struggled for an instant with his tasselled sword, and subsided, muttering. The long rows of limp and ragged men, of black faces and open mouths, were ghastly and still. A gun was discharged on the war-ship.

"'Tie them up!' cried Mrs. Mink from the cabin.

"'Yes, yes.' Dr. Ulswater turned about, beaming. 'A remarkable opiate, that! I always said so,' and pulled out his note-book:

"'On two of the subjects evidently painful in action—ten to twenty seconds—per man three grains—muscular contractions, followed by total relaxation and coma—in case observed dissolved in solution of coffee— Remarkable!'

"'Tie them up!' cried Mrs. Mink.

"'Yes, yes!' murmured Dr. Ulswater.

"Captain Jansen, with his man, came back and reported that his cases had been disorderly. One of them had discharged his gun and fallen down the gangway.

"We carried them, one by one, to the boats, laboring fiercely, tugging back and forth across a hot and slowly heaving stretch of water. Some of them were stirring and made a deal of noise.

"The last boat-load was gone. Dr. Ulswater and I came back under the awning. Mrs. Coe and Norah were washing dishes in the cabin, Mrs. Mink sweeping the deck with a broom. The guns lay along the scuppers. She stopped and lifted a troubled face.

"'Will it do them any harm?'

"Dr. Ulswater seemed subdued: 'It will make them sick—at the stomach. Otherwise, a moral effect—you would say, a moral lesson.'

"'I should think as much!' she said, sweeping vigorously. 'That impudent barber's pole! Did he want to be President?'

"'I understood he had ambitions.'

"She hesitated again: 'Do you think the revolution ought to succeed, if their government is very bad? Or would it be better to stop it?'

"Dr. Ulswater gasped again, but recovered himself, and brought his mind back to gravity and consideration: 'My observation has been that, though tropical governments are sometimes objectionable, these frequent violences seldom improve them, and create distress. I think it is generally more benevolent to back the existing state of things.'

"'Oh! Then I think Captain Jansen had better tie something to the other ship, so that we can pull it after us and give it to the other people. Anyway,' she ended, sharply, 'I'm sure that conceited thing would make a bad President.'

"It was high noon when we steered away for Cape Haitien, towing the war-ship. On shore two or three revolutionists were climbing a gulley in the cliffs. Others were sousing their heads in the surf. More of them seemed to be still sick or drowsy. Mrs. Mink and Mrs. Coe went to take naps. Dr. Ulswater and I leaned against the rail. Captain Jansen edged toward us.

"'My, my!' he whispered, 'vas a risky trick,' rubbed his beard a moment, shook his head thoughtfully, and went forward. Dr. Ulswater pressed his handkerchief to his wet forehead. The heat was great.

"'My friend,' he said, solemnly, 'this is remarkable. Personality to—a—burn. Captured by desperate insurrectionists, she demands knock-out drops. She puts them to sleep with a coffee-pot, and bundles them ashore. And yet, why not? She balances the issue of a people, tows off a war-ship, and squelches a revolution. Why not?"

V

RECURRING TO THE THEORY OF ZONES

"We were nearing Portate, and the time was toward the end of November. I never wanted less to go back to Portate. In the land of steadfast people now the hoar-frost would be on the grass, the wind in the yellow corn-stalks, the good folk gathering to their annual feast of gratitude, far away from lazy, swinging seas. Old women with white hair and knitting, old men walking with canes, pink-cheeked girls and big-handed men, children storming the banisters,—they would all be there.

"'When a chicken drinks,' said Dr. Ulswater, 'he lifts his head and thanks

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"We carried them, one by one, to the Boats"

God, but when a man drinks, he don't say nothing, is a West-Indian proverb.'

"'What will you do on Thanksgiving day?' I asked, thinking of the cool cornfields and familiar faces, of farm-yards and houses where chickens used to drink in that manner, where men ate, drank, and also thanked God.

"'I have left it to Mrs. Mink. She is considering it.'

"'How?'

"'She is considering — a — me. It amounts to the same thing. Her decision, I should say, would determine my attitude on that point.'

"'What!'

"'I have requested her to consider me matrimonially,' he said, solemnly; 'I fear she is considering me more in the light of Foreign Missions.'

"She was not, in fact, altogether. And yet—"

Stanton paused to watch some banana bunches, swinging in their wooden frames, come by from the fruit-ship unloading in Bateman's Slip.

"I read a book lately called *The Control of the Tropics*. The idea of it was that the temperate zone would have to manage them. Now there seemed to be something in that.

"I judged Dr. and Mrs. Ulswater to be fortunate more than the common run of mortals. They seemed so. They left me at Portate, and all sailed away to unlimited tropics. She had an administrative ability, and Dr. Ulswater was worth administering for the abundance of things that lay in him. He wrote me that he had given himself to Foreign Missions.

"And yet, of them all, I like Mrs. Coe the best, though she didn't administer me. She reminded me of my grandmother in Vermont."

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Lady Rose's Daughter

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART X

CHAPTER XIX

THE train was speeding through the forest country of Chantilly. A pale moon had risen, and beneath its light the straight forest roads, interminably long, stretched into the distance; the vaporous masses of young and budding trees hurried past the eye of the traveller; so also the white hamlets, already dark and silent; the stations with their lights and figures; the great woodpiles beside the line.

Delafield in his second-class carriage sat sleepless and erect. The night was bitterly cold. He wore the light overcoat in which he had left the Hôtel du Rhin that afternoon for a stroll before dinner, and had no other wrap or covering. But he felt nothing, was conscious of nothing, but the rushing current of his own thoughts.

The events of the two preceding days, the meaning of them, the significance of his own action and its consequences—it was with these materials that his mind dealt perpetually, combining, interpreting, deducing, now in one way, now in another. His mood contained both excitement and dread. But with a main temper of calmness, courage, invincible determination, these elements did not at all interfere.

The day before, he had left London with his cousins the Duke of Chudleigh and young Lord Elmira, the invalid boy. They were bound to Paris to consult a new doctor, and Jacob had offered to convey them there. In spite of all the apparatus of servants and couriers with which they were surrounded, they always seemed to him on their journeys a singularly lonely and hapless pair; and he knew that they leant upon him and prized his company.

On the way to Paris, at the Calais buffet, he had noticed Henry Warkworth, and had given him a passing nod. It had been understood the night before in Heribert Street that they would both be crossing on the morrow.

On the following day — the day of Julie's journey—Delafield, who was anxiously awaiting the return of his two companions from their interview with the great physician they were consulting, was strolling up the Rue de la Paix, just before luncheon, when outside the Hôtel Mirabeau he ran into a man, whom he immediately perceived to be Warkworth.

Politeness involved the exchange of a few sentences, although a secret antagonism between the two men had revealed itself from the first day of their meeting in Lady Henry's drawing-room. Each word of their short conversation rang clearly through Delafield's memory.

"You are at the 'Rhin'?" said Warkworth.

"Yes—for a couple more days. Shall we meet at the Embassy to-morrow?"

"No. I dined there last night. My business here is done. I start for Rome to-night."

"Lucky man! They have put on a new fast train, haven't they?"

"Yes. You leave the Gare de Lyon at 7.15, and you are at Rome, the second morning, in good time."

"Magnificent! Why don't we all rush south? Well, good-by again,—and good luck!"

They touched hands perfunctorily, and parted.

This happened about midday. While Delafield and his cousin were lunching, a telegram from the Duchess of Crowborough was handed to Jacob. He had wired to her early in the morning to ask for the address in Paris of an old friend of his, who was also a cousin of hers. The telegram contained:

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"36 Avenue Friedland. Lord Lackington heart attack this morning. Dying. Has asked urgently for Julie. Blanche Moffatt detained Florence by daughter's illness. All circumstances most sad. Woman Heribert Street gave me Bruges address. Have wired Julie there."

The message set vibrating in Delafield's mind the tender memory which already existed there of his last talk with Julie, of her strange dependence and gentleness, her haunting and pleading personality. He hoped with all his heart she might reach the old man in time, that his two sons, Uredale and William, would treat her kindly, and that it would be found, when the end came, that he had made due provision for her as his granddaughter.

But he had small leisure to give to thoughts of this kind. The physician's report in the morning had not been encouraging, and his two travelling companions demanded all the sympathy and support he could give them. He went out with them in the afternoon to the Hôtel de la Terrasse at St.-Germains. The Duke, a nervous hypochondriac, could not sleep in the noise of Paris, and was accustomed to a certain apartment in this well-known hotel, which was often reserved for him. Jacob left them about six o'clock to return to Paris. He was to meet one of the Embassy attachés —an old Oxford friend—at the Café Gaillard for dinner. He dressed at the "Rhin," put on an overcoat, and set out to walk to the Rue Gaillard about half past seven. As he approached the "Mirabeau," he saw a cab with luggage standing at the door. A man came out with the hotel *concierge*. To his astonishment, Delafield recognized Warkworth.

The young officer seemed in a hurry and out of temper. At any rate, he jumped into the cab without taking any notice of the two *sommeliers* and the *concierge* who stood round expectant of francs, and when the *concierge* in his stiffest manner asked where the man was to drive, Warkworth put his head out of the window, and said hastily to the *cocher:*

"D'abord, à la Gare de Sceaux! Puis, je vous dirai. Mais dépêchez-vous!"

The cab rolled away, and Delafield walked on.

Half past seven, striking from all the Paris towers! And Warkworth's intention in the morning was to leave the Gare de Lyon at 7.15. But it seemed he was now bound, at 7.30, for the Gare de Sceaux, from which point of departure it was clear that no reasonable man would think of starting for the Eternal City.

"*D'abord,* à la Gare de Sceaux."

Then he was not catching a train?—at any rate immediately. He had some other business first, and was perhaps going to the station to deposit his luggage?

Suddenly a thought, a suspicion, flashed through Delafield's mind, which set his heart thumping in his breast. In afterdays he was often puzzled to account for its origin, still more for the extraordinary force with which it at once took possession of all his energies. In his more mystical moments of later life he rose to the secret belief that God had spoken to him.

At any rate, he at once hailed a cab, and thinking no more of his dinner engagement, he drove post-haste to the Nord station. In those days the Calais train arrived at eight. He reached the station a few minutes before it appeared. When at last it drew up, amid the crowd on the platform it took him only a few seconds to distinguish the dark and elegant head of Julie Le Breton.

A pang shot through him that pierced to the very centre of life. He was conscious of a prayer for help and a clear mind. On his way to the station he had rapidly thought out a plan on which to act should this mad notion turn out to have any support in reality.

It had so much support that Julie Le Breton was there—in Paris—and not at Bruges, as she had led the Duchess to suppose. And when she turned her startled face upon him, his wild fancy became, for himself, a certainty.

"Amiens! cinq minutes d'arrêt."

Delafield got out, and walked up and down the platform. He passed the closed and darkened windows of the sleeping-car; and it seemed to his abnormally quickened sense that he was beside her, bending over her, and that he said to her:

"Courage! You are saved. Let us thank God!"

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A boy from the refreshment-room came along wheeling a barrow on which were tea and coffee.

Delafield eagerly drank a cup of tea, and put his hand into his pocket to pay for it. He found there three francs and his ticket. After paying for the tea he examined his purse. That contained an English half-crown.

So he had had with him just enough to get his own second-class ticket, her first-class, and a sleeping-car. That was good fortune, seeing that the bulk of his money, with his return ticket, was reposing in his dressing-case at the Hôtel du Rhin.

"En voiture! En voiture, s'il vous plaît!"

He settled himself once more in his corner, and the train rushed on. This time it was the strange hour at the Gare du Nord which he lived through again,—her white face opposite to him in the refreshment-room, the bewilderment and misery she had been so little able to conceal, her spasmodic attempts at conversation, a few vague words about Lord Lackington or the Duchess, and then pauses, when her great eyes, haggard and weary, stared into vacancy, and he knew well enough that her thoughts were with Warkworth, and that she was in fierce rebellion against his presence there and this action into which he had forced her.

As for him, he perfectly understood the dilemma in which she stood. Either she must accept the duty of returning to the death-bed of the old man, her mother's father, or she must confess her appointment with Warkworth.

Yet—suppose he had been mistaken? Well, the telegram from the Duchess covered his whole action. Lord Lackington *was* dying; and apart from all question of feeling, Julie Le Breton's friends must naturally desire that he should see her, acknowledge her before his two sons, and with their consent provide for her, before his death.

But, ah! he had not been mistaken! He remembered her hurried refusal when he had asked her if he should telegraph for her to her Paris "friends,"—how, in a sudden shame, he had turned away that he might not see the beloved false face as she spoke, might not seem to watch or suspect her.

He had just had time to send off a messenger, first to his friend at the Café Gaillard, and then to the Hôtel du Rhin, before escorting her to the sleeping-car.

Ah! how piteous had been that dull bewilderment with which she had turned to him.

"But—my ticket?"

"Here they are. Oh, never mind. We will settle in town. Try to sleep. You must be very tired."

And then it seemed to him that her lips trembled, like those of a miserable child,—and surely, surely, she must hear that mad beating of his pulse!

Boulogne was gone in a flash. Here was the Somme, stretched in a pale silver flood beneath the moon—a land of dunes and stunted pines, of wide sea-marshes, over which came the roar of the Channel. Then again the sea was left behind, and the rich Picard country rolled away to right and left. Lights here and there, in cottage or villa,—the lights, perhaps, of birth or death,—companions of hope or despair.

Calais!

The train moved slowly up to the boat-side. Delafield jumped out. The sleeping-car was yielding up its passengers. He soon made out the small black hat and veil, the slender form in the dark travelling dress.

Was she fainting? For she seemed to him to waver as he approached her, and the porter who had taken her rugs and bag was looking at her in astonishment. In an instant he had drawn her arm within his, and was supporting her as he best could.

"The car was very hot—and I am—so tired. I only want—some air."

They reached the deck.

"You will go down stairs?"

"No, no!—some air!" she murmured, and he saw that she could hardly keep her feet.

But in a few moments they had reached the shelter on the upper deck usually so well filled with chairs and passengers on a day crossing. Now it was entirely deserted. The boat was not full; the night was cold and stormy; and the stream of passengers had poured down into the shelter of the lower deck.

Julie sank into a chair. Delafield hur-

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riedly loosened the shawl she carried with her from its attendant bag and umbrella, and wrapped it round her.

"It will be a rough crossing," he said in her ear. "Can you stand it on deck?"

"I am a good sailor. Let me stay here."

Her eyes closed. He stooped over her in an anguish. One of the boat officials approached him:

"Madame ferait mieux de descendre, monsieur. La traversée ne sera pas bonne."

Delafield explained that the lady must have air, and was a good sailor. Then he pressed into the man's hand his three francs, and sent him for brandy and an extra covering of some kind. The man went unwillingly.

During the whole bustle of departure Delafield saw nothing but Julie's helpless and motionless form; he heard nothing but the faint words by which once or twice she tried to convey to him that she was not unconscious.

The brandy came. The man who brought it, again objected to Julie's presence on deck. Delafield took no heed. He was absorbed in making Julie swallow some of the brandy.

At last they were off. The vessel glided slowly out of the old harbor, and they were immediately in rough water.

Delafield was roused by a peremptory voice at his elbow.

"This lady ought not to stay here, sir. There is plenty of room in the ladies' cabin."

Delafield looked up and recognized the captain of the boat, the same man who thirty-six hours before had shown special civilities to the Duke of Chudleigh and his party.

"Ah! you are Captain Whittaker," he said.

The shrewd, stout man who had accosted him raised his eyebrows in astonishment.

Delafield drew him aside a moment. After a short conversation the captain lifted his cap and departed, with a few words to the subordinate officer who had drawn his attention to the matter. Henceforward they were unmolested, and presently the officer brought a pillow and striped blanket, saying they might be useful to the lady. Julie was soon comfortably placed, lying down on the seat under the wooden shelter. Delicacy seemed to suggest that her companion should leave her to herself.

Jacob walked up and down briskly, trying to shake off the cold which benumbed him. Every now and then he paused to look at the lights on the receding French coast, at its gray phantom line sweeping southward under the stormy moon, or disappearing to the north in clouds of rain. There was a roar of waves and a dashing of spray. The boat, not a large one, was pitching heavily; and the few male passengers who had at first haunted the deck soon disappeared.

Delafield hung over the surging water in a strange exaltation, half physical, half moral. The wild salt strength and savor of the sea breathed something akin to that passionate force of will which had impelled him to the enterprise in which he stood. No mere man of the world could have dared it; most men of the world, as he was well aware, would have condemned or ridiculed it. But for one who saw life and conduct *sub specie æternitatis* it had seemed natural enough.

The wind blew fierce and cold. He made his way back to Julie's side. To his surprise, she had raised herself and was sitting propped up against the corner of the seat, her veil thrown back.

"You are better?" he said, stooping to her, so as to be heard against the boom of the waves;—"this rough weather does not affect you?"

She made a negative sign. He drew his camp-stool beside her. Suddenly she asked him what time it was. The haggard nobleness of her pale face amid the folds of black veil, the absent passion of the eye, thrilled to his heart. Where were her thoughts?

"Nearly four o'clock." He drew out his watch. "You see it is beginning to lighten."

And he pointed to the sky, in which that indefinable lifting of the darkness which precedes the dawn was taking place, and to the far distances of sea, where a sort of livid clarity was beginning to absorb and vanquish that stormy play of alternate dark and moonlight which had prevailed when they left the French shore.

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He had hardly spoken, when he felt that her eyes were fixed upon him.

To look at his watch, he had thrown open his long Newmarket coat, forgetting that in so doing he disclosed the evening dress in which he had robed himself at the Hôtel du Rhin for his friend's dinner at the Café Gaillard.

He hastily rebuttoned his coat, and turned his face seawards once more. But he heard her voice, and was obliged to come close to her that he might catch the words.

"You have given me your wraps," she said, with difficulty. "You will suffer."

"Not at all. You have your own rug, and one that the captain provided. I keep myself quite warm with moving about."

There was a pause. His mind began to fill with alarm. He was not of the men who act a part with ease. But having got through so far, he had calculated on preserving his secret.

Flight was best, and he was just turning away when a gesture of hers arrested him. Again he stooped till their faces were near enough to let her voice reach him. "Why—are you in evening dress?"

"I had intended to dine with a friend. There was not time to change."

"Then you did not mean to cross tonight?"

He delayed a moment, trying to collect his thoughts.

"Not when I dressed for dinner, but some sudden news decided me."

Her head fell back wearily against the support behind it. The eyes closed; and he, thinking she would perhaps sleep, was about to rise from his seat, when the pressure of her hand upon his arm detained him. He sat still and the hand was withdrawn.

There was a lessening of the roar in their ears. Under the lee of the English shore the wind was milder, the "terror-music" of the sea less triumphant. And over everything was stealing the first discriminating touch of the coming light. Her face was clear now; and Delafield, at last venturing to look at her, saw that her eyes were open again, and trembled at their expression. There was in them a wild suspicion. Secretly, steadily, he nerved himself to meet the blow that he foresaw—

"Mr. Delafield!—have you told me all the truth?"

She sat up, as she spoke, deadly pale, but rigid. With an impatient hand she threw off the wraps which had covered her. Her face commanded an answer.

"Certainly I have told you the truth!"

"Was it the whole truth? It seems—it seems to me that you were not prepared yourself for this journey—that there is some mystery—which I do not understand—which I resent!"

"But what mystery? When I saw you I of course thought of Evelyn's telegram."

"I should like to see that telegram."

He hesitated. If he had been more skilled in the little falsehoods of every day, he would simply have said that he had left it at the hotel. But he lost his chance. Nor at the moment did he clearly perceive what harm it would do to show it to her. The telegram was in his pocket, and he handed it to her.

There was a dim oil-lamp in the shelter. With difficulty she held the fluttering paper up and just divined the words. Then the wind carried it away and blew it overboard. He rose and leaned against the edge of the shelter, looking down upon her. There was in his mind a sense of something solemn approaching, —round which this sudden lull of blast and wave seemed to draw a "wind-warm space," closing them in.

"Why did you come with me?" she persisted, in an agitation she could now scarcely control. "It is evident you had not meant to travel! You have no luggage, and you are in evening dress. And I remember now—you sent two letters from the station!"

"I wished to be your escort."

Her gesture was almost one of scorn at the evasion.

"Why were you at the station at all? Evelyn had told you I was at Bruges. And—you were dining out. I—I can't understand!"

She spoke with a frowning intensity, a strange queenliness, in which was neither guilt nor confusion.

A voice spoke in Delafield's heart. "Tell her!" it said.

He bent nearer to her.

"Miss Le Breton—with what friends were you going to stay in Paris?"

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Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

HER HANDS CLASPED IN FRONT OF HER

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She breathed quick.

"I am not a school-girl, I think, that I should be asked questions of that kind."

"But—on your answer depends mine."

She looked at him in amazement. His gentle kindness had disappeared. She saw instead that Jacob Delafield whom her instinct had divined from the beginning behind the modest and courteous outer man,—the Jacob Delafield of whom she had told the Duchess she was afraid.

But her passion swept every other thought out of its way. With dim agony and rage she began to perceive that she had been duped.

"Mr. Delafield!"—she tried for calm—"I don't understand your attitude, but so far as I do understand it, I find it intolerable. If you have deceived me—"

"I have not deceived you. Lord Lackington is dying."

"But that is not why you were at the station!" she repeated, passionately. "Why did you meet the English train?"

Her eyes, clear now in the cold light, shone upon him imperiously.

Again the inner voice said, "Speak—get away from conventionalities—speak, soul to soul!"

He sat down once more beside her. His gaze sought the ground. Then, with sharp suddenness, he looked her in the face.

"Miss Le Breton!—you were going to Paris to meet Major Warkworth?"

She drew back.

"And if I was!" she said, with a wild defiance.

"I had to prevent it,—that was all."

His tone was calm and resolution itself.

"Who—who gave you authority over me?"

"One may save—even by violence. You were too precious—to be allowed to destroy yourself."

His look so sad and strong, the look of a deep compassion, fastened itself upon her. He felt himself indeed possessed by a force not his own,—that same force which in its supreme degree made of St. Francis "the great tamer of souls."

"Who asked you to be our judge? Neither I nor Major Warkworth owe you anything!"

"No. But I owed you help—as a man—as your friend. The truth was somehow borne in upon me. You were risking your honor,—I threw myself in the way."

Every word seemed to madden her.

"What—what could you know of the circumstances?" cried her choked, laboring voice. "It is unpardonable—an outrage! You know nothing, either of him—or of me!"

She clasped her hands to her breast in a piteous, magnificent gesture, as though she were defending her lover and her love.

"I know that you have suffered much," he said, dropping his eyes before her; "but—you would suffer infinitely more—if—"

"If you had not interfered!" Her veil had fallen over her face again. She flung it back, in impatient despair. "Mr. Delafield!—I can do without your anxieties!"

"But not"—he spoke slowly—"without your own self-respect."

Julie's face trembled. She hid it in her hands.

"Go!" she said. "Go!"

He went to the farther end of the ship, and stood there motionless, looking towards the land, but seeing nothing. On all sides the darkness was lifting, and in the distance there gleamed already the whiteness that was Dover. His whole being was shaken with that experience which comes so rarely to cumbered and superficial men,—the intimate wrestle of one personality with another. It seemed to him he was not worthy of it.

After some little time, when only a quarter of an hour lay between the ship and Dover Pier, he went back to Julie.

She was sitting perfectly still, her hands clasped in front of her, her veil drawn down.

"May I say one word to you?" he said, gently.

She did not speak.

"It is this: What I have confessed to you to-night is of course buried between us. It is as though it had never been said. I have given you pain. I ask your pardon from the bottom of my heart,—and, at the same time,"—his voice trembled,—"I thank God that I had the courage to do it!"

She threw him a glance, that showed

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her a quivering lip and the pallor of intense emotion.

"I know you think you were right," she said, in a voice dull and strained, "but henceforth we can only be enemies. You have tyrannized over me in the name of standards that you revere and I reject. I can only beg you to let my life alone for the future."

He said nothing. She rose dizzily to her feet. They were rapidly approaching the pier.

With the cold aloofness of one who feels it more dignified to submit than to struggle, she allowed him to assist her in landing. He put her into the Victoria train, travelling himself in another carriage.

As he walked beside her down the platform of Victoria station, she said to him,

"I shall be obliged if you will tell Evelyn that I have returned."

"I go to her at once."

She suddenly paused, and he saw that she was looking helplessly at one of the newspaper placards of the night before. First among its items appeared, "Critical state of Lord Lackington."

He hardly knew how far she would allow him to have any further communication with her; but her pale exhaustion made it impossible not to offer to serve her.

"It would be early to go for news now," he said, gently. "It would disturb the house. But in a couple of hours from now"—the station clock pointed to 6.15—"if you will allow me, I will leave the morning bulletin at your door?"

She hesitated.

"You must rest, or you will have no strength for nursing," he continued, in the same studiously guarded tone. "But if you would prefer another messenger—"

"I have none;" and she raised her hand to her brow, in mute, unconscious confession of an utter weakness and bewilderment.

"Then let me go," he said, softly.

It seemed to him that she was so physically weary as to be incapable of either assent or resistance. He put her into her cab, and gave the driver his directions. She looked at him uncertainly. But he did not offer his hand. From those blue eyes of his there shot out upon her one piercing glance—manly, entreating, sad; he lifted his hat and was gone.

CHAPTER XX

"JACOB!—what brings you back so soon?"

The Duchess ran into the room, a trim little figure in her morning dress of blue and white cloth, with her small spitz leaping beside her.

Delafield advanced.

"I came to tell you that I got your telegram yesterday, and that in the evening, by an extraordinary and fortunate chance, I met Miss Le Breton—in Paris—"

"You met Julie?—in Paris?" echoed the Duchess in astonishment.

"She had come to spend a couple of days with some friends there before going on to Bruges. I gave her the news of Lord Lackington's illness, and she at once turned back. She was much fatigued and distressed, and the night was stormy. I put her into the sleeping-car, and came back myself to see if I could be any assistance to her. And at Calais I was of some use. The crossing was very rough."

"Julie was in Paris?" repeated the Duchess, as though she had heard nothing else of what he had been saying.

Her eyes, so blue and large in her small irregular face, sought those of her cousin—and endeavored to read them.

"It seems to have been a rapid change of plan. And it was a great stroke of luck, my meeting her."

"But how?—and where?"

"Oh! there is no time for going into that," said Delafield, impatiently. "But I knew you would like to know that she was here—after your message yesterday. We arrived a little after six this morning. About nine I went for news to St. James's Square. There is a slight rally."

"Did you see Lord Uredale? Did you say anything about Julie?" asked the Duchess, eagerly.

"I merely asked at the door, and took the bulletin to Miss Le Breton. Will you see Uredale, and arrange it? I gather you saw him yesterday."

"By all means," said the Duchess. "Oh! it was so curious yesterday. Lord Lackington had just told them. You should have seen those two men!"

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"The sons?"

The Duchess nodded.

"They don't like it. They were as stiff as pokers. But they will do absolutely the right thing! They see at once that she must be provided for. And when he asked for her they told me to telegraph, if I could find out where she was. Well—of all the extraordinary chances!"

She looked at him again oddly, a spot of red on either small cheek. Delafield took no notice. He was pacing up and down, apparently in thought.

"Suppose you take her there?" he said, pausing abruptly before her.

"To St. James's Square? What did you tell her?"

"That he was a trifle better—and that you would come to her."

"Yes,—it would be hard for her to go alone," said the Duchess, reflectively. She looked at her watch. "Only a little after eleven. Ring, please, Jacob."

The carriage was ordered. Meanwhile the little lady inquired eagerly after her Julie. Had she been exhausted by the double journey? Was she alone in Paris, or was Madame Bornier with her?

Jacob had understood that Madame Bornier and the little girl had gone straight to Bruges.

The Duchess looked down and then looked up.

"Did—did you come across Major Warkworth?"

"Yes, I saw him for a moment in the Rue de la Paix. He was starting for Rome."

The Duchess turned away as though ashamed of her question, and gave her orders for the carriage. Then her attention was suddenly drawn to her cousin. "How pale you look, Jacob!" she said, approaching him. "Won't you have something?—some wine?"

Delafield refused, declaring that all he wanted was an hour or two's sleep.

"I go back to Paris to-morrow," he said, as he prepared to take his leave. "Will you be here to-night if I look in?"

"Alack! we go to Scotland to-night! It was just a piece of luck that you found me this morning. Bertie is fuming to get away."

Delafield paused a moment. Then he abruptly shook hands and went.

"He wants news of what happens at St. James's Square," thought the Duchess, suddenly, and she ran after him to the top of the stairs. "Jacob!—If you don't mind a horrid mess to-night, Bertie and I shall be dining alone,—of course we must have something to eat! Somewhere about eight. Do look in. There'll be a cutlet—on a trunk—anyway."

Delafield laughed, hesitated, and finally accepted.

The Duchess went back to the drawing-room, not a little puzzled and excited.

"It's very, *very* odd!" she said to herself. "And what *is* the matter with Jacob?"

Half an hour later she drove to the splendid house in St. James's Square where Lord Lackington lay dying.

She asked for Lord Uredale, the elder son, and waited in the library till he came.

He was a tall, squarely built man, with fair hair already gray, and somewhat absent and impassive manners.

At sight of him the Duchess's eyes filled with tears. She hurried to him, her soft nature dissolved in sympathy.

"How is your father?"

"A trifle easier,—though the doctors say there is no real improvement. But he is quite conscious—knows us all. I have just been reading him the debate."

"You told me yesterday—he had asked for Miss Le Breton?" said the Duchess, raising herself on tiptoe as though to bring her low tones closer to his ear. "She's here,—in town, I mean. She came back from Paris last night."

Lord Uredale showed no emotion of any kind. Emotion was not in his line.

"Then my father would like to see her," he said, in a dry, ordinary voice which jarred upon the sentimental Duchess.

"When shall I bring her?"

"He is now comfortable and resting. If you are free?"

The Duchess replied that she would go to Heribert Street at once. As Lord Uredale took her to her carriage, a young man ran down the steps hastily, raised his hat, and disappeared.

Lord Uredale explained that he was the husband of the famous young beauty, Mrs. Delaray, whose portrait Lord Lackington had been engaged upon at the

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time of his seizure. Having been all his life a skilful artist, a man of fashion, and a harmless haunter of lovely women, Lord Lackington, as the Duchess knew, had all but completed a gallery of a hundred portraits, representing the beauty of the reign. Mrs. Delaray's would have been the hundredth in a series of which Mrs. Norton was the first.

"He has been making arrangements with the husband to get it finished," said Lord Uredale; "it has been on his mind."

The Duchess shivered a little.

"He knows he won't finish it?"

"Quite well."

"And he still thinks of those things?"

"Yes—or politics," said Lord Uredale, smiling faintly. "I have written to Mr. Montresor. There are two or three points my father wants to discuss with him."

"And he is not depressed, or troubled about himself?"

"Not in the least. He will be grateful if you will bring him Miss Le Breton."

"Julie!—my darling! are you fit to come with me?"

The Duchess held her friend in her arms, soothing and caressing her. How forlorn was the little house, under its dust-sheets, on this rainy spring morning! And Julie, amid the dismantled drawing-room, stood spectrally white and still, listening, with scarcely a word in reply, to the affection, or the pity, or the news which the Duchess poured out upon her.

"Shall we go now? I am quite ready."

And she withdrew herself from the loving grasp which held her, and put on her hat and gloves.

"You ought to be in bed," said the Duchess. "Those night journeys are too abominable! Even Jacob looks a wreck. But what an extraordinary chance, Julie, that Jacob should have found you! How did you come across each other?"

"At the Nord station," said Julie, as she pinned her veil before the glass over the mantel-piece.

Some instinct silenced the Duchess. She asked no more questions, and they started for St. James's Square.

"You won't mind if I don't talk?" said Julie, leaning back and closing her eyes. "I seem still to have the sea in my ears!"

The Duchess looked at her tenderly, clasping her hand close, and the carriage rolled along. But just before they reached St. James's Square, Julie hastily raised the fingers which held her own and kissed them.

"Oh, Julie!" said the Duchess, reproachfully, "I don't like you to do that!"

She flushed and frowned. It was she who ought to pay such acts of homage,—not Julie.

"Father, Miss Le Breton is here."

"Let her come in, Jack,—and the Duchess too."

Lord Uredale went back to the door. Two figures came noiselessly into the room, the Duchess in front, with Julie's hand in hers.

Lord Lackington was propped up in bed, and breathing fast. But he smiled as they approached him.

"This is good-by, dear Duchess," he said in a whisper as she bent over him; then, with a spark of his old gayety in his eyes: "I should be a cur to grumble. Life has been very agreeable. Ah! Julie!"

Julie dropped gently on her knees beside him, and laid her cheek against his arm. At the mention of her name the old man's face had clouded, as though the thoughts she called up had suddenly rebuked his words to the Duchess. He feebly moved his hands towards hers, and there was silence in the room for a few moments.

"Uredale!"

"Yes, father."

"This is Rose's daughter."

His eyes lifted themselves to those of his son.

"I know, father. If Miss Le Breton will allow us, we will do what we can to be of service to her."

Bill Chantrey, the younger brother, gravely nodded assent. They were both men of middle age, the younger over forty. They did not resemble their father, nor was there any trace in either of them of his wayward fascination. They were a pair of well-set-up, well-bred Englishmen, surprised at nothing, and quite incapable of showing any emotion in public; yet just and kindly men.

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LORD LACKINGTON WAS PROPPED UP IN BED

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As Julie entered the house they had both solemnly shaken hands with her, in a manner which showed at once their determination,—as far as they were concerned,—to avoid anything sentimental, or in the nature of a scene, and their readiness to do what could be rightly demanded of them.

Julie hardly listened to Lord Uredale's little speech. She had eyes and ears only for her grandfather. As she knelt beside him, her face bowed upon his hand, the ice within her was breaking up, that dumb and straightening anguish in which she had lived since that moment at the Nord station in which she had grasped the meaning and the implications of Delafield's hurried words. Was everything to be swept away from her at once?—her lover, and now this dear old man, to whom her heart, crushed and bleeding as it was, yearned with all its strength?

Lord Lackington supposed that she was weeping.

"Don't grieve — my dear!" he murmured. "It must come to an end some time, — *'cette charmante promenade à travers la réalité!'*"

And he smiled at her, agreeably vain to the last of that French accent, and that French memory, which—so his look implied—they two could appreciate, each in the other. Then he turned to the Duchess.

"Duchess, you knew this secret—before me. But I forgive *you!*—and thank you. You have been very good—to Rose's child. Julie has told me—and—I have observed—"

"Oh, dear Lord Lackington!" Evelyn bent over him. "Trust her to me!" she said, with a lovely yearning to comfort and cheer him breathing from her little face.

He smiled.

"To you—and—"

He did not finish the sentence.

After a pause he made a little gesture of farewell which the Duchess understood. She kissed his hand and turned away weeping.

"Nurse!—where is nurse?" said Lord Lackington.

Both the nurse and the doctor, who had withdrawn a little distance from the family group, came forward.

"Doctor! — give me some strength!" said the laboring voice, not without its old wilfulness of accent.

He moved his arm to the young homœopath, who injected strychnine. Then he looked at the nurse.

"Brandy!—and lift me."

All was done as he desired.

"Now go, please," he said to his sons. "I wish to be left alone with Julie."

For some moments that seemed interminable to Julie, Lord Lackington lay silent. A feverish flush, a revival of life in the black eyes, had followed on the administration of the two stimulants. He seemed to be gathering all his forces.

At last he laid his hand on her arm. "You shouldn't be alone," he said, abruptly. His expression had grown anxious, even imperious. She felt a vague pang of dread, as she tried to assure him that she had kind friends, and that her work would be her resource.

Lord Lackington frowned.

"That won't do!" he said, almost vehemently. "You have great talents—but you are weak—you are a woman,—you must marry."

Julie stared at him, whiter even than when she had entered his room—helpless to avert what she began to foresee.

"Jacob Delafield is devoted to you—you should marry him, dear,—you should marry him!"

The room seemed to swim around her. But his face was still plain,—the purplish lips and cheeks; the urgency in the eyes, as of one pursued by an overtaking force; the magnificent brow, the crown of white hair.

She summoned all her powers, and told him hurriedly that he was mistaken—entirely mistaken. Mr. Delafield had indeed proposed to her—but, apart from her own unwillingness, she had reason to know that his feelings towards her were now entirely changed. He neither loved her nor thought well of her.

Lord Lackington lay there, obstinate—patient—incredulous. At last he interrupted her.

"You make yourself — believe these things. But they are not true. Delafield is attached to you. I know it!"

He nodded to her, with his masterful, affectionate look.

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And before she could find words again, he had resumed:

"He could give you a great position. Don't despise it. We English bigwigs—have a good time!"

A ghostly, humorous ray shot out upon her; then he felt for her hand.

"Dear Julie—why won't you?"

"If you were to ask him," she cried, in despair, "he would tell you as I do."

And across her miserable thoughts there flashed two mingled images,—Warkworth waiting, waiting for her at the Sceaux station — and that look of agonized reproach in Delafield's haggard face, as he had parted from her in the dawn of this strange, this incredible day.

And here beside her, with the tyranny of the dying, this dear babbler wandered on in broken words, with painful breath, —pleading, scolding, counselling. She felt that he was exhausting himself; she begged him to let her recall nurse and doctor. He shook his head; and when he could no longer speak, he clung to her hand, his gaze solemnly, insistently, fixed upon her.

Her spirit writhed and rebelled. But she was helpless in the presence of this mortal weakness, this affection, half earthly, half beautiful, on its knees before her.

A thought struck her. Why not content him? Whatever pledges she gave would die with him. What did it matter? It was cruelty to deny him the words—the mere empty words—he asked of her.

"I — I would do anything to please you!" she said, with a sudden burst of uncontrollable tears, as she laid her head down beside him on the pillow,—"if he *were* to ask me again—of course—for your sake—I would consider it—once more. Dear, dear friend — won't that satisfy you?"

Lord Lackington was silent a few moments; then he smiled.

"That's a promise?"

She raised herself and looked at him, conscious of a sick movement of terror. What was there in his mind, still so quick, fertile, ingenious, under the very shadow of death?

He waited for her answer, feebly pressing her hand.

"Yes," she said, faintly, and once more hid her face beside him.

Then for some little time the dying man neither stirred nor spoke. At last Julie heard:

"I used to be afraid of death,—that was in middle life. Every night it was a torment. But now—for many years—I have not been afraid at all. . . . Byron —Lord Byron — said to me once, — he would not change anything in his life; but — he would have preferred not to have lived at all. I could not say that. I have—enjoyed it all:—being an Englishman — and an English peer — pictures, politics—society—everything! Perhaps—it wasn't fair. There are so many poor devils!"

Julie pressed his hand to her lips. But in her thoughts there rose the sharp, sudden memory of her mother's death,—of that bitter stoicism and abandonment in which the younger life had closed, in comparison with this peace, this complacency.

Yet it was complacency rich in sweetness. His next words were to assure her tenderly that he had made provision for her. "Uredale and Bill—will see to it. They're good fellows. Often — they've thought me—a pretty fool. But they've been kind to me—always."

Then, after another interval, he lifted himself in bed, with more strength than she had supposed he could exert, looked at her earnestly, and asked her in the same painful whisper whether she believed in another life.

"Yes," said Julie. But her shrinking, perfunctory manner evidently distressed him. He resumed, with a furrowed brow:

"You ought. It is good for us to believe it."

"I must hope, at any rate, that I shall see you again—and mamma!" she said, smiling on him through her tears.

"I wonder what it will be like!" he replied, after a pause. His tone and look implied a freakish, a whimsical curiosity,—yet full of charm. Then, motioning to her to come nearer, and speaking into her ear:

"Your poor mother, Julie,—was never happy!—never! There must be laws, you see,—and churches—and religious customs. It's because—we're made of such wretched stuff! My wife, when she died —made me promise to continue going to church—and praying. And—without it — I should have been a bad man.

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Though I've had plenty of sceptical thoughts — plenty! Your poor parents rebelled—against all that. They suffered, —they suffered. But you'll make up— you're a noble woman—you'll make up."

He laid his hand on her head. She offered no reply; but through the inner mind there rushed the incidents, passions, revolts of the preceding days.

But for that strange chance of Delafield's appearance in her path—a chance no more intelligible to her now, after the pondering of several feverish hours, than it had been at the moment of her first suspicion—where and what would she be now? A dishonored woman, perhaps, with a life-secret to keep,—cut off, as her mother had been, from the straight-living, law-abiding world.

The touch of the old man's hand upon her hair roused in her a first recoil, a first shattering doubt of the impulse which had carried her to Paris. Since Delafield left her in the early dawn she had been pouring out a broken, passionate heart in a letter to Warkworth. No doubts while she was writing it as to the all-sufficing legitimacy of love!

But here, in this cold neighborhood of the grave,—brought back to gaze in spirit on her mother's tragedy, — she shrank, she trembled. Her proud intelligence denied the stain, and bade her hate and despise her rescuer. And meanwhile, things also inherited and inborn, the fruit of a remoter ancestry, rising from the dimmest and deepest caverns of personality, silenced the clamor of the naturalist mind. One moment she felt herself seized with terror lest anything should break down the veil between her real self and this unsuspecting tenderness of the dying man. The next she rose in revolt against her own fear. Was she to find herself, after all, a mere weak penitent—meanly grateful to Jacob Delafield? Her heart cried out to Warkworth in a protesting anguish.

So absorbed in thought was she that she did not notice how long the silence had lasted.

"He seems to be sleeping," said a low voice beside her.

She looked up, to see the doctor, with Lord Uredale beside him. Gently releasing herself, she kissed Lord Lackington's forehead, and rose to her feet.

Suddenly the patient opened his eyes, and as he seemed to become aware of the figures beside him, he again lifted himself in bed, and a gleam most animated, most vivacious, passed over his features.

"Brougham's not asked!" he said, with a little chuckle of amusement. "Isn't it a joke?"

The two men beside him looked at each other. Lord Uredale approached the bed.

"Not asked to what, father?" he said, gently.

"Why, to the Queen's fancy ball, of course," said Lord Lackington, still smiling. "Such a to-do! All the elderly sticks practising minuets for their lives!—"

A voluble flow of talk followed—hardly intelligible. The words "Melbourne" and "Lady Holland" emerged, — the fragment, apparently, of a dispute with the latter, in which "Allen" intervened,—the names of "Palmerston" and "that dear chap Villiers."

Lord Uredale sighed. The young doctor looked at him interrogatively.

"He is thinking of his old friends," said the son. "That was the Queen's ball, I imagine, of '42. I have often heard him describe my mother's dress."

But while he was speaking the fitful energy died away. The old man ceased to talk; his eyelids fell. But the smile still lingered about his mouth, and as he settled himself on his pillows, like one who rests, the spectators were struck by the urbane and distinguished beauty of his aspect. The purple flush had died again into mortal pallor. Illness had masked or refined the weakness of mouth and chin; the beautiful head and countenance, with their characteristic notes of youth, impetuosity, a kind of gay detachment, had never been more beautiful.

The young doctor looked stealthily from the recumbent figure to the tall and slender woman standing absorbed and grief-stricken beside the bed. The likeness was as evident to him as it had been in the winter to Sir Wilfrid Bury.

As he was escorting her down stairs, Lord Uredale said to his companion, "Foster thinks he may still live twenty-four hours."

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"If he asks for me again," said Julie, now shrouded once more behind a thick black veil, "you will send?"

He gravely assented.

"It is a great pity," he said, with a certain stiffness,—did it unconsciously mark the difference between her and his legitimate kindred?—"that my sister, Lady Blanche, and her daughter, cannot be with us."

"They are in Italy?"

"In Florence. My niece has had an attack of diphtheria. She could neither travel nor could her mother leave her."

Then pausing in the hall, he added in a low voice, and with some embarrassment,

"My father has told you, I believe, of the addition he has made in his will?"

Julie drew back.

"I neither asked for it nor desired it," she said, in her coldest and clearest voice.

"That I quite understand," said Lord Uredale. "But—you cannot hurt him by refusing."

"No. But afterwards—I must be free to follow my own judgment."

"We cannot take what does not belong to us," he said, with some sharpness. "My brother and I are named as your trustees. Believe me, we will do our best."

Meanwhile the younger brother had come out of the library to bid her farewell. She felt that she was under critical observation, though both pairs of gray eyes refrained from any appearance of scrutiny. Her pride came to her aid; and she did not shrink from the short conversation which the two brothers evidently desired. When it was over, and the brothers returned to the hall, after putting her into the Duchess's carriage, the younger said to the elder,

"She can behave herself, Johnnie!"

They looked at each other, with their hands in their pockets. A little nod passed between them—an augur like acceptance of this new and irregular member of the family.

"Yes, she has excellent manners," said Uredale. "And really, after the tales Lady Henry has been spreading—that's something!"

"Oh, I always thought Lady Henry an old cat," said Bill, tranquilly. "That don't matter."

The Chantrey brothers had not been among Lady Henry's *habitués*. In her eyes they were the dull sons of an agreeable father. They were humorously aware of it, and bore her little malice.

"No," said Uredale, raising his eyebrows; "but the 'affaire Warkworth'?—if there's any truth in what one hears—that's deuced unpleasant."

Bill Chantrey whistled.

"It's hard luck on that poor child Aileen that it should be her own cousin interfering with her preserves. By-the-way,"—he stooped to look at the letters on the hall table,—"do you see there's a letter for father from Blanche? And in a letter I got from her by the same post she says that she has told him the whole story. According to her, Aileen's too ill to be thwarted, and she wants the governor to see the guardians. I say, Johnnie,"—he looked at his brother,—"we'll not trouble the father with it now?"

"Certainly not," said Uredale, with a sigh. "I saw one of the trustees—Jack Underwood—yesterday. He told me Blanche and the child were more infatuated than ever. Very likely what one hears is a pack of lies. If not, I hope this woman will have the good taste to drop it. Father has charged me to write to Blanche, and tell her the whole story of poor Rose, and of the girl's revealing herself. Blanche, it appears, is just as much in the dark as we were."

"If this gossip has got round to her—her feelings will be mixed! Oh, well—I've great faith in the money!" said Bill Chantrey, carelessly, as they began to mount the stairs again. "It sounds disgusting; but if the child wants him I suppose she must have him. And anyway the man's off to Africa,—for a twelvemonth at least. Miss Le Breton will have time to forget him. One can't say that either he or she behaved with delicacy! Unless, indeed, she knew nothing of Aileen,—which is quite probable."

"Well, don't ask me to tackle her," said Uredale. "She has the ways of an empress."

Bill Chantrey shrugged his shoulders. "And, by George! she looks as if she could fall in love," he said, slowly. "Magnificent eyes, Johnnie! I propose to make a study of our new niece."

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"Lord Uredale," said a voice on the stairs.

The young doctor descended rapidly to meet them.

"His lordship is asking for some one," he said. "He seems excited. But I cannot catch the name."

Lord Uredale ran up stairs.

Later in the day a man emerged from Lackington House, and walked rapidly towards the Mall. It was Jacob Delafield.

He passed across the Mall and into St. James's Park. He threw himself on the first seat he saw, in an absorption so deep that it excited the wondering notice of more than one passer-by.

After about half an hour he roused himself and walked, still in the same brown study, to his lodgings in Jermyn Street. There he found a letter, which he eagerly opened:

"DEAR JACOB,—Julie came back this morning about one o'clock. I waited for her,—and at first she seemed quite calm and composed. But suddenly, as I was sitting beside her, talking, she fainted away in her chair, and I was terribly alarmed. We sent for a doctor at once. He shakes his head over her, and says there are all the signs of a severe strain of body and mind. No wonder, indeed,—our poor Julie! Oh, how I *loathe* some people! Well, there she is in bed, Madame Bornier away, and everybody. I simply *can't* go to Scotland. But Bertie is just mad. Do, Jacob, there's a dear, go and dine with him to-night and cheer him up. He vows he won't go north without me. *Perhaps* I'll come to-morrow. I could no more leave Julie to-night than fly.

"She'll be ill for weeks. What I ought to do is to take her abroad. She's *very* dear and good—but oh, Jacob, as she lies there, I *feel* her heart's broken. And it's not Lord Lackington—oh no! —though I'm sure she loved him. *Do* go to Bertie, there's a dear."

"No—that I won't!" said Delafield, with a laugh that choked him, as he threw the letter down.

He tried to write an answer, but could not achieve even the simplest note. Then he began a pacing of his room, which lasted till he dropped into his chair, worn out with the sheer physical exhaustion of the night and day. When his servant came in he found his master in a heavy sleep; and at Crowborough House the Duke dined and fumed alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mollusks

BY HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

DOWN where the bed of ocean sinks profound.
Lodged in the clefts and caverns of the deep,
Where silence and eternal darkness keep,
These dumb primordial living forms abound.
What know they of this life in the vast round
Of earth and air,—how wild the pulses leap
At love's sweet dream; what storms of sorrow sweep;
What hopes allure us, and what terrors hound?
And, scattered on these slopes and plains below
This atmospheric sea, one with the worm
And beetle for a momentary term,
What know we more of those ethereal spheres,—
What rapture may be there, what poignant woe,
What towering passions, and what high careers?

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Darwinism in the Light of Modern Criticism

BY THOMAS HUNT MORGAN, Ph.D.

Professor of Biology, Bryn Mawr College

DARWIN'S theory of natural selection was formulated primarily to explain the origin of those existing structures and of those adjustments in animals and plants that are useful to them in competition with other animals and plants and with the surrounding conditions. Only secondarily does the theory serve to explain the "Origin of Species," since it takes into account solely those structures and reactions that are of vital importance to the individual, and it is well known that many specific characters of organisms are of little or of no use to their possessors. If, therefore, it could be shown that processes highly important for the welfare of the individual could not have arisen as the result of competition and of the survival of the fittest, a wide door for scepticism would be thrown open, and we should be justified in questioning whether other useful acquirements are in reality the outcome of a battle for existence and the survival of the successful competitor.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding on the main point, I shall state briefly, first, the relation of Darwin's theory of natural selection to the theory of evolution, and then give the argument on which the theory of natural selection itself is based.

It is unquestionably true that Darwin's theory of natural selection was instrumental in bringing about a general recognition of the older theory of evolution. By evolution we mean to-day not only that all living forms have descended from those living in the past, but also that new forms have arisen from the old ones. We might assume that each old species has given rise to a single new one, or that it has given rise to a number of different kinds of new ones. Both views are possible and recognized by evolutionists, but the second is regarded as far the more important conception, since it gives an explanation of the similarities of the members of a group to each other, and furnishes the basis for a natural classification of animals and of plants. This view assumes that all the members of a group have come from the same original form, and that their resemblances are explained, therefore, as the heirlooms of their common descent. For example, the lion, the tiger, and the leopard are supposed to have had the same ancestors, from whom they have inherited what they have in common. Hence they are put together in the group of cats, or *Felidæ*.

The theory of evolution by no means originated with Darwin, although, as has already been said, its general acceptation is largely the result of Darwin's teaching. No one can study the conditions of the time when Darwin advanced his view, or examine the internal evidence of Darwin's writings, without seeing that Darwin himself had mainly at heart the establishment of the theory of evolution as his prime object.

For the present we are not concerned with the correctness of the theory of evolution itself. Suffice to say that it has met with wide acceptation and has overcome most difficulties. That it is settled once and for all no scientist who knows the history of scientific theory and its significance would wish to claim; but that it has proved to be the most fruitful of all modern philosophical conceptions no one will deny. From the ranks of biologists few now arise to question its correctness, and the recent and somewhat belated attack of a well-known zoologist has only shown the weakness of the opposition. We may assume, then, that the theory of evolution is approximately correct.

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The theory of natural selection met from the first with a torrent of abuse, and with some legitimate criticism. Let us state the theory, and then see what the criticism has accomplished. Darwin pointed out that, by carefully selecting those individuals of his domesticated animals and plants that showed some peculiar structure or some striking action, man has been able to bring about great changes. All the different kinds of pigeons, for example, have come from the original rock-pigeon, and the varieties that have arisen are as different from each other, so far as their form is concerned, as are the species of many natural groups. If selection has done so much in the case of domesticated forms, why may not a similar process have brought about the development of wild species? In fact, Darwin conceived the unquestionably brilliant idea that such a process of selection would be the necessary outcome of a struggle of animals and plants to maintain themselves, and leave more or better-equipped descendants. If those individuals that happened to differ from their fellows in some beneficial respect survived on account of this variation, and if their descendants inherited the same peculiarity, and if there were a heaping up of this new variation by a constant repetition of the same process, then it would seem to follow that in nature a process strictly analogous to the process of artificial selection of the breeder is always going on. Stated in this general way, the argument appears so convincing that, small wonder, it was hailed as a discovery second to none in human interest. But let us make a closer examination of the theory.

In the first place, it has been pointed out that even supposing an individual were born differing in some useful structure from its fellows, it would, in order to leave descendants, have to breed with some other individual which might not possess the same variation. The result would be, in the case of ordinary variations, that the descendants of this pair would inherit the new structure in a less degree; and these in turn by interbreeding with the ordinary individuals would lower the standard still further. In other words, the new variation would be swamped. Darwin frankly admitted the importance of this criticism, and changed his theory, in later editions of the *Origin of Species,* so that it appeared to meet the difficulty. He admitted that the production of a new form would only be possible when a large number or even when all the individuals of a species varied in the same direction. The new acquirement, if a useful one, might be decisive in the battle for existence with other species, or with the remnant of those individuals of its own species not possessing the useful variation.

To this Darwin's critics replied that if a new variation appears in so many individuals of a species that it is practically common to them all, then, since this had admittedly come about independently of selection, the continuation of the variation, and even its increase, might go on without the interposition of a selective process. The theory of natural selection has also been criticised on the ground that selection of fluctuating individual variations can bring about only a limited amount of change; that a point is soon reached beyond which it is impossible to go unless a variation of a different sort intervenes. We cannot, for instance, go on indefinitely increasing or decreasing the size of our domestic dogs, or the fleetness of the race-horse. In fact, it is generally admitted that despite the great diversity of form of domesticated animals and plants, we have not in a single case, by selecting fluctuating variations, produced new species comparable in all respects to those in nature.

Unexpectedly, new light has recently been thrown on the questions of variation and of evolution by the immensely important experiments of Hugo de Vries, of Amsterdam. No one can see his experimental garden, as I have had the opportunity of doing, without being greatly impressed, for here on all sides are new species that have suddenly appeared, fully equipped, from a known original parent form, living now side by side with its group of descendants.

De Vries found at Hilversum, not far from Amsterdam, a number of plants of the evening-primrose *(Œnothera lamarckiana),* an introduced American plant, that had presumably escaped from cultivation, and had begun to vary to an extraordinary degree. Amongst the

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new forms de Vries found two well-characterized types, which he recognized as new species. These two kinds, as well as the supposed parent form, *O. lamarckiana,* he transplanted to his experimental garden, where the flowers of each were artificially self-fertilized, and the seeds planted the next year. From these seeds he obtained in the following year a number of new species. No less than seven new forms, for example, appeared amongst the plants reared from the seeds of *O. lamarckiana.* The majority of the seeds had produced plants like the parent form, but amongst these there were a number of individuals of the new species. The most important result is that obtained by rearing plants from self-fertilized seeds of these new species. It was found that they breed true to their kind,* and fulfil in this respect one of the most essential requirements of good species. It is true that de Vries prefers to speak of the new forms as small species, rather than species as ordinarily understood, in which the differences are more extreme; but there are many cases of groups of smaller species, recognized by botanists, that are similar in all respects to those whose spontaneous origin de Vries has seen. The important fact, from the point of view of the theory of evolution, is that the new species have sprung full-armed from the old one like Minerva from the head of Jove.

Similar cases are also known amongst animals, that of the peacock being the most striking. According to Darwin, this bird has hardly varied at all under domestication; yet there is one strange fact with respect to the peacock, namely, the occasional appearance in England of the "japanned" or "black-shouldered kind." This, on the high authority of Slater, has been described as a new species. The males are smaller than those of the common kind, "and are always beaten by them in their battles." The japanned birds appear suddenly in flocks of the common kind, and "propagate themselves quite truly." In two cases, in which the japanned birds appeared suddenly in flocks of the common kind, they increased "to the extinction of the previously existing breed," although they are smaller and weaker and are beaten in their battles!

If in nature new species have arisen in this way, we have an explanation of the problem that has always baffled the believers in gradual transformation, namely, that we do not see the results of evolution going on around us at the present time. Darwin and his followers evaded rather than answered this difficulty by assuming the process of evolution to be so slow that the life of an individual man, or even the whole recorded history of the human race, is too short a period for a noticeable change to take place. From the point of view of de Vries's results, we understand better why we do not see new forms arising, because they appear, as it were, fully equipped "overnight." Old species are not slowly changed into new ones, but a shaking up of the old organization takes place, and the egg brings forth a new combination, a new species. It is like the turning of the kaleidoscope—a slight shift, and a new figure suddenly appears.

Here, then, we have a conception of the way in which evolution may have come about without selection. But it may be asked, will not those species that arise in this way survive that are best suited to their environment, and the other new species that are less well adapted be crowded out; and if so, is not this natural selection? If we choose to call such a process one of selection, well and good; but it needs no great penetration to see that this point of view is entirely different from the conception of the formation of new species by accumulating individual variations until they are carried so far that the new form may be called a new species.

If, therefore, we reject Darwin's theory of natural selection as an explanation of evolution, we have at least a new and promising outlook in another direction, and are in a position to answer the oft-heard but unscientific query of those who must cling to some dogma, "If you reject Darwinism, what better have you to offer?"

And that we must reject the idea that all useful structures and functions of the organism are the outcome of natural selection is further shown by some of the results of recent years in the field

* Except when some of the seeds give rise to plants of new species.

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of experimental embryology and of regeneration. A few examples will, I think, make this evident.

The development of most organisms begins by a division of the egg into two equal parts or cells. It has been found that if these two cells are separated from each other, they will, in most animals, produce each a whole embryo of half size. Hence each cell carries out a process that is entirely new to it; for had it remained in contact with the other cell it would have produced only half of an embryo. Thus, suddenly, a half of the egg succeeds in doing something which, in the history of the species, has never been done before. It is inconceivable that such a process could have been learned from experience, or have been acquired by the survival of those separated cells that developed better than others. It is inconceivable because in several cases it has been found that the cells could be separated only with great difficulty, which in nature could never have been accomplished; and also because, unless from the start the accidentally separated cells formed fairly perfect embryos that could grow up and leave descendants, there could be no "competition" amongst them.

It is true that in the case of man it appears probable that occasionally the first two cells of the egg may become separated, and each give rise to an entire individual. It is supposed that the so-called "identical twins" arise in this way. These differ from ordinary twins in their almost complete similarity, and in that they are always of the same sex. Ordinary twins are as different from each other as any two young born at different times, and are supposed to arise from two different eggs that develop simultaneously.

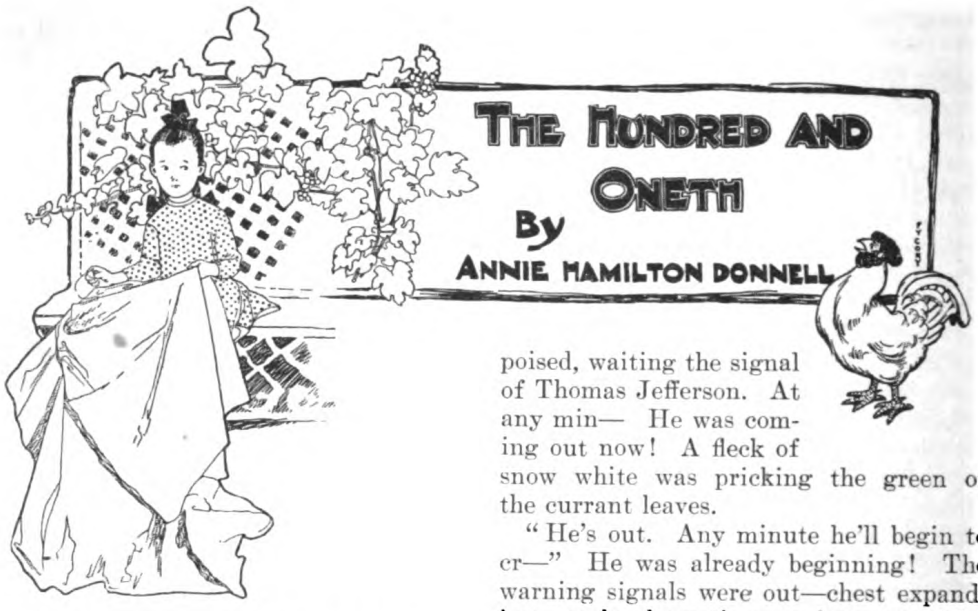
In the regeneration of animals we find other cases where processes of the greatest usefulness to the individual cannot have been acquired by natural selection. It is true that if all the animals of each generation were injured in the same part, those that best replaced the lost part might be supposed to survive in competition with their fellows. In fact, Darwin himself, and a number of his followers, more especially Weismann, have supposed that regeneration has been acquired in this way; but it is not difficult to show that this power could not have arisen as they suppose. In the first place, our experience teaches us that in each generation all the individuals of a species are not injured in the same parts, and at the same time. A very liberal estimate for forms most often injured in a special part would be at most about ten per cent.

Furthermore—and this is essential—if competition is as severe as the demands of natural selection require, all the injured individuals would disappear, since they are at an obvious disadvantage as compared with the uninjured ones. Hence there would be no chance for those injured forms, that had the power to regenerate somewhat better developed than their fellows to perpetuate their advantage. This consideration alone shows that natural selection cannot be made to account for the regenerative process in animals.

One of the special cases of regeneration that have in recent years most attracted the attention of zoologists is the regeneration of the lens of the eye of the salamander. By making an incision in the outer covering of the eye, the lens can be pressed out through it without injury to the iris. In the course of a few weeks a new lens begins to develop, not from the place from which the original lens came, but from an entirely different part of the eye, namely, the edge of the iris. Here again we have a striking case of an organ reappearing under conditions practically precluding the possibility that the process could ever have been built up by the slow action of selection of more favorable variations; for, in the first place, the eye of the salamander is rarely, if ever, injured, and, in the second place, the intermediate steps, if such are imagined to have existed, could have been of very little use to the animal.

It would be easy to multiply cases like these, but they all point to the same conclusion — that natural selection cannot account for some of the most strikingly useful characteristics possessed by many animals. The whole embryo from half the egg and the new lens spring into existence as fully equipped as do the new species of de Vries.

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The Hundred and Oneth

By

Annie Hamilton Donnell

REBECCA MARY took another stitch. Then another. "Ninety-sevvun, ninety-eight," she counted aloud, her little pointed face gravely intent. She waited the briefest possible space before she took ninety-nine. It was getting very close to the Time now.

"At the hundred an' oneth," Rebecca Mary whispered. "It's almost *it*." Her breath came quicker under her tight little dress. Between her thin, light eyebrows a crease deepened anxiously.

"Ninety—n-i-n-e," she counted, "one hun-der-ed,"—it was so very close now! The next stitch was the hundred and oneth. Rebecca Mary's face suddenly grew quite white.

"I'll wait a m-minute," she decided; "I'm just a little scared. When you've been lookin' ahead to the hundred and oneth so *long* and you get the very next door to it, it scares you a little. I'll wait until—oh, until Thomas Jefferson crows, before I sew the hundred and oneth."

Thomas Jefferson was prospecting under the currant-bushes. Rebecca Mary could see him distinctly, even with her near-sighted little eyes, for Thomas Jefferson was snow white. Once in a while he stalked dignifiedly out of the bushes and crowed. He might do it again any minute now.

The great sheet billowed and floated round Rebecca Mary, scarcely whiter than her face. She held her needle poised, waiting the signal of Thomas Jefferson. At any min— He was coming out now! A fleck of snow white was pricking the green of the currant leaves.

"He's out. Any minute he'll begin to cr—" He was already beginning! The warning signals were out—chest expanding, neck elongating, and great white wings aflap—

"I'm just a little scared," breathed the child in the foam of the sheet. Then Thomas Jefferson crowed.

"Hundred and one!" Rebecca Mary cried out, clearly, courage born within her at the crucial instant. The Time—the Time—had come. She had taken her last stitch.

"It's o-ver," she panted. "It always was a-coming, and it's come. I knew it would. When it's *come*, you don't feel qu-ite so scared. I'm glad it's over."

She folded up the great sheet carefully, making all the edges meet with painful precision. It took time. She had left the needle sticking in the unfinished seam—in the hundred-and-oneth stitch,—and close beside it was a tiny dot of red to "keep the place."

"Rebecca! Rebecca Mary!" Aunt Olivia always called like that. If there had been still another name — Rebecca Mary Something Else,—she would have called: "Rebecca! Rebecca Mary! Rebecca Mary Something Else!"

"Yes, 'm; I'm here."

"Where's 'here'?" sharply.

"*Here*—the grape-arbor, I mean."

"Have you got your sheet?"

"I—yes, 'm."

"Is your stent 'most done?"

Rebecca Mary rose slowly to her reluctant little feet, and with the heavy sheet across her arm went to meet the

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sharp voice. At last the Time had come, had it?

"Well?" Aunt Olivia was waiting for her answer. Rebecca Mary groaned. Aunt Olivia would not think it was "well."

"Well, Rebecca Mary Plummer, you came to fetch my answer, did you? You got your stent 'most done?" Aunt Olivia's hands were extended for the folded sheet.

"I've got it *done,* Aunt 'Livia," answered little Rebecca Mary, steadily. Her slender figure, in its quaint, scant dress, looked braced as if to meet a shock. But Rebecca Mary was terribly afraid.

"Every mite o' that seam? Then I guess you can't have done it very well; that's what I guess! If it ain't done well, you'll have to take it—"

"Wait—please, won't you wait, Aunt 'Livia? I've got to say something. I mean, I've got all the over-'n'-overing I'm ever going to do done. *That's* what's done. The hundred-and-oneth stitch was my stent, and it's done. I'm not ever going to take the hundred and twoth. I've decided."

Understanding filtered drop by drop into Aunt Olivia's bewildered brain. She gasped at the final drop.

"Not ever going to take another stitch?" she repeated, with a calmness that was awfuler than storm.

"No, 'm."

"You've decided?"

"Yes, 'm."

"May I ask when this—this state of mind began?"

Rebecca Mary girded herself afresh. She had such need of recruiting strength.

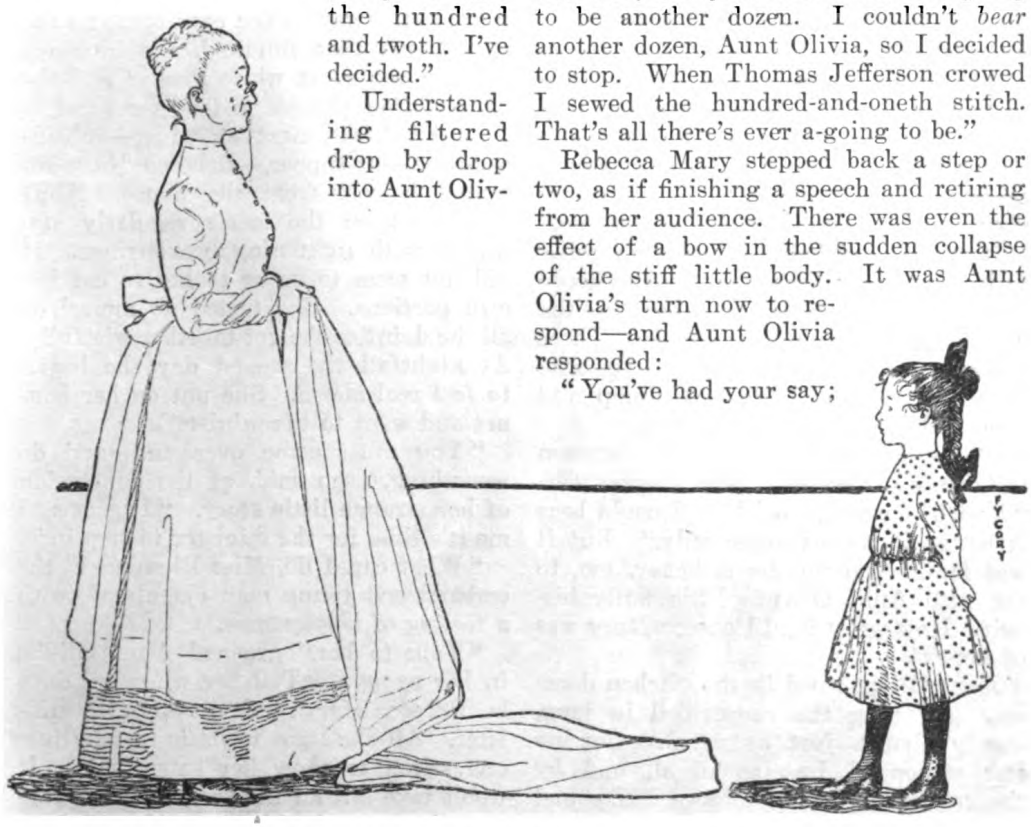
"It's been coming on," she said. "I've felt it. I knew all the time it was a-coming—and then it came."

It seemed to be all there. Why must she say any more? But still Aunt Olivia waited, and Rebecca Mary read grim displeasure in capitals across the gray field of her face. The little figure stiffened more and more.

"I've over-'n'-overed 'leven sheets," the steady little voice went on, because Aunt Olivia was waiting, and it must, "and you said I did 'em pretty well. I tried to. I was going to do the other one well, till you said there was going to be another dozen. I couldn't *bear* another dozen, Aunt Olivia, so I decided to stop. When Thomas Jefferson crowed I sewed the hundred-and-oneth stitch. That's all there's ever a-going to be."

Rebecca Mary stepped back a step or two, as if finishing a speech and retiring from her audience. There was even the effect of a bow in the sudden collapse of the stiff little body. It was Aunt Olivia's turn now to respond—and Aunt Olivia responded:

"You've had your say;



"MAY I ASK WHEN THIS STATE OF MIND BEGAN?"

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now I'll have mine. Listen to me, Rebecca Mary Plummer! Here's this sheet, and here's this needle in it. When you get good and ready you can go on sewing. You won't have anything to eat till you do. I've got through."

The grim figure swept right-about face and tramped into the house as though to the battle-roll of drums. Rebecca Mary stayed behind, face to face with her fate.

"She's a Plummer, so it 'll be *so*," Rebecca Mary thought, with the dull little thud of a weight falling into her heart. Rebecca Mary was a Plummer too, but she did not think of that, unless the unswerving determination in her stout little heart was the unconscious recognition of it.

"I wonder"—her gaze wandered out toward the currant-bushes and came to rest absently on Thomas Jefferson's big white bulk—"I wonder if it hurts ve-ry much." She meant, to starve. A long vista of foodless days opened before her, and in their contemplation the weight in her heart grew very heavy indeed.

"We were *going* to have layer-cake for supper. I'm *very* fond of layer-cake," Rebecca Mary sighed. "I suppose, though, after a few weeks"—she shuddered—"I shall be glad to have *anything* —just common things, like crackers and skim-milk. Perhaps I shall want to eat a—horse. I've heard of folks. You get very unparticular when you're starving."

It was five o'clock. They *were* going to have supper at half past. She could hear the tea things clinking in the house. She stole up to a window. There was Aunt Olivia setting the layer-cake on to the table. It looked plump and rich, and it was sugared on top.

"There's strawberry jam in between it," mused Rebecca Mary, regretfully. "I wish it was apple jelly. I could bear it better if it was apple jelly." But it was jam. And there was honey, too, to eat with Aunt Olivia's little fluffy biscuit. How ve-ry fond Rebecca Mary was of honey!

Aunt Olivia stood in the kitchen doorway and rang the supper-bell in long, steady clangs, just as usual. But no one responded just as usual, and by the token she knew Rebecca Mary had not taken the other stitch that lay between her and supper.

"She's a Plummer," sighed Aunt Olivia, inwardly, unrealizing her own Plummership, as little Rebecca Mary had unrealized hers. Each recognized only the other's. The pity that both must be Plummers!

Rebecca Mary stayed out-of-doors until bedtime. She made but one confidant.

"I've done it, Thomas Jefferson," she said, sadly. "You ought to be sorry for me, because if you hadn't crowed I shouldn't have sewed the hundred and oneth. But you're not really to *blame*," she added, hastily, mindful of Thomas Jefferson's feelings. "I should have done it sometime if you hadn't crowed. I knew it was coming. I suppose now I shall have to starve. You'd think it was pretty hard to starve, I guess, Thomas Jefferson."

Thomas Jefferson made certain gloomy responses in his throat to the effect that he was always starving; that any contributions on the spot in the way of corn kernels, wheat grains, angle-worms, any little delicacies of the kind, would be welcome. And Rebecca Mary, understanding, led the way to the corn-bin. In the dark hours that followed, the intimacy between the great white rooster and the little white girl took on tenderer tones.

At breakfast, next morning,—at dinner-time,—at supper,—Rebecca Mary absented herself from the house. Aunt Olivia set on the meals regularly and waited with tightening heartstrings. It did not seem to occur to her to eat her own portions. She tasted no morsel of all the dainties she got together wistfully. At nightfall the second day she began to feel real alarm. She put on her bonnet and went to the minister's.

"You must come over and—and do something," she said, at the conclusion of her strange little story. "It seems to me it's time for the minister to step in."

"What can I do, Miss Plummer?" the embarrassed young man ejaculated, with a feeling of helplessness.

"Talk to her," groaned Aunt Olivia, in her agony. "Tell her what her duty is. Rebecca Mary might listen to the minister. All she's got to do is to take just one stitch to show her submission. It won't take but an instant. I've got supper all out on the kitchen table,—I don't care if it's ten o'clock at night!"

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"It isn't a case for the minister. It's a case for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children!" fumed the minister's kind little wife inwardly. And she stole away in the twilight to deal with little Rebecca Mary herself. She came back to the minister by-and-by, red-eyed and fierce.

"You needn't go over,—*I've* been. It won't do any good, Robert. That poor, stiff-willed, set little thing is starving by inches!"

"I think her aunt is, too!"

"Well, perhaps—I can't help it, Robert,—perhaps the—aunt—ought—to."

"My dear! Felicia!"

"I told you I couldn't help it. She is *so* hungry, Robert! If you had seen her— What do you think she was doing when I got there?"

"Crying?"

"Crying! She was laughing. *I* cried. She sat there under some grape-vines watching a great white rooster eat his supper. His name, I think, is Thomas Jefferson—"

"Yes, Thomas Jefferson," agreed the minister, with the assurance of acquaintance. For Thomas Jefferson was one of his parishioners.

"Well, she was laughing at him in the shakiest, hungriest little voice you ever heard. 'Is it good?' she says. 'It *looks* good.' He was eating raw corn. 'If I could, I'd eat supper with you,—when you're *very* hungry, you don't mind eating things raw.' Then she saw me."

"Well?"

"Well, I coaxed her, Robert. It didn't do any good. To-morrow somebody must go there and interfere."

"She must be a remarkably strange child," the minister mused. He was thinking of the holding-out powers of the three children he had a half-ownership in.

"I don't think Rebecca Mary *is* a child, Robert. She must be fifty years old, at the least. She and her aunt are about the same age. Perhaps if her mother had lived, or she hadn't made so many sheets, or learned to knit and darn and cook—" The minister's kind little wife finished out her sentence with a sigh. She took up a little garment in



"YOU GET VERY UNPARTICULAR WHEN YOU'RE STARVING?"

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dire straits to be mended. It suggested things to the minister.

"Can Rhoda darn?"

"*Rhoda!*"

"Or make sheets and — bread and things?"

"Robert, don't you feel well? Where is the pain?" But the laugh in the pleasant blue eyes died out suddenly. Little Rebecca Mary lay too heavy on the minister's wife's heart for mirth.

Aunt Olivia went into Rebecca Mary's room in the middle of the night. She had been in three times before.

"She looks thinner than she did last time," Aunt Olivia murmured, distressedly. "To-morrow night—how long do children live without eating? It's four meals now—four meals is a great many for a little thin thing to go without!" Aunt Olivia had been without four meals too; she would have been able to judge how it felt,—if she had remembered that part. She stood in her scant, long nightgown, gazing down at the little sleeper. The veil was down and her heart was in her eyes.

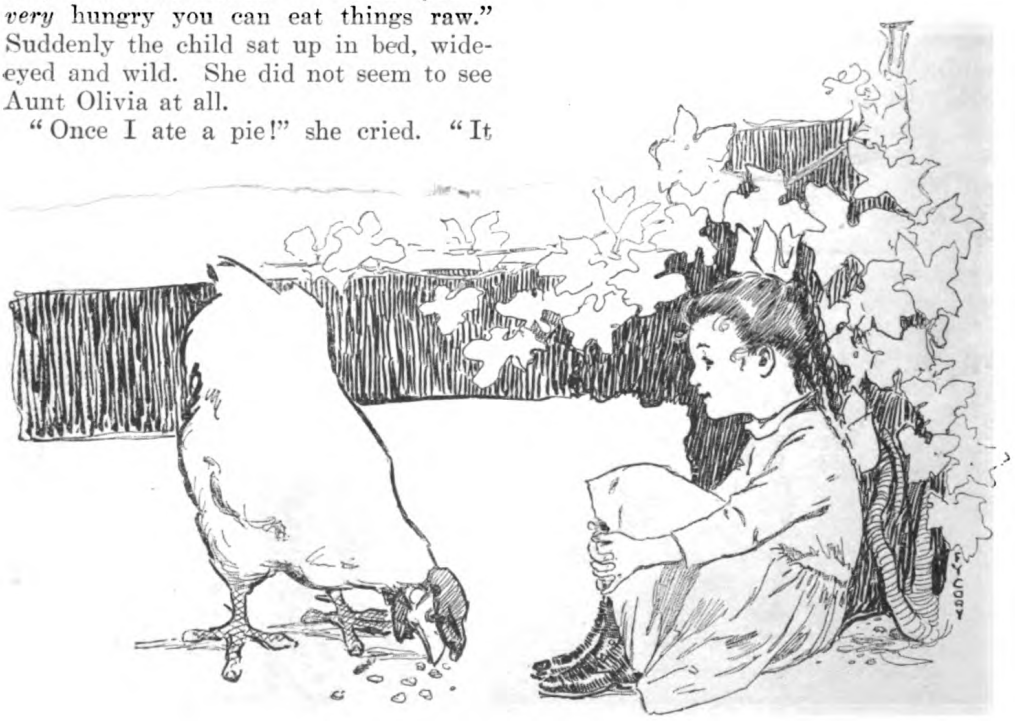
Rebecca Mary threw out her arm and sighed. "It *looks* good, Thomas Jefferson," she murmured. "When you're *very* hungry you can eat things raw." Suddenly the child sat up in bed, wide-eyed and wild. She did not seem to see Aunt Olivia at all.

"Once I ate a pie!" she cried. "It wasn't a whole one, but I should eat a whole one now. I think I should eat the *plate* now." She swayed back and forth weakly, awake and not awake.

"Once I ate a layer-cake. There was jam in it. I wouldn't care if it was apple jelly in it now—I'd *like* apple jelly in it now. Once I ate a pudding and a doughnut a-n-d—a—a—I think it was a horse. I'd eat a horse now. Hush! Don't tell Aunt Olivia, but I'm going to eat—to—e-at—Thom-as—Jeffer—" She swayed back on the pillows again. Aunt Olivia shook her in an agony of fear. She was so white—she lay so still—

"Rebecca! Rebecca Mary! Rebecca Mary *Plummer!*" Aunt Olivia shrilled in her ear. "You get right out o' bed this minute and come down stairs and eat your supper! It's high time you had something in your stomach—I don't care if it's twelve o'clock. You get right out o' bed—*Rebecca!*"

Aunt Olivia had the limp little figure in her arms, shaking it gently again and again. Rebecca's startled eyes flew open. In that instant was born inspiration in the brain of Aunt Olivia. She thought of an appeal to make:



"'IS IT GOOD?' SHE SAYS. 'IT LOOKS GOOD'"

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"Do you want *me* to starve, too? Right here before your face and eyes? I haven't eat a mouthful since you did, and I sha'n't till you *do*."

Rebecca Mary slid to the floor with a soft thud of little brown, bare feet. Slow comprehension dawned in her eyes: "Are—did you say *you* was starving too?"

"Yes," grimly.

"Does it hurt you—too?"

"Yes," unsteadily.

"*Very* much?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you eat something?"

"Because you don't — I'm waiting for you to."

"Sha'n't you ever?"

"Not if you don't."

Rebecca Mary caught her breath in a sob: "Shall I be—to blame?" She was moving toward the door now. With an irresistible impulse Aunt Olivia gathered her in her arms, and covered her lean little face with kisses.

"You poor little thing! You poor little thing! You poor little thing!" over and over.

Rebecca Mary gazed up into the softened face and read something there. It took her breath away. She could not believe it without further proof.

"You don't—I don't suppose you *love* me?" panted Rebecca Mary. But Aunt Olivia was gone out of the room, in a swirl of white night-gown.

"Everything's on the table," she called back from the stairs. "I'm going to light a fire. You come right down. I think it's high time—" her voice trailing out thinly.



"THE HUNDRED AND TWOTH"

"She does," murmured Rebecca Mary, radiant of face.

At half past twelve o'clock they both ate supper—both in their scant, white night-gowns, both very hungry indeed. But before she sat down in her old place at the table, Rebecca Mary went round to Aunt Olivia's place and whispered something rather shyly in her ear. She had been by herself in a corner of the room for a moment.

"I've sewed the hundred and twoth," Rebecca Mary whispered.

Twilight

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

NOW do the flocked and all-melodious hours
Follow, follow the light away,
With measures loved of dusk and folded flowers,
Dream, shadow-threne for vanished day.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

AS the winter deepens and darkens, the people who have time and money to waste, and who are always seeking opportunities for squandering both, find none so gracious and graceful as giving dinners to other people who have time and money to waste. The prime condition of such dinners is that neither host nor guest shall need them. The presence of a person who actually wanted meat and drink would imply certain insuperable disqualifications. The guest must have the habit of dining, with the accumulated indifference to dinners, and the inveterate inability to deal peptically with them, which result from the habit of them. Your true diner must be well on in middle life, for though the young may eat and drink together and apparently dine, it is of the gray head difficultly bowed over the successive courses, and the full form of third youth straining its silken calyx, and bursting all too richly out above it, that the vision presents itself when one thinks of dinners and diners.

I

After all the exclusions are made, dinner is still a theme so large that one poor Easy Chair paper could not compass it, or do more than attach itself here and there to its expanse. In fact, it was only one kind of dinner we had in mind at the beginning, and that was the larger or smaller public dinner. There the process of exclusion is carried yet a step farther, and the guests are all men, and for the most part elderly men. The exceptional public dinners where women are asked need not be counted; and at other public dinners they do not seem eager to throng the galleries, where they are handsomely privileged to sit, looking down, among the sculptured and frescoed arabesques, on the sea of bald-heads and shirt-fronts that surge about the tables below, and showing like dim, décolleté angels to the bleared vision raised to them from the floor. As they are not expected to appear till the smoking and speaking have begun, they grow fainter and fainter through the clouds of tobacco and oratory, and it is never known to the diners whether they abuse the chary hospitality of coffee and ices offered them in their skyey height, where from time to time the sympathetic ear may hear them softly gasping, gently coughing.

It is a pity that none of these witnesses of a large public dinner has recorded her bird's-eye impression of it at the interesting moment when their presence is suffered or desired. All those gray or bald heads, and all those bulging shirt-fronts, must look alike at the first glance, and it can be only to carefuler scrutiny that certain distinctions of projecting whiskers and mustaches pronounce themselves. The various figures, lax or stiff in their repletion, must more or less repeat each other, and the pudgy hands, resting heavily on the tables' edges or planted on their owners' thighs, must seem of a very characterless monotony. The poor old fellows ranked in serried sameness at the tables slanted or curved from the dais where the chairman and the speakers sit, must have one effect of wishing themselves at home in bed.

What do they really think of it, those angels, leaning over and looking down on it? Does it strike them with envy, with admiration? Does it seem one of the last effects of a high and noble civilization? To their "finer female sense," what is the appeal of that evanescing spectacle, as the noise of the cheering and the laughing and the clapping of hands rises to them, at some more rocketlike explosion of oratory? Is the oratory mainly of the same quality to those supernal intelligences as the fading spectacle? None of them has said, and we may have still the hope that the whole affair may have seemed to them the splendid and graceful ceremonial which it appears in the illustrations of the next day's papers.

II

The speaking is perhaps not always so good as it seems to the mellowed tolerance of the listener, when it begins after all those courses of meat and drink, but not perhaps always so bad as he thinks it when, the morning following, he wakes

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"high sorrowful and cloyed," and has not yet read the reports of it. In confidence, however, it may be owned that it is apt rather to be bad than good. If what has led up to it has softened the critical edge of the listener, it has not sharpened the critical edge of the speaker, and they meet on the common ground where any platitude passes; where a farrago of funny stories serves the purpose of coherent humor, where any feeble flash of wit lights up the obscurity as with an electric radiance, where any slightest trickle or rinsing of sentiment refreshes "the burning forehead and the parching tongue" like a gush of genuine poetry. The mere reputation of the speaker goes a great way, almost the whole way; and, especially if he is a comic speaker, he might rise up and sit down without a word, and yet leave his hearers the sense of having been richly amused. If he does more, if he really says something droll, no matter how much below the average of the give and take of common talk, the listener's gratitude is frantic. It is so eager, it so outruns utterance, that it is not strange the after-dinner speech should be the favorite field of the fake-humorist, who reaps a full and ever-ripened harvest in it, and prospers on to a celebrity for brilliancy which there is little danger of his ever forfeiting, so long as he keeps there.

The fake-humorous speaker has an easier career than even the fake-eloquent speaker. Yet at any given dinner the orator who passes out mere elocution to his hearers has a success almost as instant and splendid as his clowning brother. It is amazing what things people will applaud when they have the courage of each other's ineptitude. They will listen, after dinner, to anything but reason. They prefer also the old speakers to new ones; they like the familiar taps of humor, of eloquence; if they have tasted the brew before, they know what they are going to get. The note of their mood is tolerance, but tolerance of the accustomed, the expected; not tolerance of the novel, the surprising. They wish to be at rest, and what taxes their minds molests their intellectual repose. They do not wish to climb any great heights to reach the level of the orator. Perhaps, after all, they are difficult in their torpidity.

The oratory seems to vary less throughout any given dinner than from dinner to dinner, and it seems better or worse according as the dinner is occasional or personal. The occasional dinner is in observance of some notable event, as the Landing of the Pilgrims, or the Surrender of Cornwallis, or the Invention of Gunpowder, or the Discovery of America. Its nature invites the orator to a great range of talk; he may browse at large in all the fields of verbiage without seeming to break bounds. It rests with him, of course, to decide whether he will talk too long, for the danger that he may do so cannot be guarded from the outside. The only good after-dinner speaker is the man who likes to speak, and the man who likes to speak is always apt to speak too much. The hapless wretch whom the chairman drags to his feet in a cold perspiration of despair, and who blunders through half a dozen mismated sentences, leaving out whatever he meant to say, is not to be feared; he is to be pitied from the bottom of one's soul. But the man whose words come actively to the support of his thoughts, and whose last word suggests to him another thought, he is the speaker to be feared, and yet not feared the worst of all. There is another speaker more dreadful still, who thinks as little standing as sitting, and whose words come reluctantly, but who keeps on and on in the vain hope of being able to say something before he stops, and so cannot stop.

The speaking at the occasional dinner, however, is much more in the control of the chairman than the speaking at the personal dinner. The old fashion of toasts is pretty well past, but the chairman still appoints, more or less, the subject of the speaker he calls up. He may say, if the dinner is in honor of the Invention of Gunpowder, "We have with us to-night a distinguished soldier who has burned a good deal of gunpowder in his time; and I am sure we should all like to hear from General Jones something of his experience with the new smokeless explosives." Or if it is the Discovery of America they are commemorating he may call to his feet some representatively venerable citizen, with a well-earned compliment to his antiquity, and the humorous suggestion that he was personally knowing to the landing of

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Columbus. Then General Jones, or the venerable citizen, will treat at his pleasure of any subject under heaven, after having made his manners to that given him by the chairman, and professed his unfitness to handle it.

At the personal dinner, the speaker must in decency stick for a while at least to his text, which is always the high achievement of the honored guest, in law, letters, medicine, arms, drainage, dry-goods, poultry-farming, or whatever. He must not, at once, turn his back on the honored guest and talk of other things; and when sometimes he does so it seems rude.

The *menu* laid before the diner at this sort of dinner may report a variety of food for the others, but for the honored guest the sole course is taffy, with plenty of drawn butter in a lordly dish. The honored guest is put up beside the chairman, with his mouth propped open for the taffy, and before the end he is streaming drawn butter from every limb. The chairman has poured it over him with a generous ladle in his opening speech, and each speaker bathes him with it anew from the lordly dish. The several speakers try to surpass each other in the application, searching out some corner or crevice of his personality which has escaped the previous orators, and filling it up to overflowing. The listeners exult with them in their discoveries, and roar at each triumph of the sort: it is apparently a proof of brilliant intuition when a speaker seizes upon some forgotten point in the honored guest's character or career, and drenches it with drawn butter.

To what good end do men so flatter and befool one of their harmless fellows? What is there in the nature of literary or agricultural achievement which justifies the outrage of his modest sense of inadequacy? It is a preposterous performance, but it does not reach the climax of its absurdity till the honored guest rises, with his mouth filled with taffy, and dripping drawn butter all over the place, proceeds to ladle out from the lordly dish, restored to its place before the chairman, a portion for each of the preceding speakers. He may not feel quite like doing it. In their fierce rivalry of adulation, some of them, in order to give fresh flavor to the taffy, may have mingled a little vinegar with it. One may have said that the bantams of the honored guest were not perhaps as small as some other bantams, but that the colossal size of his shanghais was beyond parallel. Another may have hinted, for the purpose of superiorly praising his masterly treatment of the pip, that the diet of his hens was not such as to impart to their eggs the last exquisite flavor demanded by the pampered palate of the epicure. Another yet may have admitted that the honored guest had not successfully grappled with the great question of how to make hens lay every working-day of the year, and he may have done this in order to heighten his grand climax that the man who teaches a hen to lay an egg with two yolks where she laid eggs of but one yolk before, is a greater benefactor to the human race than all the inventors of all the missiles of modern warfare. Such a poultry-farmer, he may have declared, preparatory to taking his seat amid thunders of applause, is to other poultry-farmers what the poet who makes the songs of a people is to the boss who makes their laws. This sentiment may have been met with a *furore* of acceptance, all the other guests leaning forward to look at the honored guest and concentrate their applause upon him, as they clapped and cheered, and one fine fellow springing to his feet and shouting, "Here's to the man who made two-yolk eggs grow where one-yolk eggs grew before."

Yet these artfully studied qualifications of the cloying sweet may have been all of the taste of wormwood to the honored guest, who cared nothing for his easy triumph with shanghais and the pip and these two-yolk eggs, but prided himself on his bantams and his hen-food, and was clinging to the hope that his discoveries in the higher education would teach hens to observe the legal holidays if they could not be taught to lay on every working-day, and was trusting to keep his measure of failure a secret from the world. It would not do, however, to betray anything of his vexation. That would be ungracious and ungrateful, and so he must render back taffy for taffy, drawn butter for drawn butter, till the whole place sticks and reeks with it.

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III

Of course, the reader—especially if he has never been asked to a personal dinner of this sort—will be saying that the fault is not with the solemnity or its nature, but with the taste of those who conduct the ceremony. He will no doubt be thinking that if he were ever made the object of such a solemnity, or the chairman, or the least of the speakers, he would manage differently. Very likely he will allege the example of the Greeks, as we have it recorded in the accounts of the banquet offered to Themistocles after the battle of Salamis, and the supper given to Aeschylus on the hundredth performance of the *Œdipus* of Sophocles.

The supper has always been considered rather a refinement upon the banquet, in taste, as it was offered to the venerable poet not upon the occasion of any achievement of his own, but in recognition of the prolonged triumph of his brother dramatist, in which it was assumed that he would feel a generous interest. The banquet to Themistocles was more in the nature of a public rejoicing, for it celebrated a victory due as much to the valor of all the Greeks as to the genius of the admiral; and it could therefore be made more directly a compliment to him. Even under these circumstances, however, the guest of the evening occupied an inconspicuous place at the reporters' table, while he was represented on the chairman's right by the bust of Poseidon, hastily modelled for the occasion by Praxiteles, and dedicated to Themistocles, who was a plain man, but whose portrait, even if he had been handsome, it was thought would not have looked well in such a position at a time when portrait-statuary was unknown. The only direct allusion to him was in the opening toast, "The Dewey of our Day," which was drunk sitting, the guests rising from their recumbent postures in honor of it. The chairman's opening address was almost wholly a plea for the enlargement of the Athenian navy: the implication that the republic had been saved in spite of its inefficient armament, was accepted as the finest possible compliment to the guest of the evening. The note of all the other speeches was their exquisite impersonality. They got farther and farther from the occasion of the evening, until the effort of Demosthenes closed the speaking with a scathing denunciation of the machine politicians who had involved the Athenians in a war with Persia to further the interests of Sparta. It was held that this was the noblest tribute which could be paid to the genius of the man who had brought them safely out of it. As the company broke up, Diogenes with his lantern approached Themistocles, who was giving the reporters copies of the speech he had not been asked to deliver, and after examining his countenance with a sigh of disappointment, accompanied him home as far as his own tub; Athens at that time being imperfectly lighted, and the reform government having not yet replaced the street names wantonly obliterated under the régime of the Thirty Tyrants.

At the supper to Aeschylus the tablets of the *menu* were inscribed with verses from the elder poet ingeniously chosen for their imaginable reference to the masterpiece of the younger, whose modesty was delicately spared at every point. It was a question whether the committee managing the affair had not perhaps gone too far in giving the supper while Sophocles was away from Athens staging the piece at Corinth; but there was no division of opinion as to the taste with which some of the details had been studied. It was considered a stroke of inspiration to have on the speaker's left, where Sophocles would have sat, if he had been present at a supper given to Aeschylus, the sitting figure of Melpomene, crowned with rosemary for remembrance. No allusion was made to Aeschylus during the evening, after his health had been proposed by the chairman and drunk in silence, but a great and exquisite surprise was reserved for him in the matter of the speeches that followed. By prior agreement among the speakers they were all ostensibly devoted to the examination of the *Œdipus,* and the other dramas of Sophocles, which in his absence were very frankly dealt with. But, the unsparing criticism of their defects was made implicitly to take the character of appreciation of the Aeschylus tragedies, whose good points were all turned to the light without open mention of them. This afforded the aged poet

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an opportunity of magnanimously defending his younger *confrère,* and he rose to the occasion beaming, as some one said, from head to foot, and oozing self-satisfaction at every pore. He could not put from him the compliments not ostensibly directed at him, but he could and did take up the criticisms of the Sophoclean drama, point by point, and refute them in the interest of literature, with a masterly elimination of himself and his own part in it. A Roman gentleman present remarked that he had seen nothing like it, for sincere deprecation, since Cæsar had refused the thrice-offered crown on the Lupercal; and the effect was that intended throughout: the supreme honor of Aeschylus in the guise of a tribute to Sophocles. The note of the whole affair was struck by the comic poet Aristophanes, whom the chairman called upon to make the closing speech of the evening, and who merely sat up long enough to quote the old Attic proverb, "Gentlemen, there are many ways to kill a dog besides choking him to death on butter," and then lay down again amidst shrieks of merriment from the whole company.

IV

There is, perhaps, a middle course between the American and Athenian ways of recognizing achievement in the arts or interests, or of commemorating great public events. This would probably derive from each certain advantages, or at least the ancient might temper the modern world to a little more restraint than it now practises in the celebration of private worth, especially. The public events may be more safely allowed to take care of themselves, though it is to be questioned whether it is well for any people to make overmuch of themselves. They cannot do it without making themselves ridiculous, and perhaps making themselves sick of what little real glory there is in any given affair; they will have got that so inextricably mixed up with the vainglory that they will have to reject the one to free themselves from the humiliating memory of the other.

There is nothing that so certainly turns to shame in the retrospect as vainglory, and this is what the personal dinner is chiefly supposed to inspire in the victim of it. If he is at all honest with himself, and he probably is before he can have done anything worthy of notice, he knows perfectly well that he has not merited all if any of the fond flatteries with which he is heaped, as he sits helpless with meat and drink, and suffers under them with the fatuous smile which we all have seen, and which some of us have worn. But as the flatterers keep coming on and on, each with his garland of tuberoses or sunflowers, he begins to think that there must be some fire where there is so much smoke, and to feel the glow of the flame which he is not able exactly to locate. He burns in sympathy with his ardent votaries, he becomes inevitably a partner in his own apotheosis. It is the office of the sad, cold morrow, and the sadder and colder aftermorrows, to undo this illusion; to compress his head to the measure of his hat, to remove the drawn butter from his soul.

They may never wholly succeed, but this is not probable, and it is not against a permanent *folie des grandeurs* that we need seek to guard the victim of a personal dinner. We have indeed so much faith in the ultimate discretion of the race, that we should be quite willing to intrust the remarkable man himself with the office of giving himself a public dinner when he felt that his work merited signal recognition. In this way the whole affair could be kept within bounds. He could strike the note, he could set the pace, in his opening address; and having appointed the speakers, with a full knowledge of their honesty and subordination, he could trust the speeches to be sane and temperate. In calling the speakers successively up, he could protest against anything that seemed excessive eulogy in the words already spoken, and could invite a more modest estimate of his qualities and achievements in the speeches to follow.

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Editor's Study.

I

THE editor is often asked to criticise contributions offered for use in the Magazine. Many an inexperienced writer makes his offering as an experiment, conscious of defects, without knowing just what these are, yet wishing to know.

As he has often said, the editor is only incidentally a critic; he does not approach the writer's gracious offering in a critical mood, but simply surrenders himself to impressions. This does not exclude the mental view. Whatever may have been the case in cruder stages of American culture, the readers of a first-class magazine of to-day demand intellectual no less than emotional satisfaction. And this is not merely a matter of correct syntax and a well-formed style; it is not enough that no offence shall be given to a critical taste: the exaction is substantial, the condition positive. We are not here thinking so much of that kind of mental satisfaction which comes from enlightenment through information or explication—though that is of a high order—but rather of that kind which responds to an appeal to intellectual sensibility, to what we may call the *feeling* of the mind—such an appeal as is made by all creative literature, which does not shine by reflected light, but carries warmth in its radiance.

It is distinctively a human satisfaction—that which is possible to man and to no other animal, because of his transcendently higher intellectual susceptibility. It may be felt independently of any strong appeal to our emotional nature—as we often feel it in stories by Henry James and Walter Pater and Mrs. Wharton—a purely intellectual satisfaction, such as we have, wholly apart from our æsthetic pleasure, in reading Milton. This is all in the dry—the very high and dry—but we have it even more in the green, in the literature of romance and humor, where also the transcendent human distinction is most evident. The lower animals have passions, but they have no subjective romance, only the objective signs of it, which belong to them, as their colors do, but are not consciously theirs. Nor have they the sense of humor, though they may sometimes awaken it in us. Even some men seem destitute of this sense, not probably because they were born without it, but because they have trained or studied themselves out of it. It is said that John Bright, after listening to one of Artemus Ward's "showman" lectures in London, which was, of course, a series of drolleries from beginning to end, remarked that he could not see why people cared for that sort of thing: the information was meagre, and it was given in a very desultory and disconnected manner. The great English statesman was not even aware of the exquisitely humorous situation implied in this expression of his views—a situation, too, which concretely illustrates the distinction between the mental satisfaction derived from mere enlightenment and the delight which the great humorist's audience in general experienced in the subtler and less obvious turns and flashes of human intelligence. The light in humor may be not a flash, but a gentle glow or lambent gleam, but always it is there, and always there is in some shape the subtle mental trope—that surprise which is necessary to every story, whether it be romance, comedy, or tragedy.

The first imperative of all creation is, "Let there be light"; and the creative life in its progressive specializations is disclosed as tropical—a series of tropes or wonderful surprises. This comparison between creation in literature and in the cosmic universe is not a mere fancy; it is good science as well. Whether there is anything in the theory of vortical movements in the ether, we see the constant trope in all things—in orb and orbit, in the cycle of the plant from seed to seed, in the whole circle of evolution which ends in man, face to face with the Creator and in His image.

In this discursion we seem to have forgotten the eagerly inquiring contributor with whom we set out, and to have left him to take care of himself. In fact, however, we have not been so discourteous; we have been giving him in our

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wandering discourse some intimations that may not be altogether irrelevant. It is evident from what we have been saying that, so far as the substantial character of his work—that which gives it any positive value—is concerned, the editor must leave him to take care of himself, promising only on his own part complete self-surrender to the contributor's productions, waiting to find in them either some new disclosure of life or nature for the enlightenment of readers, if the production takes the form of an essay, or if it be creative work in poetry or fiction, or even in the higher form of the essay, that other and deeper intellectual satisfaction of which we have spoken.

The criticism which the contributor asks for would in no way help him to meet these positive requirements; nor, indeed, is there any direct way in which he can be helped to do this. Indirectly he may be stimulated by the best literature, and from his own experience in life and thought may come the deep culture of intellectual sensibility essential to his art; but he must find his own way.

Why do we not lay equal stress upon emotional sensibility? Is it not true that out of the heart are the issues of life? It is indeed not only true, but it is the radical truth. But something is essential to art beyond what is radical in life. The communion of the artist is with the visible forms of Nature, not with her elements; the beauty of an oak does not impress him from the study of its roots, the analysis of its juices, or any microscopy of the acorn from which it grows. Art divorced from human life is insignificant, but its significance as art, though always in the vital field, is not due to mere elemental vitality, but to the development of this vitality in the light —the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, one with the eternal Word. The primal passions man has in common with the mere animal; but coming into this light they show in their complex development a divine beauty and meaning in the manifold relations and activities of human life, and it is here that the artist finds his material and his inspiration. Here too is the field of the essayist who deals with the traits of our human nature.

An edifice of rational development is built above the foundation of changeless natural instincts; it is an architecture not to be accounted for by those instincts—an architecture of experimentation illustrating at once the strength and weakness of human choice and purpose, all its beauty and glory blending with its fallibility, alternately a structure and a ruin—the structure itself standing for failure as to the main purpose, and what we call the ruin for a new rising of that purpose. Accordingly it is in its falling that the historian and dramatist discover their most interesting themes—their studies of death, the true studies of life.

Therefore it is that an element of sadness pervades all fiction. Nothing could be more tiresome to writer or reader than the recital of uninterrupted success or happiness, under skies of unshadowed brightness. Happiness invites no record, and the remembrance of it in a miserable plight is "sorrow's crown of sorrow." In the swirl of wretched souls where Dante beheld Paolo and Francesca clinging to each other forever, there is in their piteous story no relief save the triumph of a deathless love. Would Bernardin de St.-Pierre ever have cared to tell the story of Paul and Virginia, or would the story be read to-day, but for its pathetic close? With Jessica we are ever sad when we hear sweet music, and are unable to refrain from melancholy beholding the sunset at the close of the fairest of summer days—"bridal of the earth and sky"—repeating inevitably those other lines of Herbert,

> The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
> For thou must die!

Nature gives us the falling cadence of all her movements, and brings all heroes and heroines to their death; yet we forgive her, remembering her spring-times and unfailing sunrises, and reflecting, moreover, that death itself is not all unbeautiful unless inglorious.

But the pathetic stress in literature has been in recent years much relaxed. No novelist to-day would dare to inflict a story like *Charlotte Temple* upon a polite audience, or torture indulgent readers with the sufferings of a child as Dickens did in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. This morbid melodrama — the story-teller's cheapest trick—has passed away along

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with the old-fashioned stage villain. Tragedy remains in literature as in life, but in novels like *Adam Bede* it has the normal note and just proportion. With deeper culture have come a truer art and a stronger demand for wholesome fiction.

Still the editor's greatest difficulty is to secure short stories that shall have romantic interest and at the same time give such intellectual satisfaction as shall meet the demand of cultivated readers. Next to this is the difficulty of getting a fair proportion of stories that are, on the whole, bright and happy in their texture, whatever inevitable shade and sadness may enter to reflect the truth of life. Most difficult of all to obtain is the genuinely humorous story. These difficulties arise in the nature of things. It is easier to write almost any kind of story than to write a good love-story. It is easier to write a sorrowful or tragic tale than one bright and humorous, because in the former class of stories the elements dealt with are in themselves more impressive (often also more depressive), and thus help out the writer, making his effects for him.

It is not true, as has lately been said by a Canadian critic, that first-class American magazines must surrender strength in their short stories because they are restricted by conditions peculiar to them as family periodicals. The restriction exists, having the force of obligation, in the necessity of excluding a certain kind of unusually virile fiction, but this exclusion cannot fairly be said to involve any considerable sacrifice, since it is in the natural line of magazine development wholly apart from the family connection; it is really implied in the distinction between the literature proper to a magazine and that naturally belonging to the book — a distinction which would hold if magazines were read only by men. The family connection imposes other conditions affecting the kind and the variety of literature introduced—conditions which add to the charm of the magazine and devolve upon it no disability. In order to furnish a satisfactory monthly entertainment to the cultivated families of America the conditions must be exacting, and they must be in the line of a constantly more and more attractive literature, fortunately restricted by the limitations of a refined taste. This stimulating demand has done more than anything else in the last two generations to rapidly and generously enrich the general literature of the country.

II

Two generations ago—to revert to the consideration, in our last Study, of the intellectual conditions of a boy's life in the forties—when there were only the beginnings of an American literature, an emergence but not an inspiration, and when, especially in village communities, readers depended mainly upon reprints of English books, the usefulness and the moral and religious influence of literature were regarded rather than its art or imaginative value. Perhaps it was for this reason that the few great American writers we had—Poe, Bryant, Irving, and Cooper—were so little read. The average teacher of that period was not likely to urge the claims of these or of the best English authors.. Stress was laid upon mental development through the ordinary educational curriculum, which did not include the study of literature, upon the formation of moral character, and upon religious consecration.

The storage through generations of a mighty spiritual concern, in minds fully convinced of the truths they professed to believe, was constantly being precipitated in religious revivals all over the land. A peculiar culture was developed from the ploughing of souls by agitations more violent than the shocks of earthquake — not the kind of culture likely to give nurture to art or literature, or to awaken an interest in the finest products of these in past ages. Novel-reading was accounted almost a vice. The judgments passed upon an author's life fixed an attainder upon his writings. Byron's and Shelley's poetry was under this ban, and Gibbon was classed with Voltaire. Scott's novels were permitted, and the reading of Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs* was not considered rank insurrection, a special indulgence being accorded to historical fiction. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* was the most popular novel of English life. The older English fiction of Sterne, Smollett, and Fielding was of course forbidden, and Jane Austen had not come

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into that appreciation which later suddenly befell her. Maria Edgeworth and Hannah More still held their own with the elders, but the new generation, in dormant protest against the severities of its intellectual climate, was averse to them, turning its face toward a future it could hardly define, till in another decade it was defined for it by Hawthorne and the great Victorian novelists.

But before this glorious outburst, or, if not earlier in time, still earlier in appreciation, as being more in accord with traditional influences not easily overcome and with the stress of a peculiar culture too deeply established to be ignored, came the religious American novel, of which *The Wide, Wide World* was a characteristic type; and, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, the ethical sermon embodied in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a sacred flame kindling the moral tinder of a continent. How persistent was the Puritanic moral strain in American literature was later shown in gentler mould in the writings of Dr. Holland and E. P. Roe.

But at the time of which we are writing there was no literary agitation of any kind. Even in the metropolis such writers as N. P. Willis and Fitz-Greene Halleck and the more or less known contributors to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* and the *New York Mirror* made no strong current in literature. Much more significance is to be attached to the "transcendental" movement in New England as expressed in the *Dial*, edited by Margaret Fuller in 1840 and by Emerson in 1842, and in the Brook Farm community; but the meaning of the movement was not disclosed till after the *Dial* and the Brook Farm community had ceased to be. In the country at large in social gatherings books were not talked about as they came to be only a few years later when Mrs. Stowe's stirring novel was published, or when the question of the morality of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* divided whole communities. There were no literary excitements. The best books had small sales. The serious reading of literature for its own sake was exceptional. In our own village we remember that our first introduction to Robert Burns's poetry was through the eager enthusiasm of a middle-aged Scotchman working in a cotton-mill.

We owed much to the endowed academy, which was under the liberal regulations and supervision of the Board of Regents. In its small but judiciously selected library was a complete set of Audubon's works, with colored illustrations. Here also was a small volume of Bryant's early poems, and a similar collection of John Pierpont's. Verplanck's excellent illustrated edition of Shakespeare was the delight of many hours, for which the previous reading of the Bible seemed a natural preparation. Dr. Dionysius Lardner's and Dr. Thomas Dick's works were the best possible stimulants to scientific inquiry. These were English writers. No American books of this class were in existence.

The principals of the academy were college graduates, and the institution afforded every opportunity needed for preparation to enter college. Thus at an early age we came into the more genial climate of the humanities. The endowed academies of that time accomplished much for the liberal education of youth, and there is nothing to-day that in all respects quite fills their place.

For ourselves reading was mainly confined to history. There was no good history of the United States. The best was by James Grahame, an English writer. The publication of Bancroft's history was just beginning, as was also that of Macaulay's history of England; but Macaulay's essays, collected from the *Edinburgh Review*, had been published in this country years before a similar collection appeared in London, and proved to be the most popular book of the kind ever issued, selling sixty thousand copies in five years. Even in those days there was a large audience eagerly awaiting the brilliant writer. Yet, as we have said, the devotion of our people to literature for its own sake was exceptional. We recall boyish companionships in labor and sport, but no comradeship in serious studies of literature. Our own field was confined for lack of leisure. Lamb and Hazlitt, Shelley and Keats and Byron, were pleasures postponed to college years.

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An Omar for Ladies

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

II

I SOMETIMES think that never lasts so long
The Style as when it starts a bit too strong;
That all the Pompadours the parterre boasts
Some Chorus-girl began, with Dance and Song.

And this Revival of the Chignon low
That fills the most of us with helpless Woe,
Ah, criticise it Softly! for who knows
What long-necked Peeress had to wear it so!

Ah, my beloved, try each Style you meet;
To-day brooks no loose ends, you must be neat.
To-morrow! why, to-morrow you may be
Wearing it down your back like Marguerite!

For some we once admired, the Very Best
That ever a French hand-boned Corset prest,
Wore what they used to call Prunella Boots,
And put on Nightcaps ere they went to rest.

And we that now make fun of Waterfalls
They wore, and whom their Crinoline appalls,
Ourselves shall from old dusty Fashion plates
Assist our Children in their Costume balls.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may wear,
Before we grow so old that we don't care!
Before we have our Hats made all alike,
Sans Plumes, sans Wings, sans Chiffon, and—sans Hair!

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Keeping a Seat at the Benefit

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

NEVER mind, usher, never mind. I see two seats; I think I can get there before that fat woman does.

[*Rushes forward, seats herself in one chair, placing her umbrella in the other. Breathlessly:*

Thank goodness, I've got them. *(As fat woman approaches.)* . . . Yes, I've taken both. I'm sorry. . . . I beg your pardon, I'm keeping this seat for a friend. . . . This seat occupied?—I—oh, I understand. No, but I'm keeping it for a friend. . . . Yes, it's engaged; I'm keeping it for a friend. I expect her every moment. . . . Well, I wish she'd come. This is most unpleasant. . . . Excuse me, madam, but I'm keeping this seat. . . . But you see my umbrella's on it, and I never put an umbrella on a chair unless I'm keeping it for a friend. I expect— *(She turns.)* Why, there she is now—so sorry.

[*Hails some one in distance. Pantomime and loud whisper.*

Got a seat. Got a seat. . . . I beg your pardon, I'm keeping this seat for a friend. . . . Oh my! I—I— How dreadful! I thought it was the friend I'm waiting for. I don't know how I could have made such a mistake, but, don't you know, so many women seem to look alike with their hats on! So stupid!

[*Unobserved old lady takes vacant seat.*

I beg your pardon, but I'm keeping this seat for a friend! *(Louder.)* I beg your pardon, but I'm keeping this seat for a friend. . . . Don't you hear? . . . Oh, you're deaf. . . . Goodness! I never talked into one of those things before! Er—I—er— . . . No, I haven't said anything yet. I'm just thinking what I'm going to say.

I once had a grandmother who was very deaf. . . . You are not very deaf? No, no, I didn't think you were. What I meant to say was, I'd like to give you this seat, but I'm keeping it for a friend. . . . What? You are glad to keep it? No, no. I said I was keeping it for a friend. . . . You're pleased to be friends? Oh no! I said I—am—keeping—this—seat—for—a—friend—and I shall have to ask you to get up. . . . I didn't mean to offend you. Now she's going off mad. I never will try to keep a seat for any one again. . . .

Boy, boy, programme boy, what time is it? . . . Five minutes of two? They are to commence at two, aren't they? . . . Well, they never do commence on time, do they? . . . Come back; wait a minute. Now do you mean two o'clock by your time or the time down on the stage? Couldn't you find out?

And, boy, if you see a lady in a dark skirt and a light waist, who seems to be looking for some one, won't you please tell her I'm here, 'way up in the second balcony, round by the stage? And— Boy, boy, come back here!—I want a programme. . . .

I beg your pardon, I'm keeping this seat for— Twenty-five cents! Well, I don't want it. I never heard of charging twenty-five cents for a programme. . . . I don't care if it is a benefit. Besides, all those you want to hear never come, and they fill up with anybody, and . . . I'm keeping this seat for a friend. . . . No, I don't think there is any rule about it. Of course if the performance begins before my friend comes, I— . . . It's not two o'clock yet. . . . Well, it may be by your watch, but it's not by the programme boy's time, and they are going to begin by his time, and be late at that. . . . I don't care to quarrel over a question of that description with an utter stranger. But I certainly shall not give up this seat! . . . They are your seats? You will see an usher about it? By all means, by all means. . . . Your opinion is a matter of utter indifference to me!

. . . . No, I am keeping this seat for a wo-



"I SAID I WAS KEEPING IT FOR A FRIEND"

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"EAT THE UMBRELLA IF YOU LIKE"

man who was once my friend. I beg you will pardon my being so upset, but that woman over there—the one in the hideous red hat just going around the corner—fairly insulted me because I wouldn't give up these seats. . . .

Why, yes, I'd be very glad to have your little boy sit here while you look for seats. You see, when you are really sitting in them they can't turn you out. What a dear little man he is! I'm so fond of children. . . . All right, take your time. . . . There, upsy-daisy—now sit still. . . . Yes, you can hold the umbrella, but don't thump on the floor with it. Ouch! That went right on my foot. Don't do that again. . . . Oh, I wouldn't do that—little gentlemen don't put umbrella handles in their mouths. That isn't nice for little men to stand in seats. . . . Well, perhaps your mamma does let you, but you sha'n't do it while you're with me. Now, get down—get down! . . . Don't cry! Don't cry! Don't scream so! Everybody is looking at us. . . . Stand up again if you want to—eat the umbrella if you like, but stop screaming. . . . Don't run away. You can't find your mamma in this crowd, and you've got my umbrella! Come back — come back! . . . What am I going to do? If I leave, some one will take the seats, and if I don't chase that little imp I'll lose my umbrella. I'd better go. . . . Here, you naughty boy, give me my umbrella. You are very, very, wicked—you will never go to heaven. . . . You dreadfu' child—where did you learn such perfec' awful language? Just you find your mother. Don't you dare come back here.

. . . Just as I thought! I beg your pardon, ladies, but these are my seats. . . . Of course you have only my word for it. You see, I was sitting in one and keeping the other for a friend, and just now I had to go after that naughty little umbrella that had run away with my boy. You see, his mother had left it— . . . Don't I make myself clear? . . . She went to look for others, and— . . . Thank you very much. Now I come to think of it, I don't remember exactly whether I was to keep a seat for my friend or she was to keep one for me. . . . Oh no, I wouldn't care to give up the seats until I was sure which way it was. You might come back. . . . There she is, there she is. [*Beckons frantically.*

Madeline, why didn't you come before? You know when I say I'll be at a certain place at a certain time I'm always there, and here I've waited for ages and been insulted by a horrid woman in a red hat; once a deaf old woman, a perfectly nice old woman, was insulted unintentionally by me; and—once— Well, at least explain why you didn't come and— . . . Your Nora's left? Well, I won't say I thought she would, my dear, but I do believe in treating a servant like a human being. I certainly hope you will get one this time you can keep. Where did you go? . . . Oh, I'm sorry you went to Mrs. Casey's; her girls are no good at all. They simply won't stay. . . . I ought to know — I had six cooks from her last month; they wouldn't stay.

Now which seat do you want—this one? I don't care at all. Perhaps you— . . . It doesn't matter one particle. . . . Just as you like. . . . Very well. [*They sit down.*



"WHY DIDN'T YOU COME BEFORE?"

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"IT'S A PERFECT OUTRAGE"

You know that waist looks as well on you as anything I've ever seen you have on. You can wear those stripes running round, having no fig-- I mean, being so slender. I can't at all. Where did you get the material? . . . Not there, really? Such a common store, I didn't know you could get anything decent there. . . . I—oh—I was there only once, and then not to buy anything for myself—I was just getting some Xmas presents for Mr. Stewart's family!

. . . It must be heavenly, but we can't have a thing fried in lard—not a thing. Of course I like it, but on account of Mr. Stewart's dyspepsia. My dear, you don't know what you're spared, having a husband without dyspepsia. . . . Yours was what? . . . Oh, golf! That's nothing — he can't have that with him all the time.

What did you think of the Davises' euchre? . . . That's just what I said to Mr. Stewart. If you can't give a thing right, don't give it at all. . . . How did you like the chicken salad? . . . Well, I was suspicious of it, and that night when we got home Mr. Stewart had the most awful attack. That settled it. I said right away the chicken that made that salad never had feathers—not much—four legs and hair.... Veal of course. . . . What did you think of the prizes? . . . That olive-dish? . . . No, it wasn't—it looked so, but I went up and felt of it.

What's that rumbling? I suppose it's commencing. I can't see one thing but that little door on the side of the stage and the man with the cymbals. I think it's a ridiculous idea, anyway, having a benefit in a theatre! If I'd been consulted— . . . Oh yes, I was asked, even begged, to go on the committee, but I wouldn't. The people who don't do anything always sit around and criticise those that get the thing up; and I must say this affair is about the worst managed I ever attended,—no one seems to know his business.

If this woman in front of me is going to stand up, I am too. . . . *(Turns to woman back of her.)* I'm sorry, madam, but you see this lady in front of me is standing up, and I'm sure if she does I don't know why I shouldn't. So why don't you stand up? . . . Oh, very well. *(Seats herself angrily.)* Madam, if you must stand up, would you mind taking your hat off? . . . Thank you. . . . *(To woman back of her.)* Certainly. *(Removes her hat.)* *(To friend.)* That disagreeable woman is bent on annoying me. She can't see anyway, so what earthly good does it do her for me to take my hat off? Just spite. Well, I'm going to have one look at that stage, anyway. *(Rises hastily.)* There goes my hat in that woman's seat! *(Taps arm of woman in front.)* I beg— . . . *(To woman back of her.)* I'm only standing up for one moment to have one look at the stage. *(Turns.)* You're sitting on my hat! . . . Of course you didn't do it intentionally, but it's just as hard on the hat. Oh, don't say anything more about it. You see, I just dropped it, and was going to call your attention to it when this person asked me to sit down.

Now, Madeline, look at that hat. . . . Oh, it's very well to say put a bow in here and a flower there! I should never feel the same in it again. I never could bear to wear a hat that had been sat on. I had an aunt once who— . . . Please don't say another word about it; I know it wasn't your fault.

I don't feel, Madeline, as though I could enjoy anything now. There comes that horrid woman in the red hat again. She has an usher with her.

. . . What! These seats are reserved! Why wasn't I told of it before? It is a very strange thing that people with reserved seats shouldn't come earlier—I am very glad, though, to give them to you. Usher, where can I find other seats? . . . Not another in the house? Well, it's very strange management to pack a house so that you can't get a seat! It's a perfect outrage, after all the trouble I had to keep these seats, and getting my hat sat on, and being insulted by no end of people! I don't see anything to do but for us to go home.—I hope you will enjoy the seats!

[*Exit with a flounce.*

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Lullaby

THEY are fluttering and fluttering, like birds upon the tree,—
Baby bye! Baby bye!
Then shut them tight, my precious, one for you and one for me,—
Bye oh! Baby bye!—

Away down in the sheepfold, all the lambkins are at rest,—
The little chickabiddies in the feathers soft are pressed,—
And good old Mammy Nature holds them all upon her breast.—
Bye oh! Baby bye!—
Um! Um! Um! Um!
Bye oh! Baby bye!

We say we're men and women at the early dawn of day,—
Baby bye! Baby bye!
But the sunset finds us children, with tears to wipe away,—
Bye oh! Baby bye!

No shame to us that stumbled, if we tried to do our part,
No blame to us for failing, if we made an honest start,—
Then take it all to Mammy!—lay it all upon her heart,—
Bye oh! Baby bye!
Um! Um! Um! Um!
Bye oh! Baby bye!

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

Indiscrimination

IT was in the first grade of the public school in D—— that the teacher was having the children learn the Twenty-third Psalm, and was explaining its meaning to them.

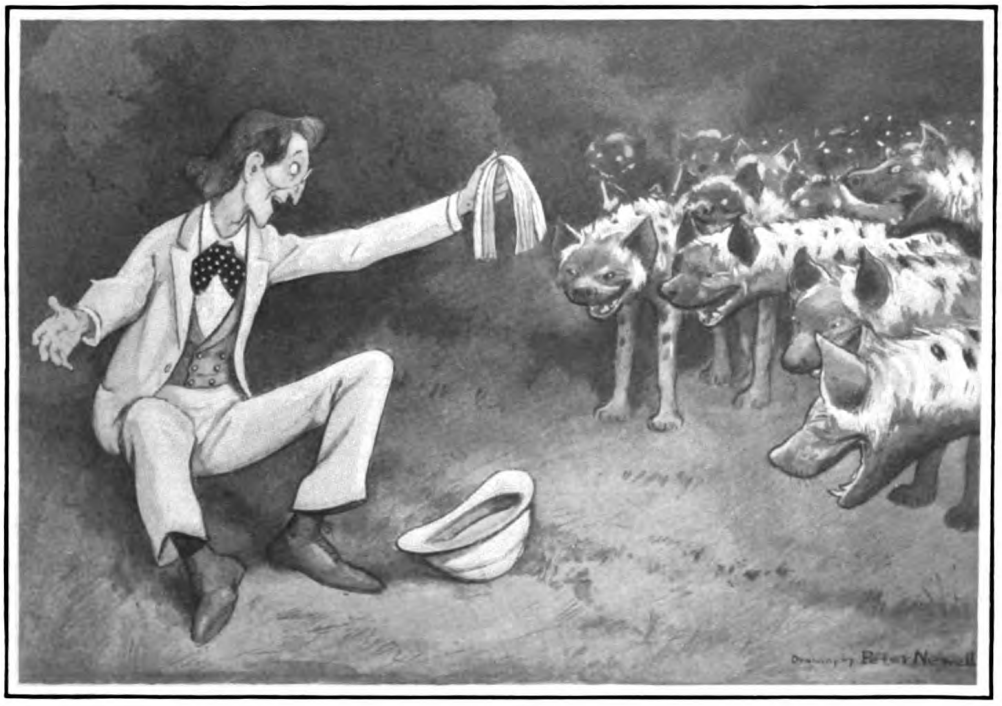
After they had repeated in concert, "The Lord is my Shepherd," the teacher asked if any one knew what a shepherd was.

Soon a hand went up, and a little boy, who was considered among the brightest, was told to stand up, and speak distinctly, so that every one could hear.

Little Frank stepped into the middle of the aisle, his face aglow with the pride of his superior knowledge, and, in clear tones, declared, "A shepherd is a kind of a dog."

Winifred's Idea of Chicago

WINIFRED, aged three, is the youngest member of a very devout family who have recently moved from Cambridge to Chicago. All the children were much dissatisfied with their new surroundings, but none so much so as Winifred. Finally, when her entreaties that she might be taken back had subsided, her father saw her go alone one day into his study, take down his Bible, and place it on a chair, and kneel down with her hands clasped above it. "Dear Jesus," she said, earnestly, "please do have pity upon us, for Thou knowest Thou hast brought us to this black and dirty city, where we shall see Thy dear face no more." M. A. B.



READY APPRECIATION

Young Mr. Sockfellow, the rising dramatist, reads his new comedy to the laughing hyenas.

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In an Old Trunk

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

"FANCY," said Constance to Rose
(Both were so young and so fair),
"Wearing these quaint furbelows,
Such an odd hat, and such hair,

"Curling in ringlets of tan
Coyly each side of one's nose,
Fancy Aunt Primm, if you can,
Smiling demurely through those!

"What can this be? Oh, my dear,
This is Aunt Primm's valentine.
'*Happy when thou, love, art near,*
When thou art gone I repine.'

"How did she ever get this?
She, with that obdurate face?
Could she have yielded a kiss
Once in a moment of grace?

"Think of her, Rose, with a beau!
Did the man ever propose?
Fancy her thundering *no*,
Lifting that Dante-esque nose.

"Yet, there's a picture she keeps:
Even Aunt Primm may have dreams
Each afternoon when she sleeps—
Dear me, how odd it all seems!"

The Hope of the Egotistical Contributor

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir,—
I'LL sell the enclosed poem on Cr.,
For I know you'll exclaim when you've rr,
"This is simply divine (?);
This I cannot decline.'
Now please don't deny that you sr!

HARVEY PEAKE.

Surprised

A LITTLE three-year-old going to church for the first time was much surprised when he recognized one of his father's friends taking up the collection. "Look, mother, look," he said; "there's Mr. Bronson. I didn't know he was the—the—the conductor."

H. W. W.

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A Rabbitical Adventure

"YES," said Judge Crabtree, in a slightly incredulous tone, "I think I've heard of that enterprising Bowery restaurant-keeper who has on his sign, 'Welsh Rabbits and Other Game in Season.' He is right—the Welsh rabbit is a game animal.

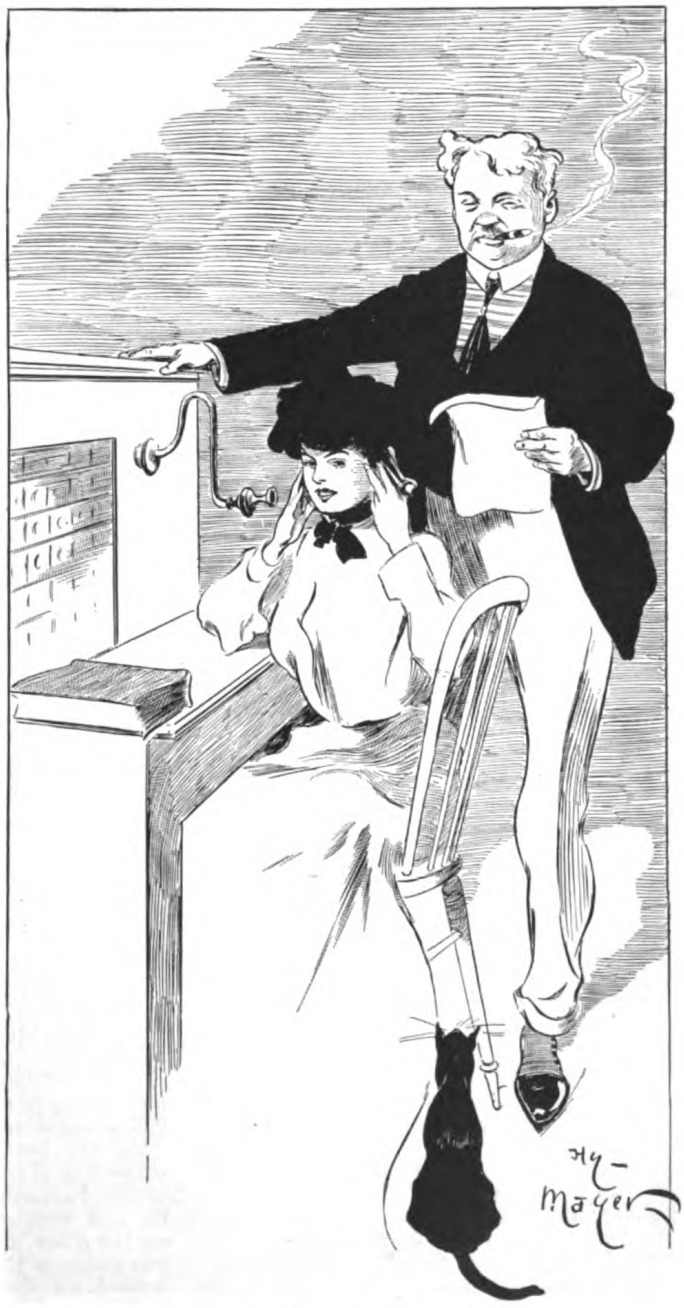
"I once had an encounter with a domestic Welsh rabbit which I shall never forget. Went home with a client of mine after the theatre for a little supper. Young and interesting wife suggested Welsh rabbit. I agreed.

"Well, the young and interesting fired up her chafing-dish, and the rabbit was upon us. The husband had been pursued by the beast before, and was shy. He ate little. The young and interesting, of course, ate less. Without any outward show of fear I devoured three-quarters of that rabbit. Then I went home and retired.

"After I had been in bed some time I concluded to get up and seek the outer air. It was a warm night in summer. A turn around the block brought me face to face with the Elevated railroad. What was my surprise to see this ordinarily stiff and awkward structure walking along down town quietly and naturally on its iron legs, like a cast-iron centipede. Its back undulated gracefully, and it rather reminded me of a stolid procession of elephants. It was an interesting and novel sight. When I looked again I was astonished to see that the Elevated road had broken up into sections, a pair of pillars on either end of each piece, and that the different fragments were fighting furiously, bunting their iron heads together in a most murderous manner. On some of the sections there was a car, like a houdah on the back of an elephant, and the passengers were looking out of the windows and betting on their own section. Then all of a sudden—

"See here," said the Major, "this was a dream. You—"

"—the sections all turned, arched up their backs, threw off the houdahs, kicked up their heels, and galloped out of town. I don't know whether it was a dream or not. All I'm sure about is that I had been eating Welsh rabbit concocted by a young and interesting person." H. C.



IN THE DAYS OF WIRELESS TELEPHONY

CENTRAL. "*Some one wants to speak to Mr. Jenkins.*"
OPERATOR. "*Well, just ask them to hold the air a minute.*"

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SYMPATHETIC SAMMIE

When Sammie read a doleful tale, it made the nursery look
As if the Nile had flooded it, he "pored" so o'er his book.

A Confession to Cupid

I SENT my heart unto the shrine
Where Cupid is confessor,
And there I prayed St. Valentine
To pardon a transgressor
Who dared to love a maiden dear,
To worship her, the beauty!
But never dared when she was near
To speak as was my duty.

Good Cupid heard my story out,
And long it was and sad, too;
He sighed at every sign of doubt—
Perhaps because he had to,—
And when it all was told, at least
So much as most distressed me,
Uprose Love's patient little priest,
Remarking, as he blessed me:

For all your doubts, O timid Heart,
Absolvo te, a sinner!
Arise; take courage and depart,
And, if you wish to win her,
Go straight to her and then confess
The purpose of your visit,
And get her answer—No, or Yes.
. . . . .

O Sweetheart mine, which is it?

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Not on the Programme

THE elder Wallack once played in a romantic drama in which, after taking an impassioned leave of the heroine, he leaped on a horse which stood just in the wings and dashed across the stage. Wallack objected to this nightly gallop, and it was, therefore, arranged that one of the supers, who closely resembled the actor, should make the ride. He was accordingly dressed exactly like Wallack, and sent to the theatre in the afternoon to rehearse. He carried off his part well, and the stage-manager departed.

But the super was not satisfied, and complained to a young member of the company who happened to be present. "Why, see here," he said, "that thing is too dead easy. A man with a wooden leg could do it with his eyes shut. I used to be in a circus. Couldn't I stand up on this here equine and do a few stunts?"

"Certainly," exclaimed the other; "that would be all right. Go ahead."

"You think the old party wouldn't object?" said the super, doubtfully.

"Object!" returned the player. "Why, he'd be tickled to death. Do it."

That evening when the critical point was reached Wallack was gratified to see his counterpart standing ready beside the horse.

"Love, good-night—good-night," cried the hero, preparing to drop over the edge of the balcony.

"Stay!" cried the heroine, clinging round his neck. "You ride perhaps to death!"

"Nay, sweet, say not so; I ride to honor! With thoughts of thee in my heart no harm can come! Good-night—good-night!"

He tore himself from her frantic embrace and dropped out of sight of the audience. "Go!" he hissed to the man.

As the horse leaped forward on to the stage the fellow gave a mighty vault and alighted standing on its bare back. He threw up one foot gracefully and danced easily on the other, and just before it was too late leaped into the air, turned a somersault, landed on the horse's back, and bounded lightly to the stage.

It is recorded that the audience applauded tumultuously, but the remarks of Wallack are, unfortunately, lost.

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Illustration for "King Richard II."

RICHARD II.

Painted by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., for Harper's Magazine

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CVI MARCH, 1903 No. DCXXXIV

"King Richard II."

CRITICAL COMMENT BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R. A.

IT is a truth more curious than difficult to verify that there was a time when the greatest genius ever known among the sons of men was uncertain of the future and unsure of the task before it; when the one unequalled and unapproachable master of the one supreme art which implies and includes the mastery of the one supreme science perceptible and accessible by man stood hesitating between the impulsive instinct for dramatic poetry, the crown and consummation of all philosophies, the living incarnation of creative and intelligent godhead, and the facile seduction of elegiac and idyllic verse, of meditative and uncreative song: between the music of Orpheus and the music of Tibullus. The legendary choice of Hercules was of less moment than the actual choice of Shakespeare between the influence of Robert Greene and the influence of Christopher Marlowe.

The point of most interest in the tragedy or history of *King Richard II.* is the obvious evidence which it gives of the struggle between the worse and the better genius of its author. "'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day." The author of *Selimus* and *Andronicus* is visibly contending with the author of *Faustus* and *Edward II.* for the mastery of Shakespeare's poetic and dramatic adolescence. Already the bitter hatred which was soon to vent itself in the raging rancor of his dying utterance must have been kindled in the unhappy heart of Greene by comparison of his original work with the few lines, or possibly the scene or two, in his unlovely though not unsuccessful tragedy of *Titus Andronicus,* which had been retouched or supplied by Shakespeare; whose marvellous power of transfiguration in the act of imitation was never overmatched in any early work of a Raffaelle while yet the disciple of a Perugino. There are six lines in that discomfortable play which can only have been written, if any trust may be put in the evidence of intelligent comparison, by Shakespeare; and yet they are undoubtedly in the style of Greene, who could only have written them if the spirit of Shakespeare had passed into him for five minutes or so:

King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimmed that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

There is nothing so fine as that in the

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elegiac or rhyming scenes or passages of *King Richard II.* And yet it is not glaringly out of place among the *sottes monstruosités* — if I may borrow a phrase applied by Michelet to a more recent literary creation—of the crazy and chaotic tragedy in which a writer of gentle and idyllic genius attempted to play the part which his friend Marlowe and their supplanter Shakespeare were born to originate and to sustain. To use yet another and a most admirable French phrase, the author of *Titus Andronicus* is evidently a *mouton enragé.* The mad sheep who has broken the bounds of his pastoral sheepfold has only, in his own opinion, to assume the skin of a wolf, and the tragic stage must acknowledge him as a lion. Greene, in his best works of prose fiction and in his lyric and elegiac idyls, is as surely the purest and gentlest of writers as he was the most reckless and disreputable of men. And when ambition or hunger lured or lashed him into the alien field of tragic poetry, his first and last notion of the work in hand was simply to revel and wallow in horrors after the fashion, by no means of a wild boar, but merely of a wether gone distracted.

Nevertheless, the influence of this unlucky trespasser on tragedy is too obvious in too much of the text of *King Richard II.* to be either questioned or overlooked. Coleridge, whose ignorance of Shakespeare's predecessors was apparently as absolute as it is assuredly astonishing in the friend of Lamb, has attempted by supersubtle advocacy to explain and excuse, if not to justify and glorify, the crudities and incongruities of dramatic conception and poetic execution which signalize this play as unmistakably the author's first attempt at historic drama: it would perhaps be more exactly accurate to say, at dramatic history. But they are almost as evident as the equally wonderful and youthful genius of the poet. The grasp of character is uncertain: the exposition of event is inadequate. The reader or spectator unversed in the byways of history has to guess at what has already happened—how, why, when, where, and by whom the prince whose murder is the matter in debate at the opening of the play has been murdered. He gets so little help or light from the poet that he can only guess at random, with blind assumption or purblind hesitation, what may be the right or wrong of the case which is not even set before him. The scolding-match between Bolingbroke and Mowbray, fine in their primitive way as are the last two speeches of the latter declaimer, is liker the work of a pre-Marlowite than the work of Marlowe's disciple. The whole scene is merely literary, if not purely academic: and the seemingly casual interchange of rhyme and blank verse is more wayward and fitful than even in *Romeo and Juliet.* That the finest passage is in rhyme, and is given to a character about to vanish from the action of the play, is another sign of poetical and intellectual immaturity. The second scene has in it a breath of true passion and a touch of true pathos: but even if the subject had been more duly and definitely explained, it would still have been comparatively wanting in depth of natural passion and pungency of natural pathos. The third scene, full of beautifully fluent and plentifully inefficient writing, reveals the protagonist of the play as so pitifully mean and cruel a weakling that no future action or suffering can lift him above the level which divides and purifies pity from contempt. And this, if mortal manhood may venture to pass judgment on immortal godhead, I must say that Shakespeare does not seem to me to have seen. The theatrical trickery which masks and reveals the callous cruelty and the heartless hypocrisy of the histrionic young tyrant is enough to remove him once for all beyond reach of manly sympathy or compassion unqualified by scorn. If we can ever be sorry for anything that befalls so vile a sample of royalty, our sorrow must be so diluted and adulterated by recollection of his wickedness and baseness that its tribute could hardly be acceptable to any but the most pitiable example or exception of mankind. But this is not enough for the relentless persistence in spiritual vivisection that seems to guide and animate the poet's manipulation and evolution of a character which at once excites a contempt and hatred only to be superseded by the loathing and abhorrence aroused at thought of the dastardly ruffian by the death-bed of his father's noble and venerable brother.

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ACT III.: SCENE III. THE KING ON THE WALL OF FLINT CASTLE

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The magnificent poetry which glorifies the opening scene of the second act, however dramatically appropriate and effective in its way, is yet so exuberant in lyric and elegiac eloquence that readers or spectators may conceivably have thought the young Shakespeare less richly endowed by nature as a dramatist than as a poet. It is not of the speaker or the hearer that we think as we read the most passionate panegyric on his country ever set to hymnal harmonies by the greatest of patriotic poets but Aeschylus alone: it is simply of England and of Shakespeare.

The bitter prolongation of the play upon words which answers the half-hearted if not heartless inquiry, "How is't with aged Gaunt?" is a more dramatic touch of homelier and nearer nature to which Coleridge has done no more than exact justice in his admirable comment:—"A passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and therefore as appropriately to drama, as by gesticulations, looks, or tones." And the one thoroughly noble and nobly coherent figure in the poem disappears as with a thunderclap or the sound of a trumpet calling to judgment a soul too dull in its baseness, too decrepit in its degradation, to hear or understand the summons.

> Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
> These words hereafter thy tormentors be!

But the poor mean spirit of the hearer is too narrow and too shallow to feel the torment which a nobler soul in its adversity would have recognized by the revelation of remorse.

With the passing of John of Gaunt the moral grandeur of the poem passes finally away. Whatever of interest we may feel in any of the surviving figures is transitory, intermittent, and always qualified by a sense of ethical inconsistency and intellectual inferiority. There is not a man among them: unless it be the Bishop of Carlisle: and he does but flash across the action for an ineffectual instant. There is often something attractive in Aumerle: indeed, his dauntless and devoted affection for the king makes us sometimes feel as though there must be something not unpitiable or unlovable in the kinsman who could inspire and retain such constancy of regard in a spirit so much manlier than his own. But the figure is too roughly and too thinly sketched to be thoroughly memorable as a man's: and his father's is an incomparable, an incredible, an unintelligible and a monstrous nullity. Coleridge's attempt to justify the ways of York to man —to any man of common sense and common sentiment—is as amusing in Coleridge as it would be amazing in any other and therefore in any lesser commentator.

In the scene at Windsor Castle between the queen and her husband's minions the idyllic or elegiac style again supplants and supersedes the comparatively terse and dramatic manner of dialogue between the noblemen whom we have just seen lashed into disgust and goaded into revolt by the villainy and brutality of the rascal king. The dialogue is beautiful and fanciful: it makes a very pretty eclogue: none other among the countless writers of Elizabethan eclogues could have equalled it. But if we look for anything more or for anything higher than this, we must look elsewhere: and we shall not look in vain if we turn to the author of *Edward the Second.* When the wretched York creeps in, we have undoubtedly such a living and drivelling picture of hysterical impotence on the downward grade to dotage and distraction as none but Shakespeare could have painted. When Bolingbroke reappears and Harry Percy appears on the stage of the poet who has bestowed on him a generous portion from the inexhaustible treasure of his own immortal life, we find ourselves again among men, and are comforted and refreshed by the change. The miserable old regent's histrionic attempt to play the king and rebuke the rebel is so admirably pitiful that his last unnatural and monstrous appearance in the action of the play might possibly be explained or excused on the score of dotage—an active and feverish fit of impassioned and demented dotage.

The inspired effeminacy and the fanciful puerility which dunces attribute to the typical character of a representative poet never found such graceful utterance as the greatest of poets has given to the unmanliest of his creatures when Richard lands in Wales. Coleridge credits the

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ACT III.: SCENE IV.

GARDENER: "*. . . and Bolingbroke hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—O! what pity is it,*
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden!"

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poor wretch with "an intense love of his country," intended to "redeem him in the hearts of the audience" in spite of the fact that "even in this love there is something feminine and personal." There is nothing else in it: as anybody but Coleridge would have seen. It is exquisitely pretty and utterly unimaginable as the utterance of a man. The two men who support him on either side, the loyal priest and the gallant kinsman, offer him words of manly counsel and manful cheer. He answers them with an outbreak of such magnificent poetry as might almost have been uttered by the divine and unknown and unimaginable poet who gave to eternity the Book of Job: but in this case also the futility of intelligence is as perfect as the sublimity of speech. And his utter collapse on the arrival of bad tidings provokes a counterchange of poetry as splendid in utterance of abjection and despair as the preceding rhapsody in expression of confidence and pride. The scene is still rather amœbæan than dramatic: it is above the reach of Euripides, but more like the imaginable work of a dramatic and tragic Theocritus than the possible work of a Sophocles when content to give us nothing more nearly perfect and more comparatively sublime than the *Trachiniæ*. And it is even more amusing than curious that the courtly censors who cancelled and suppressed the scene of Richard's deposition should not have cut away the glorious passage in which the vanity of kingship is confronted, by the grovelling repentance of a king, with the grinning humiliation of death. The dramatic passion of this second great speech is as unmistakable as the lyric emotion of the other. And the utter collapse of heart and spirit which follows on the final stroke of bad tidings at once completes the picture of the man, and concludes in equal harmony the finest passage of the poem and the most memorable scene in the play.

The effect of the impression made by it is so elaborately sustained in the following scene as almost to make a young student wonder at the interest taken by the young Shakespeare in the development or evolution of such a womanish or semivirile character. The style is not exactly verbose, as we can hardly deny that it is in the less passionate parts of the second and third acts of *King John:* but it is exuberant and effusive, elegiac and Ovidian, in a degree which might well have made his admirers doubt, and gravely doubt, whether the future author of *Othello* would ever be competent to take and hold his place beside the actual author of *Faustus*. Marlowe did not spend a tithe of the words or a tithe of the pains on the presentation of a character neither more worthy of contempt nor less worthy of compassion. And his Edward is at least as living and convincing, as tragic and pathetic, a figure as Shakespeare's Richard.

The garden scene which closes this memorable third act is a very pretty eclogue, not untouched with tragic rather than idyllic emotion. The fourth act opens upon a morally chaotic introduction of incongruous causes, inexplicable plaintiffs, and incomprehensible defendants. Whether Aumerle or Fitzwater or Surrey or Bagot is right or wrong, honorable or villainous, no reader or spectator is given a chance of guessing: it is a mere cockpit squabble. And the scene of deposition which follows, full as it is of graceful and beautiful writing, need only be set against the scene of deposition in *Edward the Second* to show the difference between rhetorical and dramatic poetry, emotion and passion, eloquence and tragedy, literature and life. The young Shakespeare's scene is full to superfluity of fine verses and fine passages: his young compeer's or master's is from end to end one magnificent model of tragedy, "simple, sensuous, and passionate" as Milton himself could have desired: Milton, the second as Shakespeare was the first, of the great English poets who were pupils and debtors of Christopher Marlowe. It is pure poetry and perfect drama: the fancy is finer and the action more lifelike than here. Only once or twice do we come upon such a line as this in the pathetic but exuberant garrulity of Richard:—"While that my wretchedness doth bait myself." That is worthy of Marlowe. And what follows is certainly pathetic: though certainly there is a good deal of it.

The last act might rather severely than unfairly be described as a series of six tragic or tragicomic eclogues. The first

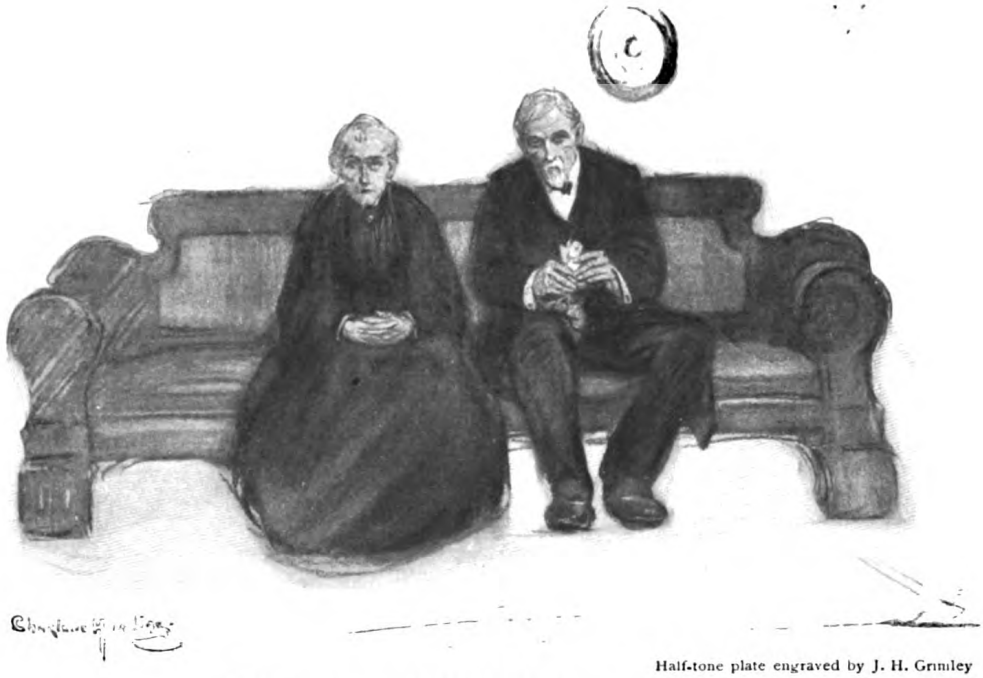
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scene is so lovely that no reader worthy to enjoy it will care to ask whether it is or is not so lifelike as to convey no less of conviction than all readers must feel of fascination in the continuous and faultless melody of utterance and tenderness of fancy which make it in its way an incomparable idyl. From the dramatic point of view it might certainly be objected that we know nothing of the wife, and that what we know of the husband does not by any means tend to explain the sudden pathos and sentimental sympathy of their parting speeches. The first part of the next scene is as beautiful and blameless an example of dramatic narrative as even a Greek poet could have given at such length: but in the latter part of it we cannot but see and acknowledge again the dramatic immaturity of the poet who in a very few years was to reveal himself as beyond all question, except from the most abject and impudent of dunces, the greatest imaginable dramatist or creator ever born into immortality. Style and metre are rough, loose, and weak: the dotage of York becomes lunacy. *Sa folie en furie est tournée.* The scene in which he clamors for the blood of his son is not in any proper sense tragic or dramatic: it is a very ugly eclogue, artificial in manner and unnatural in substance. No feebler or unlovelier example exists of those "jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits" which Marlowe's imperial rebuke should already have withered into silence on the lips of the veriest Marsyas among all the amœbæan rhymesters of his voluble and effervescent generation.

The better nature of the young Shakespeare revives in the closing scenes: though Exton is a rather insufficient ruffian for the part of so important an assassin. We might at least have seen or heard of him before he suddenly chips the shell as a full-fledged murderer. The last soliloquy of the king is wonderful in its way, and beautiful from any point of view: it shows once more the influence of Marlowe's example in the curious trick of selection and transcription of texts for sceptic meditation and analytic dissection. But we see rather more of the poet and less of his creature the man than Marlowe might have given us. The interlude of the groom, on the other hand, gives promise of something different in power and pathos from the poetry of Marlowe: but the scene of slaughter which follows is not quite satisfactory: it is almost boyish in its impetuosity of buffeting and bloodshed. The last scene, with its final reversion to rhyme, may be described in Richard's own previous words as good, "and yet not greatly good."

Of the three lines on which the greatest genius that ever made earth more splendid, and the name of man more glorious, than without the passage of its presence they could have been, chose alternately or successively to work, the line of tragedy was that on which its promise or assurance of future supremacy was first made manifest. The earliest comedies of Shakespeare, overflowing with fancies and exuberant in beauties as they are, gave no sign of inimitable power: their joyous humor and their sunbright poetry were charming rather than promising qualities. The imperfections of his first historic play, on which I trust I have not touched with any semblance of even the most unwilling or unconscious irreverence, are surely more serious, more obvious, more obtrusive, than the doubtless undeniable and indisputable imperfections of *Romeo and Juliet*. If the style of love-making in that loveliest of all youthful poems is fantastically unlike the actual courtship of modern lovers, it is not unliker than is the style of love-making in favor with Dante and his fellow-poets of juvenile and fanciful passion. Setting aside this objection, the first of Shakespeare's tragedies is not more beautiful than blameless. There is no incoherence of character, no inconsistency of action. Aumerle is hardly so living a figure as Tybalt: Capulet is as indisputably probable as York is obviously impossible in the part of a headstrong tyrant. There is little feminine interest in the earliest comedies: there is less in the first history. In the first tragedy there is nothing else, or nothing but what is so subservient and subordinate as simply to bring it out and throw it into relief. In the work of a young poet this difference would or should be enough to establish and explain the fact that though he might be greater than all other men in history and comedy, he was still greater in tragedy.

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Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

THE ROSE HAD FALLEN FROM THE BRIDE'S CLUSTER

After the Wedding

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE



THE white-haired couple stood at the limestone horse-block and strained their dim eyes down the elm-arched village street in the direction of a rapidly vanishing carriage. As the vehicle turned a distant corner, a girl within leaned forward and eagerly waved a bit of white. The man at the horse-block remained motionless, for seventy is not twenty; but the woman returned the farewell with a faltering flutter of her own damp handkerchief, and, as the carriage disappeared, bit her trembling lips. Then the aged couple returned to the yard, carefully closed the gate behind them, passed slowly down an aster-bordered walk, paused uncertainly on the old-fashioned piazza with the phœbe's nest in one corner, and entered the house.

In the parlor the subtle odor of well-groomed humanity still hung in the air, calling to mind satiny skins, lace handkerchiefs, and perfumed coils of hair. The floral decorations were already beginning to fade; bruised petals littered the floor, and among these lay a single white rose. It had fallen from the bride's cluster, and chanced to mark the very spot where she had publicly resigned her maidenhood, leaving father and mother to cleave to the man of her choice.

Four other sisters before her had done the same thing, in the same room, on almost the same spot. But she was the last of the brood of tender fledglings; the nest was now empty; and Mrs. Madison suddenly sank upon a sofa and softly began to cry. Old Ferdinand said nothing for the moment. Finally, though, he sat down beside her.

"Well, now, mother, I don't know as I'd *cry*," he ventured, cheerfully.

"You don't know what you would do,

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Ferdinand, if you were her mother, and she your last baby," sobbed the other.

"You wouldn't have wanted her to turn out an old maid, would you?"

No answer.

"And you ought to be glad she's got such a steady young fellow as Frank for a husband." He pulled his short chin whiskers in affectation of a philosophical assurance which he was far from feeling.

Still no answer.

"She was as cool as a cucumber," he observed next, taking another tack. "I don't know as I ever seen a cooler bride. She was cooler than Frank. I saw his hand tremble when he put the ring on her finger."

"Maybe she wasn't as cool as she looked," said his wife, with the least resentment in her tear-mellowed voice. "Everybody said *I* was cool, but I know I thought my heart would burst. A woman doesn't always show what she feels."

"I thought you did, my dear, that day, when you promised to love me unto death," said he, smiling with reminiscent tenderness and taking her hand.

She shook her head, almost girlishly. "No, Ferdinand," said she, with sweet firmness, "I don't think you knew then how much I loved you, and I don't believe you have ever known since. I don't blame *you*. It isn't given to men to know, I am coming to believe. I don't know why, though I suppose God does.

"Frank is a good boy. He loves Anna. He'll provide for her well, and that is a great comfort. I have no fears that he'll ever bruise her heart—at least no more than it's woman's lot to be bruised, even by the best of men. But, O my husband!" she exclaimed, with a little wail that wrung the old man's heart, "he does not know, he cannot know, the depth of that child's love. He's the breath of her nostrils. She has made a god of him, and kneels in worship a hundred times a day. How often have I sat and watched the play of sunshine and shadow over her dear face as she read his letter! I knew almost as well as she what was in it, or whether it was a page longer or a page shorter than usual. And whenever he was with her she'd flutter around him like a bird, longing to absorb him in her great heart, yet held off by timidity, and compelled by convention and womanly modesty to await his pleasure. Do you mean to tell me," she asked, almost sternly, "that Frank or any other man is worthy of such adoration as that?"

"No. But if God orders it, it must be just, and for the best."

"Oh, I know it's for the best; and it is not unjust, because such love is its own reward. It is vastly more precious to her than it is to him. Yet the day will come," she added, with twitching nostrils and fresh tears, "when she will know her god to be made of clay."

Ferdinand reserved comment. Perhaps the implication that *he* had turned out clay was a little too strong for judicial impartiality on his part.

She removed the last external trace of tears, and then went on:

"Last night she slipped into our room and woke me up. I saw that she was very nervous, so I went back to bed with her and lay there nearly an hour. She had not slept at all, and had got it into her head, from some careless word of Frank's, that perhaps he did not love her with that absorption and single-heartedness necessary to a perfectly happy and holy union. I needn't tell you what she said—she meant it for me alone; but I would have given this roof over our heads, Ferdinand, I believe, if Frank could have heard and seen her. I don't think the memory of it would have left him this side of the grave." (The tiny handkerchief's work was all undone now, and the tears were flowing freely again.) "It would have made him a better and a nobler man."

Time was when Ferdinand Madison, as modest a man as the average, perhaps, regarded himself as the head of his house and his wife as a helpmate. His ambition was then one of the significant facts of the universe (as he saw it), to which most other things might be proud to minister. But in spite of Biblical authority and his wife's enthusiastic agreement, fifty years had somewhat altered these views. Babies had arrived at his house, quietly, one by one, without a hint of revolution. A few turns of the wheel of time, and the babes were blooming girls. Then he awoke to the realization that the excuse for his existence was not ambition, but family.

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"I WATCHED HER DEAR FACE AS SHE READ HIS LETTER"

Thus it came about that the master became the servant, and he who was once head became but helpmate. At least, so he felt when he saw how little he could do for his daughters, aside from supplying their material wants, that Lucy could not do better. And as they sat together now, and she sadly murmured, "My hands are empty!" and spread the slender white members, palms up, on her black skirt, in mute, unconscious eloquence, he was amazed to recall that he once thought those small but capable hands made to minister to him and his lofty dreams. How much grander had been their work!

The house was very still that night. No booming of the piano; no racing of light feet up and down stairs—while mother held her breath until they safely reached the bottom; no animated swish of skirts through the sitting-room; no low crooning from Anna's room as she dressed, or combed her hair, or stitched away at some filmy bridal vesture; no clear, strong call from the hammock on the porch to some passing girl friend.

However, Amy Carroll, Anna's bosom companion, dropped in about eight o'clock on her way to the post-office for the late mail. Never was visitor more welcome, for she seemed to retain something of the essence of the departed one in a way that the inanimate things around the house could not retain it. Mrs. Madison though not demonstrative greeted the girl with a kiss; and the two clung to each other for an instant in one of those rigid, subtle, breathless embraces known only to women who feel a common sorrow.

"Who will take her place in our hearts, Amy?" asked the older woman, with a smile, bravely cheerful, but infinitely pathetic.

"Who will take *our* place in *her* heart?" returned Amy. "*He'll* have to expand some to do it, I'm thinking." And she

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laughed to hide the mist in her eyes. "They are in Cincinnati by now—have been for two hours, if their train was on time. I wonder if they will go to the theatre to-night. They expected to, if they weren't too tired."

"I think Anna will feel like remaining quiet. She did not rest at all well last night."

"Amy," spoke up old Ferdinand, "sit down at the piano and play that favorite Nordica waltz of Annie's for us."

Amy, with a finer instinct than the old man's, glanced doubtfully at Mrs. Madison.

"Not to-night, Ferdinand, please," said she. "I—I don't believe I could stand it to-night."

Ferdinand walked down town with Amy, at Mrs. Madison's suggestion.

Left alone, Mrs. Madison drew her rocker close to the front door, where she would be nearer the thin stream of after-supper village life. It was a little damp for her outside, even with the protection of the porch. The night before, at this hour, Anna was lying in the hammock, gently swinging herself with one toe anchored to the floor. Frank had sat close at hand. Nearly every night, the whole summer long, when Frank was not close at hand, the girl had thus lain and swung herself for hours, thinking, thinking, thinking. The creaking hammock-hook, rusty and rheumatic from rain, had told Mrs. Madison, knitting just inside, all about it. Soft or loud—fast or slow—high or low—the old lady had learned all the hook's moods. Her chair had learned them too, and regulated its motion accordingly.

As she sat dreaming with wide-open eyes, the stillness was suddenly broken by this familiar creaking. Mrs. Madison ceased rocking, cocked her head to one side like a startled bird, and listened for the noise again, with an increased pulse. There was no wind, and she was quite certain that the hammock was not up. But—*zeek! zeek! ze-ek! z-e-e-e-k!* Her heart gave one great throb and then stood still. Superstition, that lighter or heavier sleeper in the breasts of us all, suddenly lifted its terrifying head. Amy's words about the bridal couple's train being on time had been running, curiously enough, in Mrs. Madison's head ever since. Perhaps this was a warning! Perhaps—oh, dreadful thought!—there had been a wreck, and Anna's spirit—

The mysterious creaking came again. With trembling knees and palpitating heart, the frightened old lady forced herself to the door. For an instant she stood there with closed eyes, dreading she knew not what. Then she peered into the darkness. The hammock was not up; she could make out the idle ropes hanging from the hooks. But at the lower end of one of the ropes Anna's kitten crouched. Its little white paws were playfully spread, and as Mrs. Madison looked they tapped the funny snake-like plaything first on one side and then on the other, making it sway to and fro and squeak like a mouse.

She said nothing of her adventure to Ferdinand, but she knelt in prayer at her bedside longer than usual that night, asking God to forgive her weakness, and to enable her to bear this cross as she had borne others, forgetting not the duty of cheerfulness to her neighbors and her husband. Yet in spite of this and other supplications for strength, the endless, aimless days that followed seemed to strip her very bones of their marrow. She caught herself in tears many times a day. Moreover, there seemed nothing to do now. The house once set to rights in the morning, stayed so. There was no one to litter it up. The kitten prowled about, mewing disconsolately; and even the canary seemed to have lost his voice since the piano was stilled.

Old Ferdinand noted the change in her with a heavy heart. She seemed more girlish, more appealingly helpless, than she had for many a year.

"Now, mother," said he, at dinner one day, "you need to get out, and so do I. You go to the missionary meeting this afternoon, and I'll drive out to the farm. Is that a bargain?"

"Ferdinand, I *can't* go to that meeting," she protested, despairingly. "They'll all want to know about Anna, and—and—" A convulsive movement of her drawn throat finished the sentence.

"Can't!" repeated Ferdinand, sternly—as sternly as he ever spoke to her. "You never used to use that word."

She heard him through with a white, stricken face and downcast eyes, her thin

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fingers nervously moulding a crumb of bread. He noted that she had laid her napkin on the table, although she had scarcely touched the food on her plate, and his heart smote him. She had a habit of sitting primly upright at table, without touching the back of her chair; and to-day this dainty, birdlike attitude, assisted by her black, close-fitting waist, brought out touchingly her little narrow shoulders, thin arms, and shrunken breast. Again his heart smote him, and only a sense of duty kept him from retracting his words.

"Ferdinand, I deserve your reproof," said she, with labored firmness. "I have been weak—sinfully so. Our girls were spared to grow to womanhood, when others were taken away. They are happily married, and how thankful we should be for that! And for me to grieve over Anna as though—as though she were dead, is a wicked thing, I know. Forgive me, husband, as I have asked God to forgive me, and I will try to do better. But if I could only tell you how I feel— It was only yesterday, it seems, that she came and leaned against my knees and asked me, with great, round eyes, how the storks could carry little babies in their bills without making them cry. I can't realize that since that day she has become a woman, a wife, a mother in possibility. She's so young and so innocent—" The trembling lips shut off the rest. "But I'll be good now," she concluded, smiling sweetly, with a spiritual light shining through the mist in her eyes. "And I'll go to the missionary meeting. But I won't promise to stay it out."

Old gray Billy jogged pleasantly along the white warm turnpike. The barking of distant dogs, the lowing of cattle, the crowing of cocks, and the cawing of crows floated across the lazy, blue autumnal landscape. The cheery whistle of bob-white came from stubble and fence-row. But old man Madison was blind and deaf. He even failed to detect old Billy's cautiously slackened pace, though it was an old trick; and, finally, when actually within sight of the farm, he turned the horse about and headed for home again. He may have just recalled that the last time he visited the farm Anna had leaped out and opened the gate for him.

As he drove into the barn at home, from the lane back of his premises, he was surprised to hear Anna's piano. So surprised was he—with Mrs. Madison at the missionary meeting—that he left old Billy standing in the shafts and walked briskly to the house. He entered quietly, though not exactly on his toes, and paused at the sitting-room door.

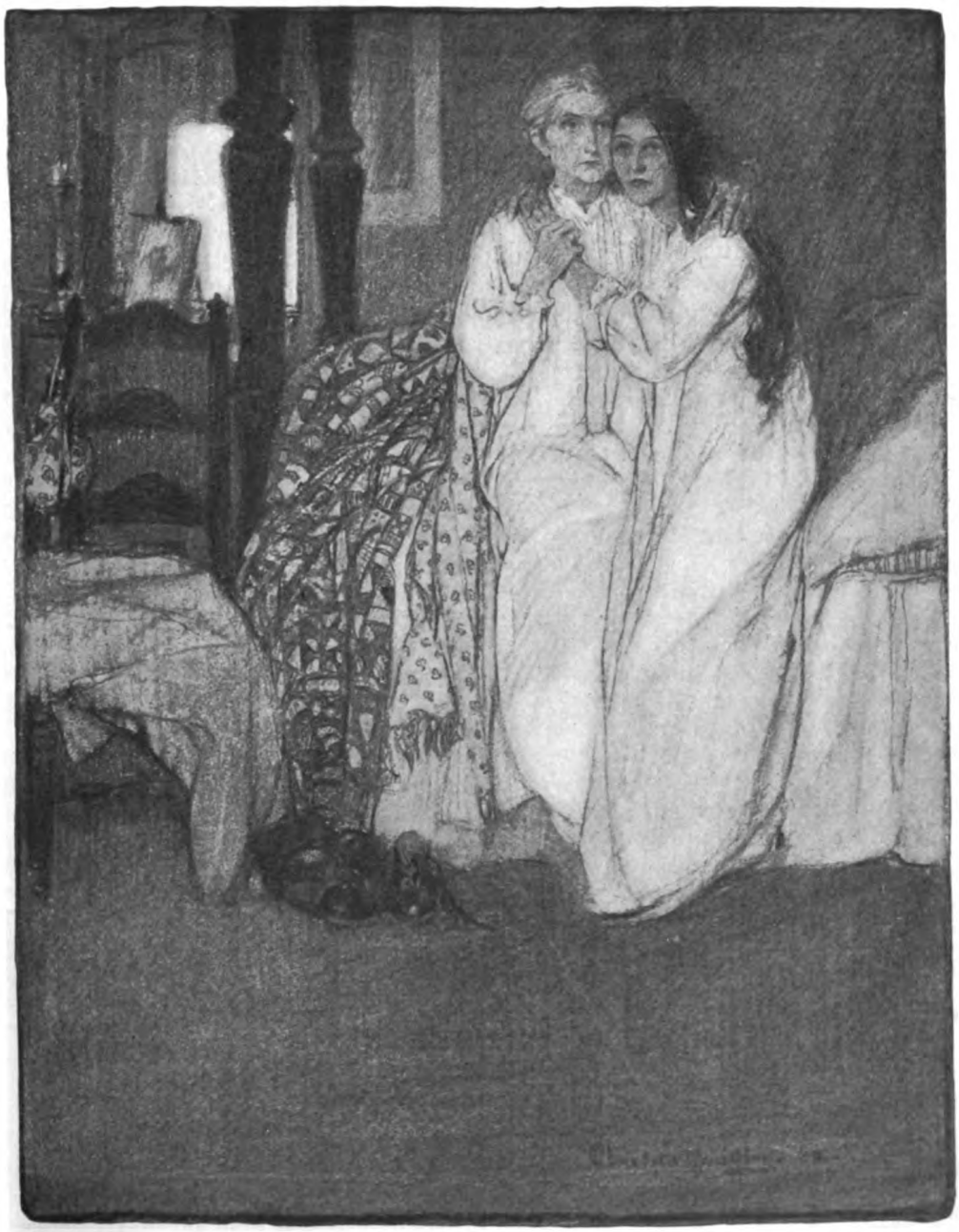
Lucy Madison, whom he had not heard play a note for over twenty years, sat at the piano. Before her was Anna's favorite book of Nordica waltzes. Slowly, haltingly, with infinite pains, the long-disused fingers, fairly skilful before babies and household work had stiffened their joints, crept from key to key; and the familiar air which used to throb with life and joy under Anna's lusty young hands floated waveringly forth. At the end of a few bars the player paused to wipe her streaming eyes. Then the music limped tremulously on, until the notes again blurred, swam, and danced, and the handkerchief again went up.

Ferdinand did not tarry. With guilty stealth he slipped out through the garden, backed old Billy out of the barn as noiselessly as possible, and a second time started the astonished and indignant equine for the farm. The court-house clock was tolling six as he drove back into town.

No confession was immediately forthcoming from either side. But after they had knelt in prayer on opposite sides of the bed, and composed their heads upon their respective pillows, Mrs. Madison made a clean breast of the afternoon. All their married lives long they had thus balanced accounts with their consciences and each other before they slept, until what was once a penance, and hard, became a lofty pleasure, and easy. After Ferdinand had related his doublings of the afternoon, sparing himself in nothing (although he could dimly see his wife's smiling teeth), he added:

"Now, Lucy, if anybody outside should hear of this, what would they think of us? They'd call us a pair of old ninnies. And next Christmas, when the girls are all home, with their babies, we'll look back and call ourselves the same thing. Pshaw! Did you ever stop to think that

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"SHE HAD NOT SLEPT AT ALL"

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Annie's only one hundred and seventy-five miles away? We could get her here in six hours, if we wanted her."

"You are right, my dear," she answered, quietly. "Only—it isn't the distance that makes her seem so far away to me. Somebody else has taken our place; and when she's sick or in trouble now, she'll go to *him*."

"I reckon she'd come to her mother yet if she was very sick or in much trouble," he answered, confidently.

"If she didn't, I'd go to her," said the little mother, with more spirit than she had shown for days. "I guess they wouldn't lock me out."

"No, I guess they wouldn't," said Ferdinand, patting her cheek. "I don't remember that we ever locked *your* mother out. If I remember right, you were willing, when a certain important event was about to happen, to have her locked *in*."

"The poor little dear!" she whispered, solemnly.

Ferdinand knew that it was not of her mother that she then thought and spoke, but of that first little visitor in the family, who had tarried for so brief a time. That was thirty-five years before.

Anna had not dismantled her room. Only her most treasured pictures, some bric-à-brac, and a little desk which had been consecrated by her love-letters to Frank were packed in a big box and shipped to her new home. She had laughingly said that she wanted a nest of her own to come back to occasionally; but no one knew better than she the depressing effect which her stripped room would have on her mother after she was gone. As it was, Mrs. Madison had spent hours of melancholy pleasure in wandering about the deserted room, slipping out drawers with something like reverence, or sitting in the low rocking-chair which Anna had clung to from childhood with the tenacity characteristic of her affections, or peeping into the glass which had reflected the darling girl's flushed and happy face so many times as she dressed for some village festivity, or combed and plaited her splendid hair before lying down to sleep.

The day following the missionary meeting was divinely soft and beautiful—a day on which unhappiness would have been a double sin. Mrs. Madison knew from the kitchen just what a glorious flood of sunlight was pouring through Anna's east windows. So after the breakfast things were put away, and Ferdinand had gone down town, she took her Bible and stole up stairs. A peace such as she had not known for many days seemed to have settled upon her during the night, like a dove. So she now stowed herself into the plain little chair in which Anna had always read, and opened the volume of Sacred Writ.

After a little she arose and took from a shelf in the closet a large pasteboard box full of dolls, from a shapeless rag scullion with inflamed eyes of red yarn to a great waxen-cheeked, flaxen-haired, scarlet-lipped queen with kid hands and feet. The mother knew the history of them all — the uncles and aunts, the birthdays and Christmases, which they memorialized. Their dress-stuffs, too, were almost an epitome of Anna's own wardrobe during her doll days. She cried a little as the spectres of memory went trooping by; but it was not the acrid waters of grief this time which ran down her cheeks. She also kissed the little nigger baby which Anna used to call her "heathren" and send to Sunday-school, with the white babies, to be converted. It seemed to Mrs. Madison that there yet lingered around that battered, much-kissed mouth some vagrant traces of wintergreen candy, quince preserves, and gingerbread rabbits, of all of which the little missionary used to be dreadfully fond.

"It was all very beautiful, and meat and drink for my soul," she murmured, half aloud. "But only because it foreshadowed the real maternity which will now soon be hers, God willing. I would not have her go back—no, not a single hour — were she ever so willing. This room, sanctified to me as it is by remains of her blessed presence, was only a chrysalis, after all, for her to grow safely to maturity in. She is now a woman, my mind tells me, though my heart refuses to believe. She has stretched her wings and flown away—out into life, with its pleasures and pains, its responsibilities and rewards. I can call her back no more than I can call back the ages; but I would not if I could. O God, help me always to think of it thus!"

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Our Tyrol and its Types

BY JULIAN RALPH

OUR Tyrol—especially the Green Mountain portion of it—is peopled with queer characters. It is not a descent into slang to declare that the Vermont woods are full of human curios. The original heroic Yankee stock was sufficiently strong to bequeath intense individualism even to the weakest of its descendants, so that a "crank" in those parts is more of a crank, and a loafer can loaf harder, than almost anywhere else that I have been. The most notable of the unconventionals in our Tyrol are naturally the brainy men and women who frankly and openly defy public opinion, which is here a very elastic, broad, and tolerant force. It concedes to every one the right to his own opinions, or else merely lifts its shoulders and smiles, where a New Jersey public opinion would quarrel with the eccentrics, and a southern Indiana communal spirit would sentence them to tar and feathers. Some of these intellectual originals live like monks and nuns; some paint their fences and slaughter their pigs on Sundays; while others, declaring themselves atheists, Second Adventists, or Buddhists, shine in their little communities as dentists, doctors, photographers, shopkeepers, etc.



A VERMONT LUMBERMAN

The way in which they are regarded by their neighbors reminds me of an interview I once had with a kindly giant in the uniform of the London police. I found him listening to a curbstone orator who was savagely denouncing the British crown and royal family for allowing him to go without the luxuries of civilization after he had lost a leg in battle.

"Why do you permit him to talk like that?" I asked.

"Ah well, you see, sir," the blue-coated giant replied, "it pleases 'im, and it 'arms nobody."

One of the originals I found last summer was a spiritualist, who lives alone in a small mid-mountain village. This sect is sufficiently numerous in those parts to hold camp-meetings and form many large circles scattered all over the State. In this case I was attracted by the size and beauty of the man's home and its surroundings. The house was a modern mansion of the large villa type, shining with new paint and crystal-clear windows, and possessing a garden gorgeous with flowers. Any one would have supposed that a family inhabited the place, and that a proud mother and her ambitious daughters kept it

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in order. Yet it was tenanted solely by one man and his private circle of intimate ghosts, and if the spirits did not perform the household duties in kitchen, laundry, and sleeping-rooms, it is certain that he did the work himself, for no other atomy of flesh and blood went in or out of his home.

This puts in mind another household, consisting of father, mother, and two daughters—a family bearing an old and honored name, and headed by a man occupying a high place in professional life. The drawing-room (in Vermontese "the settin' - room") was a museum of needle-work in the forms of embroidery and worsted ornaments. I congratulated the elder daughter upon her skill with her needles, and she replied: "I cannot even sew up a tear in a rag-bag. Father did all this."



"CELERY! CELERY!! CELERY!!!"

Three miles from the hermitage of the lonely spiritualist I found a summer hotel undergoing alterations that amounted almost to rebuilding.

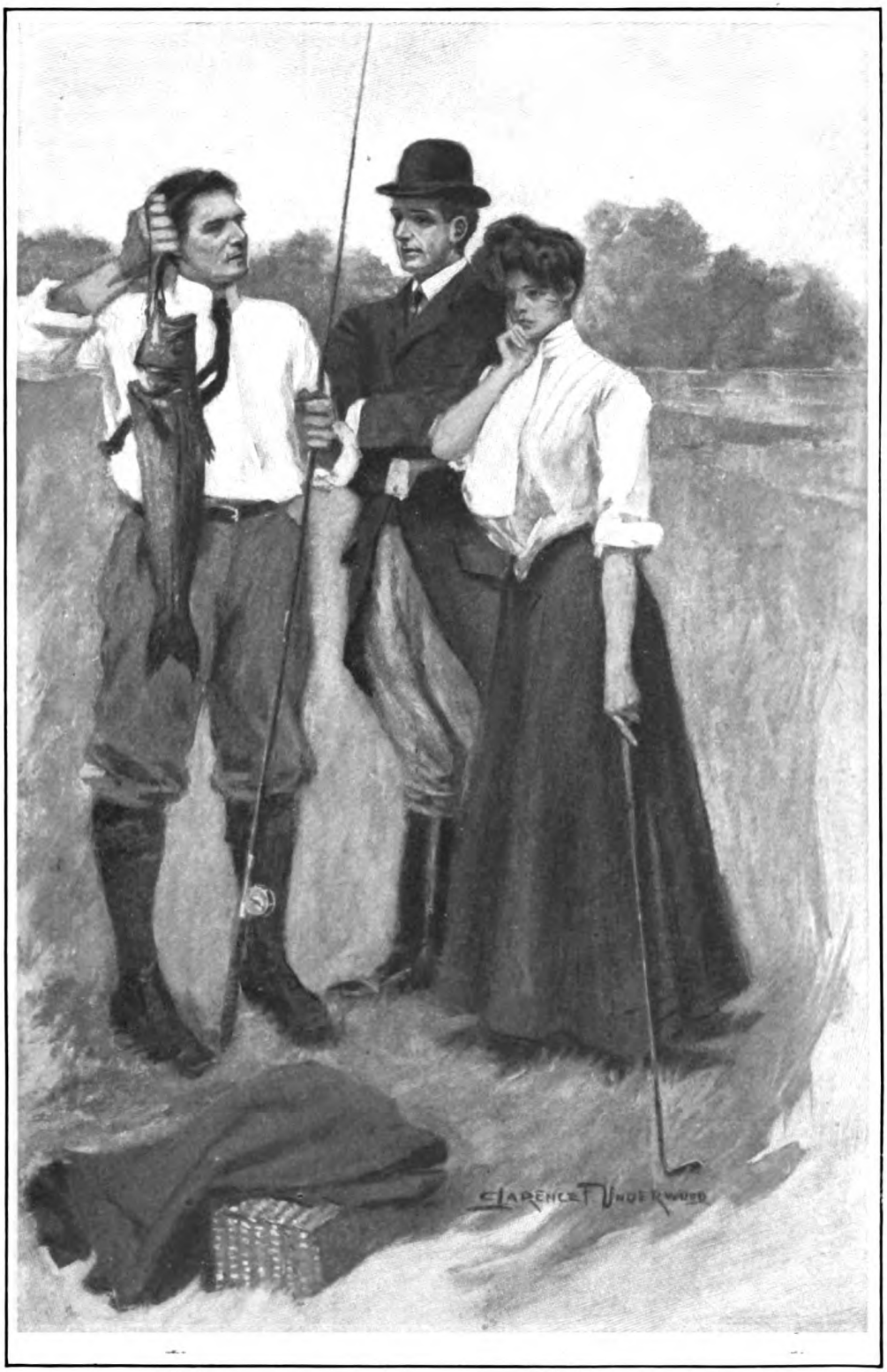
"It is late in the season to be reconstructing a summer hotel, isn't it?" I inquired.

"Yes," was my driver's reply, "and it 'll be a great deal later before the job 'll be finished. The carpenter who has the contract for makin' them alterashins is a Sabbatarian. That's a cur'us belief—and takes its strongest hold on folks that ain't over-energetic and ambitious, 'cause it gives 'em two days to loaf, where other folks has one, and it's impossible for a Sabbatarian to lose any of his loafin'-time by goin' to church. Them folks make aout that Saturday is Sunday, you know. Well, this feller won't allow his men to work Saturdays, and they consider it wicked to work Sundays, so none of 'em can do more'n five days' work in a week."

When one considers what a field for character-sketching is here opened up to the novelist, one wishes either that Dickens had made its close acquaintance, or that such another student of the unconventional types of human folk would arise here and build up an American wing of the great Englishman's gallery.

A fairly numerous body of strange folk among our American Tyrolians is what would elsewhere be called the "poor white" or the "white trash" element. These shiftless, lazy, drinking, ragged paupers are not as plentiful as they are in the next mountain ranges below Mason and Dixon's line, but they are as alike as two peas to their Southern congeners. Their "clearings" in the woods are littered with bottles, tin cans, wood chips, and the débris of their belongings, precisely as are those of the human wrecks stranded in the Allegheny and Blue Ridge ranges. Their cabins are similar in having no door-steps, clothes stuffed in where windows and door-panels have been broken, and slatternly dyspeptic women screaming from the doorways at ragged and dirty children. This is a class that disgraces our nationality, yet gives little trouble, except to the selectmen, who have to keep its members supplied with free medicines, coal, and groceries. The men of this order are for-

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MAIDENS IN SUMMER FROCKS AND MEN IN COLORED SHIRTS

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"YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE 'EM"

ever fishing, and the women rear extraordinary broods of children with as much zeal as if it depended solely upon them to defend New England against the threat of racial extinction by the French-Canadian invasion.

The troublesome class of our Tyrolian originals is that which is one degree higher than the poor white in the social scale. No one who has not travelled or lived in the mountain fastnesses of New England can have any idea of how abundant are these derelicts who overdo Americanism and caricature the equality they are forever boasting. The men and women of the proud, hard-headed, dominating old stock will bear me out in this, for everywhere I went during a summer in the mountains it was the sterling, untainted Yankee element that pointed out to me the defects and follies of these neighbors, and lamented their presence as a blot upon their wonderfully fine commonwealth, and a bar to its prosperity. These degenerate folk keep upon the tips of their tongues the phrase, "I am as good as you." Their tone and manner suggest that what they really mean is that they are superior beings. They are mainly as poor as Job's turkeys, because they only work a little in the summer-time, at congenial and irregular work. They hibernate through each winter. They do a little carting, serve as guides to fishermen and hunters, work as extra grooms and drivers in the village livery-stables, do odd jobs for summer visitors, and too often depend on their women folk,—who prefer laundry-work above all else, because they can perform it in their own ways in their own homes and at such times as the spirit moves them. They

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salve their sensitive false pride by frequently declaring that they "do not have to work," and they seldom agree to perform any service without saying, "I guess I can 'commodate ye." A cow and some fowls and here and there a wreck of horseflesh (because no one ever walks in Vermont except the well-to-do city folks, who value the exercise)—these possessions and more or less of a vegetable-garden are the main sources of income and the principal sinews by which the souls and bodies of these degenerates are held together.

Upon a brilliant day I made my route by railway deeper and deeper into the softly carpeted but roofless chambers of our Tyrol, across the rich and alluring valley of Lake Champlain to that of the picturesque Otter Creek, partly along the old Iroquois trail. Everywhere Nature, hurrying at me as the cars sped forward, threw her largess in my path. This took the forms of rich fields of yellowing grass, of daisy-whitened road-sides, and bluey hills checkered with soft feathery groves and fields of grain and pasture. So drenched with the scent of clover was the air that I experienced the sensation of eating honey, bodiless and intangible, yet of full strength. So abundant was the clover that it streaked and splotched the meadows as with some such diluted form of blood as fishes possess. Most of it was red, much was pink or white, but some was indisputably blue. Clover, daisies, hedges that were miles-long bouquets of wild flowers, woods so thick as to look at a distance like beds of moss, and the green or purpling hills were the chief ornaments of our Tyrol.

Leaving the steam-cars, and pushing forward to an inn where a carriage was to take me to the interior fastnesses, I dawdled along the reddish-yellow road, and drank in with eyes and nose and mouth the scenic and the scented charms of our bountiful mother, Nature. A teeming vegetable-garden lay beside the road, and two or three men labored in it with spades and hoes. Among the garden growths was one that I did not recognize.

"Can you tell me what vegetable this is, please?" I asked of the man nearest to me.

"Eh?" he asked, straightening up and resting upon his hoe.

"What vegetable is that planted in those long hillocks?"

"Celery! CELERY!! CELERY!!!" the man yelled, as if he was demented. Then he paused to look at his fellows and make certain of their grinning admiration. Then he roared again: "CELERY! Naow dew yew know the name on't?" At this all three degenerates laughed very loudly, but their laughter was forced, and intended to be insulting.

In Venice I have a friend who declares that when he is rudely treated he feels only sorrow for the offender, never anger, because the offender has degraded himself and exposed his bad breeding without in any wise injuring any one but himself. At times I have forgotten this philosopher's wisdom and lowered myself to quarrel with the vulgar, but on this occasion I remembered the philosophy—and myself. Alas! though, the scent of the clover had gone out of the air, the beauties of Dame Nature's face had dimmed. There rang from molecule to molecule through my blood, as electricity leaps along the particles of a metal wire, the hoarse, barbaric, brutal cry of "celery! Naow dew yew know?"

Then followed weekfuls of days in the mountains, when the prodigious delight of bare existence crowded the utmost crannies of one's mind, and all memory of evil was out of hailing, along with the dirt and noise and shabbiness of New York. Here the billows of the earth were soft, luxurious bosoms over which nature had drawn rich clothes of green velvet, asserting a wanton's pretence of modesty, which, after all, left nothing unrevealed. From these firm breasts, the roundest and richest in apparelling that I have ever seen, there flowed many a score of streams to feed the lakes and ponds that here are scattered at high altitudes—flashing hand-glasses of the hills at noon, turquoises in the mornings and evenings, and always rich body ornaments of our beautiful, prodigal mother, Earth. The roads, like yellow borders, wound around the edges of the hills, now cutting tunnels in the dark, cool woods, then leaping into the blaze of day to twist along the sloping edges of farm-checkered valleys, between thickets of wild flowers so rich and rampant as to be almost noisy with color and violent with abundance. Leaping

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with silvery music to meet and cross the highways came chattering brooks and purring rills, lapping and licking their stony beds as if they were tongues of fluid crystal. And crossing these were farm paths and wagon trails, mere seedlings of thoroughfares that were most distinct overhead where the plumes of the forests were parted and the vault of heaven shone, a colorless vivid space like air aflame.

By the lakes and upon cleared eminences and shoulders of the hills were the boxlike summer hotels, which point prophetically to the resurrection of this side-tracked land, now to become a peerless loafing-place for the spent millions of the cities and the tired ten thousand of society. Wherever these hotels stood, like dominoes upon green tables, were seen maidens in summer frocks and men in colored shirts, armed with fishing-rods and the toy tools of golf and tennis. But that one missed the way-side crosses and images of the Virgin and the little chapels perched high upon the hills, the resemblance to Francis Joseph's holiday land would have been complete. Amid such scenes I encountered another of those bogus aristocrats. He had been sent for to drive me to Lake Dunmore from the inn at Brandon, the most beautiful village I have seen in all my travels. He came in, reeking of the stable, to ask, "Is there a feller here that wants to go to the lake?" Having me pointed out, and hearing that I had yet to pay my reckoning and pack my bag, he said, "See here; I don't hev to drive for no hotel, and I'll let you know if you hain't in my wagon inside er three minutes, yer can't ride with me."

Again, at Lake Dunmore, I once complained that a rowboat I hired by the week was often too wet and dirty to be used by the ladies in my party. "Well," said the young "free and equal" in charge of the boats, after looking me over superciliously, "if you don't like the way I keep the boats, you don't have to take 'em."

At another place in the opulent Champlain Valley, where rich New-Yorkers are tardily discovering sites for summer palaces, a representative Tyrolian who took in washing used to come to the rooms of her customers, deliver their linen, and exclaim, "Oh dear, I'll be glad when this is over." Yet she knew that when her meagre income of from three to five dollars a week from this source should end she would have nothing to keep her through the long and stern winter except her savings and the produce of her single cow. Her husband was a mere outside ornament, given to lounging in the sun like a gargoyle on a church wall. Both accepted what they chose of any work thrown in their way with the mountain formula, "I'll see if I can make aout to 'commodate ye." The husband got a job at wood-cutting last year, whereat he was to cut and cart fire-wood at a dollar and a half a load. He had all autumn in which to do the work, yet he farmed it out to one of his energetic and well-to-do neighbors of the best New England stock, giving him half his pay, and taking the other half for carting the wood after the other man had loaded it on the wagon.

These anecdotes smack resinously of the "cracker belt" down South, yet they are true Vermontese, and are typical of the ways of the decaying element of the population. What the outlook for these persons is does not matter, but the near future of their State brightens visibly. The cheap and thorough telephone service which keeps the farm-boy in close touch and ready communication with all his young neighbors, the rural delivery system of the post-office which brings his letters promptly to the wooden box set upon a post by the road-side before his home, and the downpour of ready money brought by the swelling tide of summer holiday folk are all combining to keep at home those boys and girls of the good old stock whose older brothers and uncles and aunts planned careers in the West and in the large cities.

The rebellion against work by those who are the natural and proper persons to perform it, but who are drunk upon fermented democracy, makes room for a host of college boys and girls and schoolteachers who have rushed into the opening. Thus you see the astonishing spectacle of well-born, proud, and ambitious folk forming the corps of workers at every summer hotel in the Green Mountains. They are never chambermaids, scullions, or cooks' assistants, but serve

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as waitresses, bell-boys, marketmen, head waiters, billiard-markers, pianists, clerks, and the like. They are as welcome as gold, for the State could not cater to its holiday population without them.

Of what quality is this amateur service? What are their relations with the summer visitors who demand thorough service, and who admit that these servants are their own equals only so long as the claim is not asserted? These are the questions one tries to have answered as soon as he discovers that the teacher of a district school is his waitress, and that it is a Harvard student who brings him his ice-water and his daily newspapers. The result of a summer's study of the subject leaves one both proud of and sorry for these earnest boys and girls. There must be good stuff in a youth who will, if necessary, do what he feels beneath him in order to fit himself for a coveted future. The pity is that, in the complex life of to-day, a servant must be as earnest as a great merchant in his pursuits, and to be earnest as a servant requires complete submission to one's lot and stern rivalry with those who aim at nothing higher. To be a waiter with a sense of shame or a demand for deference to your higher aspirations is to tread a rocky path beset with thorns.



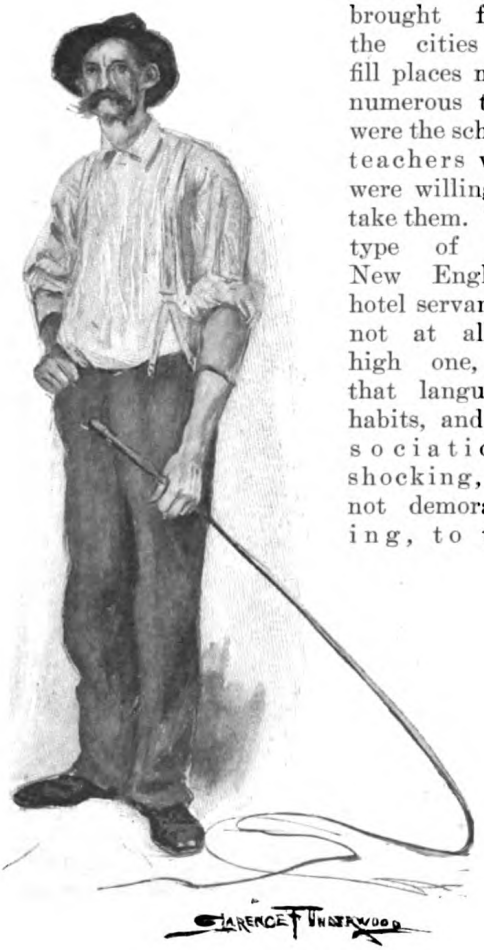
A VERMONT JUDGE

The college-student and school-teacher servants quickly make the summer loiterer in New England feel that he must not expect all that he pays for. The latter-day Yankee in an apron or brass-buttoned uniform does not meekly accept criticism, no matter how just. He and she show no patience with those whims and eccentricities of taste and manners which we, who are demoralized by cringing servants at home, would fain exhibit even if they are charged in the bill. In a word, you must take your amateur waiter as nature delivers him, and your eggs cold and your napkin wet, if your democrat so elects.

The Vermont teacher who waited upon me for a month, and the other teachers and students who served me when I travelled,

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were only paid three dollars a week, and their season for work is but four to six weeks a year. In many cases these ambitious girls were housed as badly as any servants ever are, and in some places were obliged to share their lives with professional servant-girls brought from the cities to fill places more numerous than were the school-teachers who were willing to take them. The type of the New England hotel servant is not at all a high one, so that language, habits, and associations shocking, if not demoralizing, to the



A TYPICAL STABLEMAN

nicer girls became familiar to them. In only one resort was there any grading of the waitresses, and this was, in one sense, amusing. Two Boston girls, a cloak-model and a choir-singer, formed the "aristocracy," and had rooms in the hotel; the country schoolmarms were lodged in the better one of two servants' cottages, and the rough and rugged "professionals" were housed in the other cottage. Everywhere the majority of the amateur servants were of a parentage newer to this country than what we call the original Yankee families.

All the waitresses led lives wholly apart from the persons they served. Though it was a usage which came slowly and with some pain, one grew accustomed to seeing them huddled out on the lawns listening to the orchestras in the parlors, or watching the summer visitors as they danced in the ball-rooms. One grew used to seeing them select a distant stone-strewn cove to go in bathing, far from the inviting beach that was for the visitors. Sometimes their friends and relatives came in carriages to visit them, and frequently the girls and boys went to near-by neighborhood resorts to dance with their friends—till after daylight, in country fashion.

When one hotel in our Tyrol was just opened and not above six visitors had arrived, a young girl boarder from New York drifted into the desolate ball-room, where only the musicians (one of whom was a Harvard student) were to be seen. There followed her a young gentleman, who asked the honor of a dance with her. Her face paled, she straightened her shoulders, she murmured a soft and kindly phrased refusal—and then she ran to her mother.

"Oh, what do you think?" she exclaimed. "I have been asked for a dance by the head waiter!"

"He is a boy of good family and excellent habits," said the mother. "His brothers are highly successful men in New York and Chicago, and he is paying his way through Yale College by working at whatever he can find to do. I have heard all about him from the hotel proprietor. He will not intrude upon the amusements of the visitors, once the hotel is filled. It was because no one is here, and perhaps because he thought you were anxious to dance, that he presumed to ask you to be his partner."

In all this the elder lady spoke the truth. The student bore himself, as his face and good old Puritan name suggested, like a gently bred young man. When his work demanded it he gave it all his attention. He held aloof from the visitors after they began to arrive in numbers, and at the end of the season he had won the respect and admiration of all who knew him.

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The Failure

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

KATHARINE ASHE came into the library with the slow step that matched her smile. There was a certain weariness in both this morning that made them strangely similar. She took the great cluster of chrysanthemums Peggie Sterling put into her arms, and kissed her friend lightly above their yellow puffs.

"How clever of you to remember my birthday, Peggie," she said.

Mrs. Sterling laughed. "It's a delight to give you a present, Katharine," she said. "You have such a perfectly original way of being pleased."

Mrs. Ashe looked into the younger woman's face admiringly. "How pretty and fresh you look this morning, Peggie," she said. "Those furs suit you. Take them off and lunch with me, won't you? It's a sad thing to be forty-two and have to lunch alone on one and the same day. And besides, I need a chat with you. I have been counting up the things I have lost in the last year, this morning, and my sense of humor is among them."

"Very careless of you," commented Mrs. Sterling.

She drew the long pins from her hat and tossed the hat itself after her furs.

"Of course I'll lunch with you. Nothing is wrong, is there, Katharine? You do look a bit fagged this morning." She drew her chair beside Mrs. Ashe and put her hand affectionately over the older woman's. "If it's because you happen to be a year older than you were yesterday," she said, "let me comfort you with the heretofore unuttered remark that you don't look it."

"Oh, it's not the years in themselves," said Mrs. Ashe. "It's only—well,"—she hesitated a moment, then went on, impulsively,—"that they ought to stand for something more than they do. Peggie, the fact is that I'm a failure,—a living failure. Here am I with forty some years to my discredit and with Heaven knows how much hard work behind me, and without one success in my life that I can point to." She laughed mirthlessly, half at herself, half at the sight of her friend's puzzled face. "I hate to look at the mess I've made. There was my bedlamite's dream of a literary career; my first failure—a novel that limped about from one publisher to another, and would have been limping yet if I hadn't cremated it. It was Anthony Poole that started me on that. He seemed to be surer of me than of himself, and see where he is now! His works have made him more of an idol than a celebrity, and look at the odds against *him!* A consumptive, who has to stay in a certain spot to breathe. Personally I haven't heard from Anthony in years. Another little failure to keep a friend, you notice."

"Oh, nonsense," said Mrs. Sterling. "He's just as much to blame for that as you are, isn't he? And if anybody wants to know what sort of a friend you are, send them to me. You're in a most ridiculous mood, Kittie. You're not well. You want to be stayed with calomel and comforted with quinine. Say that you failed at being an author; and a good thing, too—you can't be everything. Most people would think it happiness enough to be the wife of one millionaire and the mother of another—or would you call Muriel a millionairess, since she married Travers?"

Katharine Ashe's smile held more of cynicism than sadness. "If you mean that to be comforting, Peggie," she said, "you've blundered beautifully. As a wife and a mother, my dear, I am the most glorious failure of all. I'm like a bit of familiar furniture in Richard's house—only to be thought about when I'm missed from a certain place. I may not have hindered him in his life—he has never stumbled over me, as it were,—but I have certainly never helped him. He is absolutely sufficient to himself. I married

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him because I labored under the delusion that I was necessary to him, that I could fall in love with him by degrees—a sensible idea peculiar to twenty. I have not only failed to do that, but I have failed to keep his affection for me."

"At any rate, Kittie," said her friend, "you have Muriel. You have the satisfaction of knowing that she is the handsomest and wealthiest young matron in New York. You've made a howling success there, at any rate. Not a matron in New York but would pay you to know how it was done."

"I would have to send them to Muriel," said Katharine. "We live in an age when our daughters teach their grandmothers. Tell the truth, Peggie; you know very well that you can't congratulate me on having a dissipated, middle-aged roué for a son-in-law. I don't know whether to consider Muriel's marriage a comedy or a tragedy. It's *Romeo and Juliet* read backwards like a witch's prayer. If ever a woman failed gloriously as a mother, I have. You've been good to listen, Peggie, and you're never in the least sorry for one, which is the reason I tell you all my woes."

Peggie laughed. "That little speech about my not being sorry, Kittie, was very clever," she said. "It means that I am to make no comments. Very well, my dear, I won't. And after lunch we'll have a drive in the Park."

"No," said Mrs. Ashe. "I am to meet Muriel at the Waldorf for tea,—at least she said that if she could manage it, she would be there at four. She had no doubt whatever about my management. By-the-way, she sent me Anthony Poole's new book this morning. I suppose that is the reason I have been thinking of him all day. I dare say he doesn't know whether I am alive or dead, much less that my married daughter is sending his books to me."

The butler drew aside the heavy portières. "Luncheon is served, madam," he said.

As Katharine Ashe drove down the Avenue she wondered resentfully why she had allowed her gray, morning mood to get the better of her. Even the hour of gay gossip at her luncheon table had failed to restore her to her normal poise.

As she left her carriage a stout lady making a squirrel-like exit through the revolving door of the hotel caught at Katharine's arm.

"Mark my words, Katharine Ashe," she gasped, "these doors will be the death of me yet. Most opportune that you were on the spot to stop me. How do you do? I just left Muriel—or rather, she just left me. Said she'd waited for you a half-hour and couldn't stop any longer. I was to tell you to meet her at Eugénie's at five. By-the-way, there's an old friend of yours in there—or at least Muriel said so—Anthony Poole. We recognized him from his pictures, and everybody's gaping at him. They say he's half dead with consumption, and he looks it. Well, good-by. Mind the door. Five o'clock, at Eugénie's."

She puffed heavily into her carriage, with a series of crimson nods.

Katharine stood a moment in silence. Anthony Poole! It seemed as though her persistent thought of him this day had brought him physically into the radius of her life. She had not thought of him as much in years. Some twenty-two winters ago she had seen a great deal of him; they had become dangerously near being something more than friends. She realized, with a sudden sense of shame, that the memory of the man had only been kept alive in her by the fact of his becoming a celebrity. He had not even that vain excuse for remembering her.

She nodded to several acquaintances in the tea-room, her eyes on the alert for the sight of Poole's face.

As it happened, the man saw her first. He broke off the conversation he was holding with a casual admirer and hurried to her side with outstretched hands.

"Katharine Ashe!" he said. "And trying to cut me, after all these years—a contemptible thing to do."

The soft, drawling voice, with its cynical cadences, was as unchanged as the man himself was altered. If he had not spoken, she thought, she would never have known him.

She left her hand in his a second. His greeting had created a momentary resurrection of her old liking.

"Cut you?" she said. "I really was looking for you, Anthony. The city is ringing with the news of your arrival. Y[illegible]othing on hand for the next

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

SHE DREW THE LONG PINS FROM HER HAT

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half-hour, have you? No; then let us go to that little table there in the corner and talk twenty-two years' worth of talk. You really owe me an apology for never telling me how clever you were, in the old days. What are you doing in New York? I thought—I understood—" She interrupted herself abruptly, with a fierce blush at her tactlessness.

Poole laughed. "You thought I could only live on the top of a mountain in Arizona, Katharine. Between ourselves, I believe that is the only way I can, but the brotherhood of stars gets a bit monotonous after some five years. You see before you a rank plagiarist. Not being content with merely admiring the author of *St. Ives* and cribbing from him on all occasions, I've imitated him to the extent of having little or no lungs and following his footsteps over the world. At least I'm about to. I'm off for the Hawaiian Islands next week."

The waiter came between their eyes with the pot of tea Katharine had ordered. There was a moment's silence as she poured the tea and handed Poole his cup.

"This seems a very natural thing to do, Anthony," she laughed. "If you remember, the last time I saw you I gave you a cup of tea. I was a brand-new bride at a brand-new tea table, and it was my first day at home. You drank the tea and said 'good-by' quite as though you were only going around the corner and expected to see me the next day, and, behold! twenty-two years after, I see you again for the first time, and promptly give you another cup. I hope it suits you."

The broad lines of humor about Poole's mouth deepened. "That speech is delightfully characteristic, Katharine," he said. "You always neglected the big things for the little ones. Here I am panting to ask you a thousand personal questions and answer just as many, and you insist upon talking about tea. I'm not at all interested in the subject. We're going to talk about you instead. Do you know you haven't changed a particle?—a trite remark that for once in a lifetime happens to be true. Your eyes are just as blue and your hair is just as brown, and your laugh as young, and I've come back merely a cough covered with a few garments to tell you so. How do you do it, Katharine? It's almost indecent, and you forty-two years old this very day."

Katharine's laugh broke in sheer amazement.

"How in the world, Anthony, did you know that?" she demanded.

"I have a good memory," he said, "and I'm exceedingly clever at remembering dates. You have no idea how I'm despised for it. Well, and how has the world gone with you, Katharine? Do you still think life is a perpetual picnic gotten up for the benefit of mankind—you used to? You were the happiest thing under the blue heavens. Is Ashe still the Colossus that strode above us petty men?"

"Richard is just the same," she told him. "Only he's grown ridiculously rich; and I have a daughter, Anthony, and—oh yes, a son-in-law. He is so recent, however, that I almost forgot him. There's really nothing at all to tell about me. I have my gray days and my gay days, and my world wags on as usual. It's your turn now. Tell me all about yourself. Isn't it nice to be famous? Really you're a household word in New York. Tell me all about that queer little place in the mountains, and how in the world you manage to know as much about men and women as you do. What has life done for you, Anthony? I mean the sort of life the newspapers fail to get hold of."

Poole shrugged his shoulders.

> "'Troubles and trials a-many have proved me;
> One or two women—God bless them!—have fooled me,'"

he paraphrased. "It's all told in that."

"You might have quoted correctly," she said. "I dare say more women than one or two have loved you. I'm sorry that you're just too modest to be interesting."

"And yet," said Poole, "why should you suspect other women of doing what you couldn't do yourself? And you couldn't love me, could you, Katharine? You don't mind my saying this after all these years, do you? You were always a delightfully natural person."

Katharine smiled at him over her cup. "Why should I mind, An-

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POOLE ANSWERED HER SMILE GRAVELY

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thony?" she said, frankly. "It's like speaking of two dead people to talk of us as we were then. No, I couldn't love you. I used to wonder why, but I couldn't dream myself into it. A hopeless state of affairs with a girl. I really felt quite ashamed of myself at the time."

She nodded to the waiter, who approached and cleared the table. Poole smiled his lazy smile as the man disappeared.

"A mere subterfuge, Katharine," he said. "You only did that to give yourself time to remember. Confess now that you have quite forgotten that I laid myself and my worldly goods—I think they consisted of two unpublished manuscripts at the time—at your feet, and that you would have none of the three of us."

Katharine blushed frankly. "A bit of boyish nonsense," she said. "You should be glad I had forgotten. I wonder that you can recall it, Anthony."

Poole answered her smile gravely. "Of course it was just as well that you were obdurate," he said. "But naturally I didn't know in those days that in time I was destined to become three-quarters cough and one-quarter man. The grotesque part of it all is, Katharine, that the whole thing seems so little to you. Did it ever occur to you what a wonderful thing a man's love for a woman is? A love that doesn't demand, that doesn't have to feed from somebody else's to live, but that exists by its own glorious strength and power, that is marvellous enough to be sufficient to itself. Any man can feel it, but only one woman in a thousand can inspire it, and that woman is a very wonderful person, Katharine,—a person raised some degrees higher than the angels by the very fact that she is unconsciously able to give a man what all the angels in heaven cannot."

He smiled gently in her puzzled eyes.

"Of course you don't understand me, Katharine," he said. "I knew you wouldn't at first, but I've come a great many miles to make you understand. Perhaps you won't even care when you do, but it's just a debt I can't die and leave unpaid, this telling you. I owe it, you see, whether you acknowledge it or not, and because I can't encumber the earth very much longer, I've come to have it out with you. I'm like that unpleasant person in Les Noyades who insisted upon being heard: 'Bear with me surely; I am but dead.'" He finished with the old quizzical smile.

"But," Katharine stammered, "oh, Anthony, surely you cannot mean me! I don't deserve it—I never dreamed of such a thing. Why, before I met you to-day I was thinking how awkward it would be if I had to introduce myself to you. I scarcely expected you to remember me."

"Oh, I dare say," said Poole. "You had no reason to expect anything else, Katharine. I flatter myself to that extent. I don't want you to think that it's entirely the fact of your being another man's wife that has kept me from bothering you. It was just the fact that you were absolutely unable to care for me that put the space of heaven and earth between us. You asked me awhile ago why I came to New York. Did I tell you a wild tale about my publishers? No? Well, I've told it to every one else. Great heavens, as though a dying man would bother his head with them! It does seem rather an insane thing to do to come here from the West, when I have to go back the breadth of the continent to ship to Hawaii, but I had to get rid of the debt I spoke of. Do you understand, Katharine?—I am here simply and solely to have this talk with you, and having had it, I shall depart in peace. It was a bit of great good luck your coming in here this afternoon. I imagined I might have to wait a day or so before you could see me."

Katharine stared at him incredulously. "You really mean," she said, "that you came here just to see me? Oh, Anthony, I can't believe you. I don't want to believe it—I'm so horribly unworthy of it all."

Poole's slow smile soothed her agitation. "My dear," he said, "if you're going to be ashamed simply because you had forgotten me, you will make me horribly uncomfortable, because I never expected you to do anything else. It is enough to know that I could never forget you. Can't you understand, Katharine? If you had married a dozen times—hyperbole is my vice, my critics tell me—and had fallen in love with any number

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of men, it would have made no difference in my feeling for you. I express myself badly, my dear. I can't make you know just how much you have done for me. It's something a bit beyond expression."

Katharine's agitation took refuge in flippancy. "Oh yes," she said, "I have done a great deal, Anthony. I am giving up an engagement to meet my daughter at her milliner's at this moment, and I shall probably miss the first act of *Lohengrin* to-night. Forgive me; I don't mean to be silly, but I don't deserve to have you talk to me like this. If you knew me, really knew me, you couldn't."

"Oh, I know you, Katharine," he said. "I know you better than any one else in the world can even hope to know you, and the mere fact has made me blessed among my peers. Think what you have done for me! I was a mere animal when I met you, and you gave me a soul—a clever bit of mechanism,—and you gave me a heart and a brain. Such as I am, my dear, aside from this pitiful body of mine, I am your creation. You have to be responsible for me, whether you like it or not."

Katharine smiled bitterly. "You don't know what you are saying, Anthony," she said. "Why, only this morning I realized what manner of woman I am. A failure I called myself, and I was quite right. I have failed in every work God has given me to do, as lover, as wife, as mother. Oh,"—she leaned suddenly toward him, a blur of tears in her eyes,—"if I could believe you, do you know what it would mean to me? New life—nothing in the world could ever humiliate me again with such a glorious pride to sustain me."

"Katharine," he said, "they call me a successful man. People are good enough to say that my books have done some little good in the world. Well, if you are a failure, they are too, for they are all yours, every one of them. I have never written a line that you have not inspired. I have never taken a pen in my hand but the thought of you has given it strength. What praise they have gained, by every right in the world belongs to you. You see what I am thinking, perhaps. You gave me the gift of life. Because you made it possible for me to love you, I have walked with a splendor in my life like the sun in the heavens. But for you I would never have known how beautiful a thing pain is or what joy might be. There is no other woman in the world who could have done this—for me, you understand. Why, Katharine, you have helped me to keep on living at times when it would have been much easier to let life go, and some day you are going to help me die. Do you wonder that I have come to thank you for all this?" His long, wasted fingers rested a moment on her gloved hand. "Believe me, I have only rendered unto Cæsar, my dear."

Katharine broke the moment's silence that followed. Because the greatest words were inadequate, she spoke simply.

"But as for me," she said, "how do you think I may ever thank you? Anthony, I called myself a failure. I am the most gloriously successful woman in the world. Perhaps God means that some of us should only build in dreams; but when we wake, the reality is there, and one is none the less happy, none the less proud. It would be injustice to one's handiwork to be anything else."

The tables about them were filling rapidly. An orchestra somewhere began to play. Katharine started. Life's commonplaces jarred her from the heights.

"It is later than I thought," she said. "Will you take me to my carriage, Anthony?"

They stood a moment on the pavement, jostled by the hurrying crowd. The city lights flashed about them. Carriages passed and repassed. Katharine's horses fretted and stamped at the curb. She turned to Poole with a sudden realization of what this parting meant.

"Am I not to see you again, Anthony?" she said.

"I leave here to-night," he told her. "I have accomplished all I came for, Katharine."

"But when you come back?" she faltered.

"I shall not come back," he said.

As her horses plunged toward the Avenue her last look at him found him still with the kindly, quizzical smile on his lips. She closed her eyes to hold the reflection there, and when she opened them a glorious content shone in its place.

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America the Cradle of Asia

BY STEWART CULIN

Curator American Section Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania

THE idea that America is a new world, not only from the view-point of European discovery, but actually, so far as concerns its inhabitants and their civilization, is one that has been accepted almost without question. It is, indeed, a fundamental notion, having back of it all the impetus of religious sentiment and historic tradition. Almost from the period of discovery, learned writers have endeavored to confirm the theory of an Asiatic immigration, adducing the resemblance of the arts, religions, and symbolism, and the supposed identities of the language and physical types of the Indian with those of the inhabitants of Asia.



FIG. 1.—KOREAN CARDS, OR "PLAYING ARROWS"
From specimens in the Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania

Preoccupied with the notion that America is the new world, they have seemingly lost sight of the fact that these resemblances offer quite as good proof of American intercourse with Asia as they do of an Asiatic invasion of our continent.

In a paper "On various supposed relations between the American and Asiatic races" read by the late Dr. Daniel G. Brinton before the International Congress of Anthropology in 1893, after reviewing some of the more reckless statements which have been made as to the analogies between the Eskimoan and Ural-Altaic tongues, and as to the traditions of civilized people of America reporting that they came from Asia, he says: "But the inner stronghold of those who defended the Asiatic origin of Mexican and Central-American civilization is, I am well aware, defended by no such feeble outposts as these, but by a triple line of entrenchment, consisting respectively of the Mexican calendar, the game of Patolli, and the presence of Asiatic jade in America." In conclusion, he declares that "up to the present time there has not been shown a single dialect, not an art or an institution, not a myth or religious rite, not a domesticated plant or animal, not a tool, weapon, game, or symbol, in use in America at the time of the discovery, which had been previously imported from Asia, or from any other continent of the old world."

I have quoted the above extract at length as a comprehensive expression of the opinion to which the more consider-

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able part of the students of American antiquities have come at last. Without all going as far as Dr. Brinton in claiming absolutely that the American culture must have sprung from the soil of this continent, the more serious have abandoned the search for Babylonian, Egyptian, or Chinese influences underlying the ancient civilization of America as profitless and vain.



FIG. 2.—KOREANS OF TO-DAY PLAYING THE GAME "FIGHTING ARROWS" WITH CARDS
From a painting made by a Korean artist

At the same time there remain to be explained the curious and bewildering similarities between the culture of the two continents. Many of them may be referred to the universal sameness of man's physical and intellectual necessities; and others, more intricate, may be dismissed by the aid of some such theory of psychological identity as was found convenient by Dr. Brinton. But there are other parallels which even the most devoted advocate of the theory of independent origin cannot ignore — parallels which cause one who rejected the Asiatic theory of American origins to exclaim that "man is what he is, in spite of, rather than on account of, his environment."

We find upon the Western continent things not only similar to those of Asia, but precisely identical with them; things not only the same in form and use, but in source and development as well, and at the same time so empirical and complex that no theory of their having been produced independently under like conditions, of their being the products of a similar yet independent creative impulse, seems longer tenable.

If we reject the theory of Asiatic origin, there are two explanations open to us: First, that at one period of man's history he had certain ideas in common on both continents; that his customs

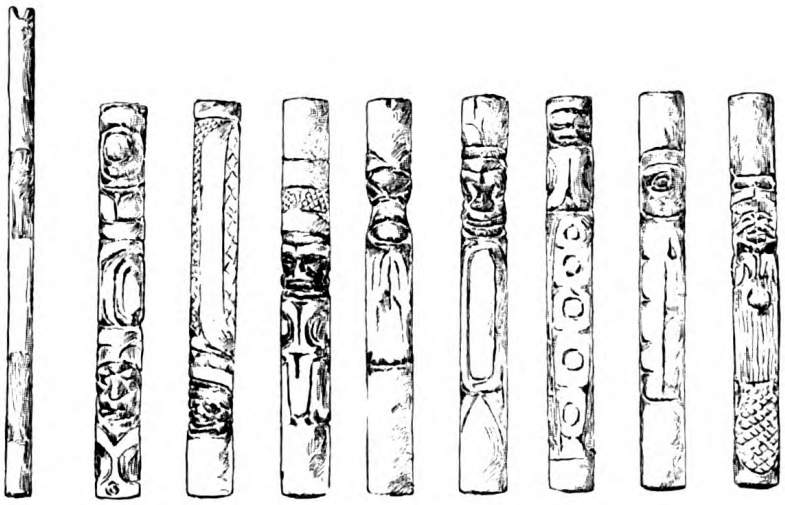


FIG. 3.—CARVED HAIDAH GAMBLING-STICKS
Photographed from sticks found in Queen Charlotte Island, B. C., now in the National Museum at Washington

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were fundamentally the same and knew no geographical boundaries. Second, that these identical customs originated in America, and were disseminated thence over the world; that the American culture, no longer to be regarded as sterile and unproductive, must be given its due place among the influences which have contributed to the origin and development of our own civilization.

In supporting the latter view the writer is aware that it premises the same,

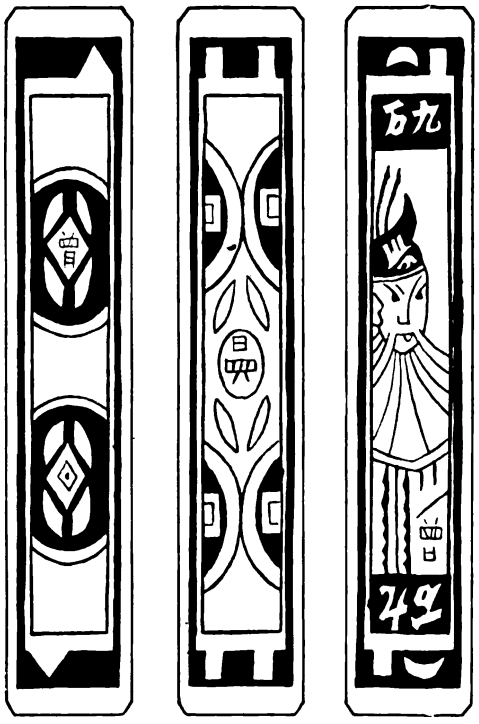


FIG. 4.—CHINESE MONEY CARDS

The marks at the ends, derived from arrows, indicate numbers and suits

if not a higher, antiquity for man on the American continent as is revealed by the most remote historical perspective of Egypt or Babylon; that he is called upon to establish the American origin of the particular things to which he refers, their birth and subsequent development in America, and furthermore to demonstrate the probability of their transfer from America to other civilizations.

Let us turn to what is reputed to be the oldest surviving book in Chinese literature, the Yi King, or "Book of Changes," a work which the Chinese revere as dating from the twelfth century B.C. This curious volume is a treatise on fortune-telling or divination, and consists of sixty-four magical diagrams, under each of which are oracular explanations. The appendices to the work are attributed to Confucius. In the practical employment of the Yi in fortune-telling, fifty slender polished wood or ivory rods are manipulated between the fingers and divided at random into two bundles, one of which is then counted off in twos around an eight-figured diagram. A series of determinations are made in this way, which are finally referred to one of the sixty-four diagrams of the Book of Divination, and the forecast gleaned from its explanatory text. The process is described at length in the third appendix. Divination with these splints is widely practised at the present day by the literary class in China, Korea, and Japan. A scholarly treatise on the subject was printed in Tokyo in 1893, and one may still see the fortune-teller with his bundle of splints at the street corners in Japanese cities.

Now the splints used in Asia find their exact counterpart in America in the gambling-sticks used by many tribes. Thus in Hupa Valley, California, we find the same bundle of fine rods, manipulated in the same way by rolling in the hands, divided at random into two bundles, and counted off as in Asia, the only difference being that in America, instead of divination, we have a game in which another player guesses which of the two bundles contains either the odd or a specially marked stick. Even the number of the sticks remains practically the same. This stick-counting was the celebrated game of "Straw, or Indian Cards," which the early writers described among the Hurons. It extended and is still found among tribes from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast. Educated Japanese have frequently expressed admiration to the writer at the beauty and suitability of the American implements for their beloved Yeki. Lawson tells us that in North Carolina a good set of the gambling-reeds were considered as equivalent in value to a dressed doeskin.

In Asia we have the custom with its literary traditions, but with no sugges-

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FIG. 5.—CHINESE PLAYING-CARDS OF TO-DAY
The grotesque faces are from illustrations of a famous Chinese novel

tions or explanation as to the origin of the bundle of splints. In China, we read, the stalks of a plant — the *Ptarmica siberica*—were anciently used, those which grew on the grave of Confucius being most highly esteemed. In America it becomes apparent that the splints are merely other forms of the large gambling-rods, such as are found on the Pacific coast—rods which with their bands or ribbons of color may be referred to the similarly marked shaftments of arrows, from which they are clearly derived.

In America the arrow seems to have been the chosen symbol of the warrior, of the man. Among the Dakota we have a description of the making of painted sticks, each marked for a warrior, and their subsequent use in gambling. The game of "Straw" among the Huron was rightly designated "Indian Cards," because their gambling-sticks not only correspond in a way to our cards, but give us a veritable clue to the ancestry of cards themselves. The Korean cards (Fig. 1) are nothing more than long slips of oiled paper, each bearing on its back the picture of a feather, and designated by a name meaning "arrow," the play being called "Fighting Arrows" (Fig. 2). On their faces are rude scrawls, numerals from one to nine, and suit-marks, totemic animals, which, according to their traditions, were actually figured upon their original bamboo cards. In America the arrow-derived ribboned gambling-sticks of the Pacific coast (Fig. 3) are divided into similar animal suits, and some of the sets are actually engraved with animal figures. It is clear that the American sticks serve to explain the derivation of the Korean cards. But that is not all. The narrow playing-cards (money cards) of China, with their suits of nine cards each (Fig. 4), frequently bear the old notches as numeral and suit-marks at the ends, and are clearly



FIG. 6.—KOREAN CHILDREN PLAYING THE ARROW-DICE GAME
Using small wooden blocks instead of arrows. One child has taken a cuff from his wrist, and is using it as a dice-box

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the legitimate descendants of the arrow-derived gambling-sticks. Their suit-marks became money denominations, — with pictures of coin derived from old bank-notes, and grotesque figures taken from the illustrations of a popular novel (Fig. 5). And when the cards were made broader, they were so suggestive of the designs on the old Spanish packs as to furnish the best available explanation of the source of European cards, the origin of which has hitherto been obscure.

Leaving the subject of games for a moment, let us contemplate this use of the arrow as the symbol and emblem of man. It is one of those universal things in America from which we cannot escape. The baho, or prayer-sticks, of Indian ceremonial appear, from archaic forms, to have been originally arrows. A conventionalized arrow is used to-day in China as the man-representing counter in the game of "Chief of the Literati," and as the notice-tablet of the merchant's guild hall. The paper visiting-card of eastern Asia appears to have had the same line of descent. The Korean arrows for ceremonial archery bear their owner's name written upon the shaftment. The carved arrow-derived gambling-sticks of the Pacific coast, taken in connection with the cylindrical pottery-stamps of farther south, not unlikely of kindred origin, furnish us with a clue to the explanation of that interesting symbol of authority in Asia, the seal cylinder of ancient Babylonia. Without dwelling upon the evidence afforded in the early Babylonian writing, it is sufficient to say that the suggestion has received the approbation of the distinguished scholar Dr. Herman V. Hilprecht. Penetrate to the lowest strata of the historical remains of Asia and we come to conditions approaching those which survive among the living tribes of our own continent.

It is not my object here to emphasize the importance of the study of the American culture, and I return again to one of the most striking and interesting identities that have been observed in the two continents in the domain with which I am most familiar. I am constrained to speak no longer of parallels and similarities, but of identities. One of the universal games among the Indians of North America is played with four or more two-faced sticks which are used as dice, the counts being kept upon a circuit, which varies from a simple circle of stones to a cross-shaped diagram, as in old Mexico. Comparison of the sticks,



FIG. 7.—THE GAME OF PATOLLI AS PLAYED BY AZTECS

Original painting in an anonymous Mexican manuscript preserved in the National Library at Florence. The largest figure is the god who presides at the play. His name in English would be "Five Roses." These are indicated by the circles above the board. Exclamations may be seen coming from the mouths of two of the players

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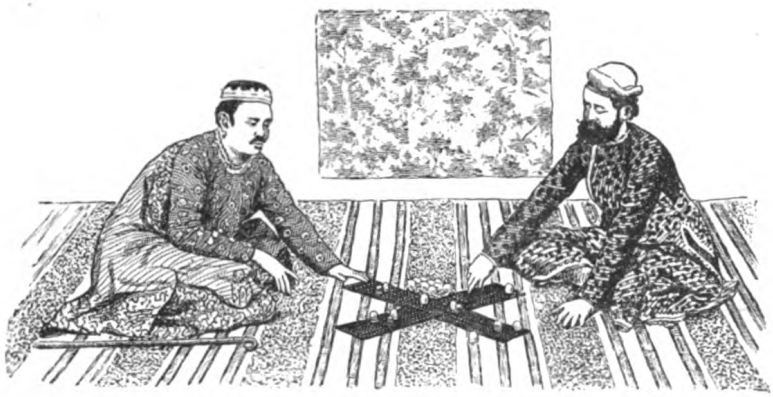


FIG. 8.—A HINDU AND A MOHAMMEDAN PLAYING A MATCH GAME OF PACHISI
From a photograph taken for Sir Alfred Lyall in India

and of the many other objects substituted for them, shows that they were originally split cane arrows. The game, played with actual split arrows, survives among the Indians of Zuñi. We find this game in Korea (Fig. 6), played in the same manner, with the same kind of sticks, and counted around a circuit, like that used by the Indians. In old Mexico marked beans were employed as dice, as among the Cherokee to-day, and the game was known as Patolli (Fig. 7), being none other than one of the triple line of entrenchment which Dr. Brinton ascribes to those who defend the Asiatic origin of Mexican and Central-American civilization.

Dr. E. B. Tylor first called attention to the striking resemblance of Patolli and the Hindu game played with cowrie-shells, called from its count Pachisi, or "twenty-five" (Fig. 8). The similarity is here not in the dice, but in the board, the Hindu and Mexican cross-shaped circuits agreeing so closely that an independent origin seems impossible. After a careful examination of all the forms of the American game it is apparent to the present writer that we have in the native culture all contributory and formative elements that led to its invention and development. It is, like all the American games, so clearly the outgrowth of native rituals and ceremonies, so identified and bound up with them, that we have no reason to believe it was borrowed directly from Asia,—the Asiatic forms, of which there are many, all existing along lines representing a development from, rather than toward, America. If the relation be that of parent and child, the parent, it would seem, is here. Hence the fallacy of looking for traces of Eastern civilizations upon our continent.

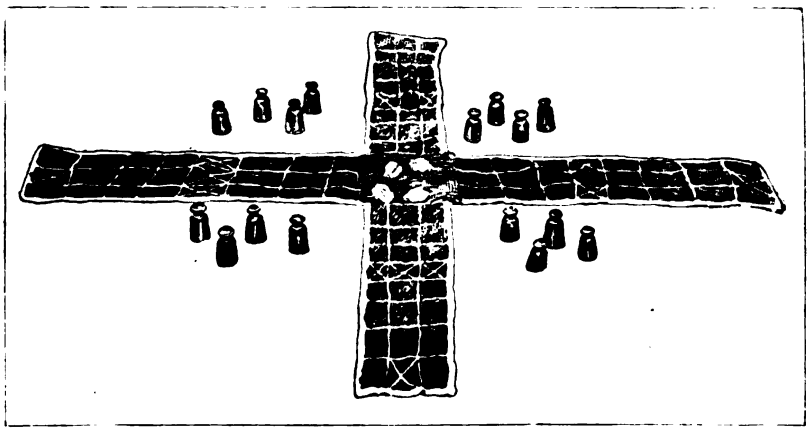
It is a well-known fact that in the struggle for existence the oldest types are often found surviving at places most remote from their origin, but we have too many evidences of the orderly development of this game in America to regard it as the case in point.

Let us glance at another of the Indian games, played, like the stick-dice, by all our tribes—not, like it, a game of chance, but of dexterity. It consists in throwing darts at a rolling hoop or wheel, the counts depending upon the position in which the missiles fall with reference to the hoop. It is commonly known as Hoop and Pole. The hoops or rings are of the greatest variety of form and material, some even being made of stone, but all may be traced to a netted hoop, simulating a spider-web, the game being bound up with ceremonies connected with generation and fertility. The webbed hoop leads back to the Spider Goddess, the Earth Mother, and was formerly used among the Pawnee to secure plenty of buffaloes. Among the Wasco on the Columbia it is played with a ring of bast to secure a good run of salmon. It occurs among the Ainu in Japan, where John Batchelor describes it, in a simple form, as an amusement of boys, and says it

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appears to have been invented to teach children to spear salmon in the river.

This netted spider-web hoop gave rise in America to another simple game of dexterity, analogous to cup and ball. From the netted hoop caught on a dart or pin we find a great variety of derived forms, all leading back to the same source, and many of them suggesting the original idea of the spider-web of the Spider Mother in their very common name of the "match-making" or "matrimonial" game. These are no importations of the familiar bilboquet into America. On the other hand, they illustrate the possibly remote and complex origin of what is now a simple toy. The same spider-web is used by the Indians to explain the cat's-cradle, of which they have countless forms. The Zuñi say it was taught by their grandmother the Spider to the Twin War Gods, her grandsons.



THE GAME OF PACHISI

As played in the Maldive Islands, off the coast of Ceylon, whither it was carried by Hindus. Showing remarkable similarity in board to that used by Aztecs in old Mexico, even to the castles indicated in each. The board itself represents the world, and the moving "men" represent the people of the four quarters of the globe, each of a different color. The game is the struggle for supremacy of these races. From this Pachisi cloth the game of chess with its board is said to have been developed

The writer has undertaken the minute and systematic examination of those fragments of ancient rituals which, in accordance with common usage, we designate as games. After a comprehensive examination of all the games of the American tribes, it appears to him that they may be classified in some four or five interdependent and related groups, in which the implements employed show progressive modification of form, suggesting a common source in specific ceremonies, as well as a geographic centre in America from which they probably emanated. The ceremonies were divinatory, and this divination I would explain as an "experimental sacrifice." Tentatively I would assign the geographical centre to the arid region of the Southwest, rather than to Mexico and the higher civilizations of Central America.

The games of the Eastern continent—and I speak now not so much of the present day, but from what we know of the remote past—are not only similar to, but practically identical with, those of America, and are not only alike in externals, but, if we may so apply the word, in their morphology as well. And, it may be added, they extend over into Asia from America as expressions of the same underlying culture. They belong to the *same* culture.

Man evidently wandered far and wide over the world before history began. Shall we, with our American explanations in mind,—and they hold good not alone for games, which are but the "stalking-horse" of the student,—shall we not assent to the claim that ancient America may have contributed, to an extent usually unimagined, her share of what is now the world's civilization?

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Buondelmonte

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

PART II

I

THE year had turned to the spring; March was in, but Buondelmonte had not been to the Amidei house for three weeks, nor more than twice in all that time to see Schiatta degli Uberti. He had been in the country, it was known; but Mosca de' Lamberti said he had seen him in the city with his friends. He understood that a large table was held in the Buondelmonte house. Schiatta asked him if he had been a guest at it; but Mosca only grinned and grated his teeth together. Schiatta, however, advised Lambertuccio to go to see Buondelmonte. "It is time something was settled," he said. "I hear of movements over the mountains which may spread into our plain one of these fine days. They will wait for the snows, yet it is quite as well to have your musters ready. I certainly think you should see Buondelmonte." So Lambertuccio went.

The two men greeted each other, and Lambertuccio said that he had not seen much of his new kinsman lately. It was time that preparations should be made. The year was getting on. Would Buondelmonte be ready for the wedding before Lent? Or what had he to propose?

Buondelmonte sat quiet for a little; presently he said: "I think frankness is a good thing, Lambertuccio, and I will be frank with you. I should have spoken to you before this if opportunity had served me. But I have been in the country, as you know, and troubled with family matters. Now I must tell you that not only shall I not be prepared to go to church with you before Lent, but after Lent I don't think I shall be ready."

"What is the meaning of this, Buondelmonte?" said Lambertuccio, raising his eyebrows.

Buondelmonte said: "I think that I was perhaps hasty in my determination. I don't feel myself inclined to marry just yet. I hope I don't set more store by my youth than other men, but I feel that I cannot yet awhile give up those pleasures which young men have a right to. Maybe I do more honor to Cunizza by not marrying her than I should by fulfilling my bargain. I hope you understand me."

"I hope I do not," said Lambertuccio. "This is a very unpleasant story you have been keeping for me, Buondelmonte. I am not prepared with my answer just yet. Nor will my cousins Schiatta degli Uberti and Mosca de' Lamberti be prepared, if they are the prudent men I think them to be."

"Ah!" said Buondelmonte; "since you have named them, I will add that when I agreed to take Cunizza, it was after I had declined an offer of Mosca's and been declined by Schiatta. There I think that I was right, and Schiatta right. My politics and his don't agree, and are never likely to agree; there will be grief over that sooner or later. It is wiser to forestall grief than to engross it."

"You seem a poor tradesman to me," said Lambertuccio. "Lucky for you that Farinata degli Uberti is safely out of the way. I have known a quarrel picked on much less ground than this, and by him, for instance, on no ground at all, save that the color of a man's hair displeased him."

"Ah, if you come to the color of hair," Buondelmonte said, thinking, "I have known a bride left in the lurch for some such reason. But I hope you are not supposing that I shall decline a quarrel with Farinata. I did decline one with Mosca the other day (though before that he had found me ready enough) because he is short of an eye; and I should decline one with you, because you are

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father of a lady whom I esteem and respect. But the long and short of it is, Lambertuccio, that I dislike Schiatta's politics, and that your cousin Mosca is to me an abhorrence and occasion of nausea. You will find me liberal, I hope. I am prepared to pay the forfeit provided by the bond, and to hand over my fifty florins in addition."

"That is a reasonable offer, I must allow," said Lambertuccio, after a while; "but I have to think of my girl's honor. Will you give me your word not to marry until she is married?"

"No; that I certainly decline to do," said Buondelmonte, "though it is a very probable course of affairs."

"Well," said Lambertuccio, "you must give me time to talk over this with my friends."

"I cannot prevent it: it is your right. But I hope you will not compel me to take the bond before the Gonfalonier to have it abated. Since you speak of friends, it had much better be done quietly, as between friends."

Lambertuccio thought so too, though he made no such answer. "Friends," he said, "are those who act friendly." He did not know what to say, since he was not sure what he ought to do. He was a slow, deliberate, rather stately man, not soon put into a rage, but long there when once there. If Buondelmonte thought the troublesome business over because Lambertuccio's tongue was at the end of its tether, he was greatly mistaken. But the fact is, he thought very little about it, save to be glad it was done with, the ground cleared. The moment Lambertuccio was gone, he put a cloak over his face and made haste to reach the Donati house.

He told Forese his news, which Forese received with many shakes of the head. "It is but just begun, the trouble," he said. "I should like to hear Schiatta and the whole brood upon it as they sit at meat. Remember, it was you that approached them in the first place; for they are not likely to forget it. There will be high talk, I'm thinking. You must be wary of your steps, Buondelmonte, and wear chain mail. They are a dangerous nest to meddle with."

"I shall take my life in my hands when I go to pay the forfeit," said Buondelmonte; "but a man does that when he walks across the street. You understand that you are not an ingredient of this broth of mine."

"There's not much in that," said Forese. "I shall be bobbing about with the best, the roundest pippin there, so soon as the murder's out."

Buondelmonte told him that nothing would be done until his bond was returned to him, and the affair a little blown over. Lambertuccio had wanted a promise out of him, he said, but he would not bind himself to the Uberti a second time.

Forese put a hand on his arm, saying: "Never mind what you promise, Buondelmonte: but see to it that you hold off until Cunizza is settled. She is of full age—sixteen if she's a day; they will marry her in a hurry, to save her face. Wait for that, my good friend, wait for that."

Buondelmonte was in a hurry himself, but said he would talk to Gualdrada about it. So he did; but Piccarda was there too. Gualdrada made very light of the whole story. "My husband is a born croaker," she said. "Have you not yet found him out? If there comes a shower —there is to be a flood. If the sun shines —we must prepare for a drought. You will see: the very first thing the Amidei do will be to marry off that girl to one of the house. There are plenty of them to be had; money was never a want of theirs, nor big-boned young men either. And when that is done, or as good as done, what is to prevent your marrying when you choose? Nothing at all. I consider you free as air. I consider the thing done now, and done with." Buondelmonte looked at Piccarda, who returned his gaze steadily, but as if she was troubled at something. Her eyes searched his in pursuit of his secret thought, then turned away; she sighed ever so lightly.

"Why do you sigh, sweetheart?"

"Because I am in love."

"Will you sigh when I wed you?"

"Ah, no."

"Why not, if now you sigh?"

"Because then I shall know that you are in love also."

He took her on his knee, and caressed her. She spoke no more until he urged her very closely. Then she said: "I want

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you. I have no rest because of you. Before you came I had long nights and days. But now day and night I think of you. I am wretched, in sore need." Buondelmonte kissed her. Such talk was very pleasant to hear, and made him wild for the girl.

Gualdrada, looking at these two, one caught up on the knees of the other, laughed, as rich people laugh. And when Buondelmonte asked her, "How soon will you give her to me, Gualdrada?" she knew that her wages were in her hand, and said: "You are so near together that I care not greatly to delay you. To-morrow you shall plight her with your ring at San Giovanni. Thereafter do what you will, each of you with the other."

Buondelmonte looked at Piccarda. "If I do what I will with thee, Piccarda?" he said, asking.

"That will be what I will," said Piccarda. So he kissed her again.

II

On the morning after Buondelmonte had broken his news to Lambertuccio, Oderigo Fifanti happened to be passing San Giovanni about the hour of terce when people were coming out from the mass. He waited to watch them for a little, and saw Gualdrada Donati with two unwedded girls. He had always thought her to have but one daughter, whom he knew quite well by sight; but this other he had never seen before. She appeared to him of extraordinary beauty, dangerous to men. He was so much taken with her that when she had passed with her mother and sister he went into the church to consider whether, at his age, with grown-up sons of his own, he might venture upon a second marriage. It would be that girl or none, he thought, and turned it over and over in his mind. In the church he saw a young man offering candles to the Virgin, whose make and shape seemed familiar. Puzzling idly over this, but more concerned with his late encounter, presently the worshipper turned to go out, and Oderigo saw that it was Buondelmonte. There was nothing surprising about this, since San Giovanni was the church where all the factions of his way of thinking heard mass when they could; and on the great feasts made a point of taking the Communion. There had been a Communion this morning, he saw, and afterwards remembered. Oderigo greeted Buondelmonte and received his greeting; but they said nothing.

When he came out, not having fully made up his mind what to do about the girl of the Donati, he went down to his own house, and heard the news about the Amidei marriage. Instantly he connected it in some way with the visit of Buondelmonte to San Giovanni that morning and his offer of candles to the Virgin. "He has had a vision or a warning," he told himself; "that is about the size of it. He has been expiating a vow, or sealing a new one; or he was giving thanks for a danger averted. Now what will Lambertuccio do? And our kindreds? I must go down to Schiatta's and find out." And away he went.

He found all the kindreds assembled in the hall, Schiatta in the high seat, and Lambertuccio finishing an oration amid murmurs and muttering from the others.

"The sum of the matter, Schiatta," Lambertuccio was saying, "is that I cannot feel offended. I believe Buondelmonte spoke the truth when he owned that he would rather keep his kindred separate. Either he thinks himself strong enough without the Uberti, or he fears to make the Uberti too strong. We know very well that he is wrong in the first, and as for the second, doubt if he would count for very much. But a man must have his opinions. Another reason of his seems to be that Mosca here tried to pick up an old settled quarrel again, one night last winter. I will not say whether Mosca did well to blow upon dead embers; but it was not a friendly act to me, and Buondelmonte was reasonable in resenting it. He came to us of his own accord, peace upon his tongue; then says Mosca, there shall be no peace between you and me. Well, he would say, then there can be none betwixt me and your kinsfolk. You cannot have it both ways. He has reason on his side, I say. Now Buondelmonte will pay forfeit on his bond, and may have it back when he chooses for all I shall say against it My Cunizza will wed with Malviso Giantruffetti here, a good man and of

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our kindred; so her honor will be saved; all the city will believe that we broke off the match. This is all I have to say, Schiatta, about the affair."

Mosca de' Lamberti jumped up the moment he had done. "By your leave, Schiatta," said he, "I will answer Lambertuccio in your presence. I say that it is well for Buondelmonte that Farinata is tied to the chair at Certaldo; for if he had been here, there would have been wild work in the street. And, for my part, I am not sure that all of us Uberti will sleep in our beds this night, as I gather Lambertuccio intends to sleep in his. Better had it been for all of us if I had settled accounts with my Lord Picker-and-Chooser on that winter night. He had not lived then, perhaps, to toss another of the Uberti aside after a little trial. Shall I tell you now why I had my words with Buondelmonte? You think that I bore him a grudge for a very old affair. You wrong me there; it was just the opposite of that was the case. You should remember the day he came into this hall on his wife-buying errand, asking, I'll trouble you for one of the chief's daughters. 'I come for a wife, not a grandmother,' says my young lord. That of Schiatta's lady, look you. A wife he needs, not a grandmother. I know very well what he needs. Well, then, I made an offer on my own account; and Schiatta upheld it, and was right, since I am his next in degree. Did that have the look of a grudge? No, indeed. But what says my lord? 'I cannot hope to satisfy Mosca,' are his words. Great courtesy to me! Oh, the finest! Who bears the grudge, do you say? He is pleased to condescend to Lambertuccio's proposals, however, and will look at the bride, as he might look at a horse on sale. Vastly pleasant dealing, signori, as things have turned out. Now that is why I picked a quarrel with this Butterfly Squire, who thinks that all our maidens' lips are at his disposal. And I am ready for another when and how you please. Lambertuccio's reasonings and reasonableness are nothing to me. Buondelmonte sought us out, offering himself: now he throws us over. Can we bear that, we who are lords of the city? I say dishonor is done to our name and blood."

There was a good deal of shouting at this, and some of the young men leaped to their feet. One raised a cry of "Death to him!" But Schiatta stopped all this with his hand. "Let no man stir till I give him leave," said he. "There must be no bloodshed nor house-burning yet awhile. This quarrel is Lambertuccio's, who, if he is satisfied, may be an easy man to satisfy; I say nothing about that. But I say that Mosca did wrong to offend Buondelmonte when he was in a state of becoming my kinsman, and is chiefly to blame in this which has followed. Had I been Buondelmonte I know not how I could have acted otherwise. Now I forbid you, Mosca, to move sword or tongue against Lambertuccio's enemy without his sanction. Let this be a warning to you to be civil, and not to take more upon yourself than your friends are disposed to award you. Has any man else anything to say in this foolish affair?"

Oderigo Fifanti got up. "I say, Schiatta, that Lambertuccio is right in his surmises, and will tell you why. This morning, happening to be by, I went into San Giovanni, and saw Buondelmonte there, offering candles at the altar of the Virgin. Fine candles, too, seven pounds apiece at the least. Now this is no great feast-day, as we all know; therefore he must have gone there with design, and offered his candles with intention. It is clear as day to me that he offered either because of a vow he had made, which no man makes except necessity drive him, or as thanksgiving for a danger escaped. In either case, it seems, he is to be excused, as a man is who thinks himself warned by God. And after the words of Mosca de' Lamberti it is not hard to see what sort of danger a quiet man has escaped." All the kinsmen shouted their laughter at this, and Oderigo sat himself down. Malviso Giantruffetti also said something, modestly and becomingly for so young a man; and then Buondelmonte walked into the hall, alone and unarmed, and courteously saluted Schiatta, Lambertuccio, and the company at large. There was a great hush; but all could see that he bore himself like a gentleman, and a noble gentleman. His witnesses came after him, three young men—his brother Ranieri,

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"LET THIS TELL OF MY LOVE WHILE I AM AWAY"

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Alberto Giandonati, and one of the Gualterotti, a mere lad,—none of them at his ease in the stronghold of the Uberti.

Schiatta, who sincerely admired him, returned his salutation, and said: "Buondelmonte, I guess your errand and am sorry for it. I would have seen you here more gladly on any other; or if this is the end of it, could wish that you had not come at all."

"I can well believe that," said Buondelmonte; "but when a man is told that he must lose his leg, he does not say, 'We will talk about it next week'; but rather, 'Talk then, and have done with it.' So I, being forced into a narrow way, make haste to get out even at the price of things which may be dear to me. You say that you know why I have come. I have given reasons to Lambertuccio, which I hope he understands. No doubt he has told them to you. Now, in the presence of you all, his kindred, I pay the forfeit in which I stand engaged, and will take my bond again. Further satisfaction I offer him for the honor of Monna Cunizza, namely, the fifty florins which I should have laid down for Morgengabe. This seems to be justly her due, since I believe from my soul every good thing of her. So I pay it now in your sight."

"It is greatly done," said Schiatta; "I own that." And so all confessed to one another that it was.

Lambertuccio said: "Noble offer should have noble response. I shall not accept from Buondelmonte more than is my due, nor money for that which he has not had. This Morgengabe will undoubtedly be paid by the satisfied man, and it must not be supposed that it is due from Buondelmonte. That is Malviso's business here, to whom my girl is betrothed."

"That alters the case," said Buondelmonte. "I should be doing Malviso a great offence." So he took back his purse of fifty florins, and shortly after withdrew, he and his witnesses.

The assembly broke up; the kindreds left the hall upon their several affairs; but Oderigo Fifanti stayed behind for a talk with Schiatta about his own affair of the girl of the Donati. Schiatta advised him against it. "This is an idle itch of yours," he said, "tending neither to good husbandry nor good comfort. How will you get a young wife to settle down with your sons, who are themselves old enough to marry her? Remember the grief of Obizzo of Este, whose son fell in love with his stepmother, and both perished, and caused her to perish miserably. Yet you are not to blame Obizzo for maintaining his rights, since he had chosen to make them so, with a strong hand. Again, the Donati are a good house, I'll not deny, though not so good as they have been, and no friends of mine. But mark you this, when the hour comes, the Donati will be on one side of the ramparts and the Uberti on the other. This must infallibly be."

"The same would have been true of the Buondelmonti, in my opinion," said Oderigo.

"Buondelmonte is a young man," replied Schiatta, "and more supple than the Donati. And his is a growing tree, where the other is rotting at the heart. I warn you off this quest of yours, kinsman."

"Well," said Oderigo, "maybe I shall not take your advice."

"Oh, if you confess yourself an old fool, I have nothing more to say," Schiatta answered. To which Oderigo replied with heat that if everybody was a fool who did not hold Schiatta's opinions, Florence held a goodly number of fools.

"I think it does," said Schiatta, "but that is no reason why you should add to the number."

"He is a fool," said Oderigo, "who follows blindly where another leads him. Knowledge of this, and not profundity of wisdom, makes a shepherd master of sheep."

"Go your ways, Oderigo," said Schiatta, "go your ways. Let January wed young May if he can. But let not January quarrel with the nature of things if he freeze May to death, or May fritter him to water with her awakened fires."

"I shall certainly try my fortune," said Oderigo, "and thank you for your friendly warnings."

III

Buondelmonte, who had a journey to make, laid out his fifty florins in a gold crown, the finest that money could buy in Florence or the world. It was made of two hoops of gold, one above another,

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joined together by flowers in red and white enamel; above was a garland of lilies in the same work, with a star in the midst, to be over the forehead, and in the midst of that again an emerald of large size. He took it to the house of the Donati, and before he left her that night set it upon Piccarda's head. "Let this speak to thee of my love while I am away. I shall come soon, my dear heart," said he, and departed in a torment of love by no means allayed. Gualdrada embraced her beautiful daughter. "He is bound to you, my child, hand and foot. Think not that by giving you have nothing left to give. A fine skein is in your hand, to be wound as you please. Though it be of thin silk, it will drag this man to heaven or hell." Piccarda had nothing to say, or did not choose to speak of Buondelmonte.

Gualdrada heard steps upon the stair, which she thought were those of Forese coming in. "Stay you there, Piccarda," she said, "and let your father see what a lordly husband you have won." So she sat still where she was, looking like a queen.

Forese came into the chamber with Oderigo Fifanti, who, when he saw Piccarda with the crown upon her head, stayed by the door as one dazed. Forese said: "Wife, here is Messer Oderigo come a-wooing, wanting our Gualdrada. What have you to say to that?"

Gualdrada made a little demur; her head was turned by the happy conduct of Piccarda's affair, and she had never set much store by her elder daughter. It would have to be considered, she said; there was much to be said for and against such a match; and then to Piccarda: "Go into your closet and put off that ornament you have on. Your father shall see it another time." Piccarda got up to go; whereupon Oderigo recovered his senses. "Hold," he said; "you have my story wrong, Forese. This is the damsel I seek for a wife."

"Bad Easter to me," says Forese, "I am sorry for that."

Gualdrada said: "You choose your words strangely, husband. Messer Oderigo, you are too late. This girl of mine is betrothed; the crown she wears now is a wedding-gift from her affianced. Not every damsel hath so rich an offering as that. But the bridegroom is a young man, of an age with herself or near it, and well found in goods, as you see."

"It is evident," said Oderigo, putting the best face he could upon it. "There cannot be many of his sort in Florence. Might a man know his name?"

Forese looked at his wife, doubtful what she would have him do. Gualdrada made haste to answer.

"Indeed, there would be every reason why you should know, and sooner than most," she said. "But this is the true state of the case: The bridegroom has gone to Siena on business of some moment for himself and the state. Lest any shame should fall upon our daughter by failure of his, or accident, or any such thing — which God mercifully avert! — he has charged me to withhold his name and the betrothal itself until he is happily back. But you have surprised us out of one of these, through no fault of your own or of mine."

"Your secret is safe with me," said Oderigo; "but indeed you have found a tender bridegroom, singular in Florence on every account."

"You may be sure that he is," said Gualdrada.

After a few courteous speeches Oderigo, having no further errand with the Donati, departed. He owned himself for a fool; but for all that he was greatly puzzled at the mystery. Meeting by chance with Mosca de' Lamberti as he crossed the New Market, he clean forgot his assurance of secrecy, and told him the whole of the story, except the part he himself had played in it. Mosca said at once: "I met Buondelmonte on the bridge even now, on the Siena road. What if he were your man? What then, my friend?"

At once it jumped into Oderigo's mind that he had seen Buondelmonte that morning in San Giovanni, offering candles to the Virgin, and that in the same church had been Gualdrada Donati and her daughter. The remembrance of this, and the thought of what it involved, flushed him all over; but knowing Mosca for a pickstrife, a mischievous man, he said nothing about it. It might have been an accident, and the offering made for safety on his journey. So also there might have been the Communion

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there and yet neither Buondelmonte nor Piccarda have communicated. But if there were no accidents at all, and everything had been as it looked, then the Uberti were very much offended. Lambertuccio must then be told, and Schiatta. While he thought of all this, Mosca clapped him on the shoulder. "We are two fools," he said. "There is but one man can make such a gold crown as that. He is Lapo of Lucca. We will soon have the Donati secret in our hands."

Lapo the garland-maker, who lived by the bridge, made no secret of his part in the traffic. It had been Buondelmonte who had bought the crown this very morning. Mosca and Oderigo looked at each other without saying anything. By the Piazza of San Stefano they were about to separate, when Oderigo took Mosca by the arm, and held him fast, saying nothing.

"Let me go, cousin," said Mosca, struggling; "I have business."

Oderigo was no coward, to shrink from a quarrel or many quarrels; but he was a serious man, who considered fighting a serious business; and he saw that such fighting as might now be on hand would be no ordinary scuffle. So he held on to Mosca by his gown. "By Jesus Christ, Mosca," he said, "you shall tell me to whom is your business. For I see that it lies in a different direction from that in which it lay when I first met you."

"Let me go, Oderigo," he said again. "I am not bound to tell you of my affairs."

"But this affair is mine as well as yours; so I mean to have it out of you."

Mosca looked this way and that with his one quick eye—up at Oderigo, who was looking at the men in the river drawing their nets below the weir; down at his feet; about and about. "Well," he said at last, "there is no reason why I should not tell you. I am going to Schiatta's."

"Then you may go," said Oderigo. If he had said "To Lambertuccio's," Oderigo would have forced him to silence; but he cared little what he said to Schiatta, because he knew nothing positive, and Schiatta would see that it amounted to nothing. A man is at liberty to plight himself with a woman when he has broken his plight to another, but not until. Now Oderigo knew very well, but Mosca did not, that Buondelmonte must have been with this girl long before. Therefore he had insulted the Amidei. But whether Lambertuccio would choose to avenge his own injuries or to share his rights with the Uberti, he was not yet sure.

He went to the Amidei house and told Lambertuccio the whole case, not concealing from him his own share in it. Lambertuccio listened without movement or sign, save that his face took a darker tinge, and that this tinge was darkest at his neck. At the end he said:

"If this is true, as fate seems to have it, he must die. No doubt of that."

"If you are for that work," said Oderigo, "I shall stand in with you. For you are not the only man offended."

"As you please," said Lambertuccio. "I need no help from any man. You brought your trouble on yourself. At your time of life, he who goes running after maids unwed deserves what he gets. My case is very different. I shall kill Buondelmonte."

Oderigo said: "He will be in Siena by to-morrow night; it could be done very handsomely there. Any of the Tolomei would do it. Or Farinata could arrange it easily for you from Certaldo."

"It will be done very handsomely here, you will find," said Lambertuccio, quietly. "There is plenty of time. But I have just supped, and this is the hour at which I usually sleep. Forgive me, and many thanks."

"You will let me know when you are ready?" said Oderigo.

"Certainly. There is plenty of time."

"Good repose to you, Lambertuccio."

"Many thanks."

Schiatta heard Mosca's story, and put his finger on the weak spot at once. "A man freed is a free man," he said, "and not less free for being that moment free. Buondelmonte may have known the Donati girl before, or he may not. He has acted within the letter of his rights. You cannot prove anything against him, and you cannot touch him."

"Your son Farinata would touch him," said Mosca.

"My son Farinata would do nothing of the kind," Schiatta replied. "You know very little about it."

But afterwards, when Lambertuccio came with his new story, Schiatta saw

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differently. "If this is the state of the case," he said, "the family is grievously offended—no less with the Donati than with Buondelmonte, except in this, that the Donati have always been open enemies. But the other came to us unasked, professing the need of alliance. Black treachery. Our name cannot endure this, Lambertuccio. I must certainly interfere. And it is a good occasion, after all, for what we have in the back of our minds. For if we go sagely to work, I don't know why we should have an enemy left in Florence."

Lambertuccio said: "You are head of the house. Do as you think proper. The quarrel is certainly mine first of all—but do as you think proper."

"I shall call a council of the kindreds," said Schiatta; "that is what I shall do."

They all came together in the hall of the Uberti: Lambertuccio and Oderigo, the Infangati, Mosca de' Lamberti, the Caponsacchi and Gangalandi, and Ruggiero Giantruffetti with his son Malviso, who was to marry Cunizza.

Oderigo Fifanti, when called upon, confirmed his story. He said that he agreed with Lambertuccio that the Amidei were chiefly concerned in the quarrel; but he considered that he came next on account of his private intentions towards the girl. He should stand by Lambertuccio in whatever he chose to do.

There were cries for Lambertuccio degli Amidei. He rose unwillingly and said little. "It is distasteful to me to speak of my private affairs, and by your leave I shall not. I have made up my mind what I ought to do; if possible, and Heaven on my side, I shall perform it. I speak as a man, father of a maiden wronged, not as kinsman of any other. If, however, you push your claims upon me, as being of my blood or intimacy or some such, I shall not refuse you. Forgive me: I am little of a speaker at these times."

Mosca de' Lamberti spoke next, not fiercely, but moderately and with show of reason. "There are two things to do," he said, "which equally become us. Firstly, we must stand by our offended kinsman; secondly, we must seek the benefit of the whole name and blood. Now, as to the first, it is plain what we ought to do; but the second, to my thinking, is no less easy. It is, To do the first. I am not the only man to say what I say now, that a thing done is done with. Buondelmonte said those very words to me upon a time. But I tell you now, a thing done is done with. If we act with Lambertuccio in his quarrel, we act justly, paying our debts. If anything follows upon that, it will have been begun by those who have thought themselves injured by what we may have done. We can be ready to meet them, and more than half-way. Therefore, by doing what is in your right you bring that to be done which is within your desire; and it will be done in the course of nature, without any seeking of ours or show of design. Do you wish the Florentines to say to each other, 'These Uberti use a private grudge to make a tyranny over us?' That will breed a maggot of discontent and turn the whole city into fermentation. No, no. But if the friends of the Buondelmonti, all the kindreds in the Borgo and San Pancrazio, and all the Donati and their likes, draw sword upon us and seek publicly to requite what we have privately and most justly performed, they put themselves in the wrong, signori; they themselves pick the quarrel. We defend ourselves; we are in the right from the beginning; our advantage flows naturally, like Arno from Falterona. This is my sentence, kinsmen. A thing done is done with. Let them begin a new thing if they choose."

Schiatta said at once: "Upon my soul and conscience, I am in a case I never was in before, to agree with Mosca here. My first counsel would have been for war on all these houses: but he is right. Now let us send the lads away and settle matters between us. Let Malviso, however, remain, since he is a party to the quarrel." This was done. Lambertuccio and Mosca, Oderigo Fifanti, Leone Gangalandi, Malviso Giantruffetti, kept their places beside Schiatta. Lambertuccio would not talk, and Oderigo said nothing new; Malviso was timid; Schiatta and Mosca settled everything. Farinata was to be written to at Certaldo. He was to watch for Buondelmonte upon the road home from Siena, at Poggibonsi where the fork begins, and send a messenger with word of his coming. If the man

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went over the hills, by Torre in Val di Pesa, he would gain three hours on Buondelmonte. The six Uberti would wait for him in the church of San Stefano and go out to the bridge-end and meet him. He would probably be unarmed, at least without mail, because he would be going to the Donati. Mosca said that this was certain, because a man does not give his betrothed a gold crown unless she has something to give him in return. No doubt that he was mad for her. When they were all agreed and on the point of going away, young Malviso, with a very troubled face, said that he could have no part in it. Schiatta stared up at the rafters. "What does this mean?" he said. "Treachery," said Mosca.

Malviso stammered out his meaning as well as he could. Here was an unarmed man, lightly accompanied, upon whom were to set six with weapons in their hands, and counsel in their heads, and half the city at their backs.

"Well," said Mosca, "how many more do you want to help you?" Malviso took no notice, but looked at Schiatta.

"I am concerned in this, sir," he said, "since I am to marry the offended lady. But certainly I could not have married her if she had not been offended by Buondelmonte. So it seems that he has by no means offended me, but served me rather."

"What!" cried Mosca, twitching his arms; "by insulting your lady?"

"No, no," said Lambertuccio; "you are too sharp with the lad. It is easy to see what he means. So long as this is my quarrel, it is not his. He has my consent to stand out."

"And mine also," Schiatta said. "I consider his feelings only right and proper, though they are far from being mine."

"Or mine, either," said Mosca, "luckily for us."

They all went their ways.

IV

Buondelmonte settled the affairs of the commune with which he had been entrusted, and his own; then he sent word to his friends that he should be in Florence on the morning of Easter, and started on Good-Friday night. He reached Poggibonsi and slept there.

Next morning, as he came out of Poggibonsi, Farinata degli Uberti saw him from a good way off, and said immediately to a young man with him, "Off you go." The young man departed at once on foot, more fleetly than any horse could have fared in such a country, and as long in the wind. Farinata himself waited to see how Buondelmonte was accompanied, and saw to his great surprise that he was alone. It came into his heart for a moment to warn him of his danger, so that he might at least make a show of fight. Two grooms would have been something, with his own long sword. While he was turning it over, thinking it a shame that a fine man should be killed like a pig in a sty, and, on the other hand, that it was no business of his, he saw that Buondelmonte had observed him. It would not do to make off now. So he stayed.

Buondelmonte greeted him, wishing him a good Easter. Farinata smiled.

"You too look for a good Easter, I expect, Buondelmonte," he said.

Yes, Buondelmonte said, he thought it might prove the best in his life.

Farinata, looking at him, said, "I should hope that the more heartily if you had not put a hitch in our affairs."

"I am sorry to confess that I did," said Buondelmonte. "I did not behave well, but I behaved as well as I could. Look, Farinata, you and I are nearly of an age, so that I can expect you to understand me when I tell you this. I saw Monna Piccarda by chance, and her extraordinary beauty troubled me not a little. Also I admit that the dowry she brought with her was a very fine thing, much better than Cunizza would have had. But both of these advantages would have been got over. I have had my share of them, and still have. Do you know what inflamed me to such a pitch that I knew I could not live without Piccarda? It was this, that when I kissed her for the first time, she kissed me back. Ah, and earnestly. Do you not see, my friend, that she gave me her heart there on her mouth? I have no words ready to exhibit my thought or understanding, but I was touched very nearly by that, and on a quick spot. I could not tell Lambertuccio all this, still less your father Schiatta: but I may tell you."

"I understand you," said Farinata. Then sighed: "It is a pity."

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"Yes," Buondelmonte said, "it is a pity; but I can see a greater pity avoided. For say that I had been wedded to Cunizza before I had met Piccarda, it would have made no difference. What is was bound to be. And, to my thinking, that would have been more shameful in me than what I have done."

"Maybe," said Farinata. "Who knows?"

"I have mentioned this to nobody," Buondelmonte said; "and shall rely upon your confidence."

"You have it. Rest assured of that," said Farinata. "But I am keeping you from your way."

"I have a good horse," Buondelmonte said, "which will take me to the Impruneta by nightfall. I shall find my servants and baggage, and sleep there. It will not do to go to see my beloved in a suit of sweat and mire."

Buondelmonte rode on his way. He felt much more at ease since he had unburdened himself to Farinata, and began to sing a song he had learned in Siena. Folgore of San Gimigiano had made it. It was a good song.

V

Farinata's messenger reached Schiatta very late on the eve of Easter, but Schiatta judged that there was no chance of Buondelmonte's coming in that night. He put men on the lookout, one by the Certosa and another at Porta Romana; and then he went to bed. The kindreds were informed; bidden to assemble, those who were concerned, in the church of San Stefano in time for the first mass.

In the morning twilight Malviso Giantruffetti's heart misgave him. He had not slept much all night for thinking of the work on hand and wondering what he ought to do. "He has done me a service, he has done me a service," were the words running in his head; and then he thought: "What harm will there be if I do him a service in my turn? Let him at least make a fight of it." With the earliest light, unable to endure himself any longer, he put on his clothes and a cloak, and went out of the house without disturbing any one in it. The streets were empty; but he knew the gates would be open by the time he reached them. He crossed by the Rubaconte bridge for fear of being seen by Schiatta's outposts, and picked up the Siena road at a point below the Certosa. Not knowing where Buondelmonte had lain that night, he went too far and overshot him; but he found out his mistake before he got to San Casciano, stole a horse there, and pelted back the way he had come. Such good pace did he get out of the horse that he was again on the Rubaconte before the bell of the Badia had struck for terce. But he had not caught Buondelmonte for all that, and now dared not go to look for him, for he knew he must be in or near the city. So he held his horse by the rein, and leaned upon the one bridge, in the angle of one of the little chapels which used to be there, looking over to the other. It was a fine morning, with very clear air and sunlight. At first he saw peasants coming in, by twos and threes, to the mass of the Resurrection; but by-and-by a horseman at a foot-pace, and he came from Over-Arno. He looked immediately to the foot of the bridge and all about the old Por' Santa Maria, which stood there in those days, but could see no men there. "If that is Buondelmonte, he will get over yet," he said to himself. But then he saw that it was not Buondelmonte, but a much older man. The Badia bell rang, and the sound was taken up by Santa Reparata and San Piero Maggiore, by San Frediano Over-Arno and other towers; and then he saw two men come at a trot through the gateway and pass over the bridge, going to Over-Arno. One was in green and bareheaded; the other wore a hood. He heard the green rider laugh and the other reprove him, the air was so still. "That is a boy," he said. "That will be Gualtiero Gualterotti going to meet his cousin. The other has the air of Ranieri Buondelmonte, but I can't be sure. So they expect him."

Not long after the riders had gone by he saw a party of men come slowly round the buttress of the old gateway. He counted them: there were four, two in cloaks and two without. If they were the Uberti, there should be a fifth man: where was he? He soon saw that they were the Uberti. He knew Lambertuccio by his height, and Mosca by his stooping shoulders, and head incessantly on the move; and Leone Gangalandi by a white

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THE SUN WAS FULL IN BUONDELMONTE'S EYES

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eagle's tail-feather he was fond of wearing. The fourth must be Oderigo Fifanti, because he seemed to feel the wind; kept his cloak high up round his ears. He saw them turn: then Schiatta degli Uberti joined them. His head was bare, as usual with him. They all talked together. He saw Mosca drive away a cripple who came whining about, with his hands held out over his crutches. Various people passed in one direction or the other over the bridge. Presently Leone Gangalandi went through the gate at a brisk run, and the others waited about. Ten minutes or more passed in this way, Oderigo taking sharp turns up and down the bridge, Mosca leaning over to look at the water, Lambertuccio quite motionless, and Schiatta looking up at the sculptures on the gate. Malviso wondered what was going on. Leone Gangalandi came back with half a dozen men on horseback, who went over the bridge, while he himself stayed with his friends. "I see the game now," said Malviso to himself; "these will go to detach Gualtiero and Ranieri, so that Buondelmonte can be dealt with separately. This is a bad business."

As the day wore, so increased the number of those coming and going over the bridge; but it was still easy to observe the riders. Malviso saw one such come leading a pack-horse, and then two others, also leading horses. They wore green jackets. He guessed that they might be Buondelmonte's servants; but whoever they were, they passed over unmolested and seemed to suspect nothing. When the last of them was through the gate, Oderigo Fifanti took off his cloak, and Lambertuccio followed his example. They folded the two cloaks together and put them into the empty gate-house. There was shadow on the east side of the bridge where they were standing. Malviso saw Oderigo Fifanti cross over and stand in the sun. He hated the cold.

A drove of pigs appeared on the bridge, from Over-Arno. Their herd ran backwards and forwards, beating with his stick to get them together. Malviso saw that the pigs were all over the bridge, and was wondering what would happen if Buondelmonte should come up behind them, when the herd stopped, looked round, then threw up his hand for a signal, and began beating the pigs to one side. A white horse, having a rider all in white, came at a quick trot on to the bridge, followed by a party of seven or eight at least. "Here is their man," said Malviso to himself. "Ser Martino drives pigs to the shambles, and these horsemen drive Buondelmonte. If I could stop him even now, I would do it." He stood up on the balustrade of the bridge and waved his hand, shouting, "Back, Buondelmonte, back!" Three or four times he shouted thus, and at the fourth time Buondelmonte, who was riding very fast, turned his head. Malviso went on shouting and signalling; then Buondelmonte called out clearly over the water, "Buona Pasqua," and lifted his hand. He rode on, his companions about ten yards behind. Malviso saw that the waiting men had come out and were standing in the gateway at the end of the bridge, blocking the passage. Buondelmonte reined up for fear of being into them; and Lambertuccio walked out slowly to meet him.

To return to Buondelmonte. He had started betimes from the Impruneta, and made such good pace that he met his friends well on this side of the Certosa. He had on clothes to suit the feast-day, a long tunic of white velvet, with white hose and boots of red leather, a white bonnet on his head, and a short cloak. He had no arms but his dagger. Very glad he was to see his brother Ranieri, and still more that Gualtiero Gualterotti had come, for he loved that boy; but he would not stop or slow down, though he was all agog for news. They had to talk as best they could. He said he should go directly to the house of the Donati. "It is full six weeks since I have seen my beloved Wonder of the World," he said, "and I am on fire to see what new beauties she has grown by now." They told him that Cunizza was to wed with Malviso Giantruffetti the next day. "The gentle Cunizza!" said he. "It is only proper she should have the start of me. She has a worthy youth for her husband. I have a good deal of friendship for Malviso." Talking of this, that, and the other, they came into the Via Romana by the gate, and there the young men whom Malviso had seen met them, as if coming round by the steep road which

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leads from San Miniato al Monte by the Porta San Giorgio. Two of these were Uberti, one a Gangalandi, one of the Greci. Buondelmonte and his friends greeted them and would have gone on their way; but Tacuino degli Uberti called out that he had a message. "For me?" asked Buondelmonte. "No," said Tacuino, "for your brother." So Ranieri stopped, and was overtaken by two or three of these men, who held him in talk while the rest of them pushed forward and got in between Gualtiero and Buondelmonte, talking and laughing among themselves. Buondelmonte kept up his pace. Thus they came to the bridge and into the sun, and crossed it, just as Malviso had seen them.

The sun was full in Buondelmonte's eyes; but as he neared the Stone of Mars and the old gateway he could see that there were people in the road, not to distinguish them. He reined in his horse and put his hand up as a warning to the others; and just then Lambertuccio came out to meet him, with a hand to take hold of his bridle; and he saw who it was. Now he began to suspect something. "Stay me not now, Lambertuccio," he said, and turned quickly to see where his friends were. They seemed to be in some difficulty, he thought. The horses were all huddled together. He heard Ranieri talking in a rage and the others laughing at him. Then Schiatta came up behind him as he sat half turned, and jumped for him, and pulled him suddenly from his horse to the ground; and Mosca leaped forward from behind Schiatta and stuck his knife in deep. He stabbed between the collar-bone and the neck. Buondelmonte cried out, "Rescue! Rescue!" and felt himself losing blood very fast. "One at a time," he said, pleasantly; but had no more words, for Mosca stabbed him again, and Lambertuccio came up in his deliberate way, pulled off Mosca, and put his knee on Buondelmonte's neck and drove at him twice in the heart. He never spoke again; but Oderigo Fifanti did his part for all that.

A crowd of onlookers had gathered, but no one interfered; and as for Ranieri and Gualtiero, they were prisoners and could do nothing. When the Uberti saw that their work was done, they wiped their daggers and walked away. Oderigo went for his cloak; but Lambertuccio had to be reminded of his, and went back for it. Going off, Schiatta held up his hand for a signal, and the six horsemen parted to allow the Buondelmonti passage-room. No harm had been done to them.

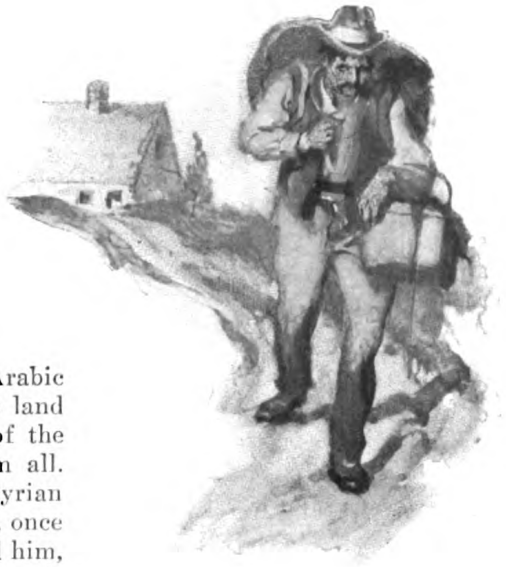
Ranieri spurred directly into the city up the Via Por' Santa Maria, shouting as he went, "The bells! the bells! Treason! Buondelmonti!" but young Gualtiero went and sat beside Buondelmonte and put his head on his knees, and covered his face with his cloak, or what was left of it. The moment the Uberti had left the bridge all the bystanders ran in various directions, and almost immediately the great bell of the SS. Apostoli began to toll. Others followed in no long time.

Ranieri, riding full gallop up the Calimala, met Buonaccorso Donati coming down to see what the crying was about. He was buckling his sword-belt as he came. Ranieri told him the news, and Buonaccorso ran back to fetch his father. Ranieri hastened on to find, if possible, one of the Uberti who should not have been warned. As luck would have it, in the Via Condotta, he did meet with Malviso Giantruffetti returning from the Rubaconte bridge. "Treason! Treason!" he cried, and, "Death to the Uberti!" and rode him down. The fighting began within a few hours; but by that time they had taken Buondelmonte to his house and laid him on a bier.

Gualdrada came with her daughter soon after they had got him home. They let her in through the chains which had been put up at the head of the Borgo. Fires were burning in the Quarter of San Piero Scheraggio and all the bridges were held; but Gualdrada said, "There will be place made for the dead." She chose that Piccarda should sit upon the bier, with Buondelmonte's head on her knees; and Piccarda had nothing to say. She only stared at the window. Even while they were making ready, the Gonfalon was being brought down the Borgo. Men heard the roar of the fight in the north parts. The Donati were driving the Uberti down towards the river.

THE END.

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A PEOPLE FROM THE EAST

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

"TRADE will lead a man far," as the Arabic proverb runs; and the roads of this land know the truth of it, for the feet of the refugees have stirred the hot dust of them all. Trade has been no magnet to fetch the Syrian from under blue skies to our gray ones; but, once here, it has set him wandering—has provided him, indeed, with a back-porch introduction to the villages of every quarter, even to the uttermost, where he slips like a shadow from door to door. Wherever he goes he spreads wonder and an unreasoning perturbation, nor will the gold rings in his ears and the sash about his middle let him soon be forgotten. "Oh dear!" the children gasp, when he comes down the hill, with a great pack on his back. "Here's a gypsy. Let's run!" So they take to their heels, and, as they scamper to the sanctuary of the front yard, great is the patter of feet, and voluminous the cloud of dust in their wake. "Oh my," says the young girl, at the peddler's approach, "he has rings in his ears! Perhaps he's a forty-thief, or something. Oh dear, what *shall* I do?" She hurries, her little heart all aflutter, and makes an untimely visit to her nearest neighbor, where the excitement of her escape sinks all formality out of mind. "A-ha!" says the town-constable, marking the slinking gait and shifty eyes of the man. "That there A-rab 'll stand watchin', er I ain't no detective. They say they carry knives in them sashes." Whereupon a profoundly suspicious, if distant, surveillance is upon the Syrian.

The Syrian would smile did he know it.



"HERE'S A GYPSY. LET'S RUN!"

It was Officer MacNamara, of a dim-lit beat, who first took me through the city street where these swarthy fellows, and their betters, have forgathered to live. The night was dark and gusty, and the rain had at last swept the swarm of hags and squalling children and silent, glowering men from the pavements and shadowy doorways. The tops of the tenements on either side were lost in the night, and the street was broken and littered—glistening here and there, where an occasional lamp cast a circle of light upon it. The silence and vast shadows; the time of night and driving wind; the filth and dilapidation; solitary figures flitting darkly from cellar-

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way to door—it was to be assumed, of course, that they had made their impression.

"Ye've no call t' be scared, at all," said MacNamara, impressively. "*I'm* wit' ye."

My expression of confidence in him was prompt; and then he led me up a stair, whence we went through a dark and foul-aired passage to a room in the rear — the café of Atta the Wrestler. Atta, a mighty and most villainous-looking fellow, sat with his wife, his customers all departed, and both were drinking coffee and smoking narghiles.

"*Don't* be afraid, now," MacNamara whispered. "He'll do no harm t' ye. *I'm* here."

We were served with coffee, provided with cigarettes and pastry; and with all came a friendly smile and an Arabic word or two — the fluster of diffidence, too, and an expression of concern for our comfort.

"'Tis all right, sor," MacNamara whispered under his breath. "Never fear, now. He wouldn't dare put p'ison in the cup when *I'm* wit' ye."

"Is he dangerous?" said I, smoothing the smile from my lips.

"Very," said MacNamara. "Ex-ceedingly, sor! 'Tis a fear-ful bad quarter t' patrol. Oh, you're all right when *I'm* wit' ye. You're safe, sor. But *don't* come here alone."

MacNamara? Faugh! But he had thought to provide a thrill—the flavor of some dark adventure; and the flesh of his palm didn't creep when the coin of reward touched it. It is our habit to associate treachery with a swarthy face, and our fancy never fails to find a dirk-hilt in the folds of a sash; but these expatriated Syrians are the meekest of Christians—for Mohammedans are excluded,—long used to oppression, inclined to walk in peace with the mild, and always ready to yield the wall to every strutter who chances to pass that way.

Through the rooms and dark passages of these old tenements a child might wander unmolested, though he had a gold chain thrown over his shoulders; save in this, that greed is in the hearts of all peoples, and violence is a common chance. All the virtues abound there, and to the virtues are added rare graces, such, indeed, as are not to be met with in "colonies" of other races; for to the common lot of this place oppression has driven the well-born and ill-born, the ignorant and the learned, the obscure and the famous, prince and peasant, poet, peddler, and merchant. With the vicious, it may be, have come vices, but with the well-inclined have come refinements and high aspirations.

They are all in the tenements of the "quarter."

It is said that the ignorant Italian dreams of digging great chunks of gold from the streets of New York. But the Christian Syrian, when the Mohammedan oppression falls heavily upon him, says: "It is the land of Liberty! Let us arise and go to that place." That is why he comes. He is interested more in the freedom than in the dollar of the land. To what gardens of delight his dreams lead him it would be hard to say. They take him high and far; it may be, even, as he himself might say, that in his distant vision the Sons of Light were at the Gates of the City, crying: "Enter, O Pilgrim! Here, at last, is Liberty." Consequently, his first contact with the immigration officials precipitates a tragic disillusion.

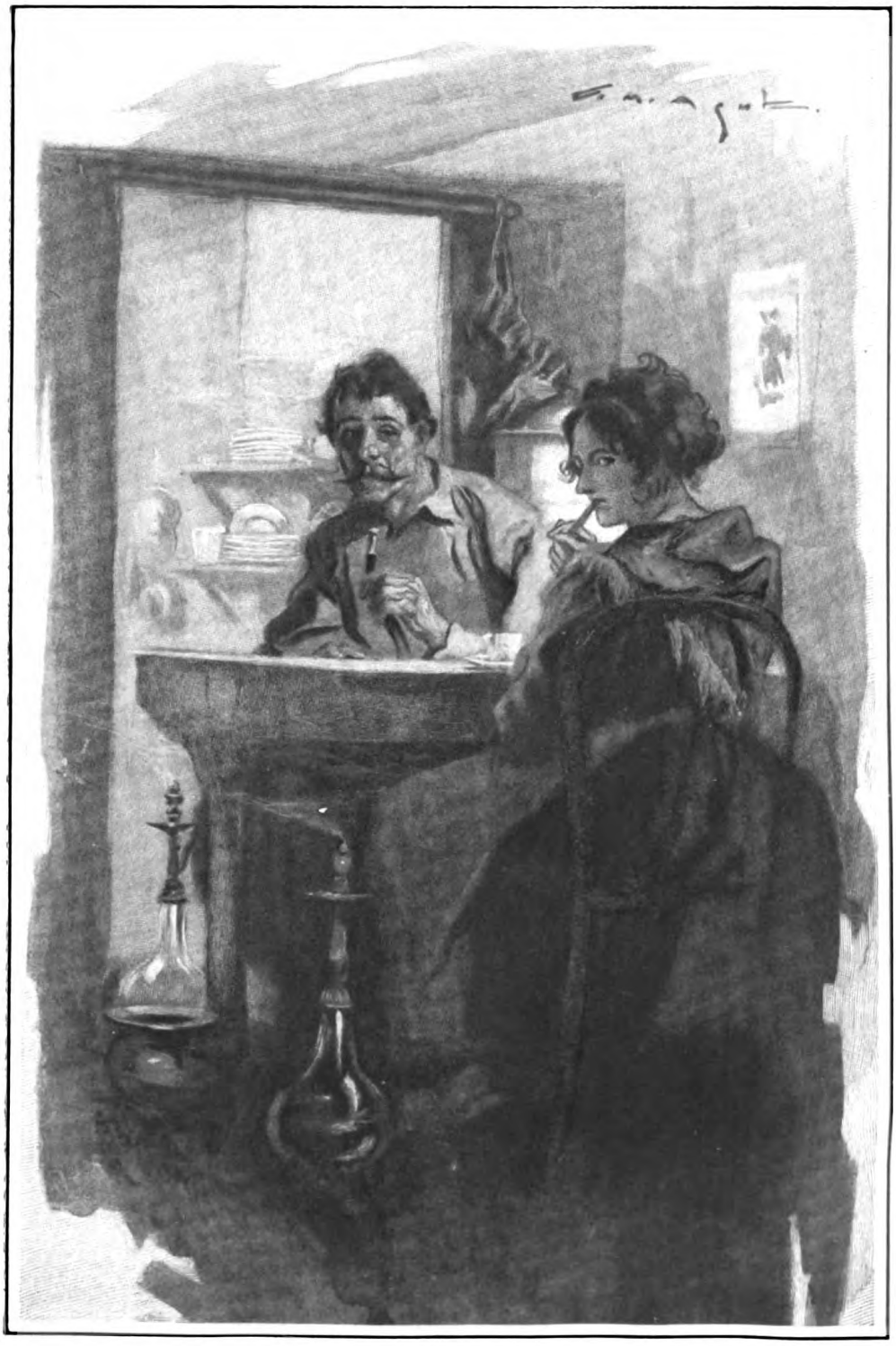
Kahaan is old—old and falling under the knocks of the world; and he is a poet and a man of knowledge, for the books of five languages are open to him. He had been herded with the people from Damascus and Aleppo in the pen at the Barge Office* for three days; nor had the Sons of Light appeared to give him welcome, nor had he so much as touched the hem of the mantle of Liberty. He had suffered many indignities, and for three days his habitation had been unclean; so his heart was sick, and he longed for the paths to which his feet were used.

But he had now passed through the door to the street, and they had told him he was free to go where he willed.

"I will write a book," he said to himself, as he has told me, "and with the money I make I will return to my people."

* The immigrant station at New York.

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BOTH WERE DRINKING COFFEE AND SMOKING NARGHILES

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At that moment he was caught by the collar and jerked violently aside. He was half throttled, and he stumbled and near fell.

"Move on, you!" said the policeman. "You can't stand there starin' at a post all day. Get out!"

"Where, sair?" said the mild Kahaan.

"Hell, if ye like, 'sair.'"

"Will you tell me to whom eet ees, sair," said the Man of Knowledge, trembling with passion, "that they raise monuments?"

"To the dead ones," said the astonished policeman.

"Ees eet so, sair?" cried Kahaan, lifting his lean brown head. "Then I know why eet ees they have raised a statue to Liberty at the very Gate of the City. Eet ees because Liberty is dead in the land!"

But Kahaan knew better when he knew more.

The effect of this rough contact with officialdom, however, soon wears off. So soon as the Syrian puts the policeman in his place, he perceives that his measure of liberty is larger than it was—though, to be sure, he never escapes the petty oppression of the police and politicians, for his simplicity makes him easy prey. It was Abotanios who said to me, through an interpreter, when he had been three weeks in New York: "Write! Write that there is no liberty in America." He had been pitilessly snowballed by a horde of young Irish lads, and his head and dignity were still aching; but months later he drew from his pocket his certificate of "declaration of intention" to become a citizen, and, fetching the table a blow with his fist, shouted: "The Sultan, he no touch me now. I am cit'zen. It is thee Land of Liber-tee!" Thus it is in his security from the tyranny he has so long known that the refugee finds his chiefest delight, rather than in the strange liberties to which he has come. It is not the freedom from insult, but the freedom to insult, in which he rejoices. To cry down the Sultan without restraint or fear of death is the privilege he first learns to prize. There are nights when the streets of the Syrian quarter in New York ring with the call to arms for the freedom of Syria. Here is no illusion! This is Liberty!

But the revolution goes no farther.

There is a fly in the honey, however; it is the presence of the Turkish consul's spies, who mark the seditious utterances and carry the report to high places, whether they are bellowed on the street corners or whispered in the back rooms of the restaurants. As a matter of fact, the revolutionist has much to fear, either for himself—for a conspiracy of spies has landed more than one in an American prison on false charges—or for his kindred at home, upon whom his punishment may fall, in imprisonment, oppression, or the confiscation of their possessions.

"Will you go?" I said to the Doctor, upon one occasion, when the Sultan's representative had come to the quarter, and the attendance of certain important men at a reception had been commanded.

"It is ver' important," he said, frowning in perplexity.

He was a man of wealth and influence, who had chosen to devote himself to the poor of his own people. Hitherto he had uttered no sedition in a public place, but his dreams were well known to me, though not to all men.

"I do not know," he went on. "I not like to kiss his 'and. It is same as thee hand of Abdul-Hamid."

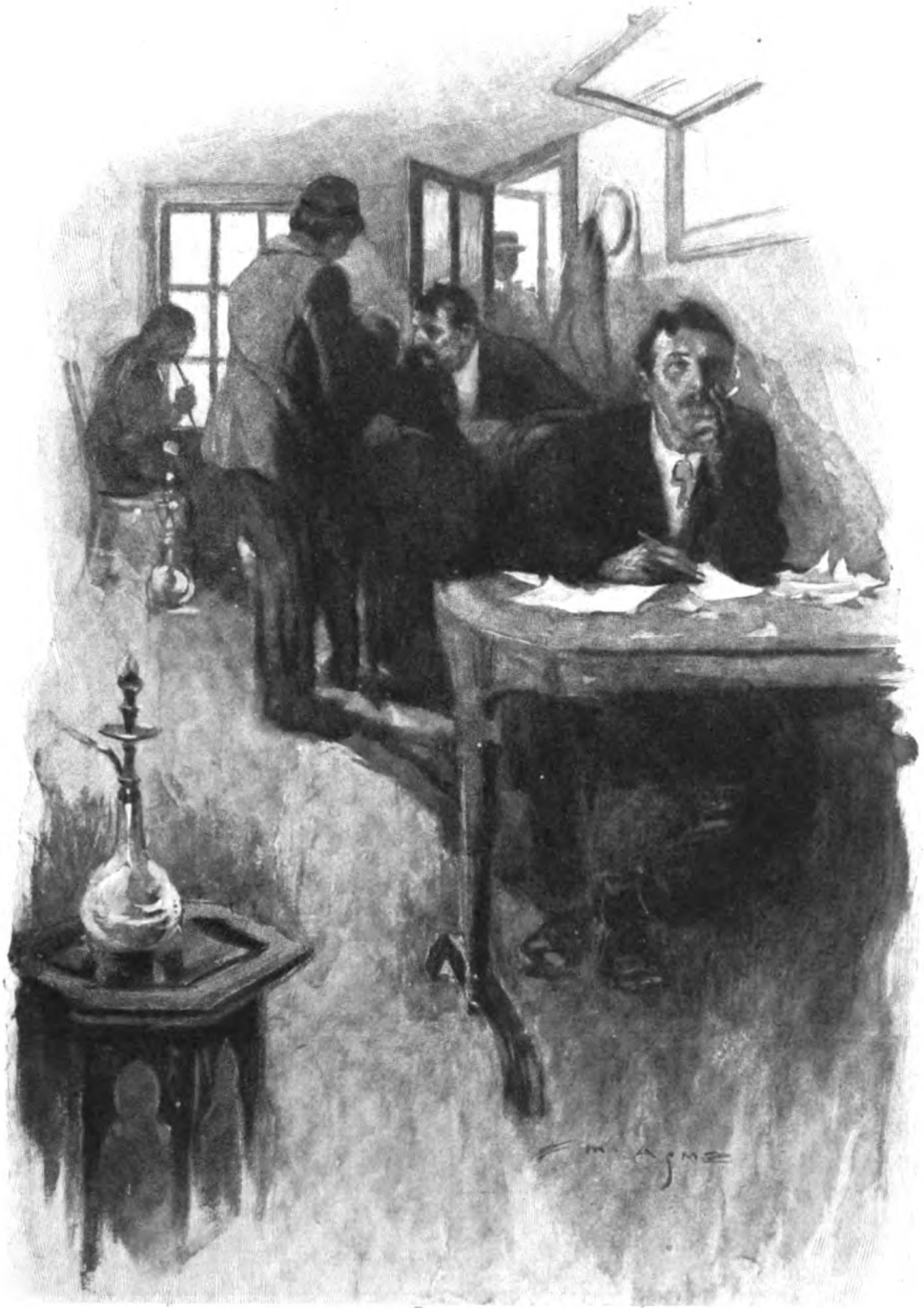
"You haven't much time to think about it," I said, consulting my watch. "It is the hour now."

"I *mus'* go," said he, between his teeth; "I have a mother in Beirut."

With that he put on his silk hat and departed to do homage to the representative of Abdul-Hamid, whom he hated.

There are Syrian quarters in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, and San Francisco. The first, where some 5000 Syrians, chiefly from Beirut and Damascus, dwell, is the largest, but the others are not inconsiderable. They have churches, schools, and places of amusement, and the Arabic newspapers and magazines serve to interchange the news and unite the interests of all. In New York, which is the parent colony of them all, books are published in Arabic. There is a band of

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A FAMOUS POET IN HIS PATRON'S SHOP

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musicians for grand occasions; there are a flourishing club, a large revolutionary organization, and many curious societies, such as the "Society for Peace," the aim of which is to settle the personal differences between certain influential men of New York and Philadelphia. Many political offenders, refugees from Turkey and Syria, reside there, and from there spread the propaganda of revolt. There is a famous poet, whose work is praised in Cairo, and who sits, day after day, in his patron's shop, very busily at work on his "next book." There are shops where brasswork and rugs and gorgeous fabrics are displayed, and many a restaurant where a Syrian dinner is well cooked and well served. A generous hospitality may be found everywhere, whether in the home of the peddler or of the rich importer. The welcome is genuine, and no sacrifice is too great if it contributes to your pleasure.

"The place is yours," said a restaurant-keeper to me once. "There is no charge."

"But I have had coffee—cigarettes—pastry."

"No diff'rence," said he, bowing profoundly. "You are a frien' to my frien'. The Doctor, he is my frien'."

"But—"

"No, no; you have like my music, an' I no charge."

He was a violinist, and I had praised him because his music had delighted me.

"All yours," he concluded, waving his arms. "I am yours. When you want me play, I play."

And with that I had to be content.

Rachid, the first-born of Yusef the athlete, is a sturdy, bandy-legged mite, who can peer over the coffee table by standing on tiptoe and most fearfully stretching his neck; and his hair is shaggy and black, and his eyes have solemn depths. He waddles in from the gutter when the shadows gather between the tenements, for it is bed-time then, and he knows that his mother is making coffee in the back room of the restaurant, where, night after night, he falls asleep on her broad bosom. But the fame of his strength has been spread abroad; so the idlers and gamesters hail him from the tables, and he turns to regard them through sleepy, half-closed eyes.

"It is Rachid, the son of Yusef! Mighty One!"

"Ho!" cries Yusef, with a broad smile of affection. "Show thy strength, little one. Come, lift the chair to the table."

"It is too great a task, Yusef," says one. "The child is sleepy. Let him go to his mother."

"Up, now!" says the father. "Up with the chair, O Rachid!"

So Rachid winds his fat little arms about the legs of the chair and plants his feet firmly on the floor. The cards and dice and chessmen are forgotten, and all the players gather at the table to watch the little Mighty One perform the feat of strength. Rachid lifts and strains, and staggers under the weight; but he gains a new hold and lifts again, while the clamor of encouragement inspires him—lifts until his legs shake, his eyes bulge, and the red blood shows through the grime on his face. Then his legs fail, like overweighted pillars, and he falls flat, with the unmanageable burden on top of him; but he is lifted to his feet, and grasps the chair with new determination. Up with it! There are tears in his eyes. He lifts, pushes, staggers, and sympathetic hands are stretched out to help, but the father waves the aid away. Up goes the chair—up—up! Over it goes! It is on the table. The little Mighty One bows to the cheers of the people as his father, Salim Yusef the athlete, has taught him.

"He is indeed a mighty child," they say.

Then Rachid spies his mother peeking through the curtains in the rear. He runs to her, and he is caught up and kissed, and his head is soon cuddled in the soft place it knows so well. . . . And now, while the Mighty One is falling asleep and a droning song drifts from within in the intervals of silence, Nageeb the Intelligent, Abo-Shofi's son, quits his play in the street, two blocks down, where the more important people live. He climbs the stair to the top floor of the tenement, running swiftly through the shadowy halls, lest the evil genii, of whom Afifah tells, should catch him unawares. Within, he finds his father, the merchant, talking most

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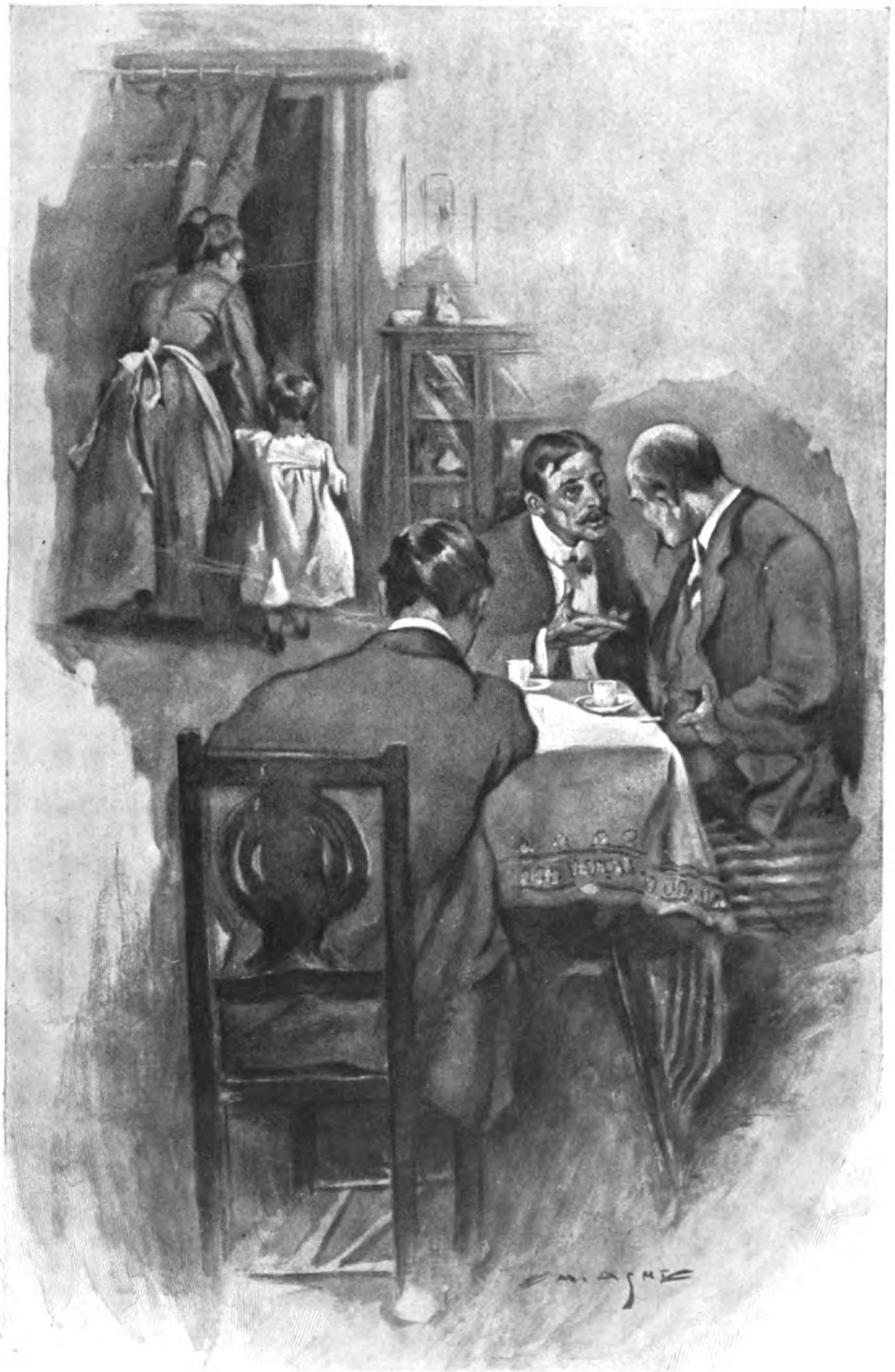
THE "LITTLE MIGHTY ONE" PERFORMS HIS FEAT OF STRENGTH

importantly with the Doctor and two Men of Learning; and when he sees the coffee-cups and glowing narghiles, and hears the sipping and bubbling, he knows that the talk will be long and deep. So he kisses the cheek of his father, and touches his lips to the hand of the Doctor, and salaams most reverently before the two Men of Learning; and then Afifah, the nurse, leads him away to bed.

"I am not sleepy, O Afifah," says Nageeb, when he has lain himself down on the mat, with the rug covering him.

"Now, the Cadi of Al Busra was a wise judge in his day, O Nageeb," says Afifah, well knowing her duty. "Nor, within the knowledge of men, has there

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THE NURSE LEADS HIM AWAY TO BED

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been a Cadi more wise or more merciful, as his judgments make known and the tongues of all men proclaim. Once upon a time, when the Cadi was old, there came before him two men, desiring a judgment to be delivered between them. 'Seven years ago, O Cadi,' said the first, 'I went hence upon a far journey, entrusting my fortune to the keeping of this false friend, by whom I have been cruelly robbed, for now, with his own lips, he has denied the trust.' 'It is even so, O wise Cadi,' said the false friend, 'that I deny the trust; for I have received no money from this man.' Then the Cadi turned to the traveller, saying, 'Is the place where you gave the money to this friend known to you?' 'Even so,' was the answer; 'it is well known to me.' And the Cadi said, 'Go to that place, and when you have reflected, return hither.' Thereupon the traveller departed, and when they had waited long for his return the Cadi said to the false friend, 'Has he had time to go and come?' Then said the false friend, being an unwary man, 'No, O Cadi! The tree whereunder he gave me the money is far off.' 'O false friend,' cried the wise Cadi of Al Busra, 'thou hast betrayed even thyself!' Whereupon he delivered judgment against him."

"He was a *damn* wise Cadi," says Nageeb, who knows the English of the streets. "And now I am sleepy. Peace be with you, O Afifah!"

"And with thee, Little One," she answers softly.

So Nageeb falls asleep.

Now, when the Society for Peace was assembled to deliver judgment between Salim Shazi, the rich importer, and an editor whom he had insulted, Yusef Gahan, who loves money, presented the defence of the Rich One. There was a ring upon the finger of Gahan, and a shiny silk hat was beside his chair; so the people gave heed to the words which fell from his curling lips, saying:

"Let us listen to Yusef Gahan. Mark the flash of the ring! Surely he is a great speaker."

But the words of Gahan were ill chosen and empty; nor was there music in his voice or grace in any gesture. Nevertheless his face expressed a grand disdain; and the great ring flashed, and his shoes were of patent-leather, and the silk hat was in the sight of all.

"Surely," said the listeners, "the Rich One has the right of the dispute. Else so great a man would not speak in his favor."

Now, when Yusef Gahan sat down, Halil the poet, who is a learned man, stepped from the shadows in the rear. There was no ring upon his finger, and his clothes were shabby and shapeless, from the collar of his old coat to the worn shoes which covered his feet. His posture was humble; but there was a fine light in his eyes, and the quiver of contempt at his nostrils.

"He speaks for the editor," said the one to the other. "He is a wise man and a great orator."

There was a commotion in the rear of the hall, where the hired friends of the Rich One raised a clamor against the Man of Learning.

"Who is this person?" said Yusef Gahan; though, to be sure, all men knew the poet and his works.

"Let us not hear him! Let the pig take himself away to his pen!" cried the men whom the Rich One had paid.

"He is a beggar," said Gahan. "By what right does he speak here?"

Then the poet raised his hand; and so splendid was his indignation that a hush fell upon all the people. He pointed his finger at Yusef Gahan, and his eyes were blazing, and the outstretched arm was shaking. Thus he stood, until the hush became a silence deep and strained.

"Know, O Yusef Gahan," he began, in a low, thrilling voice—for he was a practised orator,—"that there are two kinds of riches. There is a riches of money, O Gahan, and there is a riches of knowledge. The one is yours; the other—mine!" Again a pause, until the silence filled the uttermost corners; then the poet flashed about, crying to the people: "Knowledge is greater than money! Choose, O Syrians, between the oppression of the one and the wisdom of the other!"

"Let us hear the words of Wisdom!" they shouted. "Delight us with the voice of Learning!"

So it came about that Salim Shazi,

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the importer, was adjudged guilty of the insult, though he was rich; for the people of those tenements respect knowledge more than money.

"He is a great orator," said the people, of the poet; and the poet was content with the reward.

From day to day the editor had published instalments of the great love-story, writing as he had need, and thinking not at all of the time beyond. From night to night the people waited for the paper in the restaurants, that they might ease their suspense by reading the day's measure of the story. The quarter was intent upon it; from New York to San Francisco, and in the cities of Egypt, where the paper has a large circulation, it was a matter of talk; the young men and maids were wrought to a high point of excitement; the story was more interesting than the news of the latest outrage at Damascus or the longest, boldest editorial against the Sultan; wherever the old editor went he was importuned to make known the outcome.

"Patience," said he. "It will come in good time."

At last came a climax. The situation of Haleema and the Ameer, true lovers both, was desperate in the extreme. It was a breathless moment. They had fled the wrath of Haleema's mighty father; they had taken ship at Beirut, but a great storm had driven the ship for three days, and no man knew what fate impended. Then a shock and crash! The ship has struck a rock. It is deep night, and beyond, far off, the gleam of breakers shows in the darkness. The Ameer seeks the rescue of Haleema. Alas! she is not to be found. He leaps into the sea to continue the search. His reward is immediate. He perceives Haleema clinging to a spar and drifting toward the breakers. She beseeches him to save her, or to die with her. But the waves are high, and his strength, great as it is, is failing. Whereupon the day's instalment came to an end.

"Did the Ameer save his love? Did the hero die with his beloved?" the readers asked one another.

On the next morning the proprietor of the newspaper appeared in the office where the editor was about to set down the answer to this perplexing question.

"Ha!" said the proprietor, with a great frown, pointing to an editorial in the issue of the day before, "the Sultan is not such a bad man. You had better leave him alone. Write no more against him." But the opportunity to write for Liberty was all that gave the editor a joy in life; so he said that he would write as he willed, or not at all. It may be that the Turkish consul had had dealings with the proprietor, or that the proprietor had set his heart upon obtaining some small order from the hands of the Sultan; at any rate, he was obdurate. So the editor took up his hat and left the office; and when the paper was thrown on the restaurant tables that evening there was no instalment of the great love-story.

"Did the Ameer die with his beloved?" they asked the editor, when he came down the street.

"The story is ended," said the editor. "There will be no more of it."

"But tell us! Did he die with his beloved?"

They pleaded, reviled, demanded; but it was to no purpose, for the lips of the editor were sealed to them.

"Why not tell them?" said I, when we were sitting at the coffee-table.

"I do not know the answer myself," said he.

Then he chuckled for a long time.

Of such are the Syrians. It may be that the little stories here set down will be like little windows through which you may catch a glimpse of the lives they live in this land, which they call the Land of Liberty.

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Milady

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

IT began the day she was born. In fact, the old yellow woman "Granny Fetchem," when dressing her for the first time, was heard to exclaim from her mouthful of pins:

"Look out, Milady! Look out how you h'ist dem proud eyebrows at me—'fo' you heah fifteen minutes!"

Then, an hour later, while she lifted the little one, sound asleep, from the safe edge of her short lap and laid her under the patchwork beside her mother, she whispered: "Lucindy honey, dis is de purties' gal chile you got, but look out for 'er. Fus thing you know, you'll be takin' orders f'om dis chile. She 'sputed my will three times 'fo' I could git 'er dressed, an' got 'er way every time, too. Jes look at 'er now, sleepin' wid 'er little fus finger p'inted up agin' 'er cheek, same as a white mistus. She's a beauty, but ricollec' what I say: look out for Milady! She'll lead you a dance!"

So, pending a later decision, they began calling her Milady.

Milady was scarce six months old when she exhibited a marked distaste for dirt—a most interesting and abnormal trait. She would often make a wry face and hold up her shapely wee hands to be washed under provocation so slight as to be resented by the practical mother.

As a toddler, she loved the feeling of shoes on her tender feet, and by the time she was six, fans and parasols were her especial delight, and she was never known to injure any of the fragile things she so enjoyed.

A ruffled gown quite changed her gait as she walked to church; and, indeed, she knew this quite well, for when she and her companions played together in the barn, she often "played lady" by strutting before them with various steps which she would name in this way:

"Dis heah's my bo'quet-frock walk!" or,

"Watch my pa'sol gait!" or,

"Now see me work my fan!" All done empty-handed, of course. The "bo'quet frock" she had evolved entirely from her imagination, and she had never owned either fan or parasol in her life.

Her *pièce de résistance* was a performance combining all these features, and in this she would step out before her audience—generally barefoot and ragged—and, with a bow, announce herself thus:

"Now you see me standin' up in my bo'quet frock—now watch whilst I h'ist my pa'sol—an' work my open-an'-shet fan—an' lead a little poodle-dog like Miss Ge'ldine's by dis ribbin—an' dey's a little nigger gal jes like me walkin' behind myself to wait on me."

Then she would start off, and with remarkable pantomimic art go through the performance, even to stopping occasionally to call over her shoulder to the little darky behind to pick up her fan or to relieve her of the dog.

When she was old enough to go to school, Milady continued to develop along characteristic lines. In her early spelling days, while her class was obediently satisfied to spend long hours over such words as cat, rat, bat, and hog, dog, frog, she very soon protested:

"Please, ma'am, I wants to spell some-'h'n' I likes, please, ma'am! I gits tired o' all deze varmints—frogs an' rats an' bats—I'm skeered of 'em!"

And when the teacher, much amused, asked what she would like to spell, she replied without the slightest hesitation, even batting her eyes with pleased excitement:

"Angel chorus—an' heavenly mansions—or farewell forever—or, maybe, sky-blue eyes an' curly hair."

But finally a day of happiness arrived. Milady, studying her lesson in the cabin door, suddenly jumped up, and running to the hedge, cut a wild rose, and putting it into a tomato-can, set it up in the window, and all the long afternoon she sang to it. It is true she sang only a spelling-

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lesson, and one word at that, but she sang with delight, for the song was "R-o-s-e, rose," over and over again, her tune an uncertain childish improvisation, but sweet as the humming of the bees or even the bird-songs which were the rose's old familiars. At last Milady had found an end in spelling—an end which was beauty.

Milady was fifteen and a brown beauty, when, putting forth her hand for a bauble—a rose, even a bouquet of roses, if you will,—she got it.

It was a gayly flowered gown, bought with her own secret savings from the gathering of pecans—a cotton print covered with roses pink as nature's own, which climbed in a wilderness of stems and leaves all over her lithe person. When Lucindy first saw it, her scathing ridicule was witty and hard to bear. But Milady met it with a fine, good-natured bravado.

"What you doin' wid dat curtain-caliker frock, gal? You ain't no kitchen winder!" So Lucindy exclaimed as the girl danced into the family circle in all her roses, and the laughter which greeted the mother's sally was only overcome by a persistent and fascinating performance, in which the girl stepped and posed so rhythmically that presently the children were all singing and beating time for her; and when she finally dropped into a chair and fanned herself with a pie-pan, she was mistress of the situation.



"WATCH MY PA'SOL GAIT!"

The dress had been made by a "poor white" lady in the neighborhood, who was glad to pay for her corn bread and molasses in this way.

Flounced to the limit and "carried off" in fine form, the rose gown was a great success. Indeed, when Milady strode down the road in all her glory and with her old-time "bouquet-frock gait," whether she knew it or not, she was, as all agreed, "hard to beat."

Of course she had lovers galore—as thick as bees gathering about a honey-pot; but while she sweetened under their buzzing, she appeared to care for none more than for all. Pleasure-loving as she was and idle, Milady was yet a good little girl. Not good as a horse, perhaps, to fetch and carry, but rather as a fawn or a bird, playful, unthinking, meaning no harm.

It was not her fault, surely, that almost coincident with the making of the flowered gown there began a great revival of religion on the plantation. Not that the gown and the revival need have clashed, for there were great patches of color along the mourners' bench marking the sackcloth attitude of souls as blithe and as young as Milady's. It was not that. It was that Milady, who was the greatest dancer on the river, had in sailing out in her new gown unwittingly inaugurated a "rose dance" which had taken the coast by storm.

She danced it with a garland of roses,

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from which at will she would select a single flower, which she threw to him whom she thus selected as her partner.

The garland served for the expression of a thousand winsome coquetries, and when every other use of it was exhausted, she would skip it as a rope; then, grasping both ends together, she would throw it into a loop, through which she nimbly passed.

It was a fascinating performance, and the fact that it was in full flower just at the time when sinners were falling thickest under gospel fire, a stone's-throw away, caused great solicitude among the brethren. Milady had always been a favorite with the ministers who had come to the plantation to preach, for from her early youth she had been the family showpiece, and she was ever pleasing.

"I kin *talk* a-plenty," Lucindy would say, deprecatingly. "But seem like I ain't nuver is had time to learn how to *converse*." Then, begging her guest to "excuse her back," she would step to the door and call:

"Mi-la-day! Whar Milady?"

And the girl, slender, modest, beautiful, would come slowly in, filling all space with a matchless grace of youth and simple being. Her words were few, but how refined her "Ah, indeed!" or, "I cert'n'y is surprised," or, "Dat's perfectly discredible."

There is a show member in most families, one who, figuratively perhaps, but none the less truly, wears the roses and "converses" while the others do the plain talking in working garbs.

All through the revival the church had kept a disapproving eye upon the leader of the opposition, and if the presiding bishop—'Piphany Paul by name, a splendid bachelor fellow from Avoyelles—had not sought Milady for personal appeal, it was not for want of concern.

Certainly he had not failed to observe her out of the corner of his eye as she sat in her roses among the boys and girls where waving fans were thickest, near the door, but, although he had bravely hurled invective in her direction, he had personally kept his distance. Now, for the sole reason that he had kept away, Milady would have had him come, if only to warn her of the error of her ways.

No man had ever passed her by in this fashion before. And as for 'Piphany Paul, it is likely that no woman had previously so defied him.

If he had kept her figure in sight more than once as he walked behind her down the road, if, screened by the Cherokee hedge, he had passed her cabin in the early mornings, honestly seeking disenchantment, none but himself knew it—himself and God.

So the revival went forward at one end of the plantation, and at the other Milady kept on dancing.

As is often the case with those who sit in judgment, the ministers who most opposed the dance had never seen it—that is, in its present malignant form,—and so when one of their number proposed, at the close of a meeting, that they should repair in a body to the clearing where Milady was announced to lead off in the rose figures, that they might be more intelligent in their denunciations, even the usually resourceful bishop could find no word against it. There were five preachers, all told, and as they approached the dancing-green they separated to avoid notice, mingling as they could with the crowds who sat or stood in groups on the border—all but the bishop, whose timidity kept him in partial hiding behind the uncertain screen of the sparse fringes of a row of weeping-willows which flanked the ground on one side.

The dance had not yet begun, but the musicians were "tuning up," a signal to be ready, at which everybody, even the dancers, excepting Milady, found seats among the spectators.

Expectancy thus invited, the music began — a slight staccato picked upon strings, so exactly suggestive of the measured trip with which the girl in all her roses stepped upon the grass that it almost seemed to lift her and bring her in.

The dancing-space lay in front of a dense thicket, and one of Milady's tricks was to appear unexpectedly each time from different parts of its solid wall of green. As she came out to-day from the very centre, dangling her wreath limply before her as a rope, and with her face slightly lifted, there was an ineffable quality about the girl that was most disarming. Her light rhythmic step was scarcely a dance, and surely in her childish face there was no trace of self-consciousness.

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Indeed, there was something so winning in her absolute simplicity—the perfect obedience with which she followed each suggestion of the strings, as if she were a feather blown, drawn, twisted, whirled by a rhythmic wind—that every eye followed her, and the spectators were breathless lest a jar should disturb the perfect harmony.



"YOU AIN'T NO KITCHEN WINDER!"

There were difficult steps, but so easily were they taken that after each special feat, which old dancers appreciated, a sort of gasp came from the crowd.

The rose garland had no part in the first figures, but presently Milady flung it carelessly over one shoulder, at the same time lowering her glance as she swept the crowd of faces before her. So she danced, back and forth, around and across, until a single figure in the audience — a man's and an elder's at that — was discovered to be almost imperceptibly keeping time with hers, and it was plain that in her own way she had marked him for her own. It was as subtle as the response of a bird charmed by a cat, and its progress was as sure if as slow.

For a single second at this discovery a hilarious outburst of mirth was imminent, but this was averted in the nick of time by a warning "'sh!" from a man sitting near the front.

Milady always played with her victims with youthful recklessness, and as the good brother who had fallen under her spell could not know that the first called was rarely chosen, it was funny to witness the lack of flattered anticipation upon his old face. It had been her habit thus to "call" one and another before she would finally throw the rose and take her partner. But to-day her scheme was even more daring.

Deacon Brown was too rapt to perceive, as he bent and swayed, even took an occasional hitching step in answer to her de-

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mand, that presently Elder Smith, quite within his visual range, and Deacon Peabody, a trifle behind him, were both likewise responding. How might one man know that while she turned away—to shift a step or to throw in a figure — she was taking another in tow? And how might the second, with his infatuated eye glued to its object, perceive a third and even a fourth?

Only he to whom it was mysteriously given ever discovered the secret "call" by which she engaged one after another for the honor of selection, and certainly he who received it could do no less than declare himself her slave.

Her achievement to-day was rather remarkable, for certainly there were at one time three middle-aged and old men—three ministers of the gospel, all come to scoff—who were hopelessly in her toils, all swaying in time as she led, all charmed to the point of dazed obliviousness to their surroundings, when, finally, with her prettiest motion and her first real smile, she plucked a rose, lifted it lightly to her lips, and threw it—blushing, to be sure, but with the aim of the marksman—quite over the heads of all the three, and beyond, through the willow fringe, into the very hand, lifted to catch it, of the smiling bishop.

This was all so sudden that for a moment the people were dazed, and it was only when the man of God, bearing the rose triumphantly aloft in his right hand, stepped from his hiding, that the full meaning of the manœuvre came to them, and they burst forth in screams of laughter. As he came clearly into sight, great drops of perspiration upon his brow showed that he too had been for some time among the "called," and had faithfully danced in his tracks, awaiting the final bidding.

As he danced forward now, stepping gingerly but never losing time while he nimbly avoided the women and children sitting upon the ground, the other ministers exchanged glances. They suddenly knew themselves betrayed. One was so disgusted, indeed, that he hastened away, muttering imprecations of ungodly sound. Another had discreetly retired early in the dance, at the first sniff of danger.

The bishop's dance on the greensward with Milady for partner was a beautiful achievement. Ever yielding her the initiative, he yet echoed her every note as she interpreted the music of the strings. Indeed, his courtly grace and the certitude with which he lent himself to the following of her most intricate steps were suspiciously reminiscent of rather recent unregeneracy. But this was natural enough, as the bishop was the youngest of the lot—and if he had danced at all, even in his callow days, he had scarcely had time to forget.

While he and the rose girl danced together in the eyes of their little world,



HE HAD PASSED HER CABIN IN THE EARLY MORNINGS

when astonishment and mirth had spent themselves, the general verdict was, to quote the vernacular:

"Right or wrong, dey sho does make de handsomest couple dat ever is stood together in grace or danced in sin!"

The grand culmination took place on Saturday afternoon. The new bishop's next engagement to preach was on the following day, at about the same hour, but the freely expressed opinion was that he would never have the face to preach here again.

When the rose dance was over, although the "festival" went on, other dances following, with the usual promenading and

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treating to soft drinks, it was with lagging interest, for even personal romances can wait in view of a prospective *cause célèbre,* and when the bishop and Milady were seen to stroll away in the direction of the river-bank, and to sit down in the shade of an oak, curious eyes followed them, and it very soon seemed more fun to walk in their direction, however indirectly, than even to dance or find their own shaded retreats.

It was most exciting to observe that they sat close together, and that the bishop took her fan quite as another might have done—and that he fanned her even though a fine breeze stirred the garlands of Spanish moss which trailed about them.

The sun went under and the moon came out, and still they sat and talked, and when finally the good man escorted her to her father's door, he was seen to stop and to pay his respects to the family, as it was fitting that he should do.

Early the next day the two went to walk again, and, as Lucindy, who stood in the door dressed for callers, proudly explained, "to converse."

Seven plantations were looking on, and excitement ran pretty high by the afternoon hour when the bishop was obliged either to keep his appointment or to repudiate it. Of course the chapel was overcrowded. Even the dancing contingent, generally out in couples during this service on Sunday afternoons, was there in a body. The bishop was the last of the preachers to arrive, and when he walked in late with Milady on his arm, and in his finest ministerial form led her to a pew which was suspiciously near the mourners' territory, the case instantly took on new color: Perhaps, after all, the man of God had been working in the interest of her soul—

Bishops are perhaps of all men the most forgivable, in any imaginable circumstances, and when one is handsome and single—

When the good man stepped up and seated himself behind the pulpit, and decorously bent his head for silent prayer, a large number of his people, long ago steeped in devotion to him, were ready to swing to his defence.

Fortunately for the situation, the brother who had been appointed to open the service was he who had turned his back upon the tempter, and thus escaped unsullied, so that he was able to raise his voice now without deprecation or quaver.

Milady's modest deportment during this initial service was so impressive as to strengthen the bishop's cause.

'Piphany Paul never looked more solemn in his life, never more serenely and yet reverently sure of himself than when, his hour having at length arrived, he came forward, and laying his folded hands upon the open Bible, began to speak.

"Befo' de sermon dis evenin'," he said, "I wishes to give out a few notices, an' befo' I 'nounces de notices I craves to say a word to my people, which I pray 'em to carry to de Lord in prayer."

This was fine. It sniffed of apology. The silence which already existed was almost disturbed by a suffocating stillness which followed these words. The bishop was a man of long and eloquent pauses, and when he had held the stillness in hand, as it were, to his need, he finally added:

"De last 'nouncement on my list is de one I'm gwine to read first. An' dis 'nouncement is a double 'nouncement.

"First, it is dat Miss Milady Smiley, a child born an' riz right heah 'mongst de brethren, is consented for me to 'nounce out dat she is on de waitin' list for grace. I been wrastlin' wid de Spirit all night in prayer for her soul, an' on'y dis mornin' is she come th'ough enough to say de word. But she don't want to be cramped nor hurried. She craves to enter de waitin' list as a seeker, but she wants to seek in secret for a little while.

"An' now, de second part is dis:

"I'm proud, by de grace o' Gord, to 'nounce out to you dat dis same yo'ng lady is my ingaged, pledged, 'fianced-together bride-elected."

Then closing his eyes while he lifted his arms, he said,

"Let us pray."

Even though a sea of heads seemed to bend at once, it was necessary to wait a moment for order, before he began in a low tone to say "Our Father—" And when this was done—and before the end was reached the congregation followed as with a single voice—it seemed best to let it go at that, with a solemn "Amen."

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"And now, beloved," he resumed, "sence I done told you de last news first, I must go back an' ketch up—so as to splain out all dis mixtry an' confusion an' wondermint.

"I see befo' me to-day a crowded chu'ch, all humans, accordin' to de way Gord created man an' woman in de beginnin'. All de brethren an' sisters who sets befo' me to-day is either *married* or *been* married or *hopin'* to be married; an' maybe a few Gord-forsaken ones is sorry dey married—but dey don't count.

"I say love an' marriage is de fiery furnace o' human life, an' ef any man heah is ever passed th'ough de fiery furnace o' love for a woman—don' keer ef his name is Shadrach, Meshek, or Abednego, or jes plain Tom or Dick—dey's been a time when *ef it was necessary for him to do so, he'd 'a' been willin' to go to hell for her.*

"NOW, DAT'S JES MY CASE!

"A man is a man, don't keer ef he's a elder or a preacher or a bishop, or whatever.

"For three endurin' weeks I been wrastlin' wid dis love an' tryin' wid all my power to squench it. Den, when it wouldn't go, I agonized by public urgin' an' secret prayer to God to lift up de soul dat matched wid my soul to de level o' grace—de way a bishop o' de kingdom would nachelly do—so we mought meet on de Lord's ground.

"But de Lord, He works His mericles in His own way. When I went down to de dancin'-ground last Saturday, I went wid my eye set for a sign, an'—well, you knows de rest.

"To a man wid his heart in his throat, waitin' for a sign, a rose flung from de hand he loves into his is sign enough. Stars an' all de wonderment of de heavens wid sun an' moon all sailin' th'ough space, one answerin' whilst de yether calls, ain' no sweeter mericle 'n what you-all seen when Love was floor-manager on de green on Saturday.

"An' as for de rose dance dat we all been abusin' so, hit ain't nothin' but child's play.

"Accordin' to de rules o' sin an' damnation, hit ain't sca'cely what you'd call a dance, nohow. Hit's mo' like what you mought call a music-chase for a flower. You-all done seen dat proved. You knows dat de good brothers in de Lord wha' been standin' for 'ligion an' righteous livin' all deze years, dey wouldn't 'a' scandalized de chu'ch by answerin' de



MILADY'S PARTNER ON THE GREENSWARD

call de way dey done lessen dey had 'a' seen dat it was de call o' innocence.

"An' now, sence my ch'ice is been made public, an' dey's been consider'ble talk, back an' fo'th, I wants all three o' de ministers wha' swung to de rose dance to stan' up beside me now, wid de little gal in line—an' whilst we all together sings 'Shill we gether at de river?' let de congergation pass up an' give us all de good right hand o' fellowship."

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This was a bit sudden, and yet it was compelling in its exhibition of an invincible faith in his own powers and in the strength of his position.

There were not a few women who had been setting their caps for the bishop.



"RICOLLEC' WHAT I TOL' YER DE DAY SHE WAS BORN?"

Indeed, the talk was that the love-lorn of six plantations had fairly wallowed upon the mourners' bench for his sake, and it was a bit trying, no doubt, for them to see him suddenly borne away by the one girl who had recklessly defied him.

So, when a rich soprano raised the hymn, more than one, seeing that it was Lucindy who had led off from the front pew, held aloof. But the wave of returned allegiance was greater than any petty dissent, and ere a second stanza was begun even those who had had the severest suspicion were loudest in their song.

It was a great occasion, but to none was it quite the triumph that it was to the proud mother, Lucindy, whose face was one wide beam of pleasure. She lingered at the church door while the crowds passed out, so as to lose not a word of congratulation which was "coming to her," and when she finally waddled out with several of her cronies, the old woman Granny Fetchem rested on her cane at the gate to say:

"Ricollec' what I tol' yer de day she was born? Didn't I say she'd lead you a dance —an' ain't she done it?"

"Yas, she sho is," replied the mother, "an' it ain't no scrub dance, neither. She's one sweet chile, she sho is. Little I thought when she put dis sto'e-bonnet on my head an' made me buy it dat she was toppin' me to be mother-in-law to a bishop."

She tossed her head proudly as she spoke, and the brilliant plaid of her headkerchief flapped under her hat brim in artless contrast to the great bunch of purple flowers which bloomed there.

"For a June weddin'," she added, thoughtfully, in a moment, "I reckon I mought take off my hankcher an' wear de hat straight—widout takin' cold."

"June, eh? Dis is de last week in May, now. Dey ain't lossin' no time. Dey say dey gwine marry in June?"

"Milady, she set de day. He give her her ch'ice, betwixt May or June, an' she taken June—an' he say dey mus' have it in de first week, so dey kin have de inception out on de green whar he got de rose from her."

"You don't say dey gwine dance de rose dance agin, is dey?"

This in an excited whisper.

"No, dey ain't gwine to, say, *dance* it. Dey jes gwine *play* it—an' Milady, she say she gwine fling de rose to her daddy—but I reckon she was jes a-sayin' dat to pleg de bishop."

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The Dutch Founding of New York

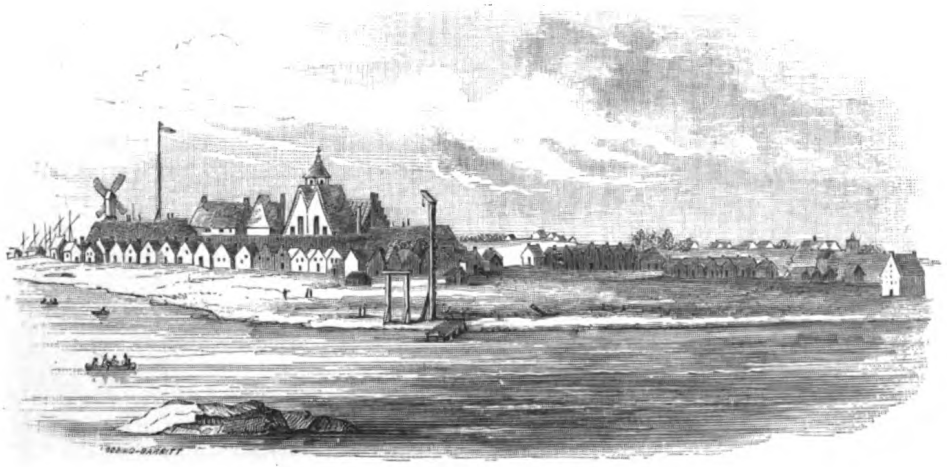
BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

PART SECOND

I

AT the outset, the venture undertaken by the West India Company was a profitable one: not on the side of trade, but on the side of war. Three great successes marked the first ten years of the Company's existence: the taking of Bahia (1624), the capture of the treasure fleet (1628), and the reduction of Pernambuco (1630). Of those three events, although the Brazilian conquests counted for more in the long-run, the capture of the plate-ships naturally made the strongest impression upon the popular mind. Indeed, that magnificent cash return upon invested patriotism is talked about relishingly in Holland even until this present day. And it is not surprising. Never has there been such a bag of treasure in modern times! Admiral Peter Heyn, leaving out of the account the vessels which he sunk with their treasure in them, brought home to Holland seventeen galleons laden with bullion and merchandise valued, according to Mr. Asher, at more than fourteen—or, according to the more conservative Mr. Brodhead, at more than twelve—millions of guilders; and the Dutch guilder of that period, it must be remembered, had a purchasing value not much less than that of our dollar of to-day. Either estimate is prodigious—and on the strength of those huge winnings the Company declared upon its paid-up capital a dividend variously estimated by the same authorities at fifty and at seventy-five per cent.

But it was not a wholesome sort of money-making. "Successful war thus poured infatuating wealth into the treasury of the West India Company," is the view that Mr. Brodhead takes of it; and he adds that when, in the ensuing year, the King of Spain made overtures to renew the truce, "the pride, the avarice, and the religious sentiment of Holland were united in continuing the war." Against the truce the Company address-



EARLIEST VIEW OF NEW AMSTERDAM, 1664

From a copperplate made by Augustyn Heermanns, who came to New Amsterdam in 1633. On the left are seen the fort, inclosing the double-roofed church built by Kieft, the prison, and the Governor's house; at the river-side are seen the gallows and whipping-post; on the extreme right is seen the hill over which Fulton Street now passes.

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ed to the States-General (November 16, 1629) a formal remonstrance.

The battlings of the Dutch and the Spaniards have a distinct place in our commercial annals, because one of their direct results was to check our commercial growth at the start. The "infatuating wealth" that poured in upon the West India Company tended to make it careless of the little colony of New Netherland, and also to make it resentful of the small return which that colony yielded upon the relatively large outlay required to keep it in running order: and so led to the adoption of the "squeezing" policy which handicapped the trade of the colonists, and in the end destroyed their loyalty and made them welcome the change to English rule.





In a report presented to the States-General (October 23, 1629) the feeling of the Company in regard to its colony is made plain. "The people conveyed by us thither have . . . found but scanty means of livelihood up to the present time; and have not been any profit, but a drawback, to this Company. The trade carried on there in peltries is right advantageous; but, one year with another, we can at most bring home 50,000 guilders."

Yet with that return, at that time, the Company should have been well satisfied. In *The Planter's Plea*, published in London in the year 1630, the English author wrote that the colonists of New Netherland "appeared to subsist in a comfortable manner, and to promise fairly both to the state and to the undertakers." The trouble was that "the undertakers" wanted too much and wanted it too soon. In the year 1629 the population of the colony could not have exceeded 350 souls; and 350 people very well might "subsist in comfort" on an export trade of 50,000 guilders a year. The Company, in short, then and always, was greedy. By holding New Netherland as an investment rather than as a trust, by laying heavy imposts upon commerce in order to raise dividends, it throttled the trade that a less selfish policy would have left free to expand.

The one sort of private ownership in the colony that was encouraged—by the granting of little principalities to patroons, who were free within certain limitations to trade on their own account—told directly against the welfare of the mass of the colonists by creating unfair

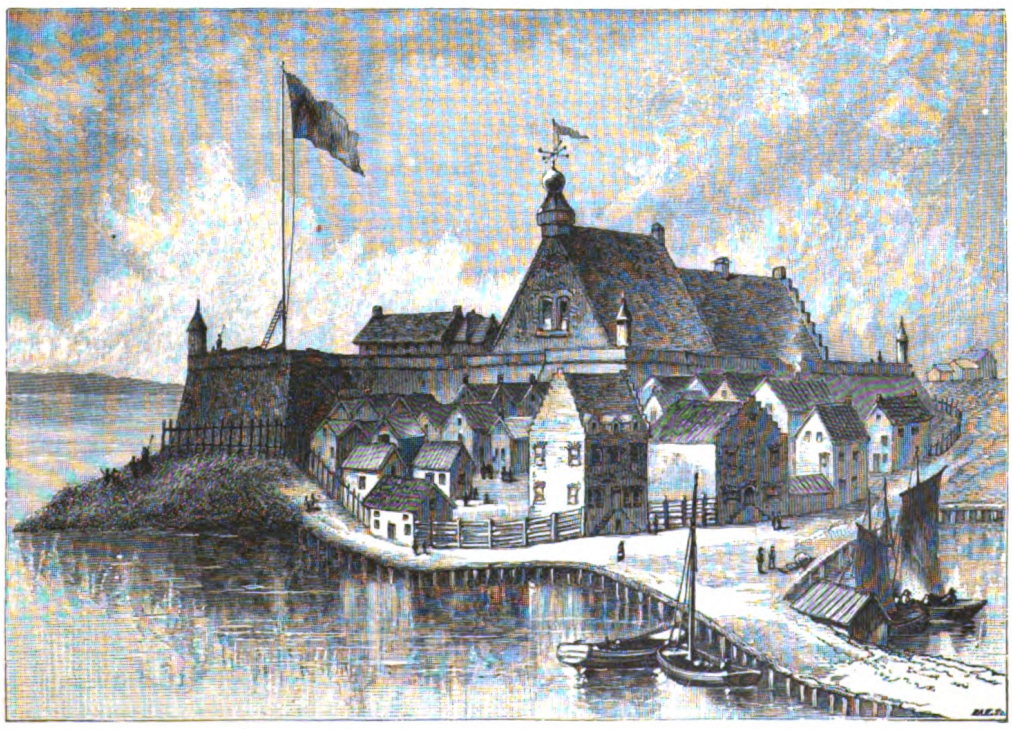
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distinctions of class. It was a transplanting of feudalism to America—and feudalism did not thrive in American soil. Actually, the patroonships were bagged by an inside ring of the Company's directors—the practical value of being on the ground-floor was understood in those days quite as well as we understand it now—and the outcome of that intrinsically bad policy bred evil in two ways. It created dissension in the management of the Company's affairs at home by arraying inside private interests against the common interests of the shareholders at large; and in the colony the same private interests were arrayed against the common interests of the less favored colonists. Later, the supply of arms which the savages obtained from the patroon trading-posts—but by no means only from those sources: trading guns for peltries was so profitable an illegal transaction that everybody was keen to have a hand in it—led on directly to the horrors of the Indian wars.

II

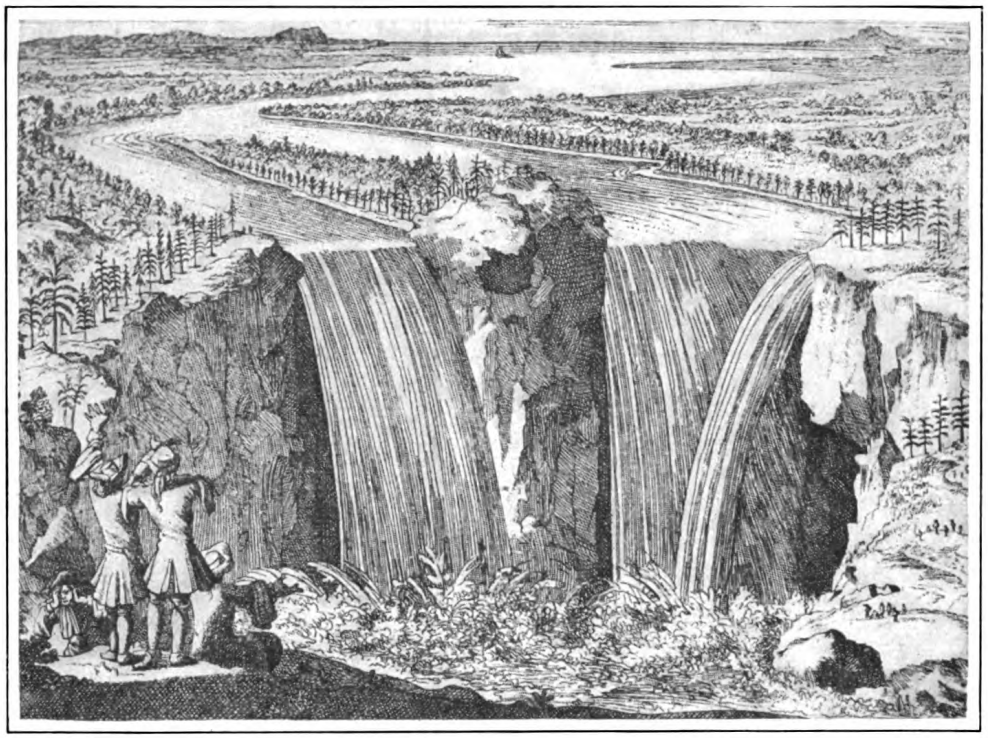
In a word, atrociously bad government was the rule almost from the beginning until quite the end of the Dutch domination of New Netherland. Execrable administration in Holland led to execrable executive management in the colony. Excepting May (1624) and Verhulst (1625), who were little more than factors, the men sent out as governors (the official title was Director-General) wretchedly neglected or absolutely betrayed the interests which they were sworn to serve.

Kieft (1638-1646) was an easy first in that bad lot. He was an ex-bankrupt, whose bankruptcy had been of such sort that his portrait had been hung up on the town gallows. Against him, unrefuted, stood the pleasing charge of having embezzled ransom-money intrusted to him to rescue Christian captives held by the Turks. His evil work in New Netherland culminated in his provocation—by a horrid and utterly inexcusable massacre of savages—of the terrible Indian war of 1643: which brought the colony to the very verge of ruin, and which aroused so violent an outcry against him on the part of the colonists that he was recalled. In a way, justice was served out to him: he went



THE STONE CHURCH AND FORT AT THE BATTERY

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NIAGARA FALLS
From an old copperplate engraving—one of the earliest known

down, his sins with him, in the wreck of the ship in which he took passage for home.

The saving salt of those days was found in the few men who stood resolutely for good government and for honest ways. They would have been called mugwumps, had that word then been available for use; and no doubt they did receive some equivalent derogatory Dutch name. The most exemplary of that small but honorable company was David Pietersz de Vries: who strove hard to avert the Indian war waged by the outrageous Kieft, and who stood as distinctly for all that was good in the colony as Kieft stood for all that was bad. Had De Vries been appointed Director, instead of Kieft, we should have been saved from the blackest crime recorded in our colonial history; and had he been continued in office, in Stuyvesant's place, the colony would not have fallen into such disorder as to give the English a mere walk-over when their time for absorbing it came. No governor could have prevented that absorption. It was inevitable. But the community taken over from De Vries would have been far sounder morally than was that which was taken over from Stuyvesant; and therefore would have been less likely to degenerate into a nest of pirates and smugglers, as it did degenerate, during the first thirty years of English rule.

Actually, in spite of bad laws badly administered, the colony of New Netherland did make headway. This country was a rich country, and its exploitation—even under heavy handicaps—yielded a good return.

The profitable trade that was developed between New Netherland and the plantations in New England and Virginia—while immediately profitable to the Dutch—was one of the most active of the several causes which led to the wresting from the Dutch of their holding in North America. The matter is too broad in its scope to be dealt with fully here; yet am I loath to relinquish it because of the many very human touches in which it abounds.

With one scrap of ancient history

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wherein the humanity still is fresh and strong I am justified in dealing: the famous case of the ship *Eendracht*—driven by stress of weather into Plymouth in the year 1632, and there seized by the English port authorities (I quote the Dutch version of the matter) "on an untrue representation that the Peltries were bought within the jurisdiction or district belonging to his majesty of Great Britain." Over that seizure there was a diplomatic squabble between Holland and England that went on for years—and the whole of it, I am persuaded, was the outcome of a love-affair! According to a letter sent by the States-General to their ambassador in England, the *Eendracht* was "seized on false information of the Provost of said ship . . . and of the Pilot who, in opposition to the Director and Skipper, being on shore got married." There is the crux of it, I am sure. But for the pilot's impetuously inopportune determination to wed the widow (I am quite certain that she was a widow, because of the eagerness of it all) he very probably could have taken the *Eendracht* out of Plymouth harbor and safe away to sea. Being ordered, no doubt, to do that very thing—and the widow ashore waiting for him!—he and his friend the provost laid the "untrue representation" which led on to those years of diplomatic blustering: but which also led to the detention of the ship at Plymouth until he was safe wed to his bouncing bride!

After all, what mattered it if Holland and England were embroiled by that brave pilot's hot-hearted indiscretion? Every man thinks first of his own happiness; and in love-affairs—it has been so from the world's beginning—he thinks of nothing else. I wish that we had the end of the story. Let us hope that his widow repaid him for his gallant defiance, for her sweet sake, of the orders of captains and directors, and that it turned out well — that sailor wedding which shook two great states to their foundations nearly three centuries ago! In all seriousness, I am justified in recalling here that only half-told and long-forgotten idyl. It had its place, the love-making of that precipitate pilot, among the causes which in time's fulness changed New Netherland and New Amsterdam into the State and city of New York.

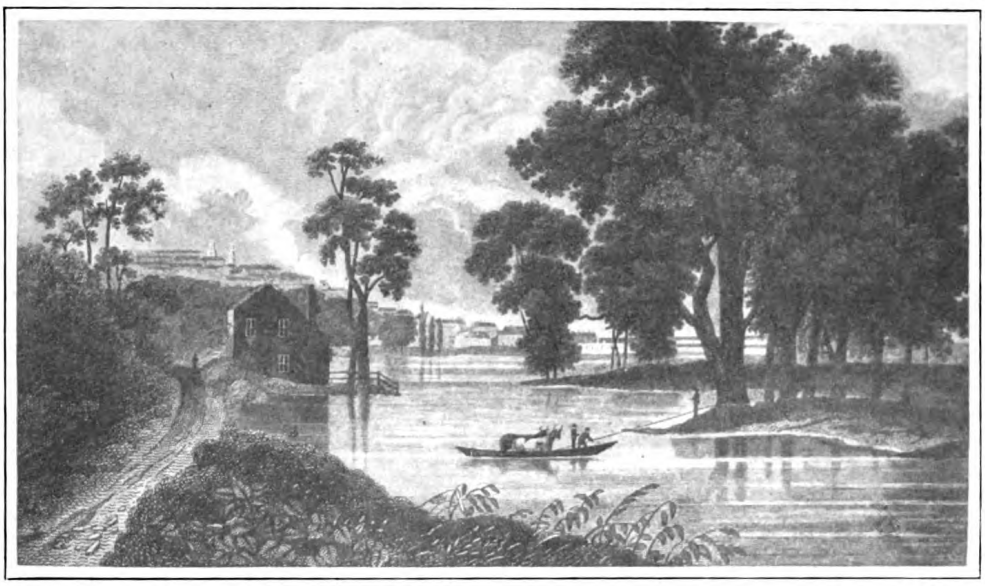
III

Under the spur of the "remonstrances" —there were many of them—sent home by the colonists, the States-General did make some effort to deal with New Netherland on lines of equity. An official inquiry was made into the affairs of the West India Company in the year 1638 that resulted in checking some of the worst of the colonial abuses; and that also led to the promulgation (1640) of a new charter of Liberties and Exemptions which materially added to the welfare of the colony, and increased the comfort of the colonists, by relaxing the regulations under which trade was conducted and by easing the conditions under which the people lived.

Kieft, be it said to his credit, gave effect to this liberal policy in so liberal a spirit that the three ensuing years—until almost ruin came with the Indian war—probably were the most prosperous in the time of Dutch rule. Notably, he encouraged English refugees, fleeing from religious persecution in New England, to settle in New Netherland; and those settlers—maintaining relations with their friends and kinsfolk—did much to develop intercolonial trade. By the year 1642 the English were so numerous in New Amsterdam that the appointment of an official interpreter became necessary; and that officer also was required to serve as an intermediary between the Dutch merchants and the English shipmasters who broke the voyage between New England and the Virginia plantations by stopping here for a bit of trade.

It was for the accommodation of such wayfarers that the City Tavern—which later became the Stadt Huys—was built in the year 1642; and it seems to have been built badly, as it manifested such a decided disposition to tumble to pieces in little more than half a century that it was torn down. It faced Coenties Slip: where its memory — in the admirable building of Dutch design belonging to the Fire Department—in a way still is preserved. I should be glad to believe that hospitality was the corner-stone of that nominally hospitable edifice; but I fancy that in building it some thought may have been taken of the fact that trade in a tavern is apt to turn in favor of the trader who has the hardest head—and it

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VIEW OF ALBANY
From an old copperplate engraving

is an incontestable fact that our Dutch ancestors had heads upon which they could rely. Possibly some of those visiting English traders cherished unkindly memories of our City Tavern—as they beat down the harbor and out through the Narrows on their way to Virginia, or as they affronted the dangers of Hell Gate on their way eastward up the Sound!

The encouragement that Kieft gave to the incoming of the English, and to the trade with the neighboring English colonies, tended to the immediate good of New Netherland; but in the end, of course, the influx of those settlers, and the straining of relations with the government to which they owed allegiance, were the chief factors in hastening the downfall here of Dutch rule. George Baxter, the official interpreter—he seems to have been a fuming sort of person—was one of the leaders of the rebellion that broke out among the English on Long Island in the year 1655; a rebellion that Stuyvesant's temporizing policy did not check, and that helped to give a valuable part of New Netherland to the English nine years before they grabbed it all.

In another way Kieft's liberal administration of more liberal laws led on to catastrophe. The increased freedom in trading tended to facilitate the supply of arms—in exchange for good bargains in peltries—to the savages; and so enabled the savages to make their winning fight when, by Kieft's own abominable act, the time for fighting came. From the very beginning the trade in arms with the Indians offered temptations too strong to be resisted by the money-seeking Dutch—just as it has offered temptations too strong to be resisted by the money-seekers of our own time on our Western frontier. Under Kieft it went on swimmingly. In those days a musket sold for twenty beaver-skins, and a pound of gunpowder was worth in furs from ten to twelve guilders: and so the "boschlopers," or "runners in the woods," made their account with the savages—and gave no thought to the reaping of the whirlwind that was to come in sequence to that sowing of the wind.

IV

When Peter Stuyvesant, the last of those incompetent Directors, took over the government of New Netherland (May 27, 1647) things were in a hopelessly bad way. Mr. Brodhead, whose disposition is to make the best of Dutch shortcomings, thus summarizes the situation: "Excepting the Long Island settlements, scarcely

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fifty bouweries could be counted; and the whole province could not furnish, at the utmost, more than three hundred men capable of bearing arms. The savages still were brooding over the loss of sixteen hundred of their people. Disorder and discontent prevailed among the commonalty; the public revenue was in arrear, and smuggling had almost ruined legitimate trade; conflicting claims of jurisdiction were to be settled with the colonial patroons; and jealous neighbors all around threatened the actual dismemberment of the province. Protests had been of no avail; and the decimated population, which had hardly been able to protect itself against the irritated savages, could offer but a feeble resistance to the progress of European encroachment. Under such embarrassing circumstances the last Director-General of New Netherland began his eventful government." And to this Mr. Brodhead might have added in set terms what he does add virtually by his subsequent presentment of facts: that Peter Stuyvesant, so far from being the man to set a wrong-going colony right, was precisely the man to set a right-going colony wrong.

Irving, with his accustomed genial warping of the truth, has created so kindly a caricature of the last of the Dutch governors that our disposition is to link him with, almost to exalt him to the level of, the blessed Saint Nicholas—our city's patron. Such association is not justified by the facts, and our good saint—notwithstanding his notable charity and humility — most reasonably might take exception to it. In truth, Stuyvesant had little in common with any respectable saint in the calendar; and to come upon the real man—as he is revealed in the official records of his time—is to experience the shock of painful discovery.

The remonstrance presented by the colonists to the States-General in the year 1649, while dealing generally with the manifold misfortunes brought upon the colonists by bad government, deals particularly with the misdoings of the last Director: who then had been in office for only two years and a half, and who in that time had succeeded in setting the whole colony by the ears. "His arrival," declared the remonstrants, "was peacocklike, with great state and pomposity"; and the burden of their complaint, constantly recurred to, is of his brutally dictatorial methods and of his coarsely arrogant pride. "His manner in court," they declare, "has been . . . to browbeat, dispute with, and harass one of the parties; not as beseemeth a judge, but as a zealous advocate. This has caused great discontent everywhere, and has gone so far that many dare not bring any suits before the court if they do not stand well, or passably so, with the Director; for whom he opposeth hath both sun and moon against him. . . He likewise frequently submits his opinion in writing . . . and then his word is: 'Gentlemen, this is my opinion, if any one have ought to object to it, let him express it.' If any one then, on the instant, offer objection . . . his Honor bursts forth, incontinently, into a rage and makes such a to-do that it is dreadful; yea, he frequently abuses the Councillors as this and as that, in foul language better befitting the fish-market than the Council board; and if all this be tolerated, he will not be satisfied until he have his way." In regard to the right of appeal to the home government his declaration is cited that "People may think of appealing in my time—should any one do so, I would have him made a foot shorter, pack the pieces off to Holland, and let him appeal in that way." And to this the remonstrants added by way of comment: "Oh cruel words! What more could a sovereign do?"

As the tone of the complainings shows, there was another side to all this. According to his lights (which were few) and within his limitations (which were many) Stuyvesant was in the way of being a reformer: and reformers ever have been painted blackest by those whom they sought to reform. That outrageous little colony needed a deal of reforming when he took over its government; and had his mandatory proclamations stopped with the one that forbade "Sabbath-breaking, brawling, and drunkenness," he still would have had a hornets' nest about his ears. Fancy what would have been the consensus of opinion on the part of the leading citizens of Fort Leavenworth had any reforming person fired off at them a proclamation of that sort in the old days of the Santa Fe Trail! But Stuyvesant's reforms cut deeper. Not content with

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trying to reduce to decency the energetic social customs of the colonists, he tried also to bring them up to the line of honest dealing: and so struck at their pockets as well as at their hearts. He forbade the sale of liquor to the savages: a most profitable business in itself, and of much indirect advantage to those engaged in it —because an intoxicated savage obviously was more desirable than a sober savage to bargain with for furs. He made stringent regulations which checked the profitable industry of smuggling peltries into New England, and European goods thence into New Netherland. He issued revolutionary commands that the frowsy and draggletailed little town should be set in order and cleansed. And on top of all this, farther to replenish the exhausted treasury of the colony, he levied a tax upon liquors and wines. That was the climax of his offending. As the outraged and indignant colonists themselves declared—becomingly falling back upon Holy Writ for a strong enough simile—the wine and liquor tax was "like the crowning of Rehoboam!"

Under such a government as Stuyvesant gave to that unfortunate colony there could be no real improvement in its affairs. Even when his attempted reforms were sound—and for the most part they were sound—the effect of them was weakened, and their realization was made difficult or impossible, by the manner in which they were applied.

V

But a better man than Stuyvesant—while he might have lost it with more dignity—could not have saved to Holland the colony of New Netherland. Forces from within and forces from without were working for its destruction. Internally, its affairs were administered with incompetence tempered with injustice—and it owed its bad government to the fact that it was but a by-venture in a great scheme of combined money-making and statecraft; and to the farther fact that it was more and more neglected, or remembered only to be more tightly squeezed, as the ruinous end of the West India Company drew near. Externally, the English constantly were pressing more closely upon its borders: strong in their determination to have the whole of it; and in the mean time taking possession of such scraps of it—as the eastern end of Long Island — as dropped loose of their own accord. Such conditions led inevitably to the loss of that which never had been well held.

The evil star of the West India Company was the most conspicuous among the several stars in their courses which fought against the Dutch in their struggle to hold fast to their American colonies. The condition of the Company never was sound financially. By heroic marauding it did acquire a vast sum of money—which went as quickly as it came. But the Company absolutely failed to build up in any part of its dominions a substantial legitimate trade from which it could draw securely a stable revenue.

From the year 1630 onward the Company's finances showed, as Mr. Asher puts it, "a terribly constant downward tendency." Only a year after it had paid its famous dividend upon its treasure-ship winnings, and out of its remaining surplus had lent 600,000 guilders to the Dutch government, it was unable to meet its running expenses. Under its charter it was entitled to a subsidy; but the government—partly because of lack of funds, but more because of the adverse action taken by the dominant political ring—was slack in making the promised payments and the subsidy fell badly into arrear. Money from other sources was not forthcoming. No colonial trade of importance had been developed; and the plan for breaking Spain's line of communication with her colonial treasure-houses had been executed so effectively that it had reacted upon its projectors after the manner of a boomerang; that is to say, although the Company had to carry the load of an armed fleet created mainly to bag Spanish plate-ships, the seas were empty of plate-ships to be bagged.

Bad luck had something to do with the Company's misfortunes, but at the root of them was bad management. The same stupidity, or worse, that was shown in the conduct of the affairs of our own little New Netherland was shown on a larger scale in the conduct of the far more important affairs in Brazil. At the end of a long series of quarrels with the Council, Count John Maurice resigned

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his commission in disgust in the year 1644. His successors for the most part were incompetents. When they happened to possess wits they used them in betraying the Company's interests—for a consideration — to the Portuguese. It took just ten years of that sort of thing to bring matters to their logical climax. In the year 1654 the Company's troops evacuated the Brazils.

Ten years more brought the end of everything. Mr. Asher puts the record of those ten calamitous years into a few words. "We cannot here attempt," he writes, "to describe the Company's last agony: its vain attempts to combine with the East India Company; its painful efforts to obtain from the government either armed assistance or payment of its arrears. The symptoms of bankruptcy became saddening and more threatening from year to year. At last its creditors began to seize the Company's property. The death-blow was struck in 1664—when New Netherland, the Company's last valuable possession, was conquered by the English." And so that rather grandly conceived, but consistently ill-executed enterprise, came to a miserable end. As a warning, the history of its few triumphs and of its many failures has a permanent value. And especially does its history point the moral that it is unwise, to say the least, to try to get from invested patriotism a dividend in cash.



A DUTCH COTTAGE

Conceivably, by the exercise of a small amount of common-sense, the Dutch might have retained their holdings in Brazil; but from their holdings in North America—New Netherland, and the colony on the Delaware—the common-sense of all the ages could not have saved them from being squeezed out. There they were at grips with a race stronger than their own in numbers, and not less strong in sheer grit. For thirty years before the end came, the English were pressing in upon their territory from the east and from the south; while across-seas, with a large statesmanship, the English government was taking a hand in putting on the screws.

The most effective twist of the English screw was the passage by the Commonwealth Parliament (October 9, 1651) of the Navigation Act: which decreed that goods imported into England must come in English ships or in ships belonging to the country in which the goods were produced. As the Dutch at that time had the carrying trade of the world pretty well in their hands, the English law was in the nature of some of our own highly impersonal legislation affecting "cities of the first class." No names were mentioned—but it hit where it was meant to hit, and it hit hard. A loud buzzing of ambassadors followed that shot at Dutch commerce. But the propositions made by Holland—that there should be free trade to the West Indies and to Virginia, and that "a just, certain, and immovable boundary-line" should be fixed between the English and the Dutch territories in America—came to nothing; and so, presently, there was the louder buzzing of guns. In the handsome little war that followed (1652-54), the English experienced the unusual sensation of being soundly whipped at sea. Blake fairly was driven to take shelter in the Thames: after which Tromp went sailing up and down the Channel with a chip on his shoulder—indicated by that aggravating broom at his masthead, to which reference is inexpedient in talking with the average Englishman even now.

Here in Manhattan there was a great show of bellicosity while that waspish little war went on. It was then—under orders from Holland to put the town in a state of defence—that our famous wall was built along the line of what now is Wall Street. Thomas Baxter (who proved himself a very bad lot, a little

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later) had the contract for supplying the palisades which were intended to stand off his own countrymen; but which, in point of fact, never stood off anything more dangerously aggressive than wandering cows. Also, the city watch was strengthened; and preparations for a naval demonstration (in the event of a hostile fleet appearing before the city) were made by ordering Schipper Visscher "to keep his sails always ready, and to have his gun loaded day and night." In a word, we all were full of fight in that strenuous time—but, mercifully, carnage was averted. It takes two armies to make a battle: and the English army, for which we were waiting in so bloodthirsty a mood, discreetly remained at a safe distance from our pugnacious little fume of a town.

VI

Stuyvesant showed both manliness and good common-sense in dealing with the most threatening feature of that really volcanic situation: the charge made by the New-Englanders that he had endeavored to stir up against them an Indian revolt. He met the charge promptly by inviting the Commissioners* to send delegates to New Amsterdam to investigate it—and when they came he refuted it. More than that, he submitted to the delegates very reasonable and just propositions for the regulation of intercolonial affairs. In substance those propositions were: 1. Neighborly friendship, without regard to the hostilities in Europe. 2. Continuance of trade as before. 3. Mutual justice against fraudulent debtors. 4. A defensive and offensive alliance against common enemies. But the delegates refused to entertain his propositions, and went back to Boston in an unexplained but quite unmistakable huff. Very likely they had an instinctive feeling that treaties were unnecessary—since, without treaties, things were coming their way.

Moreover, the desire of the New-Englanders to fight the Dutch was strong. Patriotism may have been at the root of that desire, but its more obvious motive was a mere commonplace human longing to lay hands on valuable Dutch property. Rhode Island—in those years, and for many succeeding years, the abode of notoriously hard characters—even made a start at a little war of spoliation on its own account. Two loose fish of thievish proclivities, Dyer and Underhill, were granted a license by that disreputable colony (June 3, 1653) to "take all Dutch ships and vessels as shall come into their power"; and the energetic Thomas Baxter—fresh from his palisading operation in Wall Street, and very likely using the profits of that operation in fitting out his expedition—also got a predatory license from Rhode Island ("turned pirate," is the way that Mr. Brodhead puts it), and made a spirited looting cruise along the Sound: that was ended by his being "run in" not by the Dutch, but by the authorities of New Haven.

Only the action of Massachusetts at that juncture averted what would have been a most horrid little war between the Dutch and the English colonies; and, as it was, the war was escaped by a very close shave. Between Massachusetts and New Netherland there was no such sharp conflict of interest as there was between New Netherland and the nearer-lying English colonies; on the contrary, there was even a certain friendliness between the two because of the trade that went on, to their common advantage, between Boston and New Amsterdam. But I think that what really prevented the war was Stuyvesant's promptness and frankness in dealing with the charge that he had sought to stir up an Indian revolt. The clearness of his defence, and his straightforward way in making it, constituted an appeal to the sense of right which then and always was characteristic of the Massachusetts colonists.

The fact is to be noted that Stuyvesant uniformly showed in what may be termed his foreign policy a far greater wisdom than he usually showed in his domestic policy. His one important aggressive act—his reduction (1655) of the Swedish colony on the Delaware, in dealing with which Irving has quite outdone himself in a passage of mingled non-

* The colonies of New Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Haven became confederated, May 19, 1643, as "The United Colonies of New England." The administration of the affairs of the confederacy was intrusted to a board consisting of two commissioners from each colony.

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CITY TAVERN, AFTERWARDS THE STADT HUYS

sense and falsehood — was admirably planned and most successfully executed. He gained his end, without any fighting whatever, by the menacing display of an effective superior force: a method, it will be observed, that accords precisely with the rules laid down by the highest modern authorities on the art of war. It is true that in the Treaty of Hartford (1650) he yielded too much to the English; but his concessions materially lessed the dangerous border troubles, and the treaty certainly was beneficial for a time. His dealings with Virginia were to still better purpose. Even while the war between Holland and England was in progress — in accordance with his desire, scouted by the New-Englanders, for "neighborly friendship, without regard to the hostilities in Europe"—he made two attempts to conclude a commercial treaty with the Virginia authorities; and he succeeded in effecting with them a favorable working arrangement in the year 1653 that led on to the more formal and equally favorable convention of the year 1660.

The Virginia trade began to be of importance in the year 1652, when the export tax on tobacco shipped from New Netherland was removed; a concession on the part of the Amsterdam Chamber with which were united a reduction of the price of passage from Holland outward, and permission—here was the beginning of our slave trade—for the colonists to import negroes from Africa. A hint of trade direct with the Spanish colonies is found, also, in a list of charges brought (1653) by the West India Company against the proprietors of Rensselaerwyck; one of those charges being that "licenses have been granted to private individuals to sail to the coast of Florida."

Stuyvesant certainly endeavored—according to his lights — to foster the foreign trade of New Netherland. His voyage to the West Indies in the year 1655 was made expressly to that end; and his consistent effort seems to have been to make New Amsterdam a little metropolis in which should centre the American colonial trade. Possibly I am going too far in crediting him with the deliberate formulation and pursuit of a policy in which was such large statesmanship; but it is, at least, an interesting and a suggestive fact that most of his plans touching the exterior affairs of the colony do wear the look of having been conceived in the spirit of one who had that great end in view.

Unfortunately, Stuyvesant did not show in dealing with home matters the excellent qualities which he showed in dealing with intercolonial matters. Had he done so his record would have been a very different one, and his governorship—while ending in the always-inevitable loss of his province—would have ended without disgrace. The shame of

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the taking of New Netherland by the English was not that it was conquered; it was that its people—in their eagerness to escape from a government that had become intolerable — almost welcomed their conquerors.

VII

In the thick of that troublous time, while Holland and England were at open war and while the threat of war hung over their dependent colonies, the long-cherished desire of New Amsterdam to become a city was realized. As a matter of course, it was not realized in a satisfactory way—nothing was satisfactory to anybody, to state the case broadly, in which the West India Company had a hand; but, at least, on February 2, 1653, the civic government was established which, in one form or another, has been maintained on this island until this present day.

By the terms of the grant, from the Amsterdam Chamber, the municipal organization of New Amsterdam was to resemble "as much as possible" that of the parent city in Holland; but, as the matter worked out in practice, the possibilities proved to be so limited that the resemblance was in the nature of a caricature. Stuyvesant set up and maintained his right to appoint the members of the city government—the burgomasters, schepens, secretary, and schout —with the natural result that his authority continued to be paramount in civic matters; and in general he contrived to make the new order of things very much the same as the old order so far as any real increase of liberties was concerned. In a word, as Mr. Brodhead puts it: "the ungraceful concessions of the grudging Chamber were hampered by the most illiberal interpretation which their provincial representative could devise." For Mr. Brodhead — whose disposition toward the Director uniformly is kindly —those are very strong words. But they are amply justified by the facts.

With a modernity of method that our citizens of that period resented more keenly (being unaccustomed to it) than we resent it now, Stuyvesant made out his "slate"; and then put in his own men by the simple process of issuing a proclamation in which they were assigned to their several offices. Save in our spasmodic lucid intervals of civic reform, we still get by ways only a trifle more roundabout to just the same practical results— and philologists, with these early facts available for their study, will perceive with pleasure the nice linguistic propriety that there is in our present use of the Dutch word "boss." On the very instant that this city became a city the political meaning of that word, in effect, was established and defined.

Some of the men named on Stuyvesant's "slate," as is the custom nowadays, were respectable citizens. More of them, still in accordance with modern custom, were not. And the most important office was given to the worst of them all. For Schout — an official who, in addition to presiding over the Board of Burgomasters and Schepens, performed duties which in a way combined those of our modern sheriff and district attorney—Stuyvesant appointed Cornelis van Tienhoven, the Company's fiscal: and had he searched through the whole colony he probably could not have found a man more outrageously unfit for any office at all.

There was, indeed, a popular outcry against Van Tienhoven's appointment; but it seems to have been based mainly on the ground that he was unfit to be Schout because he still continued to be an officer, the fiscal, of the Company—not on the broader and very tenable ground that he was an unfit person to hold any public office at all. And, also, the outcry came in part from citizens whose right to object to anybody on the score of immorals was of a highly attenuated sort. In the end, to be sure, he was turned out of his office in disgrace by order of the West India Company; and Stuyvesant was forbidden again to employ him—or to employ his brother, Adriaen, who had been detected in fraud as receiver-general—in the public service. But that order was a lashing of Stuyvesant over Van Tienhoven's shoulders, and it was not issued until Van Tienhoven had been Schout of the city for three years. Even Tammany has not beaten this record in civic immorality which our city scored at its very start.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

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His Price

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

"IN her place, I should have done exactly what she did."

"You! You would have stayed to give me the most miserable quarter of an hour of my life, with all the grace and sweetness of — Millicent Tawnet. Did you ever have your enemy delivered into your hands and run away?"

"Well, it was all your own fault, wasn't it? If your Excellency will ride in common cars—! Do you know what my father said? 'George rides on Elijah's chariot or a work-cart—whichever happens to be travelling his way—he always would.' He was so vexed that Mrs. Ruth's behavior was in the papers."

"What is not?" asked Governor Worden, ruefully. "But pray, mademoiselle, can one compare the modern parlor-car to a work-cart?"

"Yes, if you compare it again with a special. If your Excellency had used a special—as you might—this wouldn't have happened to you."

Governor Worden laughed. "'They lay down to rest with corselet laced,' eh? No, I can't live in full regalia. As it is, I think I take myself too seriously. You have more than once so intimated."

"Who? I, your Excellency? I? The humblest of—"

The light of a street lamp they were passing lit their features. They were both laughing, and, as their eyes met, his imitation of a threatening scowl changed to a look of tenderness, of feeling. Her lifted face, mischievous and mocking, was open to him as he knew it never was and never had been to any other man—or to any one else on earth: open for him to read what she had made no effort to conceal since the moment of her surrender, —the adoration of a younger woman for the lover many years her senior. They were dressed quietly and unobtrusively, almost sombrely. Governor Worden had discarded the high hat and long black coat of officialism, and wore a summer suit and summer hat. Miss Tawnet's simple gown was a soft-tinted gray cloth that fitted closely to her slight figure. Her wide hat was of the same soft tint, and the gray veil loosely tied about its brim half hid her dark, pretty hair. As the summer night wind caught the veil, its shifting shadow gave a misty depth to her eyes, softening the vividness of her vivacious face. The richness of her charming coloring shone out almost bewilderingly to her lover, as the veil would blow back, then fall again.

"Yes," persisted Miss Tawnet, "if Senator Ruth had betrayed you and injured you as he thinks you have him, I should feel just as Mrs. Ruth does. I couldn't stand it—I wouldn't!"

Governor Worden bent toward her quickly, lifting her hand closer into his arm. "It's new to me," he said, gratefully, "to have any one feel things for me just that way. I went to boarding-school when I was six years old, Millicent. I remember that I had a passion for sitting on the coal-scuttle, and Father Howard let me sit there! He was wonderfully wise and kind. His letting me do just that reconciled me to life. I can't imagine why."

"Poor little fellow!" said Miss Tawnet, tenderly. "I don't like to think of when you were a child. Do you suppose I shall ever be able to make it up to you?" she asked, wistfully. She was not often wistful, but her weak side—if it might be so called—lay, her lover knew, in a quick tenderness for the woes of children. He had seen her show a passionate, almost undue, anger at the sight of any wrong to childhood—and rejoiced in the sight. There were certain anxious times in his past when, watching her thus moved, he had been reassured and taught a new faith in her underlying womanliness, which other evidence had failed to shake.

"Your motherless childhood was no

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better," he said. "Can I make that up to you? I am perfectly happy," he added, smiling. "What more can you do for me?"

"You could have Mrs. Ruth forgiving you for what you never did."

"Yes, that is a fly in my ointment. You should have seen her, Millicent. She gave a little gasp when she saw me enter the car and flushed up. I thought she meant to reproach me then and there. But no, she did nothing unladylike. I can't even say that she cut me, though the papers state she did. She certainly recognized my presence sufficiently. She simply gathered up the Lares and Penates of fans and smelling-salts and pillows that ladies carry about with them travelling, and without another glance my way left the parlor-car for the coach. I never felt so small, or so helpless. I couldn't go after her, or offer to go to the coach myself, without making bad worse. There was nothing to do."

"She found the joint in your harness," laughed Miss Tawnet. "She couldn't have done anything to trouble you more, could she, than make herself very uncomfortable? I don't fancy she's quite clever enough to know how miserable she did make you. I fancy she acted on impulse—an impulse I like in her."

"Ruth and I were boys together," said Governor Worden, slowly. "If he believes I betrayed him, there is no reason why he should believe me if I assured him I had nothing to do with it. Do you know he lives somewhere near here—in one of these streets?"

Miss Tawnet looked about her interestedly. "'Tis a pretty part of the town," she said. "Let's choose our house. I choose that corner house over there with the round bay-window and the high steps. What do you think of it?"

They crossed the street to the corner house, and as they did so a figure on the opposite pavement, which had been steadily following them since the moment when they paused under the bright light of the lamp-post, drew back sharply into the shadow of the houses, and there stood motionless.

Governor Worden and Miss Tawnet walked gravely about the corner house, critically examining it and guessing its size within. They had soon decided as to its number of rooms, and had settled on most of the furniture.

Miss Tawnet sighed: "What a nice time we are having! And to think that all the chances are I shall have to live always in furnished houses selected for us by mine Uncle Samuel."

Governor Worden laughed at her. "You little humbug! If you ever get the chance to choose your own house and furnish it, there is no one concerned who'll be so disappointed as you."

"Yes," she admitted, "I know it. But I do like this evening better than any we have ever had together. I like roaming about here in a strange city, when no one knows we are here, and going where we please and doing what we please, perfectly free and unknown to anybody. I suppose my father is looking all over the hotel for me, and that you are breaking every 'strictly confidential' engagement he has made for you — that makes it just so much nicer! Could we go over there into that dear, quaint little park, and sit on the bench there? I'd like it. I suppose Biddy and the policeman sit here as often as they like. I wish we did."

"It's a nice little park and a nice little bench," said the Governor of the State, as they took possession, "and we can do what we please, so long as no one recognizes us and we keep out of the papers. Look at the moonlight struggling through the leaves, Millicent. Nonsense! The policeman holds Biddy's hand here—and more—scores of times, and who is the wiser? By-the-way, dear, when are we considering announcing our engagement? We can't keep it secret much longer, especially if we are so imprudent as to-night."

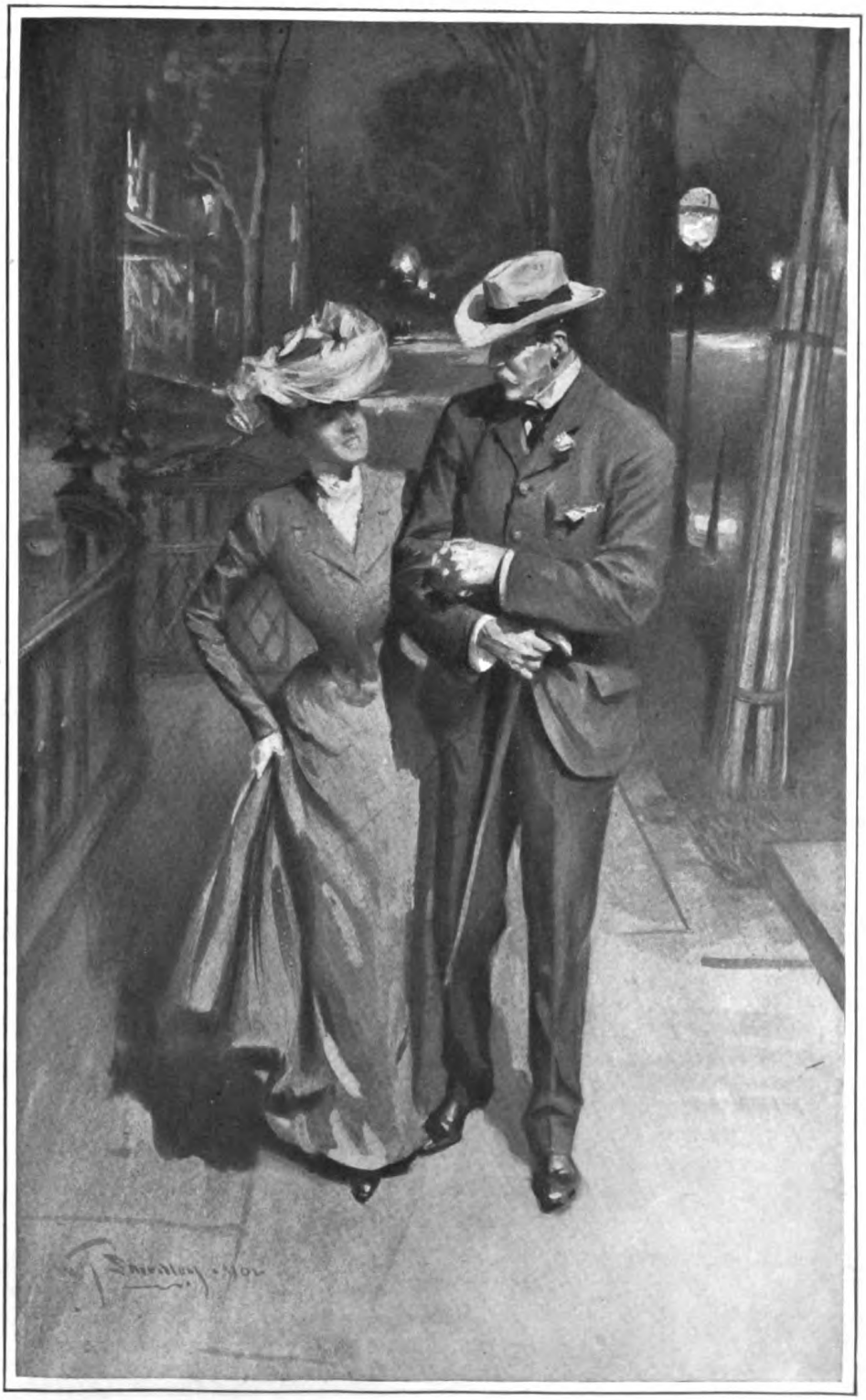
"Oh, don't tell it yet! Not yet! We'll be wined and dined within an inch of our lives, and never see each other again. When my father can't keep it any longer is time enough. I have no confidence that he isn't at this minute exchanging it in payment for something he wants to know."

"Millicent!"

She looked up, laughing.

"I was speaking cynically again? How you do hate it! Well, you must give me a little time—" She laughed a soft, happy laugh.

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HE DREW HER NEARER TO HIM

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"Did you never hear my father say that every man has his price? He thinks so—he really does. He says he knows the price of most of them."

She glanced up again, half laughing, half earnest, and questioningly.

"Your father knows nothing of the kind. You don't think it?"

"No-o. Not exactly that. But I'll tell you what I do think. I believe we all have our price. It needn't be a dishonorable one, need it? But haven't we all a place where, under pressure of some kind, we give way somehow? I don't know how to express it exactly—" She broke off suddenly. "What is happening over there? Listen!"

The long, narrow park where they were sitting was quite different at its two ends. From the upper end ran off the streets of Dives, and from the lower the streets of Lazarus—a foreign Lazarus. On one of these lower streets, where it entered the park, a little crowd was gathering around some centre, apparently. As yet no patrolman was visible.

"What do you suppose it is?" asked Miss Tawnet; then she rose quickly to her feet. "Why, it's a child crying!" and before Governor Worden could prevent her she was running across the park. He hurried after her, and caught up with her before she reached the outskirts of the circle. It was a hard-looking crowd that was gathering, composed of untidy, loud-voiced foreign women and rougher, louder men. Above their shrill din was rising a child's cry — pitiful, heart-broken, utterly terrified. Governor Worden looked at the faces near them, then laid his hand detainingly on Millicent's arm.

"Go back," he said. "This is no place for you. Go back to the bench. I will see to this."

She was always deferential to him, and though often the deference was a pretty mockery, it was ever present in some form. But now she turned on him sharply, angrily, with no deference whatever, almost as the child's mother might have turned, and with a look on her face which brought his heart into his throat. Often before he had felt she possessed a latent beauty, deeper, rarer than he or others had yet seen in her, and in that moment he caught a glimpse of the promise fulfilled. All which he had fervently believed was hers, and upon which he had staked his faith, was in her face, and to it he yielded instantly.

"Make way there!" said Governor Worden, his voice lifted above the confusion.

He drew Miss Tawnet behind him as his broad, tall figure broke a quick way for them both to the centre of the circle.

"It's walked in 'er sleep, she 'ave, the poor kid!" said a woman's rough voice, and Governor Worden laughed as he looked back over his shoulder to Miss Tawnet.

"It's nothing in the world but a lost child," he said. "It's all right, Millicent."

He drew her in front of him, that she might see, as he had, the cause of the excitement. There, in the heart of the crowd, was standing a beautiful little bit of a girl, clad only in a night-gown that reached to her small, bare feet, and at a glance it was easy to know that this street and this neighborhood, where she had somehow strayed, had never been her home. Her delicate little face told it, her tiny white feet, her cleanly hair tumbling half out of the ribbon tying her curls, and there was lace on her night-gown and a ribbon woven into the lace. But dainty and delicate as she was, she could fight, and was fighting, like the proverbial blue-stocking dandy, with fierce little fists keeping off the most uncleanly of the slatterns, who in all kindness was trying to lift the barefooted baby from the dirty street.

"Give her to me!" cried Miss Tawnet, her arms outstretched.

Her sweet, high tones rose above the din of foreign gutturals, and at the clear, English words the child flung herself violently backward towards the voice. The sudden motion cast her out of the soiled arms which held her, but Miss Tawnet caught her as she fell, and, clasped in arms never before about her, clinging to a bosom on which she had never lain, the exhausted child lay sobbing her heart out in the relief of a rescue which instinct told her had come. Miss Tawnet rocked her to and fro, her face pressed down against the wet cheek pressed to hers in turn, and Governor Worden stood looking at them both.

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"If you would please stand back a little, just a little," pleaded Miss Tawnet, "and let me quiet the child. She is old enough to talk and tell her name." She turned, despairingly, to Governor Worden: "They won't go!"

On the contrary, the crowd was growing. More strange, squalid figures surrounded them; more soiled, maternal women, bringing small, dirty children to see the little rich lady who had wandered to them from bed and home. Governor Worden looked over the shoulders hemming them in. There was no aid in sight.

"Can't you go for a policeman?" urged Miss Tawnet. "The child is frantic with fear. I can't quiet her here."

"No, I cannot possibly leave you alone. We must wait. The patrolman must be here presently—and all the reporters in Christendom with him," he added, ruefully.

"Governor Worden," said a low voice at his side. It was unmistakably a gentleman's voice. Governor Worden wheeled sharply, to see a very young man standing close behind him. He did not know his face, and believed he had never seen him before. "Shall I call a cab for you?" said the newcomer, still under his breath.

The Governor turned to him gratefully. "Call anything!" he said, and the young man disappeared.

It was all over in the next moment. A cab—appearing as if out of space—dashed up to the curbstone, and the young man was holding its door open, as Governor Worden hastily disengaged Miss Tawnet from the crowd, and lifted her, with the child still in her arms, to the carriage seat. He hurried after her; their deliverer paused only to give a quick order to the driver, then he too sprang into the cab, clapped the door to, and they drove rapidly away.

Governor Worden turned, as if incredulously. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but where did you tell him to drive?"

"To Senator Ruth's," said the pleasant young voice of the stranger. "It's his little girl. I've watched her walking in the park with him. They adore the child. It's very lucky you found her. I hope they haven't missed her yet."

Governor Worden made no reply. Miss Tawnet was the one who spoke first,—a little timidly, to Governor Worden. She was holding the child close to her, her cheek still on the soft, wet cheek under hers, and, almost unconsciously, with soothing, gentle touches of hand and face she was slowly quieting the childish sobs.

"You needn't appear in it at all, if you'd rather not, need you?" she asked. "It does seem a bit theatrical—" She laughed a little and broke off.

"It's the last thing I should have wished to happen," said Governor Worden, with annoyance. He turned frankly to the stranger on the seat beside him: "The fact is, it would be extremely embarrassing to me to seem to be trying to place Senator Ruth under any personal obligation just now. You read the papers, doubtless, and see why. If the police or the reporters had caught us, it would have been impossible to keep this quiet, but now we can, and I am very much in your debt for it. May I ask your name? Mr. Richmond? Thank you. Perhaps you will add to your kindness and help me a little further. Miss Tawnet—"

Miss Tawnet turned in the dim light of the carriage and bent courteously towards the stranger. "Perhaps you will go into the house with me when we stop," she said. "We need not mention Governor Worden's name at all."

"I shall be most happy," murmured the boyish voice. "This is the house now."

The cab had stopped before a house set back from the street, with a shallow lawn and flower-beds before it, through which ran a path to the door. Up this walk a man was slowly pacing, his hands in his pockets. He had come out in the moonlight to look at the flowers, apparently, but while gazing at them was thinking unhappily of something more distant. As the carriage stopped he glanced up inquiringly, and the moonlight fell full on his face.

"Papa!" cried his child's shrill, smothered voice. "Oh! My papa!"

At the first cry Senator Ruth started and stood still. At the second he was at the carriage door, which Governor Worden flung open.

"It's all right, Ruth," he said. "It's

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all right. She walked in her sleep—that's all. She's as safe and sound as if she had stayed in her bed. Here she is."

"I don't know how it happened," said Senator Ruth. "I don't know how she got out of the house. We never shall know, probably."

Miss Tawnet had carried the child to the house door herself, and there laid her in the frightened mother's arms; and Governor Worden had accompanied them, trying to answer the father's questions as rapidly as they were asked. When they went back to the carriage Senator Ruth had followed them, and stood bareheaded by the carriage door. All the while he was speaking his hand lay closely pressed on the knee of his old friend—his new enemy, as he believed him to be.

"She has often walked in her sleep before—around the house—never out-of-doors. You won't come in, Worden? I'll see you in the morning. Miss Tawnet, my wife will call the first thing to-morrow. She's all upset now. She couldn't thank you. You see, we hadn't missed the child. We can't thank you enough. But—you both understand! Mr.— I beg your pardon, Worden—what did you say was your friend's name?"

"I had nothing to do with it," urged Mr. Richmond's pleasant tones. "It was all the Governor, Senator."

"I'll see you in the morning, Worden," Senator Ruth repeated, earnestly. Then the carriage moved on.

Governor Worden leaned back in his seat with a sigh of satisfaction. "That's well over," he said. "It was what you might call walking on gunpowder in several ways. Ruth was always a fine, generous fellow. Thinking evil was something new to him."

Governor Worden's voice and tone spoke of relief and extreme satisfaction.

"What a reportorial tidbit this whole affair would have made!" he added, humorously confidential. "And I do not know which of us would have hated it most—Ruth or I."

Miss Tawnet laughed aloud. "Yes, I can see the head-lines: 'And a little child shall lead them,' or some such awful thing, to make one writhe."

Governor Worden laughed also, but shaking his head at the danger escaped.

"I was feeling a reporter behind every little bush," he said. "I hope sincerely that you are in government employ somewhere, Mr. Richmond. Young men with the faculty of being on hand at the psychological moment and knowing just what is wanted before it is called for are the men we want. May I ask your address?"

There was silence for a moment, and then the pleasant voice said, as quietly as it had before spoken, "I am one of the night reporters on the staff of the *Globe* of this city."

"Well," asked Miss Tawnet, "what did you do with him? I felt so sorry for him! I couldn't help it. If he was a natural enemy, he was a nice boy—so quick and resourceful, and such a charming voice. And he looked so manly and unalarmed when you spoke."

"Yes," said Governor Worden, dryly, "he was resourceful."

Miss Tawnet had lifted off her hat, and, with her fine, small head bare, was resting it comfortably on the bright velvet back of one of the big chairs in the hotel parlor. She was exceedingly amused, as her smiling lips and laughing eyes told Governor Worden.

"He recognized us—"

"*Me*," corrected Miss Tawnet.

"Well, then, he recognized *me* when we passed under the lamp-post furnishing our house, and he followed us to the square—"

Miss Tawnet half started up, her eyes wide. "You don't suppose—!" she said.

Governor Worden's eyes twinkled. "I neglected to ask him too precisely. Would you have wished me to?"

Bright spots of color had sprung into Miss Tawnet's cheeks; her slightly parted red lips showed her small white teeth set close together. "I hope you tore him limb from limb!" she said, her teeth still closed.

Governor Worden looked at her and laughed. "But he was such a nice, manly, unalarmed, and resourceful boy—so quick, and with such a charming voice."

Miss Tawnet said nothing.

"I thought you felt sorry for him," added Governor Worden—and she cast a swift look at him.

"I didn't know all he had done then.

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Yes, I felt sorry for him when you said, in your official voice, 'I should like a few moments with you alone, if you please.' It reminded me of the day you said that to me. Gracious! How scared I was! You never knew how my knees shook. And, after all—"

"After all, that was the hour when I gobbled you up. You want to hear of the gobbling up of Mr. Richmond, don't you? Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you. He is alive and well, but—he is not to publish a word of what he saw or heard to-night."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Tawnet, admiringly—"what! You have forced the lion to give up his prey! Sit down, do, and tell me all about it. Well, I see why you are a Governor—and now I know you'll be—"

"Furthermore," interrupted Governor Worden, "he did not follow us into the square, so set your mind at rest on that point. He watched us from afar. I managed to find that out. As to giving up his prey, there was no question of coercion or persuasion of any kind on my part. In fact, he is not a young man who could easily be coerced or persuaded. He was a most honorable little fellow, and we talked it all over together. He never once referred to our escapade—wandering alone in the park. He might have thought it odd; doubtless he did; but he never so much as implied it. He was a little gentleman. As to the Ruth affair, he felt I had accepted his services as one man from another, and he had no right to tell what in that way he had discovered. He seemed a bit troubled, in a boyish kind of way, as to the ethics of getting a first-rate bit of copy like this by him when on duty for his paper. We talked that all over, too. We decided that, as he's 'on space,' he could consider that he was hurting no one but himself. Indeed, I came to the conclusion before we parted that I didn't know when I had met any young man I liked and respected more. It wasn't a little thing for him to give up, either. He's too shrewd not to have seen all that this unexpected reconciliation with Ruth may mean politically. And he's a new man on his paper, trying to impress them with the fact that he's worth keeping, and— Altogether, it meant a very practical sacrifice, Millicent. I appreciated it, and I want you to."

"George," said Miss Tawnet, leaning forward and speaking slowly, "you are not telling me everything, or you are trying to tell me something. Which is it?"

"I am afraid you'll never forgive me, Millicent. The *Globe* is authorized to announce our engagement in to-morrow morning's issue."

There was a long silence. Miss Tawnet had dropped her eyes quickly as he spoke, then looked up swiftly, and again dropped her face, so low over the hands which lay folded on her lap that her lover could only see the mass of fine, dark hair.

"Millicent!" he said, laughing, yet entreatingly.

She spoke in a low voice, as if she had not heard him. "Do you call *that* giving up his prey? Why, you *bought* it of him at the price of — me! If it had been my father—"

"Price! Child, what do you mean? Do you think I bargained with him? Millicent, I am as nearly angry with you as I ever want to be. He gave up the whole thing of his own free will, and at a heavy cost to him. I got his story out of him. He's not a boy. He's a married man, just married—the young rascal—on nothing at all! It's bread and butter to them, his failing or succeeding on his paper. I couldn't accept such a gift with no return."

Miss Tawnet lifted her face, her eyes looking from under the sheltering hair, soft, tender, adoring — and full of tears.

"I understand," she said, quickly. "I understand now." She spoke softly and a little unsteadily. "Ah, soon I shall always understand—at once! It was two of a kind, wasn't it?—you and he. He may be a Governor too some day." Her voice steadied as she went on. "He never meant to do it. No. For if he had meant to—he couldn't."

She lifted her head proudly, her lips smiling, her brown eyes shining on her waiting lover as a queen might on her commander whom she delights to honor: "Your price is at very subtle rates, your Excellency, and high—oh! very high!"

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Lady Rose's Daughter

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART XI

CHAPTER XXI

"WHY does any one stay in England who *can* make the trip to Paradise?" said the Duchess, as she leant lazily back in the corner of the boat and trailed her fingers in the waters of Como.

It was a balmy April afternoon, and she and Julie were floating through a scene enchanted, incomparable. When Spring descends upon the shores of the Lago di Como, she brings with her all the graces, all the beauties, all the fine, delicate, and temperate delights of which earth and sky are capable; and she pours them forth upon a land of perfect loveliness. Around the shores of other lakes,—Maggiore, Lugano, Garda,—blue mountains rise, and the vineyards spread their green and dazzling terraces to the sun. Only Como can show in unmatched union a main composition, incomparably grand and harmonious, combined with every jewelled, or glowing, or exquisite detail. Nowhere do the mountains lean towards each other in such an ordered splendor as that which bends round the northern shores of Como; nowhere do buttressed masses rise behind each other, to right and left of a blue waterway, in lines statelier or more noble than those kept by the mountains of the Lecco lake, as they marshal themselves on either hand, along the approaches to Lombardy and Venetia; bearing aloft, as though on the purple pillars of some majestic gateway, the great curtain of dazzling cloud which on a sunny day hangs over the Brescian plain,—a glorious drop-scene, interposed between the dwellers on the Como mountains and those marble towns, Brescia, Verona, Padua, which thread the way to Venice.

And within this divine framework, between the glistening snows which still, in April, crown and glorify the heights, and those reflections of them which lie encalmed in the deep bosom of the lake, there's not a foot of pasture, not a shelf of vineyard, not a slope of forest, where the spring is not at work, dyeing the turf with gentians, starring it with narcissus, or drawing across it the first golden network of the chestnut leaves; where the mere emerald of the grass is not in itself a thing to refresh the very springs of being; where the peach-blossom, and the wild cherry, and the olive are not perpetually weaving patterns on the blue, which ravish the very heart out of your breast. And already the roses are beginning to pour over the walls; the wistaria is climbing up the cypresses; a pomp of camellias and azaleas is in all the gardens; while in the grassy bays that run up into the hills, the primrose banks still keep their sweet austerity, and the triumph of spring over the just-banished winter is still sharp and new.

And in the heart and sense of Julie Le Breton, as she sat beside the Duchess, listening absently to the talk of the old boatman, who with his oars resting idly in his hands was chattering to the ladies, a renewing force akin to that of the spring was also at its healing and life-giving work. She had still the tremulous look of one recovering from a sore wrestle with physical ill; but in her aspect there were suggestions more intimate, more moving than this. Those who have lain down and risen up with pain; those who have been face to face with passion, and folly, and self-judgment; those who have been forced to seek with eagerness for some answer to those questions which the majority of us never ask,—"Whither is my life leading me?—and what is it worth to me or to any other living soul?"—these are the men and women who now and then touch or startle us with the eyes and the voice of

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Julie. If, at least, we have the capacity that responds. Sir Wilfrid Bury, for instance, prince of self-governed and reasonable men, was not to be touched by Julie. For him, in spite of her keen intelligence, she was the *type passionnel,* from which he instinctively recoiled. The Duke of Crowborough the same. Such men feel towards such women as Julie Le Breton hostility or satire; for what they ask, above all, of the women of their world is a kind of simplicity, a kind of lightness, which makes life easier for men.

But for natures like Evelyn Crowborough—or Meredith—or Jacob Delafield—the Julie-type has perennial attractions. For these are all *children of feeling:* allied in this, however different in intelligence or philosophy. They are attracted by the storm-tossed temperament in itself; by mere sensibility; by that which in the technical language of Catholicism suggests or possesses "the gift of tears." At any rate, pity and love for her poor Julie — however foolish, however faulty — lay warm in Evelyn Crowborough's breast; they had brought her to Como; they kept her now battling on the one hand with her husband's angry letters, and on the other with the melancholy of her most perplexing, most appealing friend.

"I had often heard," wrote the sore-tried Duke, "of the ravages wrought in family life by these absurd and unreasonable female friendships. But I never thought that it would be you, Evelyn, who would bring them home to me. I won't repeat the arguments I have used a hundred times in vain. But once again I implore and demand that you should find some kind responsible person to look after Miss Le Breton—I don't care what you pay—and that you yourself should come home to me and the children, and the thousand and one duties you are neglecting.

"As for the spring month in Scotland which I generally enjoy so much—that has been already entirely ruined. And now the season is apparently to be ruined also. On the Shropshire property there is an important election coming on, as I am sure you know; and the Premier said to me only yesterday that he hoped you were already up and doing. The Grand Duke of C—— will be in London within the next fortnight. I particularly want to show him some civility. But what can I do without you?—and how on earth am I to explain your absence?

"Once more, Evelyn, I beg and I demand that you should come home!"

To which the Duchess had rushed off a reply, without a post's delay:

"Oh, Bertie, you are such a wooden-headed darling! As if I hadn't explained till I'm black in the face. I'm glad anyway you didn't say *com*mand; that would really have made difficulties.

"As for the election, I'm sure if I was at home I should think it very good fun. Out here, I am extremely doubtful whether we ought to do such things as you and Lord M—— suggest. A duke shouldn't interfere in elections. Anyway I'm sure it's good for my character to consider it a little;—though I quite admit you may lose the election.

"The Grand Duke is a horrid wretch; and if he wasn't a Grand Duke you'd be the first to cut him. I had to spend a whole dinner-time last year in teaching him his proper place. It was very humiliating, and not at all amusing. You can have a men's dinner for him. That's all he's fit for.

"And as for the babies, Mrs. Robson sends me a telegram every morning. I can't make out that they have had a finger-ache since I went away; and I am sure mothers are entirely superfluous. All the same, I think about them a great deal, especially at night. Last night I tried to think about their education—if only I wasn't such a sleepy creature! But at any rate I never in my life tried to think about it at home. So that's so much to the good.

"Indeed I'll come back to you soon, you poor, forsaken old thing! But Julie has no one in the world, and I feel like a Newfoundland dog who has pulled some one out of the water. The water was deep; and the life's only just coming back; and the dog's not much good. But he sits there, for company, till the doctor comes; and that's just what I'm doing.

"I know you don't approve of the notions I have in my head now. But that's because you don't understand. Why don't you come out and join us? Then you'd like Julie as much as I do; everything

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would be quite simple; and I shouldn't be in the least jealous!

"Dr. Meredith is coming here, probably to-night, and Jacob should arrive to-morrow on his way to Venice, where poor Chudleigh and his boy are."

The *breva,* or fair-weather wind, from the north, was blowing freshly yet softly down the lake. The afternoon sun was burning on Bellagio, on the long terrace of the Melzi villa, on the white mist of fruit-blossom that lay lightly on the green slopes above San Giovanni.

Suddenly the Duchess and the boatman left the common topics of every day by which the Duchess was trying to improve her Italian—such as the proposed enlargement of the Bellevue hotel, the new villas that were springing up, the gardens of the Villa Carlotta, and so forth. Evelyn had carelessly asked the old man whether he had been in any of the fighting of '59, and, in an instant, under her eyes, he became another being. Out rolled a torrent of speech; the oars lay idly on the water; and through the man's gnarled and wrinkled face there blazed a high and illumining passion. Novara and its beaten king, in '49; the ten years of waiting, when a whole people bode its time, in a gay, grim silence; the grudging victory of Magenta; the fivefold struggle that wrenched the hills of San Martino from the Austrians; the humiliations and the rage of Villafranca —of all these had this wasted graybeard made a part. And he talked of them with the Latin eloquence and facility, as no veteran of the North could have talked; he was in a moment the equal of these great affairs in which he had mingled; so that one felt in him the son of a race which had been rolled and polished, — a pebble, as it were, from rocks which had made the primeval framework of the world,—in the main course and stream of history.

Then from the campaign of '59 he fell back on the Five Days of Milan in '48,— the immortal Days, when a populace drove out an army, and what began almost in jest, ended in a delirium, a stupefaction of victory. His language was hot, broken, confused, like the street fighting it chronicled. Afterwards, — a further sharpening and blanching of the old face, —and he had carried them deep into the black years of Italy's patience, and Austria's revenge. Throwing out a thin arm, he pointed towards town after town on the lake shores, now in the brilliance of sunset, now in the shadow of the northern slope, Gravedona,—Varenna,—Argegno; towns which had each of them given their sons to the Austrian bullet and the Austrian lash, for the ransom of Italy.

He ran through the sacred names,— Stazzonelli, Riccini, Crescieri, Ronchetti, Ceresa, Previtali,—young men, almost all of them,—shot for the possession of a gun, or a knife, for helping their comrades in the Austrian army to desert, for "insulting conduct" towards an Austrian soldier or officer.

Of one of these executions, which he himself witnessed at Varese, the shooting of a young fellow of six-and-twenty, his own friend and kinsman,—he gave an account which blanched the Duchess's cheeks, and brought the big tears into her eyes. Then, when he saw the effect he had produced, the old man trembled.

"Ah! Eccellenza," he cried, "but it had to be! The Italians had to show they knew how to die; then God let them live. Ecco, Eccellenza!"—

And he drew from his breast pocket, with shaking hands, an old envelope tied round with string. When he had untied it, a piece of paper emerged, brown with age, and worn with much reading. It was a rudely printed broadsheet containing an account of the last words and sufferings of the martyrs of Mantua,— those conspirators of 1852, from whose graves and dungeons sprang, tenfold renewed, the regenerating and liberating forces which, but a few years later, drove out the Austrian with the Bourbon, together.

"See here, Eccellenza!" he said, as he tenderly spread out its tattered folds, and gave it into the Duchess's hand.—"Have the goodness to look where is that black mark. There you will find the last words of Don Enrico Tazzoli—the half-brother of my father. He was a priest, Eccellenza. Ah! it was not then as it is now. The priests were then for Italy! They hanged three of them at Mantua alone. As for Don Enrico, first they stripped him of his priesthood, and then they hanged him. And those were his last

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words, and the last words of Scarsellini also, who suffered with him. *Veda Eccellenza!* As for me, I know them from a boy."

And while the Duchess read, the old man repeated tags and fragments under his breath, as he once more resumed the oars, and drove the boat gently towards Menaggio.

"*The multitude of victims has not robbed us of courage in the past, nor will it so rob us in the future,—till victory dawns. The cause of the people is like the cause of religion—it triumphs only through its martyrs. . . . You—who survive—will conquer, and in your victory we, the dead, shall live. . . .*

"*Take no thought for us; the blood of the forerunners is like the seed which the wise husbandman scatters on the fertile ground. . . . Teach our young men how to adore and how to suffer for a great idea. Work incessantly at that; so shall our country come to birth; and grieve not for us! . . . Yes, Italy shall be one! To that all things point.* WORK! *There is no obstacle that cannot be overcome, no opposition that cannot be destroyed. The* how *and the* when *only, remain to be solved. You, more fortunate than we, will find the clue of the riddle, when all things are accomplished, and the times are ripe. . . . Hope!—my parents, and my brothers—hope always!—and waste no time in weeping.*"

The Duchess read aloud the Italian, and Julie stooped over her shoulder to follow the words.

"Marvellous!" said Julie, in a low voice, as she sank back into her place,—"a youth of twenty-seven, with the rope round his neck,—and he comforts himself with 'Italy.' What's 'Italy' to him, or he to 'Italy'? Not even an immediate Paradise!—Is there anybody capable of it now?"

Her face and attitude had lost their languor. As the Duchess returned his treasure to the old man, she looked at Julie with joy. Not since her illness had there been any such sign of warmth and energy.

And indeed as they floated on, past the glow of Bellagio, towards the broad gold and azure of the farther lake, the world-defying passion that breathed from these words of dead and murdered Italians played as a bracing and renewing power on Julie's still feeble being. It was akin to the high snows on those far Alps that closed in the lake; to the pure wind that blew from them; to the "gleam, the shadow, and the peace supreme," amid which their little boat pressed on towards the shore.

"What matter," cried the intelligence,—but as though through sobs!—"what matter the individual struggle and misery? These can be lived down. The heart can be silenced—nerves steadied—strength restored. Will and idea remain;—the eternal spectacle of the world,—and the eternal thirst of man to see, to know, to feel, to realize himself, if not in one passion,—then in another. If not in love,—then in patriotism—art—thought."

The Duchess and Julie landed presently beneath the villa of which they were the passing tenants. The Duchess mounted the double staircase where the banksia already hung in a golden curtain over the marble balustrade. Her face was thoughtful. She had to write her daily letter to the absent and reproachful Duke.

Julie parted from her with a caress, and paused awhile to watch the small figure till it mounted out of sight. Her friend had become very dear to her. A new humility, a new gratitude, filled her heart. Evelyn should not sacrifice herself much longer. When she had insisted on carrying her patient abroad, Julie had neither mind nor will wherewith to resist. But now,—the Duke should soon come to his own again!

She herself turned inland, for that short walk by which each day she tested her returning strength. She climbed the winding road to Criante, the lovely village above Cadenabbia; then, turning to the left, she mounted a path that led to the woods which overhang the famous gardens of the Villa Carlotta.

Such a path! To the left hand, and, as it seemed, steeply beneath her feet, all earth and heaven,—the wide lake, the purple mountains, the glories of a flaming sky. On the calm spaces of water lay a shimmer of crimson and gold, repeating the noble splendor of the clouds; the midgelike boats crept from shore to shore; and, midway between Bellagio and Cadenabbia, the steamboat, a white speck,

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drew a silver furrow. To her right a green hill-side,—each blade of grass, each flower, each tuft of heath, enskied, transfigured, by the broad light that poured across it from the hidden west. And on the very hill-top, a few scattered olives, peaches, and wild cherries, scrawled upon the blue, their bare leaning stems, their pearly whites, their golden pinks and feathery grays, all in a glory of sunset, that made of them things enchanted, aerial, fantastical,—like a dance of Botticelli angels on the height.

And presently,—a sheltered bank in a green hollow, where Julie sat down to rest. But Nature, in this tranquil spot, had still new pageants, new sorceries, wherewith to play upon the nerves of wonder. Across the hollow, a great crag clothed in still leafless chestnut-trees reared itself against the lake. The innumerable lines of stem and branch, warm brown or steely gray, were drawn sharp on silver air; while at the very summit of the rock, one superb tree with branching limbs, touched with intense black, sprang high above the rest,—the proud plume or ensign of the wood. Through the trunks, the blaze of distant snow, and the purples of craggy mountains; in front, the glistening spray of peach or cherry blossom, breaking the still wintry beauty of that majestic grove. And in all the air, dropping from the heaven, spread on the hills, or shimmering on the lake, a diffusion of purest rose and deepest blue,—lake and cloud and mountain, each melting into the other, as though heaven and earth conspired merely to give value and relief to the year's new birth, to this near sparkle of young leaf and blossom, which shone like points of fire on the deep breast of the distance.

On the green ledge which ran round the hollow were children tugging at a goat. Opposite was a *contadino's* house of gray stone. A water-wheel turned beside it, and a stream, brought down from the hills, ran chattering past,—a white and dancing thread of water. Everything was very still and soft. The children and the river made their voices heard; and there were nightingales singing in the woods below. Otherwise all was quiet. With a tranquil and stealthy joy, the spring was taking possession. Nay!—the Angelus! It swung over the lake, and rolled from village to village. . . .

The tears were in Julie's eyes. Such beauty as this was apt now to crush and break her. All her being was still sore, and this appeal of Nature was sometimes more than she could bear.

Only a few short weeks since Warkworth had gone out of her life,—since Delafield had saved her from ruin—since Lord Lackington had passed away.

One letter had reached her from Warkworth, a wild and incoherent letter, written at night, in a little room of a squalid hotel, near the Gare de Sceaux. Her telegram had reached him, and for him, as for her, all was over.

But the letter was by no means a mere cry of baffled passion. There was in it a new note of moral anguish, as fresh and startling in her ear, coming from him, as the cry of passion itself. In the language of religion, it was the utterance of a man "convicted of sin."

"How long is it since that man gave me your telegram? I was pacing up and down the departure platform, working myself into an agony of nervousness and anxiety as the time went by,—wondering what on earth had happened to you—when the Chef de Gare came up—'Monsieur attend une dépêche?' There were some stupid formalities—at last I got it. It seemed to me I had already guessed what it contained.

"So it was *Delafield* who met you!—Delafield who turned you back?

"I saw him outside the hotel yesterday, and we exchanged a few words. I have always disliked his long pale face, and his high and mighty ways—at any rate towards plain fellows who don't belong to the classes,—like me. Yesterday I was more than usually anxious to get rid of him.

"So he guessed?—

"It can't have been chance. In some way, he guessed. And you have been torn from me. My God!—if I could only reach him—if I could fling his contempt in his face! And yet—

"I have been walking up and down this room all night. The longing for you has been the sharpest suffering, I suppose, that I have ever known. For I am not one of the many people who enjoy pain.

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I have kept as free of it as I could. This time it caught and gripped me. Yet that isn't all. There has been something else—

"What strange patched creatures we are! Do you know, Julie, that by the time the dawn came, I was on my knees —thanking God that we were parted!— that you were on your way home—safe— out of my reach. Was I mad, or what? I can't explain it. I only know that one moment I hated Delafield as a mortal enemy,—whether he was conscious of what he had done, or no,—and the next, I found myself blessing him!

"I understand now what people mean when they talk of conversion. It seems to me that in the hours I have just passed through, things have come to light in me that I myself never suspected. I came of an Evangelical stock—I was brought up in a religious household. I suppose that one can't, after all, get away from the blood and the life that one inherits. My poor, old father—I was a bad son, and I know I hastened his death,—was a sort of Puritan saint, with very stern ideas. I seem to have been talking with him this night, and shrinking under his condemnation. I could see his old face, as he put before me the thoughts I had dared to entertain, the risks I had been ready to take, towards the woman I loved —the woman to whom I owed a deep debt of eternal gratitude.

"Julie,—it is strange how this appointment affects me! Last night I saw several people at the Embassy—good fellows, who seemed anxious to do all they could for me. Such men never took so much notice of me before. It is plain to me that this task will make or mar me. I may fail. I may die. But if I succeed, England will owe me something, and these men at the top of the tree—

"Good God! how can I go on writing this to you? It's because I came back to the hotel, and tossed about half the night brooding over the difference between what these men—these honorable distinguished fellows—were prepared to think of me, and the blackguard I knew myself to be. What — take everything from a woman's hand, and then turn and try and drag her into the mire,—propose to her what one would shoot a man for proposing to one's sister! Thief, and cur!

"Julie—kind, beloved Julie!—forget it all. For God's sake, let's cast it all behind us. As long as I live, your name, your memory, will live in my heart. We shall not meet probably for many years. You'll marry and be happy yet. Just now I know you're suffering. I seem to see you in the train—on the steamer— your pale face that has lighted up life for me—your dear slender hands, that folded so easily into one of mine!—You are in pain, my darling,—your nature is wrenched from its natural supports. And you gave me all your fine clear mind,—and all your heart.—I ought to be damned to the deepest hell!

"Then again I say to myself, if only she were here!—if only I had her *here,* with her arms round my neck, surely I might have found the courage — and the mere manliness — to extricate both herself and me — from these entanglements. Aileen might have released and forgiven one.

"No, no!—it's all over!—I'll go and do my task. You set it for me. You sha'n't be ashamed of me there.

"Good-by, Julie!—my love—good-by— forever."

These were portions of that strange document composed through the intervals of a long night, which showed in Warkworth's mind the survival of a moral code, inherited from generations of scrupulous and God-fearing ancestors, overlaid by selfish living, and now revived under the stress, the purification, partly of deepening passion, partly of a high responsibility. The letter was incoherent, illogical; it showed now the meaner, now the nobler, elements of character; but it was human, it came from the warm depths of life; and it had exerted in the end a composing and appeasing force upon the woman to whom it was addressed. He had loved her!—if only at the moment of parting— he had loved her. At the last, there had been feeling, sincerity, anguish,—and to these, all things may be forgiven.

And, indeed, what, in her eyes, there was to forgive, Julie had long forgiven. Was it his fault if, when they met first, he was already pledged—for social and practical reasons which her mind perfectly recognized and understood — to Aileen Moffatt? Was it his fault if the

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relations between herself and him had ripened into a friendship, which in its turn could only maintain itself by passing into love? No! It was she, whose hidden, insistent passion—nourished indeed upon a tragic ignorance! — had transformed what, originally, he had a perfect right to offer and to feel.

So she defended him; for in so doing she justified herself. And as to the Paris proposal, he had a right to treat her as a woman capable of deciding for herself how far love should carry her; he had a right to assume that her antecedents, her training, and her circumstances were not those of the ordinary sheltered girl, and that, for her, love might naturally wear a bolder and wilder aspect than for others! He blamed himself too severely, too passionately; but for this very blame her heart remembered him the more tenderly. For it meant that his mind was torn and in travail for her; that his thoughts clung to her in a passionate remorse; and again she felt herself loved, and forgave with all her heart.

All the same, he was gone out of her life; and through the strain, and the unconscious progress to other planes and phases of being, wrought by sickness and convalescence, her own passion for him, even, was now a changed and blunted thing.

Was she ashamed of the wild impulse which had carried her to Paris? It is difficult to say. She was often seized with the shuddering consciousness of an abyss escaped,—with wonder that she was still in the normal, accepted world, that Evelyn might still be her companion, that Thérèse still adored her, more fervently than any saint in the calendar. Perhaps, if the truth were known, she was more abased in her own eyes by the self-abandonment which had preceded the assignation with Warkworth. She had much intellectual arrogance; and before her acquaintance with Warkworth she had been accustomed to say and to feel that love was but one passion among many, and to despise those who gave it too great a place. And here she had flung herself into it, like any dull or foolish girl, for whom a love-affair represents the only stirring in the pool of life that she is ever likely to know!

Well, she must recapture herself, and remake her life. As she sat there in the still Italian evening, she thought of the old boatman, and those social and intellectual passions to which his burst of patriotism had recalled her thoughts. Society, literature, friends, and the ambitions to which these lead,—let her go back to them, and build her days afresh. Dr. Meredith was coming,—in his talk and companionship she would once more dip and temper the tools of mind and taste. No more vain self-arraignment, no more useless regrets. She looked back with bitterness upon a moment of weakness when in the first stage of convalescence, in mortal weariness and loneliness, she had slipped one evening into the Farm Street church and unburdened her heart in confession. As she had told the Duchess, the Catholicism instilled into her youth by the Bruges nuns still laid upon her at times its ghostly and compelling hand. Now in her renewed strength she was inclined to look upon it as an element of weakness and disintegration in her nature. She resolved in future to free herself more entirely from a useless *Aberglaube*.

But Meredith was not the only visitor expected at the villa in the next few days. She was already schooling herself to face the arrival of Jacob Delafield.

It was curious how the mere thought of Delafield produced an agitation, a shock of feeling, which seemed to spread through all the activities of being. The faint, renascent glamour which had begun to attach to literature and social life disappeared. She fell into a kind of brooding, the sombre restlessness of one who feels in the dark the recurrent presence of an attacking and pursuing power, and is in a tremulous uncertainty where or how to meet it.

The obscure tumult within her represented, in fact, a collision between the pagan and Christian conceptions of life. In self-dependence, in personal pride, in her desire to refer all things to the arbitrament of reason, Julie, whatever her practice, was theoretically a stoic and a pagan. But Delafield's personality embodied another "must," another "ought," of a totally different kind. And it was a "must" which in a great crisis of her life she also had been forced to obey. There was the thought which

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stung and humiliated. And the fact was irreparable; nor did she see how she was ever to escape from the strange, silent, penetrating relation it had established between her and the man who loved her and had saved her against her will.

During her convalescence at Crowborough House, Delafield had often been admitted. It would have been impossible to exclude him, unless she had confided the whole story of the Paris journey to the Duchess. And whatever Evelyn might tremblingly guess, from Julie's own mouth she knew nothing. So Delafield had come and gone, bringing Lord Lackington's last words, and the account of his funeral, or acting as intermediary in business matters between Julie and the Chantrey brothers. Julie could not remember that she had ever asked him for these services. They fell to him as it were by common consent, and she had been too weak to resist.

At first, whenever he entered the room, whenever he approached her, her sense of anger and resentment had been almost unbearable. But little by little his courtesy, tact, and coolness had restored a relation between them, which if not the old one, had still many of the outward characters of intimacy. Not a word, not the remotest allusion, reminded her of what had happened. The man who had stood before her transfigured on the deck of the steamer, stammering out, "I thank God I had the courage to do it!"—it was often hard for her to believe, as she stole a look at Delafield chatting or writing in the Duchess's drawing-room, that such a scene had ever taken place.

The evening stole on. How was it that whenever she allowed the thought of Delafield to obtain a real lodgment in her mind, even the memory of Warkworth was for the time effaced? Silently, irresistibly, a wild heat of opposition would develop within her. These men round whom, as it were, there breathes an air of the heights, in whom one feels the secret guard that religion keeps over thoughts and words and acts—her passionate yet critical nature flung out against them. How are they better than others, after all?—what right have they over the wills of others?

Nevertheless, as the rose of evening burned on the craggy mountain face beyond Bellagio, retreating upwards step by step, till the last glorious summit had died into the cool and already starlit blues of night, Julie—held as it were by a reluctant and half-jealous fascination—sat dreaming on the hill-side, not now of Warkworth, not of the ambitions of the mind, or society, but simply of the goings and comings, the aspects and sayings, of a man in whose eyes she had once read the deepest and sternest things of the soul,—a condemnation and an anguish above and beyond himself.

Dr. Meredith arrived in due time, a jaded Londoner athirst for idleness and fresh air. The Duchess and Julie carried him hither and thither about the lake in the four-oar boat, which had been hired for the Duchess's pleasure. Here, enthroned between the two ladies, he passed luxurious hours, and his talk of politics, persons, and books brought just that stimulus to Julie's intelligence and spirits for which the Duchess had been secretly longing.

A first faint color returned to Julie's cheeks. She began to talk again; to resume certain correspondences; to show herself once more, at any rate intermittently, the affectionate, sympathetic, and beguiling friend.

As for Meredith, he knew little, but he suspected a good deal. There were certain features in her illness and convalescence which suggested to him a mental cause; and if there were such a cause, it must of course spring from her relations to Warkworth.

The name of that young officer was never mentioned. Once or twice Meredith was tempted to introduce it. It rankled in his mind that Julie had never been frank with him, freely as he had poured his affection at her feet. But a moment of languor or of pallor disarmed him.

"She is better," he said to the Duchess one day, abruptly. "Her mind is full of activity. But why at times does she still look so miserable — like a person without hope or future?"

The Duchess looked pensive. They were sitting in the corner of one of the villa's terraced walks, amid a scented wilderness of flowers. Above them was a

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canopy of purple and yellow,—rose and wistaria; while through the arches of the pergola which ran along the walk, gleamed all those various hues which make the spell of Como,—the blue and white of the clouds, the purple of the mountains, the azure of the lake.

"Well, she was in love with him,—I suppose it takes a little time," said the Duchess, sighing.

"Why was she in love with him?" said Meredith, impatiently. "As to the Moffatt engagement, naturally, she was kept in the dark?"

"At first," said the Duchess, hesitating. "And when she knew—poor dear—it was too late."

"Too late for what?"

"Well—when one falls in love—one doesn't all at once shake it off—because the man deceives you!"

"One *should*," said Meredith, with energy. "Men are not worth all that women spend upon them."

"Oh, that's true!" cried the Duchess—"so dreadfully true! But what's the good of preaching? We shall go on spending it to the end of time."

"Well, at any rate, don't choose the dummies and the frauds."

"Ah! there you talk sense," said the Duchess. "And if only we had the French system in England! If only one could say to Julie,—now look here, *there's* your husband! It's all settled,—down to plate and linen,—and you've *got* to marry him—how happy we should all be!"

Dr. Meredith stared.

"You have the man in your eye," he said.

The Duchess hesitated.

"Suppose you come a little walk with me in the wood?" she said at last, gathering up her white skirts.

Meredith obeyed her. They were away for half an hour, and when they returned, the journalist's face, flushed and furrowed with thought, was not very easy to read.

Nor was his temper in good condition. It required a climb to the very top of Monte Crocione to send him back more or less appeased,—a consenting player in the Duchess's game. For if there are men who are flirts and egotists,—who ought to be, yet never are, divined by the sensible woman at a glance, so also there are men too well equipped for this wicked world,—too good, too well-born, too desirable.

It was in this somewhat flinty and carping mood that Meredith prepared himself for the advent of Jacob Delafield.

But when Delafield appeared, Meredith's secret antagonisms were soon dissipated. There was certainly no challenging air of prosperity about the young man.

At first sight, indeed, he was his old cheerful self, always ready for a walk or a row, on easy terms at once with the Italian servants or boatmen. But soon other facts emerged,—stealthily, as it were, from the concealment in which a strong man was trying to keep them.

"That young man's youth is over," said Meredith, abruptly, to the Duchess one evening. He pointed to the figure of Delafield, who was pacing, alone with his pipe, up and down one of the lower terraces of the garden.

The Duchess showed a teased expression.

"It's like something wearing through," she said, slowly. "I suppose it was always there—but it didn't show."

"Name your 'it'!"

"I can't!" But she gave a little shudder, which made Meredith look at her with curiosity.

"You feel something ghostly—unearthly?"

She nodded assent; crying out, however, immediately afterwards, as though in compunction, that he was one of the dearest and best of fellows!

"Of course he is," said Meredith. "It is only the mystic in him coming out. He is one of the men who have the sixth sense."

"Well, all I know is he has the oddest power over people!" said Evelyn, with another shiver. "If Bertie had it, my life wouldn't be worth living. Thank goodness, he hasn't a vestige!"

"At bottom it's the power of the priest," said Meredith. "And you women are far too susceptible towards it. Nine times out of ten it plays the mischief."

The Duchess was silent a moment. Then she bent towards her companion,

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finger on lip, her charming eyes glancing significantly towards the lower terrace. The figures on it were now two. Julie and Delafield paced together.

"But this is the tenth!" she said, in an eager whisper.

Meredith smiled at her—then flung her a dubious "Chi sa?"—and changed the subject.

Delafield, who was a fine oar, had soon taken command of the lake expeditions; and by the help of two stalwart youths from Tremezzo, the four-oar was in use from morning till night. Through the broad lake which lies between Menaggio and Varenna, it sped northwards to Gravedona; or beneath the shadowy cliffs of the Villa Serbelloni it slipped over deep waters, haunted and dark, into the sunny spaces of Lecco; or it coasted along the steep sides of Monte Primo, so that the travellers in it might catch the blue stain of the gentians on the turf, where it sloped into the lucent wave below, or watch the fishermen on the rocks, spearing their prey in the green or golden shallows.

The weather was glorious, a summer before its time. The wild cherries shook down their snow upon the grass; but the pears were now in bridal white, and a warmer glory of apple-blossom was just beginning to break upon the blue. The nights were calm and moonlit; the dawns were visions of mysterious and incredible beauty, wherein mountain and forest and lake were but the garments,—diaphanous, impalpable, of some delicate, indwelling light and fire spirit, which breathed and pulsed through the solidity of rock, no less visibly than through the crystal leagues of air, or the sunlit spaces of water.

Yet presently, as it were, a hush of waiting, of tension, fell upon their little party. Nature offered her best; but there was only an apparent acceptance of her bounties. Through the outward flow of talk and amusement, of wanderings on lake or hill, ugly hidden forces of pain and strife, regret, misery, resistance, made themselves rarely yet piercingly felt.

Julie drooped again. Her cheeks were paler even than when Meredith arrived. Delafield too began to be more silent, more absent. He was helpful and courteous as ever, but it began to be seen that his gayety was an effort, and now and then there were sharp or bitter notes in voice or manner, which jarred, and were not soon forgotten.

Presently—Meredith and the Duchess found themselves looking on, breathless and astonished, at the struggle of two personalities, the wrestle between two wills. They little knew that it was a renewed struggle—a second wrestle. But, silently, by a kind of tacit agreement, they drew away from Delafield and Julie. They dimly understood that he pursued and she resisted; and that for him life was becoming gradually absorbed into the two facts of her presence and her resistance.

"On ne s'appuie que sur ce qui résiste." For both of them these words were true. Fundamentally,—and beyond all passing causes of grief and anger,—each was fascinated by the full strength of nature in the other. Neither could ever forget the other. The hours grew electric; and every tiny incident became charged with spiritual meaning.

Often for hours together Julie would try to absorb herself in talk with Meredith. But the poor fellow got little joy from it. Presently, at a word or a look of Delafield's she would let herself be recaptured, as though with a proud reluctance; they wandered away together; and once more Meredith and the Duchess became the merest bystanders.

The Duchess shrugged her shoulders over it, and though she laughed, sometimes the tears were in her eyes. She felt the hovering of passion; but it was no passion known to her own blithe nature.

And if only this strange state of things might end, one way or other, and set her free to throw her arms round her Duke's neck, and beg his pardon for all these weeks of desertion! She said to herself, ruefully, that her babies would indeed have forgotten her.

Yet she stood stoutly to her post, and the weeks passed quickly by. It was the dramatic energy of the situation,—so much more dramatic in truth than either she or Meredith suspected!—that made such a strain upon the onlookers.

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One evening they had left the boat at Tremezzo that they might walk back along that most winning of paths that skirts the lake between the last houses of Tremezzo and the inn at Cadenabbia. The sunset was nearly over; but the air was still suffused with its rose and pearl; and fragrant with the scent of flowering laurels. Each mountain face, each white village — either couched on the water's edge, or grouped about its slender campanile on some shoulder of the hills,—each house and tree and figure,—seemed still penetrated with light, the glorified creatures of some just revealed and already fading world. The echoes of the evening bell were floating on the lake; and from a boat in front, full of peasant folk, there rose a sound of singing, some litany of saint or virgin, which stole in harmonies, rudely true, across the water.

"They have been to the pilgrimage church above Lenno," said Julie, pointing to the boat, and in order to listen to the singing she found a seat on a low wall above the lake.

There was no reply, and looking round her, she saw with a start that only Delafield was beside her, that the Duchess and Meredith had already rounded the corner of the Villa Carlotta, and were out of sight.

Delafield's gaze was fixed upon her. He was very pale; and suddenly Julie's breath seemed to fail her.

"I don't think—I can bear it any longer," he said, as he came close to her.

"Bear what?"

"That you should look as you do now."

Julie made no reply. Her eyes, very sad and bitter, searched the blue dimness of the lake in silence.

Delafield sat down on the wall beside her. Not a soul was in sight. At the Cadenabbia hotel the *table d'hôte* had gathered in the visitors; a few boats passed and repassed in the distance, but on land all was still.

Suddenly he took her hand with a firm grasp.

"Are you never going to forgive me?" he said, in a low voice.

"I suppose—I ought to bless you."

Her face seemed to him to express the tremulous misery of a heart deeply, perhaps irrevocably wounded. Emotion rose in a tide, but he crushed it down.

He bent over her, speaking with deliberate tenderness.

"Julie!—do you remember—what you promised Lord Lackington—when he was dying?"

"Oh!" cried Julie.

She sprang to her feet, speechless, and suffocated. Her eyes expressed a mingled pride and horror.

He paused, confronting her with a pale resolution.

"You didn't know that I had seen him?"

"Know!"

She turned away fiercely, choking with sobs she could hardly control, as the memory of that bygone moment returned upon her—

"I thought as much," said Delafield, in a low voice.—"You hoped never to hear of your promise again!"

She made no answer. But she sank again upon the seat beside the lake, and supporting herself on one delicate hand which clung to the coping of the wall, she turned her pale and tear-stained face to the lake and the evening sky. There was in her gesture an unconscious yearning, a mute and anguished appeal, as though from the oppressions of human character to the broad strength of Nature, that was not lost on Delafield. His mind became the centre of a swift and fierce debate. One voice said: "Why are you persecuting her? Respect her weakness and her grief!" And another replied, "It is because she is weak that she must yield!—must allow herself to be guided and adored!"

He came close to her again. Any passer-by might have supposed that they were both looking at the distant boat, and listening to the pilgrimage chant.

"Do you think I don't understand why you made that promise?" he said, very gently,—and the mere self-control of his voice and manner carried a spell with it for the woman beside him.—"It was wrung out of you by kindness for a dying man. You thought I should never know,—or I should never claim it. Well, I am selfish, I take advantage!—I do claim it! I saw Lord Lackington only a few hours before his death. 'She mustn't be alone!' he said to me—several times. And then—almost at the last—'Ask her again!—she'll consider it—she promised!'"

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Julie turned impetuously.

"Neither of us is bound by that!—neither of us."

Delafield smiled.

"Does that mean—that I am asking you now—because he bade me?"

A pause. Julie must needs raise her eyes to his. She flushed red, and withdrew them.

"No!" he said, with a long breath.—"You don't mean that, and you don't think it! As for you—yes, you are bound! Julie!—once more, I bring you my plea—and you must consider it!"

"How can I be your wife!" she said, her breast heaving. "You know all that has happened. It would be monstrous."

"Not at all," was his quiet reply. "It would be natural,—and right. Julie!—it is strange that I should be talking to you like this. You're so much cleverer than I—in some ways, so much stronger. And yet, in others,—you'll let me say it, won't you?—I could help you—I could protect you. It's all I care for in the world."

"How can I be your wife!" she repeated, passionately, wringing her hands.

"Be what you will—at home. My friend, comrade, housemate,—I ask nothing more,—*nothing*." His voice dropped, and there was a pause. Then he resumed: "But—in the eyes of the world,—make me your servant, and your husband!"

"I can't condemn you to such a fate!" she cried. "You know where my heart is!"

Delafield did not waver.

"I know where your heart was," he said, with firmness. "You will banish that man from your thoughts in time,—he has no right to be there. I take all the risks!—All!"

"Well, at least for you, I am no hypocrite," she said, with a quivering lip. "You know what I am!"

"Yes, I know,—and I am at your feet!"

The tears dropped from Julie's eyes. She turned away and hid her face against one of the piers of the wall.

Delafield attempted no caress. He quietly set himself to draw the life that he had to offer her, the comradeship that he proposed to her. Not a word of what the world called his "prospects" entered in. She knew very well that he could not bring himself to speak of them. Rather, a sort of ascetic and mystical note made itself heard in all he said of the future, a note that before now had fascinated and controlled a woman whose ambition was always strangely tempered with high poetical imagination.

Yet ambitious she was, and her mind inevitably supplied what his voice left unsaid.

"He will have to fill his place whether he wishes it or no," she said to herself,—"and if in truth he desires my help—"

Then she sank from her own wavering! Look where she would into her life, it seemed to her that all was monstrous and out of joint.

"You don't realize what you ask," she said at last, in despair. "I am not what you call a good woman—you know it too well! I don't measure things by your standards. I am capable of such a journey as you found me on. I can't find in my own mind that I repent it at all. I can tell a lie!—you can't! I can have the meanest and most sordid thoughts—you can't! Lady Henry thought me an intriguer—I am one. It is in my blood. And I don't know whether in the end I could understand your language and your life. And if I don't, I shall make you miserable!"

She looked up, her slender frame straightening under what was in truth a noble defiance.

Delafield bent over her, and took both her hands forcibly in his own.

"If all that were true, I would rather risk it a thousand times over than go out of your life again—a stranger. Julie, you have done mad things for love—you should know what love is. Look in my face!—there—your eyes in mine! Give way! The dead ask it of you—and it is God's will!"

And as, drawn by the last low-spoken words, Julie looked up into his face, she felt herself enveloped by a mystical and passionate tenderness that paralyzed her resistance. A force superhuman laid its grasp upon her will. With a burst of tears,—half in despair,—half in revolt,—she submitted.

CHAPTER XXII

IN the last week of May, Julie Le Breton married Jacob Delafield in the English Church at Florence. The

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Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"HOW CAN I BE YOUR WIFE!" SHE SAID

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Duchess was there. So was the Duke,—a sulky and ill-resigned spectator of something which he believed to be the peculiar and mischievous achievement of his wife.

At the church door Julie and Delafield left for Camaldoli.

"Well, if you imagine that I intend to congratulate you or anybody else upon that performance, you are very much mistaken!" said the Duke as he and his wife drove back to the "Grand Bretagne" together.

"I don't deny it's—risky," said the Duchess, her hands on her lap, her eyes dreamily following the streets.

"Risky!" repeated the Duke, shrugging his shoulders. "Well, I don't want to speak harshly of your friends, Evelyn; but Miss Le Breton—"

"Mrs. Delafield," said the Duchess.

"Mrs. Delafield, then!"—the name was evidently a difficult mouthful,—"seems to me a most undisciplined and unmanageable woman! Why does she look like a tragedy queen at her marriage? Jacob is twice too good for her—and she'll lead him a life. And how you can reconcile it to your conscience to have misled me so completely as you have in this matter, I really can't imagine!"

"Misled you?" said Evelyn.

Her innocence was really a little hard to bear;—and not even the beauty of her blue eyes, now happily restored to him, could appease the mentor at her side.

"You led me plainly to believe," he repeated, with emphasis, "that if I helped her through the crisis of leaving Lady Henry she would relinquish her designs on Delafield."

"Did I?" said the Duchess. And putting her hands over her face, she laughed—rather hysterically. "But that wasn't why you lent her the house, Bertie."

"You coaxed me into it, of course," said the Duke.

"No, it was Julie herself got the better of you," said Evelyn, triumphantly. "You felt her spell, just as we all do—and wanted to do something for her."

"Nothing of the sort," said the Duke, determined to admit no recollection to his disadvantage; "it was your doing entirely."

The Duchess thought it discreet to let him at least have the triumph of her silence,—smiling, and a little sarcastic though it were.

"And of all the undeserved good fortune!" he resumed, feeling in his irritable disapproval that the moral order of the universe had been somehow trifled with. "In the first place, she is the daughter of people who flagrantly misconducted themselves,—*that* apparently does her no harm. Then she enters the service of Lady Henry in a confidential position, and uses it to work havoc in Lady Henry's social relations. That, I am glad to say, *has* done her a little harm, although not nearly as much as she deserves. And finally she has a most discreditable flirtation with a man already engaged,—to her own cousin, please observe!—and pulls wires for him all over the place in the most objectionable and unwomanly manner—"

"As if everybody didn't do that!" cried the Duchess. "You know, Bertie, that your own mother always used to boast that she had made six bishops, and saved the Establishment!"

The Duke took no notice.

"—And yet there she is! Lord Lackington has left her a fortune,—a competence, anyway. She marries Jacob Delafield—rather a fool, I consider,—but all the same, one of the best fellows in the world. And at any time, to judge from what one hears of the health both of Chudleigh and his boy, she may find herself Duchess of Chudleigh!"

The Duke threw himself back in the carriage, with the air of one who waits for Providence to reply.

"Oh! well, you see, you can't make the world into a moral tale, to please you!" said the Duchess, absently.

Then, after a pause, she asked, "Are you still going to let them have the house, Bertie?"

"I imagine that if Jacob Delafield applies to me to let it to *him*, I shall not refuse him," said the Duke, stiffly.

The Duchess smiled behind her fan. Yet her tender heart was not in reality very happy about her Julie. She knew well enough that it was a strange marriage of which they had just been witnesses; a marriage containing the seeds of many untoward things, only too likely to develop, unless fate were kinder than rash mortals have any right to expect.

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"I wish to goodness Delafield weren't so religious!" murmured the Duchess, fervently, pursuing her own thoughts.

"Evelyn!"

"Well, you see, Julie isn't, at all," she added, hastily.

"You need not have troubled yourself to tell me that!" was the Duke's indignant reply.

After a fortnight at Camaldoli and Vallombrosa the Delafields turned towards Switzerland. Julie, who was a lover of Rousseau and Obermann, had been also busy with the letters of Byron. She wished to see with her own eyes St. Gingolphe and Chillon, Bevay and Glion.

So one day at the end of May they found themselves at Montreux. But Montreux was already hot and crowded, and Julie's eyes turned in longing to the heights. They found an old inn at Charnex, whereof the garden commanded the whole head of the lake; and there they settled themselves for a fortnight; till business, in fact, should recall Delafield to England. The Duke of Chudleigh had shown all possible kindness and cordiality with regard to the marriage; and the letter in which he welcomed his cousin's new wife had both touched Julie's feelings and satisfied her pride. "You are marrying one of the best of men," wrote this melancholy father of a dying son. "My boy and I owe him more than can be written. I can only tell you that for those he loves he grudges nothing,—no labor, no sacrifice of himself. There are no half-measures in his affections. He has spent himself too long on sick and sorry creatures like ourselves. It is time he had a little happiness on his own account. You will give it him; and Mervyn and I will be most grateful to you. If joy and health can never be ours, I am not yet so vile as to grudge them to others. God bless you. Jacob will tell you that my house is not a gay one. But if you and he will sometimes visit it, you will do something to lighten its gloom."

Julie wondered, as she wrote her very graceful reply, how much the Duke might know about herself. Jacob had told his cousin, as she knew, the story of her parentage, and of Lord Lackington's recognition of his granddaughter. But as soon as the marriage was announced it was not likely that Lady Henry had been able to hold her tongue!

A good many interesting tales of his cousin's bride had indeed reached the melancholy Duke. Lady Henry had done all that she conceived it her duty to do, filling many pages of note-paper with what the Duke regarded as most unnecessary information.

At any rate, he had brushed it all aside with the impatience of one for whom nothing on earth had now any savor or value beyond one or two indispensable affections. "What's good enough for Jacob is good for me," he wrote to Lady Henry; "and if I may offer you some advice, Arabella, it is that you should not quarrel with Jacob about a matter so vital as his marriage. Into the rights and wrongs of the story you tell me I really cannot enter; but rather than break with Jacob I would welcome *anybody* he chose to present to me. And in this case I understand the lady is very clever, distinguished, and of good blood on both sides. Have you had no trouble in your life, my dear Arabella, that you can make quarrels with a light heart? If so, I envy you, but I have neither the energy nor the good spirits wherewith to imitate you."

Julie of course knew nothing of this correspondence; though from the Duke's letters to Jacob she divined that something of the kind had taken place. But it was made quite plain to her that she was to be spared all the friction and all the difficulty which may often attend the entrance of a person like herself within the circle of a rich and important family like the Delafields. With Lady Henry, indeed, the fight had still to be fought. But Jacob's mother, influenced on one side by her son, and on the other by the head of the family, accepted her daughter-in-law with the facile kindliness and good temper that were natural to her; while his sister, the fair-haired and admirable Susan, owed her brother too much and loved him too well to be other than friendly to his wife.

No:—on the worldly side, all was smooth. The marriage had been carried through with ease and quietness. The Duke, in spite of Jacob's remonstrances, had largely increased his cousin's salary;

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and Julie was already enjoying the income left her by Lord Lackington. She had only to reappear in London as Jacob's wife to resume far more than her old social ascendency. The winning cards had all passed into her hands; and if now there was to be a struggle with Lady Henry, Lady Henry would be worsted.

All this was or should have been agreeable to the sensitive nerves of a woman who knew the worth of social advantages. It had no effect, however, on the mortal depression which was constantly Julie's portion during the early weeks of her marriage.

As for Delafield, he had entered upon this determining experiment of his life, —a marriage, which was merely a legalized comradeship, with the woman he adored,—in the mind of one resolved to pay the price of what he had done. This graceful and stately woman, with her high intelligence and her social gifts, was now his own property. She was to be the companion of his days, and the mistress of his house. But although he knew well that he had a certain strong hold upon her, she did not love him; and none of the fusion of true marriage had taken place, or could take place. So be it. He set himself to build up a relation between them which would justify the violence offered to natural and spiritual law. His own delicacy of feeling and perception combined with the strength of his passion to make every action of their common day a symbol and sacrament. That her heart regretted Warkworth, that bitterness and longing, an unspent and baffled love, must be constantly overshadowing her, these things he not only knew,—he was forever reminding himself of them, driving them as it were into consciousness, as the ascetic drives the spikes into his flesh. His task was to comfort her, to make her forget, to bring her back to common peace and cheerfulness of mind.

To this end he began with appealing as much as possible to her intelligence. He warmly encouraged her work for Meredith. From the first days of their marriage he became her listener, scholar, and critic. Himself interested mainly in social, economical, or religious discussion, he humbly put himself to school in matters of *belles-lettres*. His object was to enrich Julie's daily life with new ambitions and new pleasures, which might replace the broodings of her illness and her convalescence; and then, to make her feel that she had at hand, in the companion of that life, one who felt a natural interest in all her efforts, a natural pride in all her successes.

Alack! the calculation was too simple —and too visible. It took too little account of the complexities of Julie's nature, of the ravages and the shock of passion. Julie herself might be ready enough to return to the things of the mind; but they were no sooner offered to her, as it were, in exchange for the perilous delights of love than she grew dumbly restive. She felt herself also too much observed, too much thought over;—made too often, if the truth were known, the subject of religious or mystical emotion.

More and more, also, was she conscious of strangeness and eccentricity in the man she had married. It often seemed to that keen and practical sense which in her mingled so oddly with the capacity for passion, that as they grew older, and her mind recovered tone and balance, she would probably love the world disastrously more; and he, disastrously less. And if so, the gulf between them, instead of closing, could but widen.

One day, a showery day in early June, she was left alone for an hour, while Delafield went down to Montreux to change some circular notes. Julie took a book from the table and strolled out along the lovely road that slopes gently downward from Charnex to the old field-embowered village of Brent.

The rain was just over. It had been a cold rain, and the snow had crept downward on the heights, and had even powdered the pines of the Cubly. The clouds were sweeping low in the west. Towards Geneva the lake was mere wide and featureless space; a cold and misty water, melting into the fringes of the rain-clouds. But to the east above the Rhône valley the sky was lifting; and as Julie sat down upon a midway seat, and turned herself eastward, she was met by the full and unveiled glory of the higher Alps,—the Rochers de Naye, the Velan, the Dent du Midi. On the jagged peaks of the latter a bright shaft of sun was playing, and the great white or rock-ribbed

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mass raised itself above the mists of the lower world, once more unstained and triumphant.

But the cold *bise* was still blowing, and Julie, shivering, drew her wrap closer round her. Her heart pined for Como and the south; perhaps for the little Duchess, who spoiled and petted her, in the common womanish ways.

The spring—a second spring—was all about her; but in this chilly northern form it spoke to her with none of the ravishment of Italy. In the steep fields above her the narcissus were bent and bowed with rain; the red-browns of the walnuts glistened in the wet gleams of sun; the fading apple-blossom beside her wore a melancholy beauty; only in the rich, pushing grass, with its wealth of flowers and its branching cow-parsley, was there the stubborn life and prophecy of summer.

Suddenly Julie caught up the book that lay beside her and opened it with a hasty hand. It was one of that set of Saint-Simon which had belonged to her mother, and had already played a part in her own destiny.

She turned to the famous "character" of the Dauphin, of that model prince, in whose death Saint-Simon, and Fénelon, and France herself, saw the eclipse of all great hopes.

"A prince, affable, gentle, humane, patient, modest, full of compunctions, and—as much as his position allowed—sometimes beyond it—humble, and severe towards himself."

Was it not to the life? "*Affable, doux, humain,—patient, modeste—humble et austère pour soi,*"—beyond what was expected, beyond, almost, what was becoming?

She read on to the mention of the Dauphine, terrified, in her human weakness, of so perfect a husband, and trying to beguile or tempt him from the heights; to the picture of Louis Quatorze, the grandfather, shamed in his worldly old age by the presence beside him of this saintly and high-minded youth; of the court, looking forward with dismay to the time when it should find itself under the rule of a man who despised and condemned both its follies and its passions, until she reached that final rapture, where, in a mingled anguish and adoration, Saint-Simon bids eternal farewell to a character and a heart of which France was not worthy.

The lines passed before her, and she was conscious, guiltily conscious, of reading them with a double mind.

Then she closed the book, held by the thought of her husband,—in a somewhat melancholy reverie.

There is a Catholic word with which in her convent youth she had been very familiar, the word *recueilli*—"recollected." At no time had it sounded kindly in her ears. For it implied fetters, and self-suppressions,—of the voluntary and spiritual sort,—wholly unwelcome to and unvalued by her own temperament. But who that knew him well could avoid applying it to Delafield? A man of "recollection," living in the eye of the Eternal; keeping a guard over himself in the smallest matters of thought and action; mystically possessed by the passion of a spiritual ideal; in love with charity, purity, simplicity of life.

She bowed her head upon her hands in dreariness of spirit. Ultimately, what could such a man want with her? What had she to give him? In what way could she ever be *necessary* to him? And a woman, even in friendship, must feel herself that, to be happy.

Already this daily state in which she found herself, of owing everything, and giving nothing, produced in her a secret irritation and repulsion; how would it be in the years to come?

"He never saw me as I am," she thought to herself, looking fretfully back to their past acquaintance. "I am neither as weak as he thinks me—nor as clever! And how strange it is—this *tension* in which he lives."

And as she sat there idly plucking at the wet grass, her mind was overrun with a motley host of memories—some absurd, some sweet, some of an austerity that chilled her to the core. She thought of the difficulty she had in persuading Delafield to allow himself even necessary comforts and conveniences; a laugh, involuntary, and not without tenderness, crossed her face as she recalled a tale he had told her at Camaldoli,—of the contempt excited in a young footman of a smart house by the mediocrity and exiguity of his garments and personal appointments

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generally. "I felt I possessed nothing that he would have taken as a gift," said Delafield, with a grin. "It was chastening."

Yet, though he laughed, he held to it; and Julie was already so much of the wife as to be planning how to coax him presently out of a portmanteau and a top-hat that were in truth a disgrace to their species.

And all the time *she* must have the best of everything—a maid, luxurious travelling, dainty food. They had had one or two wrestles on the subject already. "Why are you to have all the high thinking and plain living to yourself?" she had asked him, angrily; only to be met by the plea, "Dear, get strong first!—then you shall do what you like."

But it was at La Verna, the mountain height overshadowed by the memories of St. Francis, that she seemed to have come nearest to the ascetic and mystical tendency in Delafield. He went about the mountain paths, a transformed being, like one long spiritually athirst who has found the springs and sources of life. Julie felt a secret terror. Her impression was much the same as Evelyn's—as of "something wearing through" to the light of day. Looking back, she saw that this temperament, now so plain to view, had been always there; but in the young and capable agent of the Chudleigh property, in the Duchess's cousin, or Lady Henry's nephew, it had passed for the most part unsuspected. How remarkably it had developed! — whither would it carry them both in the future? When thinking about it, she was apt to find herself seized with a sudden craving for Mayfair, "little dinners," and good talk.

"What a pity you weren't born a Catholic!—you might have been a religious," she said to him one night at La Verna, when he had been reading her some of the *Fioretti* with occasional comments of his own.

But he had shaken his head, with a smile.

"You see, I have no creed—or next to none."

The answer startled her. And in the depths of his blue eyes there seemed to her to be hovering a swarm of thoughts that would not let themselves loose in her presence, but were none the less the true companions of his mind. She saw herself a moment as Elsa, and her husband as a modern Lohengrin, coming spiritually she knew not whence,—bound on some quest mysterious and unthinkable.

"What will you do," she said, suddenly, "when the Dukedom comes to you?"

Delafield's aspect darkened in an instant. If he could have shown anger to her, anger there would have been.

"That is a subject I never think of or discuss, if I can help it," he said, abruptly; and rising to his feet, he pointed out that the sun was declining fast towards the plain of the Casentino and they were far from their hotel.

"Inhuman!—unreasonable!" was the cry of the critical sense in her, as she followed him in silence.

Innumerable memories of this kind beat on Julie's mind as she sat dreamily on her bench among the Swiss meadows. How natural that in the end they should sweep her by reaction into imaginations wholly different—of a drum and trumpet history, in the actual fighting world! . . . Far, far in the African desert she followed the march of Warkworth's little troop.

Ah! the blinding light,—the African scrub and sand,—the long, single line,—the native porters, with their loads,—the handful of English officers, with that slender figure at their head,—the endless waterless path, with its palms, and mangos, and mimosas,—the scene rushed upon the inward eye, and held it. She felt the heat, the thirst, the weariness of bone and brain, — all the spell and mystery of the unmapped, unconquered land.

Did he think of her sometimes, — at night, under the stars,—or in the blaze and mirage of noon? Yes, yes, he thought of her! Each to the other, their thoughts must travel,—while they lived.

In Delafield's eyes, — she knew, — his love for her had been mere outrage and offence.

Ah, well!—*he* at least had needed her; he had desired only very simple, earthy things,—money, position, success,—things it was possible for a woman to give him or get for him; and at the last, though it were only as a traitor to his word and his

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fiancée, he had asked for love,—asked commonly, hungrily, recklessly, because he could not help it—and then, for pardon! And those are things the memory of which lies deep, deep, in the pulsing, throbbing heart.

At this point she hurriedly checked and scourged herself,—as she did a hundred times a day.

No, no, *no!* It was all over; and she and Jacob would still make a fine thing of their life together. Why not?

And all the time there were burning hot tears in her eyes; and as the leaves of Saint-Simon passed idly through her fingers, the tears blotted out the meadows and the flowers, and blurred the figure of a young girl who was slowly mounting the long slope of road that led from the village of Brent towards the seat on which Julie was sitting.

Gradually the figure approached. The mist cleared from Julie's eyes. She found herself giving a close and passionate attention to the girl upon the road.

Her form was slim and small; under her shady hat there was a gleam of fair hair arranged in smooth, shining masses about her neck and temples. As she approached Julie, she raised her eyes absently, and Julie saw a face of singular and delicate beauty, marred, however, by the suggestion of physical fragility, even sickliness, which is carried with it. One might have thought it a face blanched by a tropical climate, and for the moment touched into faint color by the keen Alpine air. The eyes indeed were full of life; they were no sooner seen but they defined and enforced a personality. Eager, intent, a little fretful, they expressed a nervous energy out of all proportion to their owner's slender physique. In this, other bodily signs concurred. As she perceived Julie on the bench, for instance, the girl's slight habitual frown sharply deepened; she looked at the stranger with keen observation, both glance and gesture betraying a quick and restless sensibility.

As for Julie, she half rose as the girl neared her. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips parted; she had the air of one about to speak. The girl looked at her in a little surprise, and passed on.

She carried a book under her arm, into which were thrust a few just-opened letters. She had scarcely passed the bench when an envelope fell out of the book and lay unnoticed on the road.

Julie drew a long breath. She picked up the envelope. It lay in her hand, and the name she had expected to see was written upon it.

For a moment she hesitated. Then she ran after the owner of the letter.

"You dropped this on the road."

The girl turned hastily.

"Thank you very much. I am sorry to have given you the trouble—"

Then she paused, arrested evidently by the manner in which Julie stood regarding her.

"Did—did you wish to speak to me?" she said, uncertainly.

"You are Miss Moffatt?"

"Yes. That is my name. But—excuse me—I am afraid I don't remember you!" The words were spoken with a charming sweetness and timidity.

"I am Mrs. Delafield."

The girl started violently.

"Are you? I—I beg your pardon!"

She stood in a flushed bewilderment, staring at the lady who had addressed her, a troubled consciousness possessing itself of her face and manner more and more plainly with every moment.

Julie asked herself hurriedly—"How much does she know?—what has she heard?" But aloud she gently said: "I thought you must have heard of me. Lord Uredale told me he had written—his father wished it—to Lady Blanche. Your mother and mine—were sisters."

The girl shyly withdrew her eyes.

"Yes—mother told me."

There was a moment's silence. The mingled fear and recklessness which had accompanied Julie's action disappeared from her mind. In the girl's manner there was neither jealousy nor hatred, only a young shrinking and reserve.

"May I walk with you a little?"

"Please do! Are you staying at Montreux?"

"No; we are at Charnex—and you?"

"We came up two days ago to a little pension at Brent. I wanted to be among the fields, now the narcissus are out. If it were warm weather, we should stay; but mother is afraid of the cold for me. I have been ill."

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"I heard that," said Julie, in a voice gravely kind and winning. "That was why your mother could not come home—"

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"No,—poor mother! I wanted her to go—we had a good nurse—but she would not leave me, though she was devoted to my grandfather. She—"

"She is always anxious about you?"

"Yes. My health has been a trouble lately,—and since father died—"

"She has only you."

They walked on a few paces in silence. Then the girl looked up eagerly.

"You saw grandfather—at the last? Do tell me about it, please. My uncles write so little."

Julie obeyed with difficulty. She had not realized how hard it would be for her to talk of Lord Lackington. But she described the old man's gallant dying as best she could; while Aileen Moffatt listened with that manner at once timid, and rich in feeling, which seemed to be her characteristic.

As they neared the top of the hill where the road begins to incline towards Charnex, Julie noticed signs of fatigue in her companion.

"You have been an invalid," she said. "You ought not to go farther. May I take you home? Would—your mother dislike to see me?"

The girl paused perceptibly. "Ah! there she is!"

They had turned towards Brent, and Julie saw coming towards them, with somewhat rapid steps, a small, elderly lady, gray-haired, her features partly hidden by her country hat.

A thrill passed through Julie. This was the sister whose name her mother had mentioned in her last hour. It was as though something of her mother, something that must throw light upon that mother's life and being, were approaching her along this Swiss road.

But the lady in question, as she neared them, looked with surprise, not unmingled with hauteur, upon her daughter and the stranger beside her.

"Aileen!—why did you go so far? You promised me only to be a quarter of an hour!"

"I am not tired, mother. Mother—this is—Mrs. Delafield. You remember—Uncle Uredale wrote—"

Lady Blanche Moffatt stood still. Once more a fear swept through Julie's mind, and this time it stayed. After an evident hesitation, a hand was coldly extended.

"How do you do? I heard from my brothers of your marriage; but they said you were in Italy."

"We have just come from there."

"And your husband?"

"He has gone down to Montreux, but he should be home very soon now. We are only a few steps from our little inn. Would you not rest there?—Miss Moffatt looks very tired."

There was a pause. Lady Blanche was considering her daughter. Julie saw the trembling of her wide, irregular mouth, of which the lips were slightly turned outwards. Finally, she drew her daughter's hand into her arm, and bent anxiously towards her, scrutinizing her face.

"Thank you. We will rest a quarter of an hour. Can we get a carriage at Charnex?"

"Yes—I think so. If you will wait a little on our balcony?"

They walked on towards Charnex. Lady Blanche began to talk resolutely of the weather, which was indeed atrocious. She spoke as she would have done to the merest acquaintance. There was not a word of her father; not a word either of her brother's letter, or of Julie's relationship to herself. Julie accepted the situation with perfect composure; and the three kept up some sort of a conversation till they reached the paved street of Charnex, and the old inn at its lower end.

Julie guided her companions through its dark passages, till they reached an outer terrace, where there were a few scattered seats, and amongst them a deck chair with cushions.

"Please!" said Julie, as she kindly drew the girl towards it. Aileen smiled and yielded. Julie placed her among the cushions; then brought out a shawl, and covered her warmly from the sharp, damp air. Aileen thanked her, and lightly touched her hand. A secret sympathy seemed to have suddenly sprung up between them.

Lady Blanche sat stiffly beside her daughter, watching her face. The warm touch of friendliness in Aileen's manner towards Mrs. Delafield seemed only to increase the distance and embarrassment of

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her own. Julie appeared to be quite unconscious. She ordered tea, and made no further allusion of any kind to the kindred they had in common. She and Lady Blanche talked as strangers.

Julie said to herself that she understood. She remembered the evening at Crowborough House, the spinster lady who had been the Moffatts' friend—her own talk with Evelyn. In that way or in some other the current gossip about herself and Warkworth, gossip they had been too mad and miserable to take much account of, had reached Lady Blanche. Lady Blanche probably abhorred her; though because of her marriage there was to be an outward civility. Meanwhile no sign whatever of any angry or resentful knowledge betrayed itself in the girl's manner. Clearly the mother had shielded her.

Julie felt the flutter of an exquisite relief. She stole many a look at Aileen; comparing the reality with that old ugly notion her jealousy had found so welcome,—of the silly or insolent little creature, possessing all that her betters desired, by the mere brute force of money or birth. And all the time the reality was *this!*—so soft, suppliant, ethereal! Here indeed was the child of Warkworth's picture,—the innocent, unknowing child, whom their passion had sacrificed and betrayed. She could see the face now, as it lay, piteous, in Warkworth's hand. Then she raised her eyes to the original. And as it looked at her with timidity and nascent love, her own heart beat wildly, now in remorse, now in a reviving jealousy. Secretly, behind this mask of convention, were they both thinking of him? A girl's thoughts are never far from her lover; and Julie was conscious this afternoon of a strange and mysterious preoccupation, whereof Warkworth was the centre.

Gradually the great mountains at the head of the lake freed themselves from the last wandering cloud-wreaths. On the rock faces of the Rochers de Naye the hanging pine woods, brushed with snow, came into sight. The white walls of Glion shone faintly out, and a pearly gold, which was but a pallid reflection of the Italian glory, diffused itself over mountain and lake. The sun was grudging; there was no caress in the air. Aileen shivered a little in her shawls, and when Julie spoke of Italy, the girl's enthusiasm and longing sprang, as it were, to meet her, and both were conscious of another slight link between them.

Suddenly a sound of steps came to them from below.

"My husband!" said Julie, rising. And going to the balustrade, she waved to Delafield, who had come up from Montreux by one of the steep vineyard paths. "I will tell him you are here," she added, with what might have been taken for the shyness of the young wife.

She ran down the steps leading from the terrace to the lower garden. Aileen looked at her mother.

"Isn't she wonderful?" she said, in an ardent whisper. "I could watch her forever! She is the most graceful person I ever saw. Mother — is she like Aunt Rose?"

Lady Blanche shook her head.

"Not in the least," she said, shortly. "She has too much manner for me."

"Oh, mother!" And the girl caught her mother's hand in caressing remonstrance, as though to say, "Dear little mother!—you must like her, because I do, — and you mustn't think of Aunt Rose, and all those terrible things—except for pity."

"Hush!" said Lady Blanche, smiling at her a little excitedly. "Hush!—they're coming!"

Delafield and Julie emerged from the iron staircase. Lady Blanche turned and looked at the tall, distinguished pair, her ugly lower lip hardening ungraciously. But she and Delafield had a slight previous acquaintance; and she noticed instantly the charming and solicitous kindness with which he greeted her daughter.

"Julie tells me Miss Moffatt is still far from strong," he said, returning to the mother. Lady Blanche only sighed for answer. He drew a chair beside her, and they fell into the natural talk of people who belong to the same social world, and are travelling in the same scenes.

Meanwhile Julie was sitting beside the heiress. Not much was said; but each was conscious of a lively interest in the other; and every now and then Julie would put out a careful hand and draw

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Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

THE GIRL LOOKED AT HER, AND PASSED ON

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the shawls closer about the girl's frail form. The strain of guilty compunction that entered into Julie's feeling did but make it the more sensitive. She said to herself in a vague haste that now she would make amends! If only Lady Blanche were willing—

But she should be willing!—Julie felt the stirrings of the old self-confidence, the old trust in a social ingenuity which had in truth rarely failed her. Her intriguing, managing instinct made itself felt,—the mood of Lady Henry's companion.

Presently, as they were talking, Aileen caught sight of an English newspaper which Delafield had brought up from Montreux. It lay still unopened on one of the tables of the terrace.

"Please give it me!" said the girl, stretching out an eager hand. "It will have Tiny's marriage, mamma! A cousin of mine," she explained to Julie, who rose to hand it to her. "A very favorite cousin.—Oh, thank you."

She opened the paper. Julie turned away, that she might relieve Lady Blanche of her teacup.

Suddenly a cry rang out—a cry of mortal anguish!

"Aileen!" shrieked Lady Blanche, running to her—"what—what is it?"

The paper had dropped to the floor, but the child still pointed to it, gasping.

"Mother!—mother!"

Some intuition woke in Julie. She stood dead-white and dumb, while Lady Blanche threw herself on her daughter.

"Aileen, darling!—what is it?"

The girl in her agony threw her arms frantically round her mother and dragged herself to her feet. She stood tottering, her hand over her eyes.

"He's dead, mother!—he's—dead!"

The last word sank into a sound more horrible even than the first cry. Then she swayed out of her mother's arms. It was Julie who caught her, who laid her once more on the deck chair,—a broken, shrunken form, in whom all the threads and connections of life had suddenly, as it were, fallen to ruin. Lady Blanche hung over her — pushing Julie away; gathering the unconscious girl madly in her arms. Delafield rushed for water and brandy. Julie snatched the paper, and looked at the telegrams. High up in the first column was the one she sought:

"CAIRO, *June 12.*—Great regret is felt here at the sudden and tragic news of Major Warkworth's death from fever, which seems to have occurred at a spot some three weeks' distance from the coast, on or about May 25. Letters from the officer who has succeeded him in the command of the Mokembé expedition have now reached Denga. A fortnight after leaving the coast, Major Warkworth was attacked with fever; he made a brave struggle against it, but it was of a deadly type, and in less than a week he succumbed. The messenger brought also his private papers and diaries, which have been forwarded to his representatives in England. Major Warkworth was a most promising and able officer, and his loss will be keenly felt."

Julie fell on her knees beside her swooning cousin. Lady Blanche meanwhile was loosening her daughter's dress, chafing her icy hands, or moaning over her in a delirium of terror.

"My darling—my darling! Oh! my God!—why did I allow it?—why did I ever let him come near her? It was my fault—my fault—and it's killed her!"

And clinging to her child's irresponsive hands, she looked down upon her in a convulsion of grief, which included not a shadow of regret, not a gleam of pity, for anything or any one else in the world but this bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, which lay stricken there.

But Julie's mind had ceased to be conscious of the tragedy beside her. It had passed for the second time into the grasp of an illusion which possessed itself of the whole being and all its perceptive powers. Before her wide, terror-stricken gaze there rose once more the same piteous vision which had tortured her in the crisis of her love for Warkworth. Against the eternal snows which close in the lake the phantom hovered, in ghastly relief,—emaciated, with matted hair, and purpled cheeks, and eyes—not to be borne! — expressing the dumb anger of a man, still young, who parts unwillingly from life, in a last lonely spasm of uncomforted pain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Facing Down of Polk Dillard

BY ALICE MAC GOWAN

POLK DILLARD was not a bad man; he was simply a mollusk, gelatinously bent upon filling the home shell with his own ponderous and contented personality. If wife and children were, in the process, treated somewhat as irritating particles within that shell, the nacre of their tears was certainly bound to transform them into pearls. The Polk Dillards of this world are, in short, saint-makers. Mr. Dillard had one god—appearances—public opinion. He was a fat man, but not what the term fat usually suggests to the mind. He had a big-boned frame, heavily cushioned; a smooth, rounded face, with that dimpled-looking flesh which always means selfishness, self-indulgence. His eyes were light brown and shallowly set, his smooth hair exactly the same tint; his long oval cheeks were a deep olive.

He had a feeble wife—what sort of wife does a Polk Dillard have? What but a feeble woman could conceivably be the wife of such a man? How could she possibly live, when he was living up all the life there was anywhere within reach?

Since earliest manhood, his ambition had been to preach. He had been "exhortin'" for eighteen or twenty years now, and for the past ten, probably, had been endeavoring annually and fruitlessly to be regularly licensed. And his undying hopes were still all in that field. He was everything of a preacher but the license. His manner was more the preacher's manner than that of the presiding elder himself. His voice, his dress, his very thoughts, were fashioned and moulded to this form.

The little settlement of Hepzibah had no regular spiritual guide, and Mr. Dillard was allowed to teach and to preach, to instruct, admonish, and warn the congregation there, usually about three Sundays in the month, for the presiding elder, or the circuit-rider, came not oftener than one Sunday out of four. But the licensed pulpit, that ultimate mark of his desires, he had never yet attained, each year seeming to just fail to reach it. It was, in truth, the presiding elder, Stephen Justice, who had thwarted Polk Dillard's ambition in this direction year after year.

Stephen Justice was everything in the world that Polk Dillard was not. Of flesh the elder had just enough to conveniently hold together and locomote the necessary framework of bones. He was as selfless as Polk Dillard was selfish, as other-worldly as a man well could be and live in this world at all. Caring nothing for—almost knowing nothing of—the goods and gauds, the sordid rivalries and petty ambitions, of the essentially worldly, his whole heart and mind were given to the care of his little flock, to their spiritual betterment, the teaching them love and good-will, the holding before them of the Great Example. And Elder Justice, without being conscious of a feeling of reprobation for Polk Dillard, yet held him unworthy the sacred calling, and by his influence kept the eager aspirant back from the summit of his unsleeping and indefatigable ambition.

It was beyond dispute that Mr. Dillard had a fine gift of argument. He could "cote Scripter" to the utter demolition of all adversaries and any arguments they might advance. He was, therefore, invaluable in putting folks down. Now Brother Pusey, Brother Kerfoot, and Elder Justice—any one of them was more effective and satisfying in prayer or the consolation of the bereaved. But Polk Dillard was the man to set at the erring or recalcitrant. "Seem like he jest run right over 'em and squashed 'em."

He had settled the various suitors for his daughter's hand—for the comely and capable Nancy had had many—so that they never chirped again. No one ever knew what he did to them. It was sup-

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posable that he let loose upon them that gift of "argyment." In his ordinary conversation upon this subject he dwelt heavily upon "that weakly mammy, and them pore little, mighty-nigh orphant chillen" (which latter he continued to provide unfailingly, year after year).

Nancy Dillard was her father's own daughter, big, strong, dark, well fleshed; and that strong jaw was the lower works of her handsome face, as of his. She was but eighteen years old, and the only mother the place knew. Nancy was a native mother. A vigorous, affluent, expressive nature, she longed to have children of her own, to not only love them, but, if one may say so, to discipline them, too. All the duties of maternity—the whole field of wifehood and motherhood—opened out attractively before her, because she was so abundantly able and capable.

And this girl of eighteen made the crop herself. Her father was occupied with better and higher things than slaving to till the soil. He had to mo'n with the mo'ners, comfo't the distressed, an' bring home sin to the sinner—while eating the fried chicken and sleeping in the best feather bed of the aforesaid sinner. So Nancy followed the plough which the old one-horned steer, Andrew Jackson, patiently drew. She trained her little, reluctant brothers to drap co'n, which she afterward hoed, tended, and finally carried to mill. This corn bread, with the pork from a few hogs raised by Nancy's hand, a little flock of chickens, the milk from one cow (there would have been two, but the pretty little heifer had to be sold when she had a calf of her own, to pay the mother's doctors' bills), the berries picked by the little ones in "berry-time," the bit of garden with its sweet-potatoes, beans, and onions, fed the family.

No wonder that powerful maternal nature longed for its own young. These yearly recruited children were not hers. They were not taught that she had any authority over them. The girl yearned for the husband and children to love, the home to build and maintain and administer, for which God had so perfectly and obviously adapted her.

Thirley Moore, a great big, silent, gentle young fellow, blue-eyed and fair, looked upon Nancy's stature, her generous beauty, and her rich womanhood, and loved her very much more than he could say—for, indeed, Thirley could say almost nothing at the best of times. But here his adoring blue eyes spoke effectively, conclusively, and triumphantly. Thirley was of a good family, as family was reckoned in the Big Turkey Track region,—well-to-do and truly eligible. His stalwart blond gentleness was as satisfying to Nancy as her dark face and womanly volubility were to him. His helpless silence was charmed beyond measure by her feminine fluency and demonstrativeness; and his masculinity (which was yet so kindly, so amenable, and, where she was concerned, so adoring) was, to the starved Nancy, as a well of sweet waters in the desert.

This was the first suitor whose cause the girl had espoused—indeed, the first in whom she had seemed to take any interest. And when Thirley went to her father he did not go alone—Nancy went with him.

"Mr. Dillard," faltered the blue-eyed giant, "I—I come to—to—ax ye fer Nancy."

Nancy said nothing, but her dark eyes spoke to her father a challenge that would have made him think a little had he deemed it worth while to so much as notice what Nancy's looks were. As it was, Polk Dillard struck an attitude of dumfounded horror. When this attitude might be supposed to have done its perfect work upon the culprits, he spoke: "An' what's Nancy got to say to sech a question as that—sech flyin' in the face o' her juty to'ds God—not to mention her pappy, her po' sickly mammy, and this po' little flock o' mighty-nigh orphants?"

For the first time in her life, certain traits of her father were awake in Nancy. His own force, his own resolution to carry a point, looked back at him out of his daughter's face.

"Well!" she cried, sharply, "whose chillen air they? Mine?"

Dillard was pretty well staggered at the suddenness of this attack; and consternation abode in his secret mind that there should be resistance or attack at all. His shallow brown eyes dwelt upon her a moment; then, ignoring her shrewd suggestion, he struck up the well-worn tune: "Naincy! Yo' know mighty well

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an' good yo' mammy ain't fitten to raise chillen. She's too sickly an' too po'-sperrited. They air plumb shore to go straight to de-struction ef—"

"She raised me!" cut in Nancy, abruptly. But she was young, poor child; she was only an eighteen years' thrall to the bugbear of paternal tyranny; and in her eyes, along with the war which gleamed there, were big tears. The outcome of this engagement (an engagement between the forces of selfishness on one side and the powers of love upon the other,—not any engagement between the lovers, for there never dared be one)—the outcome of this engagement was—apparently, at least—defeat to the younger party. Polk Dillard, making use of his "grand gift for argyment an' reproof, run smack over 'em. He ironed 'em out plumb flat." He filled the air with reproach, upbraiding, outcry, and lamentation. There was neither time nor space for plea or argument on the lovers' part—nor any ear to hear, nor any soul to heed them.

Mr. Dillard wound up by saying that what jest plumb tore his soul in two was to see a chile o' his'n comin' axin' fur to break up sech a home. He averred that he could 'a' said "go" to her, and tuck up his cross willin' and kissed it, but for that—fur sech a shameful fla'ntin' o' sinful selfishness. An' he felt it his juty to deny and putt down sech selfishness—even to leave out o' consideration his own needs and rights in the case. In closing, he had recourse to the infallible weapon, paternal authority.

"No, no, not now, nur yit never! I ain't a-gwine to give my consent to any sech a wickedness!"

So they went away, Thirley crushed, Nancy silent, brooding, for the first time in her life rebellious, her whole strong nature up in arms to resist, to circumvent,—to openly defy was beyond what her present development could have contemplated.

The lash of necessity is the great discoverer of unused, unsuspected powers. One thought rose with Nancy in the morning; all day it went with her up and down the long corn rows, looked back at her from the depths of the spring, the soft-soap kettle, or the deep blue of the June sky; it followed her footsteps to and from the blacksmith's shop, the berry-patch, the settlement itself—their utmost journey,—and lay down with her again at night: this amazing new kind of night in which no degree of aching tiredness could bring the old childish sleep.

Life had condensed itself into one meaning, one need, one aim. All her powers were concentrated upon one effort. The day long—and far into the night—she was mentally scanning her father,—that nature possessing such tremendous resisting power in its sheer, stolid, impenetrable selfishness. She tried him, in her own mind (her wall, her barrier, her obstacle), as a stream tries a dam, a vigorous root tries a rock, unconsciously feeling, feeling, seeking, seeking, for the point of least resistance, the place of possible outlet, escape.

And she found it unerringly, as the water, the rootlet, all God's unspoiled creatures do.

In this little Methodist community away up in the Tennessee mountains in 1857, "the p'sidin' elder" was only a little lower than the angels. And this presiding elder of theirs, Stephen Justice, was a man of such sweetness and beauty of character that one was in danger of overlooking the force back of the sweetness—but the force was there. Elder Justice had had a pitying tenderness for Nancy since he had watched her, a little soul of ten, at grove quarterlies, lost in her mother's great bonnet, carrying a thumping and vociferous youngster, and with two others clinging to her skirts—those skirts that were so pathetically long and unchildish.

Now, in this emergency of Nancy's, she went and borrowed a horse of a neighbor, and leaving the house two hours before dawn, rode the ten miles to where Elder Justice had preached his last sermon the day before.

"Elder Justice," she said, going straight to her point, as was Nancy's way, "they goin' to license pappy at next quarterly conference, hain't they?"

It had been an unsettled question up to this moment; but the elder looked into Nancy's eyes, and, without altogether knowing why he did it, answered, "Why, yes, honey, I—I reckon they is."

"Well—well, Elder Justice, I want ye to do a little thing fer me, ef ye can?"

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"Why, shorely, shorely, honey, anything reasonable."

"Well, Elder Justice" (Nancy clung pathetically to the name, as something safe and kind and familiar), "you know there's one thing that can be said, and said truthful, o' pappy; and that is that he rules his own house. They ain't no patriarch, they ain't none o' the old fathers in the Bible, 'at made their word law 'mongst their household more'n what pappy does. An' 'tain't done by ha'shness or cruelty, neither. Hit's jest that he's the head—the ruler—and we all have got him to mind."

Nancy drew nearer the old man, laid her tremulous hand upon his arm, her flushed young face leaned eagerly toward him, her eyes earnestly fixed upon his. "An', Elder Justice, ef ye can say this when ye come to speak—ef ye can lay it strong to pappy's credit 'at he rules always in his own house—'at there's never sech a thing as a fambly interruption or a word o' disobedience, but that ever'thing's peace and willin' obedience there, why—I—well, it 'll jest do ever'thing for me."

"Why, Nancy—Nancy honey, yes, yes, yo' right, I know he do—I know yo' pappy rule his fambly; but—well, Nancy, I think yo' pappy mighty well pleased with hisself. I don't know ez I want to feed that pride and satisfaction o' his'n."

But when Nancy rode away on the tall, bony, borrowed sorrel the understanding between her and the tender old man was complete.

The little log church was full that Sunday—the first after conference—when Elder Justice was to preside, and Mr. Polk Dillard to make his appearance as licensed preacher, and there was a feeling of pleased expectancy. In these distant eddies of the social stream, the coves and pockets of these remote mountain districts, shut away from any echo of the great world's busy employments and vivid interests, any small happening is welcomed with almost pathetic eagerness. And so to-day the homes throughout all the region tributary to Hepzibah were emptied of their folk, who were gathered here to witness the crowning of Mr. Polk Dillard's twenty-year-old aspiration.

The June air came sweetly through the open door and window. A bumblebee rode in upon the odorous tide, and created a small temporary diversion. Beneath their devout noses old ladies waved sprigs of tansy and "old-man,"—for this spicy aroma is a sovereign antidote to unbecoming somnolence. Below cape edges, small children were skilfully and silently quieted with tiny bits of seed-cake or a peppermint lozenge. And under the shield of these same capes the very youngest members, when they became too clamorous, were even given a full meal.

The elder's address was closing in accordance with his agreement of the week before with Nancy. He had, indeed, long stood between Polk Dillard and the desire of that gentleman's heart. Now that he had changed his attitude and was bestowing upon Mr. Dillard the coveted boon, it was wonderful how easy it became to do more. There is something seductive about praising selfish, greedy, pushing people, from whom you have resolutely withheld the longed-for approbation. Once yield, once launch yourself upon their tide—that current you have resisted—and it will astonish you to see how fast and how far it can carry you. Something of this did astonish the elder. He pulled up suddenly, in a flight of ardent eulogy whose last sentence had run, "Why, this man's children would as soon think o' burnin' a Bible as o' crossin' the least word o' their father"—Dillard, sitting just back of him, fairly basking in this long-deferred Indian summer of tribute and appreciation.

Upon the very heels of the last word—which could not have better suited Nancy's purpose—up the aisle there came a most astonishing apparition. During the latter part of the elder's harangue Nancy Dillard had withdrawn from the rear of the church, softly and unobserved, and retiring to the deserted grove outside, had swiftly made certain changes in her attire. Returning, she was joined at the door by Thirley Moore, clothed upon with wedding garments the most unmistakable. And now, as the elder turned to Mr. Polk Dillard with beaming face, the last words of praise and recommendation upon his lips, Nancy and her lover advanced with difficulty through the crowded aisle, toward the

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rude little pulpit. The girl's big, black eyes were glowing, her face white as a cloth. Thirley walked beside her, perfectly staid and easy; for had Nancy led the way toward the bottommost section of the Pit itself, Thirley would have followed—nay, he would have gone beside her with a serene smile upon his face. Each article that went to make up Nancy's attire loudly proclaimed "Bride!" from the snowy muslin dress and China-crêpe shawl to the white lace curtain and lutestring rosettes of her great calash.

The silence was deathly. The young people certainly did not breathe; the elders sat rigid and staring; the very babies were quiescent; it might even be imagined that the droning bumblebees at the windows drew back and fell over in consternation.

When the pair arrived before the preacher—Mr. Dillard had been instantly and adroitly pushed forward by the elder, who, though Nancy had conscientiously held him free of all complicity, now began to understand the purport of her visit to him—there was a truly ghastly pause. Nancy turned, shaking from head to foot as one in an ague, and asked of her big accomplice, in a tortured voice (a perfectly audible tone which she evidently mistook for a whisper) whether he did not have the license. The placid bridegroom was methodically taking out, unfolding, and presenting to the stupefied Polk Dillard a marriage license for himself and Nancy.

Here was the crucial moment of Polk Dillard's life — here the supreme test of his character. To repudiate all that had been so unexpectedly, but so delightfully and so publicly, said of him and to him; to show himself not only one who failed to rule his family, but one who was even ignorant what form of rebellion might at any given moment be brewing in the bosom of that family to smite him openly before the assembled congregation—intolerable!

Upon the other hand, to cede Nancy to the enemy; to give up the family support, the farmer, housekeeper, and drudge, the cushion between his fat, lazy soul and the sharp elbow of necessity; the stanch prop that held him out of the dreaded slough of manual labor—truly, this also was bitter. But in the tremendous stimulation, the sudden clarifying of his perceptions under intense emotion, he saw in Nancy's face that it was to give her up anyhow. He noted the bride's shaking limbs, her wild eyes blazing in her white face. It was the desperate look of the unsupported. And Thirley's tranquillity bespoke innocence. Yes, she had—like a brave girl—kept it all between the two, father and daughter. Her glance, when he encountered it —indeed, her whole spiritual attitude— gave him assurance that, if he bore her out in this, she would never boast of her strategy, her triumph, and his overthrow; she would be loyal to him. And he made up his mind instantly — accepting the defeat—so instantly that none ever altogether knew (at the instant, none suspected) that he had had anything to decide—that his authority had been questioned or menaced.

This wedding was considered a masterly surprise. It was a sight that Hepzibah appreciated deeply and keenly, a treat that was relished and recalled and talked of for years, to see the fine, preacherly appearing Mr. Dillard marry his handsome daughter and her handsome bridegroom, tears in his eyes (as there were tears in hers), speaking the words in a voice trembling,—it was to be presumed, with fatherly tenderness and regret.

Indeed, he married the lovers with a splendid flourish, and followed the ceremony with a tribute to Nancy's worth that drew tears from all eyes. By this time Mr. Dillard was quite steady upon his oratorical feet, and he gracefully deprecated the surprise which he and his daughter had given the congregation, and which had been to him "the happiest feature of this happy day."

If any one had regarded the bride's mother at all during these ongoings— which, of course, no one did—he might have guessed that she had been mercifully left out of the girl's counsels until it was too late to retreat, and then prudently taken into them, lest she scream and faint while the facing down was being accomplished.

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The Unexpected

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

NO sooner do we understand the normal habits of wild creatures—no sooner do we believe that we not only know their dominant traits, but can also forestall their actions and predict their future manœuvres—than the unexpected happens. Never shall I forget the blank astonishment of a raw young dog when a tip-up snipe, which he had been enthusiastically following and pointing for hours, suddenly flew up and alighted on the branch of a wild-cherry tree. My own astonishment equalled the pup's. Since then my dog and I have learned that the little gray tip-up snipe of our coast and inland streams does, on occasions, overturn all snipe traditions and perch on trees. More than that, our love for logic and our trustful confidence have been blighted on seeing a bufflehead duck alight on a tree (no, it was *not* a wood-duck!); and on another occasion our sense of fitness was dreadfully shocked when a woodchuck, without any excuse whatever, climbed up a young elm-tree and sat there in shameless defiance of all laws and traditions which are supposed to govern woodchucks.

Variations from rule are more interesting, perhaps, than the rule itself; thus the spectacle of a hare, pursued by harriers, taking to water and swimming an inlet of the ocean half a mile wide, landing utterly exhausted, and finally assisted to safety by the writer.

The unexpected is always interesting and often startling. Crossing Sixth Avenue one morning under the iron structure of the Elevated railroad, the writer was astonished to see a young robin lying dead on the asphalt pavement. The fledgling lay close to one of the iron supporting columns, exactly as young unfortunate birds lie at the foot of trees whose branches cradle the parental nest. Instinctively looking up, I was amazed to see a robin on its nest, quietly observing the metropolitan scenery. Train after train rushed over her, the heavy wheels passing within a few inches of the mud and straw nest which had been built on a corner ledge of the steel support. Where, in the treeless wilderness of Sixth Avenue, that robin found food for her young, Heaven alone knows. How did she manage to shelter nest and young from grease and cinders where all day and all night the heavy little trains passed above her, shaking the steel structure? I looked in vain for her husband. He may have been foraging in Madison Square, which was the nearest bit of green; but men with syringes and squirts spray the foliage so thoroughly in our city squares that insects must be scarce. There appeared to be two fledglings left in the family home, squatting on the edge of the nest side by side. Poor little wretches; I fear their chances were slim.

But the greatest surprise I ever experienced in the unexpected appearance of a wild creature in the heart of the metropolis, was one day in the spring of 1901, when I saw a 'possum crossing Broadway near Chambers Street. The creature had no chance; I think it was a truck that killed it; and a great crowd gathered, stopping traffic, excitedly discussing the tragedy. The majority declared the animal to be a rat; the minority maintained that it was a guinea-pig. Then, as the police interrupted discussion by clearing the car tracks, a large negro dropped from the back of a truck, seized the animal, and mounting the cart-tail once more, held his prize aloft, grinning from ear to ear. "Dasser 'possum," he said, and pocketed the future *pièce de résistance*. I have never learned where that 'possum came from; but there's no doubt where he went. Wild creatures in New York are sometimes seen. Ducks, geese, snipe, and gulls pass over in their migrations,

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and it is not uncommon to catch a glimpse of hawks hanging high above the city smoke.

Once I saw a woodcock lying dead on the sidewalk of Fifth Avenue,—curiously enough, in front of Delmonico's. In his nocturnal migration he had collided with that famous restaurant and had broken his neck. There may be a land of Cockayne, after all. Twice I have seen owls in Madison Square—one a screech-owl, the other a fine specimen of Barred owl.

Of course in Central Park and vicinity one expects wild birds, but in the arid wastes of downtown the unexpected appearance of the shy creatures excites the populace as does nothing else. In City Hall Square the spectacle of a sparrow-hawk dashing down at a colony of sparrows drew a throng that required the police to disperse. The writer was one of the throng.

One of the prettiest and most unexpected incidents I have witnessed occurred in August of last summer, on a sandy and perfectly open hill-side where the grass was short and dry and the grasshoppers had taken to the huckleberry-bushes. A full-grown fox, not four feet from me, was playing with these grasshoppers as a kitten plays with white butterflies. He would leap straight up into the air, striking at a jumping grasshopper, curve over, and land with the insect between his fore paws. Sometimes he would eat the grasshopper, sometimes only pat it delicately and play with it until it escaped. There I stood in plain view, not four feet away; and the fox gambolled and played for a quarter of an hour. The wind blew strongly from him to me; I stood perfectly quiet, trout-rod in hand. Had he seen me he might have taken me for a tree, perhaps, but never once did he look in my direction, until I stepped forward, laughing. Such a strange light flashed in that fox's eyes! He seemed frozen stiff; for one second of motionless agony he glared at me. And I never like to think that such a look in a wild creature's eyes could be inspired by terror of man,—hatred, astonishment, desperation, and fear immeasurable. So we went our ways—I, thoughtful, sombre, with lagging steps; he, a streak of ruddy color against the silvery hill.

A rather curious modification of habit came to my notice recently. Our Northern shrike, or butcher-bird, has the deplorable mania of catching and killing small birds and then impaling them on the sharp spurs of thorny trees. Often the stiff little bodies of dead song-birds may be seen spitted on thorns of the locust, buckthorn, thorn-apple, and kindred trees. But now, since the almost universal adoption of the barbed-wire fence, I have noticed that the butcher-birds utilize the wire barbs as they did the thorns, and I have seen little dead birds, and even large grasshoppers, impaled on the sharp points by these slate-gray feathered murderers.

Another modification, perhaps atavistic, is noticeable among certain flocks of domestic pigeons in the southern part of Florida. Pigeons are descended from rock-perching ancestors, I believe, yet, with one single exception, I had never until last winter seen a domestic pigeon alight in a tree. But in Florida I found a large flock of very handsome domestic pigeons of different breeds who habitually settled in the great live-oaks and water-oaks which surrounded their cote. The other occasion was on Long Island, when a frightened pigeon escaped from its trap, and passing unscathed through two showers of shot, wheeled over the fence, across a ploughed field and alighted in a tall elm-tree.

An unpleasant example of the unexpected occurred in a semitropical country when the writer was present,—the striking of a rattlesnake at a man without any warning. His snakeship was liberally provided with rattles, and he had plenty of time, and he was apparently wide awake and not shedding. However, he deliberately permitted the approach of a party, and, when he was ready, struck in silence. He rattled only in his death throes.

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A Private Aquarium

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

WHEN Cap'en Donald McKay exchanged the labors of the salty seas for those of a backwoods farm, he became, by right of experience, counsellor in affairs of the heart to two "stump" townships. Thus it came to pass that the cap'en was held in high honor as a prophet in his own country, and when his daughter Bess shot up to her inches, the neighbors looked for a shining match.

Early one morning the skipper perched like a grizzled cherub on the milk-stand by his gate. A mile up the Tenth Line the mass of the new cheese-factory loomed darkly.

"Dave's a leetle late the morn," the cap'en muttered.

As he spoke, the sun lifted a red-hot rim and touched the factory windows to molten gold; as the dewdrops caught the flash, a flood of silver spilled over the mariner's pasture, but this quickly faded, and the old world put on its workaday face. Shading his eyes, the cap'en looked north. Far up the Line a rapidly moving wagon raised the echoes, which grew louder and shriller, until, with loud clangor, a milk-wagon rolled out of the cap'en's bush and drew up to his stand.

"Ye're late!" the cap'en greeted.

The milk-hauler nodded, tossed an empty can on to the stand, snapped the holding-straps on the full one, and swung back to his seat. Then taking his ease on his elbow in a manner that belied his previous haste, he said, slowly,

"An' hoo are ye, Cap'en?"

Now an inquiry concerning one's health does not, as a rule, carry with it matter of offence, but a suspicious sweetness in the milk-hauler's tone raised the cap'en's ire.

"I'm as weel," he growled—"as weel as—my neighbors 'll let me be."

"Ye're lookin' fine," the milk-hauler went on, in no wise abashed. "I'm wantin' a bit talk wi' you, Cap'en."

"Same subjec'?" the skipper asked, over his shoulder; and when the other nodded, he shook his head. "No use, Dave, mon," he said. "Ye've no the ghaist of a show wi' Bess. Nothin' less than a preacher 'll suit her."

"Ye're meanin' that ye'll no give me a show," corrected the milk-hauler. "Let me sit her up oncit, an'—you'll see."

A wise smile puckered the mariner's weather-worn visage. "Ay," he softly agreed, "I havena given ye a show, Dave. An' what's more—I'm no goin' to."

"I reckon as Bess has a say in this!" Dave defiantly retorted. "She's one-an'-twenty."

"Risin' three-an'-twenty," corrected the mariner. "But she's no hankerin' after any fafty acres of sand an' chipmunks." He was alluding to Dave's land, which was light and sandy as his hair, besides being freckled with the quadrupeds in question. And the shot drove home.

"Fafty acres is worth more'n a black coat and a Bible!" Dave indignantly replied.

"Mebbe, mebbe," the cap'en allowed, "but no i' this market." Just then a puff of steam rose above the factory, and its whistle articulated "damn" as plainly as whistle can. "That 'll be for you," the cap'en added as the whistle rapidly developed signs of hysteria. "Better be goin'."

"S'pose I had," Dave grudgingly admitted. "But remember—I'm no goin' on your verdic'."

Waving a contemptuous arm, the cap'en rolled off on the track of a smell of breakfast bacon, while Dave whipped up his horses and bore down the trail like a modern god of thunder. The wildly cursing whistle was lost in his clatter.

"Three-quarters late!" snarled the cheese-maker, as the wagon rolled up to the stoop of the weighing-room. "Vat's been het this hour."

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He was a small man, thin and sour; reputed, because of a season spent in New York State, almost as wise as the schoolmaster. Some there were who said wiser, but the majority opined that the dominie —who was believed to have trifled with German philosophy, and almost lost his soul in the business—was the more deeply read. This might be, but the dominie was a retiring man, whilst the cheese-maker's foreign travel gave him a terrible advantage with the girls.

"McNab was late wi' his milkin'," Dave grumbled. Between him and the cheese-maker existed one of those fundamental differences of opinion which are rooted in the needs of conflicting occupations, and now the latter snorted contemptuously.

"Think I'm blind?" he snarled. "I'd do my courtin' Sundays."

"Ay?" Dave sarcastically rejoined. He knew where the cheese-maker was being pinched—he also had cast a pleasant eye over Cap'en McKay's four hundred acres of maple-land,—and as he calmly emptied milk into the weigher, he racked his brain for a crushing retort. It was evolved at the fifth can. "Wad ye?" he asked.

"Ay," grunted the cheese-maker.

Dave shot his bolt. "If ye could fin' a girl," he said, with a grin of triumph.

"Cut you out!" snapped the more agile-witted cheese-maker.

"Ou?" said Dave, after he had emptied three more cans. "Like to see ye."

The cap'en's milk came next. After the weight was duly noted, Dave pulled the plug and let the milk into the vat.

"Stop!" howled the cheese-maker. "Ye're fearfu' smart! I'm wantin' a sample o' that milk!"

"What for?" growled Dave, as the cheese-maker scooped up a dipperful.

Grumbling that it was his duty, the other went on decanting a little of the milk into a test-tube. His back was turned on Dave, otherwise he would have seen that worthy snatch a moist black object from the bottom of the weigher and drop it back into the cap'en's can. It was done in a flash, and when, after returning the test-tube to its rack, the cheese-maker looked around, Dave was serenely contemplating the antics of a chipmunk.

"Asleep, eh?" snapped the cheese-maker.

Dave was not—and said so, adding a rider to the effect that mosquitoes were a soporific compared with the cheese-maker. Several times on the way home Dave craned back and peered into the cap'en's can, then straightened with a slow shake of the head. Jamming the lid down hard, Dave gave it up.

"I'll ha' a wee bit crack wi' the dominie over this," he muttered. "I'm no likin' it."

By reason of the system of "boarding round"—under which he passed from house to house like the whooping-cough or measles—it was not always easy to lay hands on the schoolmaster, but as Dave had it for certain that he was sojourning just then with Neil McNab, he set his feet that way. The dominie was at home. He laid his book away, while Dave made his approaches with skill and caution.

If a man took a notion to water his milk, which did the dominie think he would use—well-water or creek-water?

The dominie did not know, but concluded he would use whichever came handiest.

Then the dominie did not think that a man would carry a pail of creek-water a hundred yards when he had a good clean well by his door.

The dominie thought decidedly not; but why did Dave ask?

Dave was merely speculating. No! he hadna his eye on any one in particular! And being a man of discretion, the dominie made no further attempt to plumb Dave's mystery—a mystery that thickened as the days lagged by.

Every morning, during the following week, the cheese-maker laid aside a sample of the cap'en's milk, while on his part Dave succeeded in fishing three more eft slimy things from its dregs. When questioned as to the results of his tests, the cheese-maker smiled and knowingly tapped the side of his nose; but the leering triumph of his manner belied his secrecy, and one morning it found vent in speech.

"Say!" he said. "Seen Bess 'Sailor' of late?" And when Dave replied that he had not and asked why, the cheese-maker went on: "Why, she an' me's thinkin' o' marryin'."

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"That's a lee!" Dave politely rejoined. "She wadna touch ye with a ten-foot pole."

"She wull wi' her pretty hand, though," smirked the cheese-maker.

"Might, if ye riled her enough," Dave answered.

"Cap'en thinks mount'ins o' me," mused the cheese-maker.

"Gettin' old, an' consekently foolish," growled Dave.

Overlooking this last sarcasm, the cheese-maker closed the door of the weighing-room; but as the wagon moved off he opened it again and shouted, "I'm a-goin' to see her the night!"

"Another lee!" growled Dave. But though he repeated this comforting phrase several times during the afternoon, he became fidgety as evening drew on, and at dusk he strolled off toward the cap'en's farm.

At dark he was opposite the house. Save for a light in the parlor window, it was dark—evidently the old folk were abed. Then—some one must be sitting up with Bess! Dave's heart swelled to the size of a pumpkin. Had the cheese-maker made good? Was that light illuminating his and Bess's loves? Like a wrecker's lure it drew him on.

The light filtered from beneath the blind, which lacked an inch of touching the sill. At first Dave saw nothing, but as his eyes grew to the glare he made out the cap'en and his wife sitting on the far side of the room. He had to crane to see them, for between him and them, so close that he could have touched it had the window been open, spread the broad back of Elder Cruikshank, minister to the kirk of Embro. Bess was not in the room.

"So yon's the cap'en's preacher?" Dave muttered, as he crawled away. "Hecks! Bess wadna cast her een aslant of him." He spoke with the cocksureness of youth when it knows that bald heads are in question. The elder, too, was on the wrong side of forty, and something the worse for wear, having been twice married. "The idee!" Dave snorted, as he reached the gate. "I'm bettin' a cent as she went to bed to be rid o' him."

He was chuckling over his fearsome wager, when an alien sound mixed with the whisper of the night wind—stumbling feet were coming from the creek which watered the cap'en's pasture. Slinking under the milk-stand, Dave waited for the traveller to go by.

"Wha'll it be?" he muttered.

As the steps drew nearer, he dropped to the ground, and hugged it like a spider shamming death. Soon a presence entered the inky pall which a giant maple threw about the stand, and Dave caught a heavy breathing. A weight was lifted on to the stand, and the nocturnal visitor climbed after.

"What 'll he be at?" Dave wondered.

A ring of metal told that the can was being uncovered, a body of liquid dropped with a splash, then the cover was replaced, and the visitor leaped to the ground. From his footfall, Dave judged that he was heading down the Line, and after the last sound died, he rose and made his way to the creek. Striking a match, he bent over a footprint in the mud.

"I'll knaw this again," he muttered, rising. "Sma' size, hobnailed, an' a leetle worn o' the heels."

Striking across the pasture, he struck the cap'en's snake-and-rider fence at the corner, and as he set his foot on the bottom rail he heard voices, and a dark mass moved toward him through the gloom. Dave crouched and peered through the fence. A moment later he caught the flutter of a white skirt, and a woman's voice said, "I'm sure as I saw a light doun be the crik."

Dave jumped—it was Bess "Sailor." A dreadful suspicion seized and shook him. His eyes wrestled with the gloom in vain attempts to reive it of its secret; he sweated with apprehension. Then the voice of the dominie broke on the silence.

"You are surely mistaken," it said. Dave breathed again — it was not the cheese-maker, and the dominie did not count. They were passing now, and Dave saw that she drew in closer to the dominie. He laughed internally. It was maist funny! Drawing the fule critter on i' that way! After they were gone he took his way home in a calm and quiet spirit.

Now a milk-hauler must go to roost with the chickens—this is the law of his trade—or he cannot rise at cockcrow. Next morning the sun peeped through

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Dave's window before he awoke. Springing up, he gave chase to Father Time. As he thundered down the Line, the noise of his going would have shamed a cavalry band. Deafened farmers stared while he tossed empty cans at their heads and snatched full ones from under their hands; but he was gone, buckling his straps on the run, before they could register a protest.

"Cheese-maker 'll be hoppin'!" he muttered as he turned into the factory on the gallop. "Third time late i' twa weeks." But silence governed the place—no steam, doors shut, while through the rails of the hog-yard the pigs peered expectance of whey.

Dave shook his head. "Cheese-maker's late," he said, virtuously. "I'll ha' to report this." As he spoke, a door banged in the rear of the building. "Come in cross lots," Dave commented.

The cheese-maker yawned and knuckled the sleep from his eyes, then he smiled a conciliating smile and said: "Have na time for visitin' these nights. I'm studyin'."

"Marriage service?" Dave slyly suggested.

The other winked and busied himself, while Dave went on emptying his cans. But presently he paused and gazed at his rival's feet.

"Weel?" snapped the cheese-maker. "What bug's got ye now?"

"Ou!" Dave nonchalantly returned, "I was just speirin them shoes o' yourn. Bet a cent as ye can wear sevens."

"Sixes!" chortled the cheese-maker, whose feet were his pride and glory.

"An' loose at that!" Dave exclaimed, in accents so complimentary that the cheese-maker set his foot on the block for its better inspection. "Best kip, handmade, an' hobnailed," Dave went on. "A leetle worn o' the heels, mebbe?"

"That's easy mended," said the cheese-maker.

"Think so?" Dave queried.

"Why not?"

"Ay," Dave agreed. "Why not?"

On reaching home that day he added a small "sucker" to three dead frogs and one minnow that were floating around in a quart jar of brine. Then he set the collection on the table and stared at it.

"I canna see his point," he muttered.

But he saw it next morning—through Cap'en Donald McKay's eyes. The cap'en was pacing to and fro in front of his stand with his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets.

"Ailin'?" Dave asked.

The mariner stroked his jaw and shot a venomous glance at the distant factory. His face was a study in grizzled worry; his knobby nose shone like a danger signal. Dave saw him deliver a right-hand swing at some imaginary head, and an inspiration possessed him.

"Ye're right, Cap'en," he said, looking up from the can he was buckling. "The mon's no guid."

The observation had the usual luck of chance shots. The cap'en gasped like a breathed frog, while his countenance took on a remarkable resemblance to a relief-map in red and purple. Strong language gurgled in his throat, threatening him with suffocation—it is hard to be an elder in times of excitement.

"If a little un 'll releeve ye, dinna mind me," Dave sympathized.

The suggestion undoubtedly saved the mariner from a stroke. Scorching epithets that were seething his brain took order and poured forth in crashing sentences that were like to the growl of unbitted thunder when deafening claps punctuate its roll. And here and there through the measured cadences sudden oaths wove in and out like vivid bolts. Dave had never heard the like. He was awed, and listened respectfully as one harkens to the rack and roar of rock-split waves.

"That's him, Cap'en," he agreed, when the storm died. "Ye've no libelled the critter."

"Why!" the skipper finished with a burst, "the leetle deevil swears as I've been a-waterin' my milk. An' he wants to marry on my Bess!"

A flood of light burst in on Dave's problem; he saw the point. On the instant he almost blurted out his knowledge of the cheese-maker's machinations, but after the first flash of surprise he sealed his lips and thought. From this pretty kettle of fish an expert angler might hook something choice! So, after a little reflection, he remarked,

"This 'll mak a fine scandal, Cap'en."

The skipper caught the insinuation.

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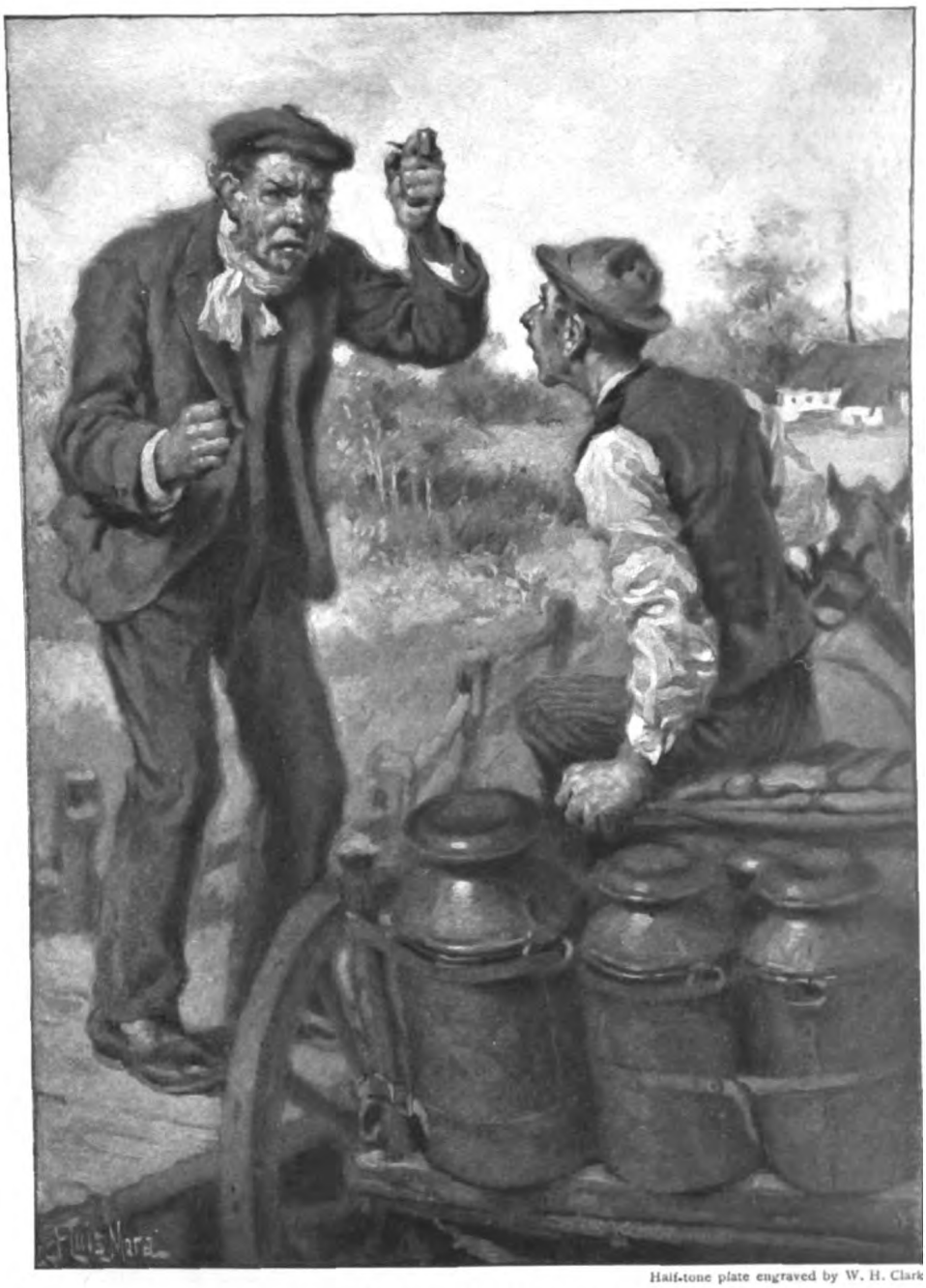
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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"HE SWEARS AS I'VE BEEN A-WATERIN' MY MILK"

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"THERE'S NONE I'D SOONER HA' HER WED NOR YOU"

Horror, surprise, and anger played tag over his empurpled visage, and after staring at Dave for a long minute, he gasped, in a choky voice, "Ye're—ye're no beleevin' as—as I did it?"

Dave sadly shook his head. "We'd thought better o' ye, Cap'en," he murmured. "This 'll be a sair blow till the meenister." Then, while the cap'en glared in speechless wrath, Dave sketched the minister's sorrow, the elder's shame, and the wonder of the congregation. "Ye'll plead guilty, of course," Dave finished. "It 'll be better for ye."

It required nearly five minutes for the cap'en to register a denial that covered the merits of the case, and while he was enlarging thereon the crafty Dave ruminated on his next move.

"Frae your word," he said, when the seaman had finished his blast, "I tak that ye're no carin' aboot the cheesemaker for a son-in-law? Noo what 'll ye do for the man as proves him a liar?"

A gleam of hope slanted across the mariner's visage.

"It's yersel, Dave?" he asked.

"What 'll ye do for that man?" Dave doggedly repeated.

The cap'en thought awhile; then he gave the milk-hauler a kindly smile and said, softly, "It wad be that man's dooty, Dave, to tell all he knew. An' I've thought weel o' you," he added, with pleasant dignity. "Ye'll no go back on a frien', Dave. Ye couldna if ye tried."

Untouched by this tender tribute to his virtues, Dave once more demanded a declaration of intention, which, after once more stating his admiration for the sterling qualities that graced the milk-hauler's character, the mariner gave. "Mebbe," he said, in a generous, off-hand manner, "a dollar bill 'd no come amiss?"

Dave shook his head, frowned down a raise of five, sniffed scornfully at ten, then delivered his ultimatum. "Ye'll

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give me Bess," he said, gathering his lines for a start, "or naething."

The cap'en trumpeted loudly into a voluminous red handkerchief, and after thus ridding himself of a surplusage of emotion, he said, with a ghastly grin: "Ye were always a guid hand at a joke, Dave. Call it fafteen dollars?"

"Guid-day, Cap'en!" Dave stiffly replied. "The elders 'll be maist sorry."

The skipper bowed to fate. "Heave to!" he bellowed.

Dave reined in and brought his head close to the cap'en's. In three minutes they had come to an understanding. On his part the cap'en was to use all reasonable authority to procure Dave his daughter's hand, while the milk-hauler undertook to bury the cheese-maker in the pit of his own digging—obsequies to be performed the following evening.

That very afternoon Elder Cruikshank drove in from Embro and made formal proposals for Bess's hand.

A throb of anguish shot the skipper through and through; he was torn of grief and tempted of fiends. He found himself between the devil and the deep sea—Dave on one hand, the cheese-maker on the other, while rocks of fear and shame kept him from making an offing. He sighed when the minister ceased.

"Dear me!" the latter exclaimed, looking both surprised and offended. "I can make allowance for a father's feelings, Captain McKay, but your emotion seems to me a little—eh—excessive."

The cap'en sighed again, but in the very middle of it a brilliant thought flashed upon him. He had promised to exert parental authority on behalf of Dave, but if Bess proved rebellious, there was no law to compel obedience! A little care in the choice of words, and the thing might be done without a broken pledge!

"She *has* been a guid daughter, sir," he said, "an' I'm sair to part wi' her, but there's none I'd sooner ha' her wed nor you."

The minister thawed and warmly shook the cap'en's hand. "Bessie's up at the house, I suppose?" he inquired, with a jocose smile.

"Ye'll fin' her there," the cap'en diplomatically answered.

He watched the minister tie his nag to the hitching-post, then went on with his chores. Half an hour later the elder hurried out to his buggy, and drove rapidly away without so much as a glance at the barn.

"Nervous," chuckled the cap'en, who was watching. "I mind the w'y o' it."

At supper he noticed that Bess was unusually thoughtful, and he fidgeted lest she should take him into her confidence, and so destroy the masterly policy of inactivity which he had outlined.

At breakfast the following morning he was equally adroit, and so got off to his ploughing without infringement of a strict neutrality. But once there, he gave free rein to his imagination. Visions of pomp and power flitted through his head. He would be a man of authority, a leader in kirk sessions, grandfather to a minister's bairns—perhaps to a minister.

The thought so shortened and sweetened the cap'en's toil that but for the dwindling shadows he would have sworn the dinner-horn tooted an hour too soon. Unhitching, he put up and fed his team, bracing himself the while for another fence with Bess,—if he could only hold her news off till night!

To his immense relief, she was not at table—gone visiting, her mother said; would be home for supper. But when, according to his promise, Dave arrived at dusk, she had not yet returned. The cheese-maker, who came later, found Dave and the cap'en bending over a glass jar that graced the parlor table.

"It's yersel, David?" he inquired, masking his surprise. "My respec's, Cap'en. What ha' ye there? Sort of a private aquarium?"

"A varra interestin' collection," Dave answered.

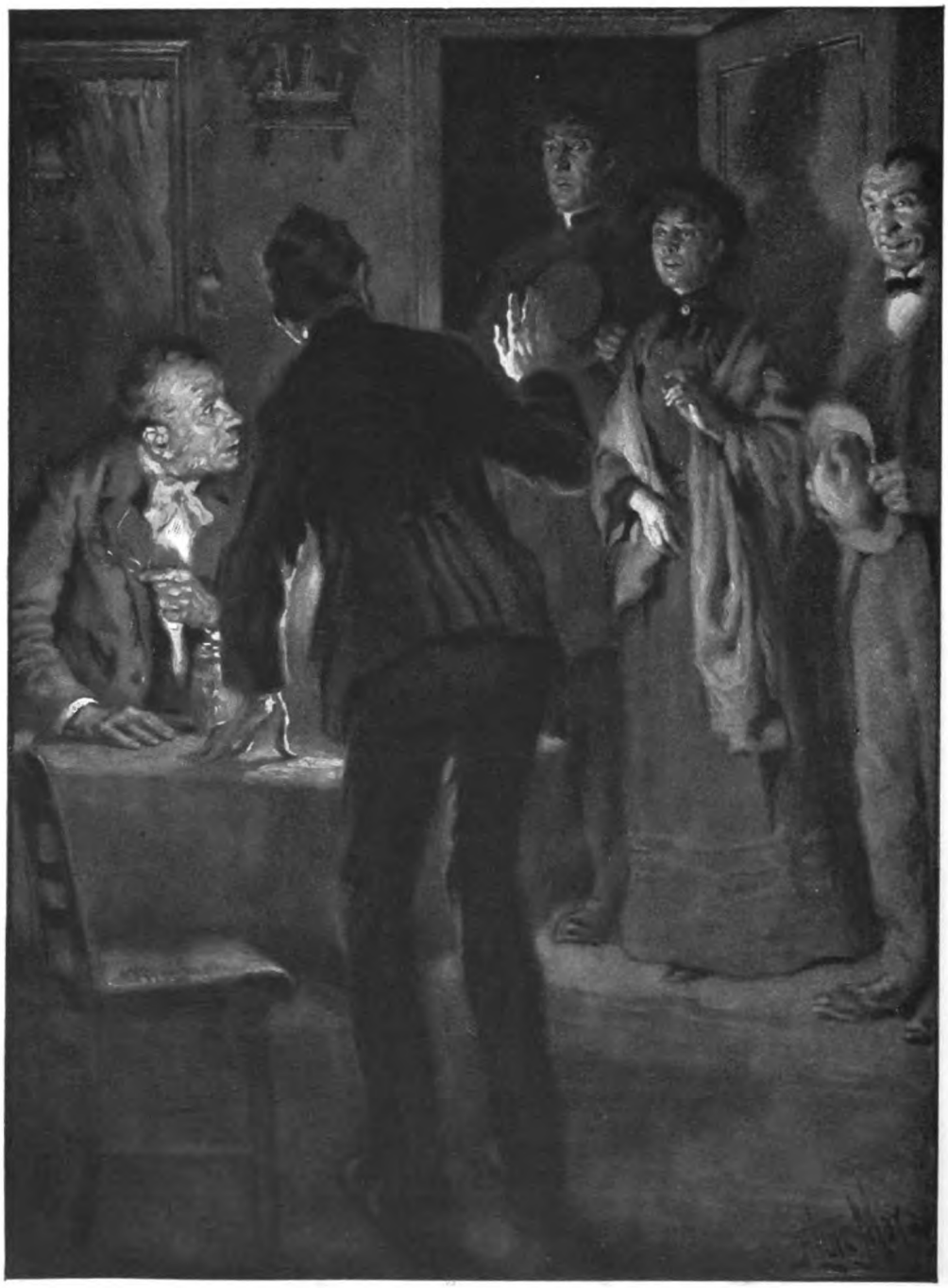
"Mighty interestin'," the skipper corroborated, eying the cheese-maker over the top of his specs.

Stooping, the cheese-maker brought his eye a little nearer to three deceased frogs, one defunct minnow, and a sucker. "A little dead, I'm thinkin'," he observed. "What's the idee?"

The cap'en looked at Dave. "These here animals," the latter began, in the manner of the waxworks man who showed through Zorra, "was found a-floatin'—"

"—i' my milk!" finished the skipper.

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"ME AN' THE DOMINIE WAS MARRIT THIS AFTERNOON"

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The cheese-maker shot a glance of quick suspicion from one to the other. Both were staring at him, and he shuffled uneasily under the concentrated glare; but putting on a brave face, he asked: "Weel! What o' it?"

Dave took up the tale. "When them remark'ble critters," he went on, "developed a likin' for rich an' unwholesome fluids—"

"—they was helped i' their unnateral desires—" puffed the cap'en.

"—by a kind man," Dave continued, "as wore small sixes, hobnailed an' a leetle worn o'—"

"Ay?" interrupted the cheese-maker. "That 'll do!"

"—the heels!" Dave and the cap'en finished together.

"Guid-night," growled the cheese-maker. Picking up his hat, he turned to the door, but Dave was not to be robbed of the sweets of victory.

"Ye're in a hurry?" he asked. The tone was so dangerously curious that the cheese-maker dropped the door-knob as though it were hot. As he did so he heard a rig drive up to the door; but Dave, who was getting ready to bind the captive to his chariot wheels, heard nothing. "Noo," he said to the cap'en, when he was sure that the cheese-maker had abandoned his intention of leaving, —"noo it's your turn."

The cap'en gave him a kindly glance —he was a humane man and believed in anæsthetics. "Ye steered a pratty course, Dave, my lad, an' ye ran doun that pirate i' fine style," he said, waving his glasses toward the crestfallen freebooter. "I couldna ha' done it better mysel." Pausing here, he fell to polishing his specs with a corner of the table-cloth.

"Weel?" Dave broke impatiently in.

"Ou, ay!" said the cap'en, starting up as feet scraped on the veranda outside. "Wha'll this be?" As he spoke, the door opened on Bess, who stepped in and stood winking in the glare of the lamp. Behind her, in the doorway, loomed the tall slender dominie.

"Step in, sir," greeted the cap'en. "Ye're just in time, Bess. Dave here's paid ye a real compliment. He's wantin' to marry on you. I'm thinkin' weel o' Dave," he went on, choosing his words very deliberately; "ye—ye might do waur."

The anticlimax with which the cap'en wound up his peroration somewhat chastened a triumphant grin which Dave had thrown the cheese-maker, and the girl's first words banished it completely. "It's varra kind of ye, Dave," she said, glancing over her shoulder at the schoolmaster, "but me an' the dominie was marrit this afternoon by special license."

Silence fell. A snicker from the cheese-maker roused Dave from profound contemplation of the private aquarium. "On conseederation," he said, nudging the skipper in the ribs, "I'll tak the fafteen dollars."

Painfully Cap'en McKay roused him from a horrible dream, in which he had been shown vast ruins of vanished greatness.

"Ye wull no!" he snorted.

Fog

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE ghost am I
Of winds that die
Alike on land or sea,
In silence deep
To shroud and keep
Their mournful memory.

A spirit white,
I stalk the night,
And, shadowing the skies,
Forbid the sun
To look upon
My noonday mysteries.

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ROSTRA OF CÆSAR AND TEMPLE OF SATURN

Recent Discoveries in the Forum

BY GIACOMO BONI

In charge of the Excavations in Rome

"TO sharpen the mind for the investigation of the life and customs of the early Romans, so as to discern with what manner of men and of means, on hearth and battle-field, the power of Rome came to the birth and waxed mighty."

These words of Livy aptly define the duty of those privileged to turn the pages of the great book that lies open in the Roman Forum. Torn, soiled, and incomplete, the book yet offers precious knowledge to minds which approach it in reverence and ponder its half-articulate lessons. Livy, a son of the Venetian province, born at Padua fifty-eight years before the current era, was overawed by the immensity of the task of writing 700 and more years of the history of Rome. A Venetian of Venice and steeped from childhood in the writings of Livy, I learned to admire, amidst the traces of the early life of my native city, the image of the institutions that prepared Roman grandeur. Good Faith and Justice, at once the constant symbols and the inner essence of the Venetian Republic, appeared to me as banners heading the march of the Italic founders of Roman civilization.

Of this civilization I was beginning, ten years since, to seek the records in the Roman Forum, but was then prevented by those who believed such research no business of mine. Six years later I found myself in a position to resume the work, which I have been enabled to continue without interruption until the present time. From the outset I was fully conscious that the remains then

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visible in the Forum could be but tatters of pages torn from the last chapters of the great book of Roman history, and that many modern authorities had busied themselves with the often fortuitous externals of their subject, and with questions of mere nomenclature, while the real objects of research stood unrecognized before them or lay trodden an inch or two beneath their unconscious feet. When I inquired concerning the Sacred Way and asked what might have been its function in the minds of the men who reproduced it, no answer was forthcoming, and I perceived that some modern critics were content to exhibit as the Sacred Way of the Romans an ignoble traffic-scored mediæval roadway of roughly rounded stones running in front of that mighty Basilica of Maxentius dedicated to Constantine the Great. Hardly less superficial had been the treatment of the Sacraria Regia—that monument to the philosophic and religious power of the race whence sprang the founders of Rome, a race whose trace and tradition remained in the Roman Patriciate — the Shrine of Vesta, the Rostra of Cæsar, and the Basilica Giulia. The Temple of Vesta, indeed, the typical hearth of the Roman state, I found a naked, formless ruin, pitilessly torn by recent excavators, whose work had conferred on science no benefit.

When in the autumn of 1898 opportunity offered to begin serious examination of the Forum, the problem that arose in my mind was less how to discover new archæological remains than how to evoke the genius of the place and to make its dry bones live. Proceeding as much by intuition as by reasoned hypothesis, a beginning was made on the Heroon of Cæsar, an edifice built by Augustus on the spot where the corpse of the dictator, his father by adoption, had been cremated. The charred bones of Julius Cæsar were known to have been gathered by freedmen and carried at nightfall to the sepulchre of the Gens Julia in the Campus Martius. It was known also that upon the spot where the body was burned, near the Sacraria Regia and opposite the Temple of Castor and Pollux, a column of yellow Numidian marble had been erected, with the inscription *Parenti Patriæ*, and an altar whereon Cæsar's followers burned sacrifices to his Manes. These monuments were known to have been overturned by the rival party under Dolabella, nephew of Cicero; but Cæsar's veterans subsequently re-erected the altar on which Augustus sacrificed three hundred rebels as expiatory victims after the taking of Perugia. No trace of these monuments had, however, been discovered during previous excavations. After careful investigation I succeeded in discovering the concrete base of the altar in the front hemicycle of the Heroon, in the position shown on the coins of Augustus, where Cæsar is represented as an augur standing inside the temple. The authenticity of the Heroon was attested by the inscription on the lintel—*Divo Julio*. The nucleus of the altar, which still bears traces of the altar steps, afterwards carried away by despoilers, is, so to speak, the axis of the Roman Empire, which dates in reality from the death of Cæsar; and though Augustus became the executor of his will, it is to the statue of Julius—gazing down the Forum to the Capitol, with the augur's rod in its right hand—that we must look as to the inaugurator of a new political and monumental era for Rome. Suetonius mentions the grandiose schemes of reconstruction planned by Julius Cæsar, who combined the powers of Aedile with those of Pontifex Maximus. The Basilica Julia which closes in the southern side of the Forum still bears his name, although it was completed and afterwards rebuilt by Augustus, who, calling himself *Divi Julii Filius*, also reconstructed the Basilica Aemilia on the northern side. But the first monuments really dating from the lifetime of Julius Cæsar are those Rostra which he removed from the Comitium (where as tribune of the *plebs* they had stood, inquisitive and menacing, over against the patrician Curia), and reconstructed at the Capitoline end of the Forum between the Temple of Saturn and the Temple of Concord.

Why should Cæsar have moved these Rostra? Was their removal a prophetic synthesis of coming change, a preparation, inadvertent or conscious, for the realization of those alleged designs upon the Republic which cost him his life? And by what strange instinct was he led to re-erect the Rostra against the very

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rock out of which the early founders of Rome had hewed that Altar of Vulcan which constitutes the most venerable monument of Rome, of Italy, and, maybe, of the Aryan world? The Vulcanal Rock still stands as it was hewn with axes and covered with rust-red plaster, a witness to the sanctity of that metal-smelting fire wherewith metallic civilization was inaugurated in the Tiber Valley by the same primitive Latin folk who guarded at Lavinium bars of iron and copper among their household gods. Conscious or unconscious instrument of Destiny, Cæsar returned to these sacred precincts, there to build as foundation for his Rostra the sober *tufo* arches, which not only constitute a standard for the study of Roman structures, but possess for historians an interest almost without parallel. Here, on the superstructure of the arches, Mark Antony pronounced his funeral oration over Cæsar's body and excited the populace to vendetta with the sight of that "bleeding piece of earth." Here were nailed the head and hands of Cicero as symbols of vendetta achieved. Save for these Rostra, I have been unable to discover, upon the surface of the Roman Forum, any trace or vestige of Julius Cæsar's own work. Underground, however, following intuitively in the track of Cæsar, I succeeded in discovering a long gallery passing longitudinally beneath the centre of the Forum and intersected by two cross-galleries, which still retain marks of having been used to contain apparatus for stage-carpentry and scene-shifting in the gladiatorial games or spectacular displays given by Cæsar to the populace in the Forum before the construction of the amphitheatre. Another series of Cæsarean constructions was also brought to light in the ritual pits which mark the perimeter of the Forum. These pits, rectangular in shape, four Roman feet long by two broad, are placed at intervals of ten feet, and are bordered by blocks of *tufo* cut, some vertically and others obliquely, so as to make the pit slant southwards. They contained large numbers of terra-cotta chalice-shaped vases, probably used for libations to mo-



THE SPOT WHERE CÆSAR WAS CREMATED
Showing nucleus of the basement of the altar

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FRESCO OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA ANTIQUA

ther earth in expiation of the offence of staining her with human blood. The Cæsarean pits, some two feet deep, reach to the old Republican level of the Forum in which former ritual pits, or trenches, had been cut. The Republican pits, however, had the same orientation as that of the *tufo* monuments destroyed at the beginning of the civil wars in the second century B.C., and found buried beneath the Black Stone believed to mark the traditional site of the tomb of Romulus. The Cæsarean pits, on the contrary, slant obliquely towards the south, a particular worthy of note in view of Cæsar's action in shifting the axis of the Forum southwards by thirty degrees.

The problems raised by the discovery of these ritual pits, which were probably originated by the augurs as mementos of mysterious primitive rites, are naturally connected with the whole system of Roman religion, of which the most prominent monuments are the Sacraria Regia, the Aedes Vestæ, and the Fons Juturnæ. Here the natural elements, *geniales*, or germs of things, were worshipped, together with the phenomena to which they

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give rise. Such were Fire and Water whose use was by law forbidden to criminals—Fire with which brides were accompanied home, Water for purification after a funeral. In the Shrine of Vesta I was able to distinguish the circular form of the building, and, in the interior, to identify the trapezoidal cell that served probably as a depository for the ashes of the sacred fire which were carried once a year as ritual food for the earth to the Temple of Ops, spouse of Saturn. The ashes were those of burned oak, the sacred tree of the Aryans and typical accumulator of solar energy; and it would seem that in the worship of Vesta—a worship whose philosophic substratum rested upon the manifestations of natural forces—the ashes were deemed to contain strength for the nutrition of other oaks which, in an unbroken cycle transformation, would in their turn nourish the Sacred Fire.

Did space permit, much might be said of the details of the worship of Vesta as elucidated by the discoveries made in her temple and in the house of the vestals — the horned vessels, like those found in the Italic necropoli of Latium, the Sabine country, the Marches, the Venetian provinces, and in the territories drained by the Danube, the Save, and the Drave—in fact, all along the route travelled by the races whose civilization finally flourished under the sun of Greece and Italy; the contents of the sacred oven in the house of the vestals where *inter alia* corn was roasted for the preparation of that *mola salsa* used in the patrician marriage rite called *confarreatio,* the vestals being the custodians of race purity. Among the ashes of this oven, which seems to have been abandoned about 400 A.D., when Serena, niece of Theodosius, drove out the last aged vestal, I found a *liba* of charred paste, the form of which corresponds to the description of the cake representing a raft that was sacrificed to Janus, as to the divinity representative of the principle of human ideation. In the house of the vestals I believe further that I have identified the *penetralia,* or Holy of Holies, where were guarded the objects that reminded the Romans of the country of their origin and of their primitive customs—the documents of the Fides Publica, the supreme testamentary institutions and the dispositions for divine arbitration by ordeal of fire and water.

Water, indeed, lay close at hand in the Springs of Juturna, a four-sided basin walled in with *tufo* bricks disposed in *opus reticulatum* and lined with marble in the time of Hadrian. This splendid basin I found under ten feet of human excrement, choked up with fragments of a marble group of Greek statuary dating from the fifth century B.C., and representing Castor and Pollux with their horses standing to guard the two springs, one on the east, the other on the west. Near the springs were found other statues symbolical of the purity of the water and of its healing power—Apollo, Aesculapius, a seated figure, perhaps Roma Salus, and a figure erect, perhaps Juturna. Shattered to fragments, probably by Christian desecrators, the Greek statuary was cast into the sacred fount, whose eastern spring was turned into a *latrina,* while the surrounding soil was, according to pagan ideas, contaminated by being used as a Christian cemetery. Close by the spring was found the shrine of Juturna, with its lintel bearing in bronze letters the inscription *Juturnai Sacrum,* an inscription repeated with the name of the Aedile upon the finely worked marble well-head of the first century placed before the shrine. The water of the springs, once sacred to the Nymph, now rises blue and clear, and, surrounded by laurels and jasmine, begins to regain something of its ancient poetry; and the modern mind easily comprehends the veneration in which the spring was held by the old Romans, who even took its water as the standard weight for their metrological system, which they placed, like the water itself, under the guardianship of Castor and Pollux, whose temple rose majestically a few paces distant.

Behind the temple of Castor and Pollux, behind the shrine of Juturna, at the foot of the Palatine Hill, I came upon a shrine of later date and quite other significance—the Basilica Palatina, containing the early Christian church known as Santa Maria Antiqua. The edifice consists of a hall thirty-two metres in length, once vaulted, an atrium, and an impluvium with three compartments, which were converted into a Christian church

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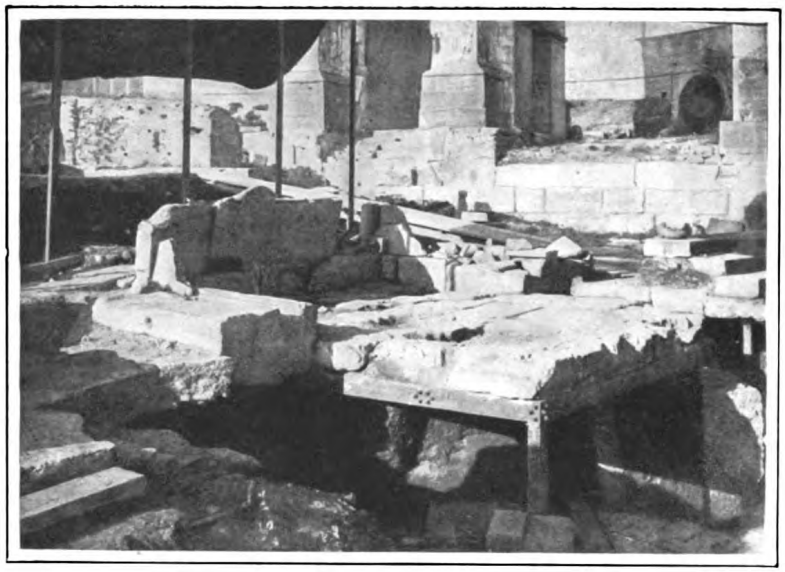
THE SACRED WAY NEAR THE TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA

about the beginning of the sixth century. The columns and walls of the church are covered with frescoes, mostly Byzantine, with Greek inscriptions; an abside was cut in the back wall of the central division, and on it was painted, among other figures, that of Pope Paul I. (757 A.D.). To the right of the abside there remain traces of four different layers of painting, superposed one upon the other. The whole constitutes the most important pictorial palimpsest yet discovered for the study of the early centuries of the Middle Ages. A volume would scarcely suffice for the adequate treatment of this monument, which has already attracted the painstaking attention of Christian archæologists. Suffice it to say that some of the paintings, notably two angels, evidently of somewhat later date than the well-known "Madonna and Child" of the time of Theodoric at Ravenna, bear witness to the existence, in the art of the decaying empire, of a latent energy which, but for this discovery, might have been questioned or denied.

Santa Maria Antiqua remained in use until the ninth century, when damp, or perhaps damage done by masses of brickwork falling from the imperial palace above, caused it to be abandoned in favor of a new church, known as Santa Maria Nova, which was built on the site of the Temple of Venus and Rome near the Upper Sacred Way.

The Sacred Way itself, symbol of corporate civil life, ran through the Forum as a river flows through a lake, resuming at the exit its initial course and name. It entered the Forum near the Sacraria Regia, and emerged at the farther end, to mount up the Sacred Capitoline slope to the Arx and the temples, and formed as it were the spinal column of the Roman state. Its origin is still shrouded in mystery. Was it originally the only dry path from the fortified Palatine Hill through the marshy valley (afterwards the Forum) to the sacred Vulcanal Rock? The hypothesis seems tenable. Certainly the discovery of a prehistoric Necropolis near the foundation of the Basilica of Antoninus and Faustina points to the early existence of the Way, since the Romans are known to have buried their dead from time immemorial along the extra-urban roads—as was afterwards the case with the Appian Way and the Flaminian Way; and some noble families erected along the upper portion of the Sacred Way monumental tombs, which remained there until a comparatively late epoch. Starting from Porta Mugonia, the ancient entrance to the Palatine,

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THE SEPULCHRE OF ROMULUS

One of the tombs embedded in the curious black clay ("Niger Lapis") of which prehistoric Latin vases were made

the Way passed downwards and entered the Forum under the triumphal arch of Fabius Maximus (121 B.C.), of which I have found some additional wedge-shaped blocks, but, hitherto, no trace of foundations. Opposite the Heroon of Romulus I found portions of an imperial building with pierced walls, which seems to show it to have been a guard-house,—an important particular, which would go to confirm the hypothesis that the entrance to the Forum stood here, the more so as in the immediate neighborhood of the guard-house, across the Way, I found a considerable portion of a prison. Ancient writers say little on this subject, and the only corroborative evidence is that Plato in his first Utopian city fixes a prison at the entrance of the *Agora;* and that the prisons of the Venetian Republic stood close by the entrance to Piazza San Marco. This portion of the Sacred Way, like that which descended by the Palatine slope from Porta Mugonia, still retains a great part of the beautifully laid polygonal blocks with which it was paved, and upon which signs of rust left by the sliding of car-wheels may still be detected. Some pieces of the ample kerbstone that flanked the Palatine slope have also been found in position. The Arch of Titus, which I believe to have stood originally upon the extension of the axis of the Colosseum, seems to have been placed in its present position by Hadrian, who needed its original site for the Temple of Venus and Rome, and who was careless of diminishing the importance of the arch that commemorated the great victory of the Flavi. Behind the Arch of Titus I have begun to excavate one wall of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, built, says the legend, in fulfilment of a vow made to Jupiter by Romulus when beseeching help to enable the Romans to stand their ground against the Sabines. Here also I have begun the excavation of Porta Mugonia, probably the only entrance to the Palatine Hill during the early epoch when its circumference was marked by the waters of the Velabro. It may eventually prove possible to restore this entrance to the Palatine, so that visitors descending from its heights into the Forum may pass from the monuments of the earliest centuries of Roman life through those of the Republican and Imperial eras, and thence to the mediæval frescoes which adorn the Christian walls of Santa Maria Antiqua!

Mention has been made of the prehistoric necropolis discovered near the Sacred Way. The first tombs were found in the bed-clay of the Forum valley close by the foundations of the Temple of An-

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toninus and Faustina some twelve feet below the imperial level of the Way, and others have since been discovered near the Heroon of Romulus. Hitherto four tombs only have been examined, two containing ashes of cremated bodies, while two are simple graves. The necropolis opens up questions concerning the race and religion of the dwellers on the Palatine which cannot be answered offhand. The ashes of the cremated bodies were found in an urn placed inside a large vase, or *dolium,* which also contained other subsidiary vases resembling those of the prehistoric tombs on the Alban Hills. The *dolium* was covered in each case by a circular slab of *tufo.* One of the urns is a miniature reproduction of a hide-roofed or straw-thatched hut, not unlike those still used by the shepherds of the Campagna. The smaller vases inside the dolium contained vestiges of the offerings prepared for the Manes of the departed—ribs of a lamb, scales of freshwater fish, and a kind of *polenta* or porridge. Incidentally the discovery of these tombs has helped to settle a debated point as to the material of which prehistoric Latin vases were made. Experiments with the clay in which the tombs were embedded have enabled me to reproduce these vases perfectly, and to show that they were made of simple volcanic earth polished with a bone instrument and baked either in an open fire or in a closed oven. According to the proportion of smoke allowed to surround the vase during the baking process, I obtained at will either the shiny, superficial black tint characteristic of Italic funereal vases, or the penetrating blackness characteristic of Etruscan *bucchero.* It remains carefully to complete the exploration of the necropolis in order to discover whether and what connection exists between it and the primitive path which became the Sacred Way; to establish the ratio between the simple graves and the cremation tombs (since the diversity of burial rites may correspond to diversity of races standing to each other in the relationship of victors to vanquished, or of patrons to *clientes*); and to dispel, in part at least, the darkness shrouding the "age of Romulus," the eighth century B.C., to which the Necropolis may with reasonable certainty be attributed.

Analysis of Roman funeral rites and of the archaic *formulæ* therein preserved even as late as the Republican epoch, and inquiry into the origin of the objects which formed the essence of early Roman home life, are beginning to open vaster horizons to our view, and to disclose the religious idea of the Italic folk who founded Rome. Their pantheism afforded them the consolation of regarding the departed spirits of their dead as vital energies reabsorbed by the Spirit Universal—a Spirit all-pervading and everywhere operative in natural phenomena and in the efforts of new generations to come to the birth. Roman children burned offerings to the Lares, and, the gods propitious, summoned their parents to the evening meal; Roman brides placed a coin on the fire of the nuptial hearth; and Roman families laid aside their mourning whenever a child was born to the household. Much of the value of the recent work in the Forum consists in the light it throws on the inner nature of the great people who so long ruled the ancient world, and who in household, temple, and burying-ground had ever present a deep sense of the unbroken harmony and unity underlying the ceaseless transformations of the Universal Energy.

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REAL LIFE

BY

E. S. MARTIN

I WAS speaking to Ferguson about the way he had degenerated since he came to New York. When I had known him in Slinterville he had been a person, but I had to confess to him that, in so far as I could judge from an observation which, to be sure, was superficial, he had come to be something no better than an incident. He did not deny it. It was true, he said, that he was hardly a person any more, but had become the attribute of an environment; but he maintained that his state was not so very bad so long as he recognized and accepted it for what it was, and did not delude himself with the notion that it was really life. "There is life," said Ferguson, "and there is work. There is a species of life of which work is an incident, and there is a species of work of which life is an incident. That phase of activity which we call living in New York is to be classed, so far as I am concerned, under this second head. Of course, considered as life, it is ridiculous; but considered as work, it has many agreeable alleviations."

"It is captivity," said I. "Life in any big city is captivity."

"You may call it that," said Ferguson. "A man who has to work for other men is more or less a captive while he is busy with his tasks, wherever it is that he puts his work in. To spend the day between plough-handles (if there are such things now) is captivity while it lasts, and a species of it to which a great many persons find more objections than to life in a big town. Life itself is captivity. We are captives because our spirits are shut up in bodies which have to be fed, and which have no wings to fly with. The fact that our bodies happen to be in New York and not in Slinterville isn't so very significant."

I don't know that it is. It is what we think about and what we do that make the difference, rather than where we are, and there is no doubt that multitudes of people find thought and action satisfactory in New York. Yet there prevails a consciousness, wide-spread and regretful, that life in great cities is not quite real life. Some observers even go so far as to insist that it is incorrigibly artificial. It suits most of us in a general way, because we also are considerably artificial. We get used to our kind of factory life. We don't like to get up our own steam, but find it easier in the morning to throw in the clutch that connects our personal machine with a line of shafting that never ceases to turn. We need compulsion: we need to be driven; to be in such close relations with a progressive community that we have to do our daily stint if we are to keep our place. But back of this need lurks the persuasion that real life is a condition of fuller freedom than we know, whereof the impulses come more from within and are shaped by greater considerations than immediate daily needs, and the hope of living somewhat more to our taste for a few years before we die.

It is not a state of ease — this real life that we dream of — for we know that too much ease is no better for us than too much food or drink. It is not even a state of wealth, except that we are all prone to believe that if we had

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larger incomes, and were less strictly bound to the work of earning them, we could shape our lives more to our satisfaction. It is a state in which we shall think higher and wiser thoughts; shall love better, shall help more, shall work more efficiently for nobler ends, and be happier and better justified in doing so. The realization of a higher destiny is what we are after. Almost universally we city-dwellers seem haunted by a desire to get back to the soil, and to modify the influences of man-made machinery and man-made streets and habitations by the inspirations of nature. It troubles us that spring, year after year, should work its miracles in the fields and the woods and we not see them; that year after year the cherry-trees and the apple-trees should blossom and we not be there. We are missing too much; far too much! To watch the signs of the changing seasons is a consideration of things in general that is profoundly restful to us in our daily battle with details.

Are there not compensations for our losses? Do we want the earth? Oh yes, there are highly important compensations, else the town would never keep us; but we do want the earth, and our craving for it is a healthy appetite based on an instinctive appreciation of what, in the long-run, is good for us. We want real life, or at all events as large a share of it as we can get. The ideal of real life varies in individuals. Brown's ideal includes fishing. Every spring these many years he has broken out of town and hied him to the North Woods to be eaten of black flies, and to angle for trout. That is a taste of the real thing for B own; the most real experience of all his twelvemonth, and it helps him to sustain the artificial comforts and duties of the rest of the year. Jones makes an analogous sortie in due season, and goes far north to kill salmon. Robinson journeys westward after big game. Smith has a yacht. Thomson shoots ducks. Fessenden has a farm with real cows on it, and hens. Simpson has the strongest impulse to get back to nature of any of them. Simpson is a plumber by profession, and has some skill at carpentering. He can make a living and something to spare by those industries whenever he is content to stick to them. He works at them diligently from November to May. But he has an avocation. He is a painter. When May comes he quits working at his trades for his living, and turns to his avocation and to the enjoyment of nature. Gathering in his surplus, and making a bundle of his belongings, out he goes onto the road with his sketch-book, and is a blessed tramp all summer long, wandering where he will, taking time as though all time were his, sketching and painting with as much



BROWN'S IDEAL INCLUDES FISHING

pleasure as though he could do it well; denying his stomach somewhat, but indulging his soul, owning the earth, and enjoying the fulness of it. I am told that Simpson's enjoyment of life is prodigious. There seem to be immense compensations about tramp life, for men who take to it are apt to stick to it in spite of its manifold drawbacks and its obvious discomforts. Simpson follows it in a respectable and responsible fashion. He can do it, for he is a bachelor, indifferent to pecuniary acquisitions, and careless as to what kind of a funeral he has or at whose cost. His impulse, like Brown's, Jones's, Robinson's, Smith's, Thomson's, and Fessen-

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SIMPSON IS A BLESSED TRAMP ALL SUMMER LONG

den's, is reversionary—an impulse towards the occupations or conditions of a more primitive life. Our forebears fished, hunted, sailed, and farmed. If we go back far enough some of them were nomads. We seem to have inherited proclivities for all their occupations, and long for them with recurrent yearnings, and pursue the faint shadows of them from time to time at great cost of time, labor, and money. Our quest is for a state of mind. We don't go fishing after fish, nor hunting after meat, but because we want to think different thoughts and feel different sensations. We would cheat time, and swap illusions.

One great charm about children is that life is always real to them, and they don't have these reversionary longings after something more genuine. The bird in the hand is the bird for them. The bird in the bush gives them no particular concern. When it comes time to go to the country they are ready: aye, they are eager. For any good thing the country may offer—flowers, grass, trees, birds,

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water, ponies, pets—they have lively anticipations beforehand, and in due time appreciation to match. They take short views of life: that is one of their good traits. Awhile ago Blandina had a birthday. There are five birthdays in our family, and hers is the only one that is kept. Two of the five belong to grown-up persons, who have reached a time of life when the sentiment about birthdays is, "Least said, soonest mended." Two others of them fall in the Christmas holidays, and tend to be merged in the general activities of that season. But Blandina's birthday is at a safe distance from any other festival, and suffers from no sort of blight. It is kept because she keeps it. She is living real life, and attending to all its details. Months ahead she blocked out her birthday party, and as the time came nearer, chose her girls. When it was time to send out invitations, Blandina knew exactly how many were to be sent, and where each one was to go. Such details as the complexion of the ice-cream and the species of the cakes were clear in her mind. Everything about that party, down to her father's birthday offering, was predestined by herself. She had no misgivings about it; no fears that the company would not have fun or that she would fail to find due joy in her labors. Neither had she any doubts whether, on the whole, birthday parties were worth the trouble. Doubts seldom bother Blandina. She knows what she likes, and when her turn comes she arranges to get it. She also knows pretty definitely what her duties are, and they are usually done. To make her birthday party was a comparatively easy labor, because her requirements were so definite. Of course her party was a success. It is a comparatively simple labor to contrive success for persons of constant minds, who know what they want, want what they can have, and are pleased when they get it. They are the people to whom life is always real.

I hear no complaints from Jonas about the unreality of life. Jonas is away at school in the State of Massachusetts. Life with him goes so earnestly that it is only by a prodigious effort that he finds time during the week to scribble a letter in pencil to his mother. He tells how Brampton of the Sixth form reached second base in the recent match while the guardian of that bag was in the air aspiring to the ball, and how the said guardian came down on Brampton's hand and spiked it, to the grief of the school, which fears that Brampton's injury may prejudice its chances in the coming important match with St. Kits. He speaks of his progress in learning; cheerfully in the case of this branch, with less satisfaction in the case of that, and in the postscript he usually records: "I have busted my glasses." But when they are not busted, the life he sees through them is real.

So as to Clementine. If there is sawdust in her doll she does not know it. Not but that she has sorrows. The day she came home to find that our dogling had gone to live permanently with the man who spaded up our back yard it seemed for a time that there was no balm in Gilead. To say that the lost one had neither good sense nor good habits, that he was unteachable, unreliable, impossible, had no bearing on the case as Clementine saw it. "I never even had a chance to say good-by to him," she wailed, and though when dinner came she ate her soup, her tears fell into it. No, life is no fiction to Clementine. It is a very real experience, even though three-quarters of it is spent in town. And a satisfactory experience, too, full of close observation, swift reflection, and conclusions that are always interesting, though not always sound. To see Clementine standing by her bicycle at the other end of the block, inspecting the babies who are out taking the air, is to see a live person abounding in contemporaneous human interest.

One of the greatest shows of real life anywhere to be witnessed may be seen any fine Saturday in May in Central Park. Give the great town credit for its wonderful May parties. On one Saturday last May twenty thousand children, the papers said, revelled in the Park all day. Certainly in one great meadow there were thousands; an incessant company, bright with color, careless, delightful,—supervised, but not constrained, by hundreds of astute elders. Who has eyes to see will not ask for a sight more healing to the spirit than a Park meadow full of joyous children on a brilliant May day.

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Children are like gardens, and the country, and the woods and streams, in their power to distract our minds from the machinery of living, and bring them back to the realities of life. If we keep the child in us alive, we get along, and children help us vastly in doing that. Most of them have an advantage over us grown-ups in not being much concerned with the ways-and-means problem, and with money-making. They realize, as we may not, the injunction to take no thought for the morrow. They represent the primitive human being to whose attitude towards life we have periodical impulses to revert. It is a truism that the attitude of a right-minded child towards life is the ideal attitude. Suppose all the world took it? Suppose all the world lived by the day, doing its daily task, and leaving the future to shift for itself? Would it get on worse than it does, provided each day's work was done? The future is the issue of the present and the past. No prescience of any of us can change it much. The great mass of Earth's people do actually live much as children live, doing daily what comes to hand, and leaving the final issue to Fate. The dog hides the bone he does not need to-day against to-morrow's wants. The squirrel lays up a store of nuts against the winter. The bees gather honey all summer long and accumulate a surplus. Men do the like, and do well. They need far greater stores than bees or squirrels, and they gather them. But when it comes to shaping the distant future, how



LIFE IS ALWAYS REAL TO CHILDREN

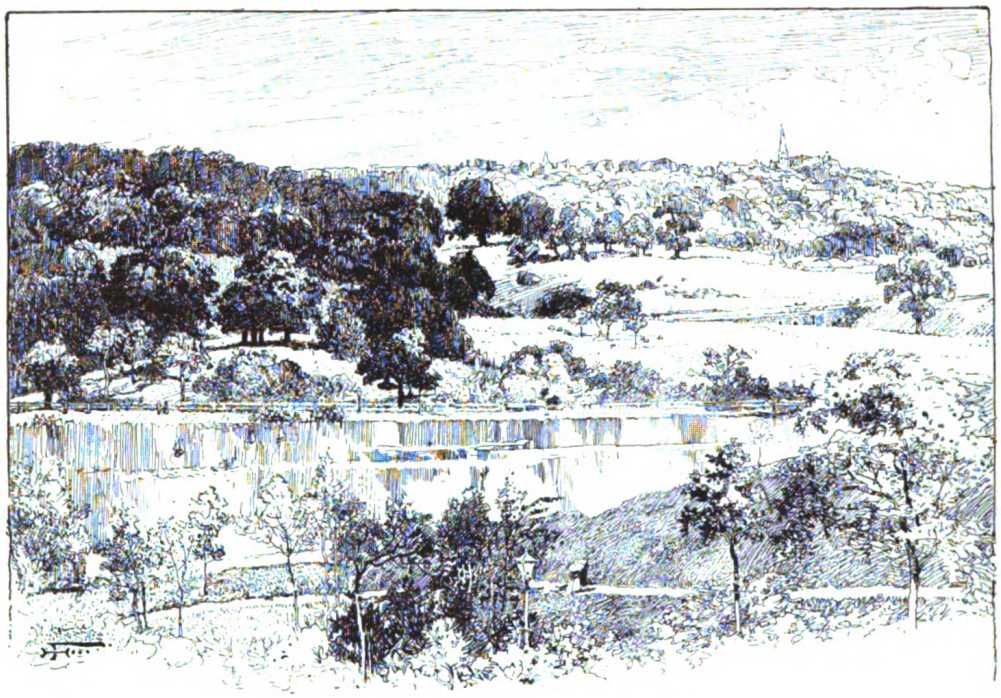
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A Park Meadow on a brilliant May Day

much of the thought taken to that end is beneficially effective? Think of the Philippines, think of the Transvaal, think of the Southern negroes, think of all the trusts and commercial combinations that shrewd men have bent their brows and lost their sleep over; think of enormous fortunes won, of vast power exercised by few men—how much of all the scheming and planning of grown-up humans yields results that last beyond the day; and of the remote results, what is the ratio between benefits and mischiefs? The day's work counts for good or bad according to its wisdom and its spirit, but the plans men make to shape ultimate human destiny tend to be either superfluous or ineffectual.

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HAMPSTEAD HEATH

Hampstead

BY ARTHUR COLTON

IN the summer of 1818 Keats visited the country of Burns, and thought his interest in it acute enough to be described as a "joy," and that this kind of joy was not a particular but a universal experience:

There is a joy in every spot made known
in times of old,
New to the feet, although each tale a
hundred times is told;
There is a deeper joy than all, more solemn
to the heart,
More parching to the tongue than all, of
more divine a smart,
When weary feet forget themselves upon a
pleasant turf,
Upon hot sand, or flinty road, or seashore
iron scurf,
Toward the castle or the cot, where long
ago was born
One who was great through mortal days,
and died of fame unshorn.

And by the stream of fortunate men and women whom one meets in pursuit of this joy, it would seem as if they had some assurance that something of the kind was practically to be obtained. They come determinedly; they stand before monuments, and storied or associated objects, and look expectant of an infusion of it. They have such hesitancy about describing the sensation as to excuse a doubt whether there was anything noticeably infused.

I find no memorial vacuum in the air where great men have been, no footprints in the soil. If there were footprints, it would be of little interest whether they were large or small. It was less important to Keats to visit the country of Burns than to write verses upon the visit. It stirred him more to write them than to look at Burns's cot-

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tage. Between the "Lines on seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair" and the "Sonnet on reading *King Lear* again," the latter has much the better origin, as *King Lear* has more bearing on Shakespeare than has Milton's hair on Milton. I crossed the track of Keats by accident in the Highlands and at the feet of Helvellyn; at Winchester, where he wrote "Lamia"; at Burford Bridge, where he finished "Endymion," hard by Dorking, and more sacred to the memory of Mrs. Weller and Mr. Stiggins. I went out to Hampstead purposely to look for him.

But he was not there. He was in none of these places. He lives in print, in the interspiritual space of books.

There is a gravestone in Melrose Abbey churchyard with the following epitaph:

The earth goes on the earth glist'ning like golde,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wolde,
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth, "All shall be ours."

But it renders memorable the man who wrote it, and not the man who lies under it; or if they were one man, then renders memorable only his capacity to write lines that have the singular quality and grim condensation which the ballad-reader knows well. A man has a monument to his memory, to stand over his dry dust and coldly represent him when he has nothing more to say for himself. Something happens to it now and again: the letters are worn away, the carving chips;

Here a leg is fled,
And lo! the baron with but half a head.

Presently the monument is memorialized in its turn in volumes entitled "Antiquities," and marble and granite admit the greater virtues of movable types.

This country that I call the interspiritual space of books has its own nature and conditions. It is neither heaven nor earth, but something of each, something midway, like the country visited by True Thomas, him called the Rhymer, to whom a queen in grass-green silk pointed out three remarkable things; she called them "ferlies":

O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

And see ye not yon braid, braid road
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the road to Heaven

And see ye not yon bonny road
That winds about the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

So then they did not take the path of bitter austerity nor that of degenerating ease, but the winding path among the brake; and in the country to which it led, though a moment was not the same as eternity, and yesterday, to-day, and forever synonymous, yet was a day or two a practicable seven years, sensibly compromised to the imagination.

If one were to compare curiously the societies of the world, of heaven, and of books, it would appear further that the world is full of marriages and uncertainty, whereas in heaven there are no marriages, and in books everything is predestined; for the end of the book and all its little byways were settled before ever you began to communicate with it. So that there is there a certain quiet and relief, as of an Eastern fatalism. You reflect that, whatever opinion you may have of this man, it is no business of yours, nor possible, to improve him. He is your brother if you like him, but you are not his keeper. He is safe from conversion, in residence between covers, in a transparent but impenetrable dwelling. He will not argue; his breeding is wonderful; he is silent while you balance his claims.

One may like people in books for qualities that he would not have liked in them when they were otherwise and more aggressively alive. They have done ill then in such a way as to do well now. Opium-eating was unfortunate for De Quincey at one time, but as regards one's present relations with him it was not such a bad idea. Is it not fortunate that Cellini was a rascal? In books one likes varieties, peculiarities, distinctions of men. Let them all be themselves as vigorously as they can. Let them love

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and hate and show their vanities. Everything has value. No one is uplifted by the concealments of his biographer. There is merely not so much of him. Something has been left out that belonged to him. To say nothing but good of the dead is not to honor them, but to heap more deadness upon them. They have entered the interspiritual space of books, and there, even more than elsewhere, men are not loved for their virtues, but for themselves.

Hampstead lies some five miles northwest of St. Paul's, and up the western slope of Hampstead Heath. There is a certain aspiration in its climbing streets. They have even run over the crest and out on the Heath, and no one seems to know where Hampstead ends and the Heath begins. There are shady angles of streets and stretches of banked locust-trees that appear to remember the old resort of fashion. The Spring House is now used for a church, and the fountain in Well Walk drips feebly its mineral water. But there is probably little that looks as it did two centuries ago, when London drove out gayly on Tottenham Court Road in coaches to drink the water, to dance, and repair its health without being too dull; or when the Kit-Cat Club met there, more or less unconscious of its immortality. One goes to Hampstead by horse-car now, and for the health resort there is the Consumptive Hospital with its tiers of balconies on which the patients lie and take the open-air cure. They look over the miles of London roofs and dun-colored fog, hiding the current and roll of things that they are probably quit of forever.

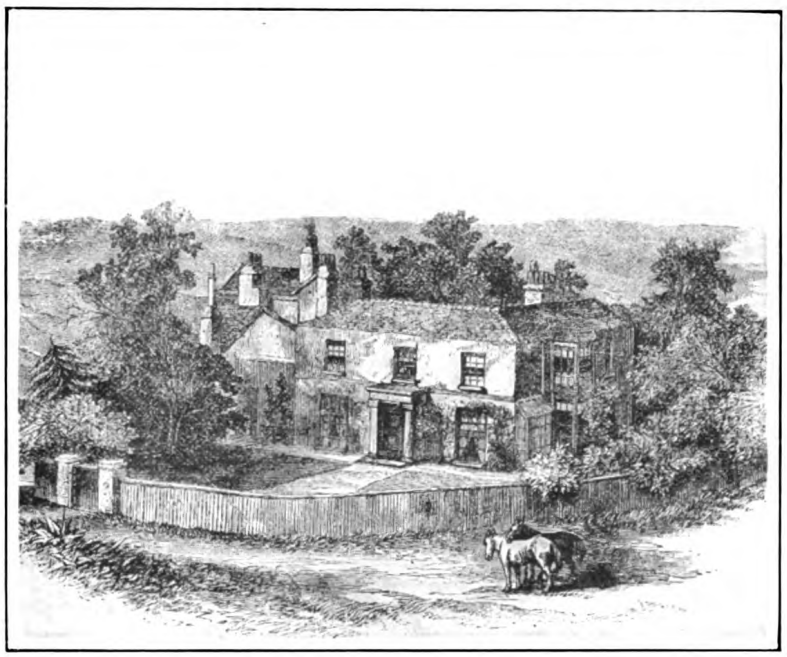
I see no objection to visiting the haunts of Keats by street car. A stage-coach was a matter of fact in his day. There is nothing in the nature of either to prevent a man's travelling by it to Parnassus, or any heavenly mountain that he is able to see. The past was thought to be trivial when it was present. "Martyrdoms looked mean when they were suffered—'tis a trick of nature thus to degrade to-day; a good deal of buzz and somewhere a result slipped magically in." Emerson noticed that it was a "trick." It is weaker and smaller men who take it seriously, and speak as triflers and amateurs at the labor and game of living that goes on around them. Ruskin takes occasion to reflect how, as a sculptor, he should feel if he were "asked to design a monument for a dead knight in Westminster Abbey, with a carving of a bat at one end and a ball at the other. I feel as if it were somehow grander and worthier of him to have made his bread by sword play; had rather he had made it by thrusting than by batting—much rather than by betting—much rather that he should ride war-horses than back race-horses, and—I say it sternly and deliberately—much rather would I have him slay his neighbor than cheat him," most of which seems to me compact of solemn futility. His English tradesman cheated no more than his early Venetian, probably less. Each of them usually preferred paying some one else to slay his neighbor of another allegiance, but took a patriotic interest in it, which was very well so far as it went.

An Athenian sculptor who saw no objection to putting a discus in marble would see none to a bat and ball. He thought athletic prowess a worthy distinction, and probably bet on it at Olympia. He may have been wrong in thinking so, but he thought so. He carved a sword on his warrior's monument because his warrior fought with it. Moreover, if the "dead knight in Westminster Abbey" had been really a soldier instead of a professional cricketer, as he seems oddly to be fancied, he would have had little to do with "sword play." Would the sculptor have had sincerity enough to carve, and the public enough to like better, a significant revolver in the marble hand, since if the man fought at all with his hand, he fought better with his revolver than with his sword? I doubt if Ruskin were able to speak "sternly and deliberately," or any man able so to speak who does not feel the power of his own time throb under his fingers, and see the purposes that are in it. The critics of their own age from the platform of another age have often the belief that they so speak; but they seem to be essentially a feeble class; their roots are not in the earth.

In the mean while, one arrives at Hampstead by horse-car.

It is but a few steps from the end of

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LEIGH HUNT'S COTTAGE AT HAMPSTEAD
From an old engraving

the line to John Street and the house called "Wentworth Place," where Keats, leaving his lodgings in Well Walk, came to live with Charles Brown. It is a pleasant-looking house, with quiet porches and green lawns, now called "Lawn Bank." A more or less inaccurate notice, "John Keats lived here" between such and such dates, stands high up toward the front eaves, with a red circle around it,—inaccurate, because he lived there very intermittently.

More than half-way up the hill, with the tangle of Hampstead's streets, cross foot-paths, and open stairs about it, stands the parish church of St. John, and its churchyard. There was said to be a bust of Keats within, but a service was going on, of choir and organ alternating with the monotonous voice of the reader.

In European cathedrals and large churches the ordinary service appears to be independent of the congregation. It is an act of worship performed by the retinue of the cathedral at certain hours daily. Other people are concerned in it only so far as they may inwardly choose to be. It is not addressed to them. It is mainly hidden from them by the choir screen. The larger the building, the more you may go in and do what you like at any time. But the parish church of St. John was not large, and was well crowded that day. The voice of the reader sounded mechanical.

More than half the churchyard is across the narrow street, and there is George du Maurier's grave close to the railway, two posts and a horizontal board, somewhat carved and painted, with the lines on it from *Trilby*,

> A little trust that when we die
> We reap our sowing, and so, good-by!

And farther down the hill is the warm-looking brick house he lived in, now with a plate on the door signifying that it is used as a Home for Cripples.

The popular success of *Trilby* has led some critics to class du Maurier indifferently with the rest of our annual or biennial flowers of fame. Sudden rises prove little one way or the other, and a sudden subsidence need not be final. I keep a persistent belief that he is remembered, and will have his revivals, and eventually some kind of a place in literature; not because of plots—which perhaps he took most pride in—involving mesmerism, mutual dreams, or interplanetary inspiration, or because of his

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drawings, which perhaps are not greatly interesting in themselves; but because he felicitously remembered his childhood in France, and wrote a few snatches of verse with clinging qualities in it, and for those elements in his work that were most intimate to him. And so I think there may be a few, belonging to other generations, who will come with the vague purposes for which they do such things, to look through the iron railings to read,

> A little trust that when we die
> We reap our sowing,

and some to hope that we may so reap, and some, perhaps with more humility, to hope not.

A little more climbing up past the cemetery, and one comes to the edge of the Heath. At one time to the average Londoner it meant highwaymen and peril for his peaceful goings to St. Albans or more northern towns. Now it means a high open place convenient to go out to on a Sunday afternoon and breathe a bit of upper air.

A band was playing softly and pleasantly by the road-side. The crowd shifted and sauntered down the Spaniard's Road and around a little perched-up pond of problematical sources—horsemen, automobiles, carriages and bicycles, couples arm in arm, and clinging children. The day was cold and dim with mists.

In the southern end of the Heath is a bare hill, with a notable view on clearer days over London roofs to the dome of St. Paul's. It is called Parliament Hill by a circuitous logic, because of the Gunpowder-Plotters who gathered there to see the Parliament buildings go up in far-off and faint explosion, and knew not that their trusty Fawkes had gotten himself into trouble. Hard under the hill are several of the Hampstead ponds, and upward through the Heath run small valleys that have a bearing at least on these lower ponds, the problem of their sources, toward the solution of which Mr. Pickwick contributed "Speculations." At the head of one of these valleys is a small crowded village, and the village and the hollow in which it lies are called the Vale of Health. Leigh Hunt, of the *Carlyle Letters,* was an elderly man living in Chelsea by the Thames, five or six miles over across the chimney-pots, but he spent earlier



THE SPANIARD'S TAVERN, HAMPSTEAD
Original of the Maypole Inn of "Barnaby Rudge"

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WENTWORTH PLACE, WHERE KEATS LIVED WITH CHARLES BROWN

and even livelier years in the Vale of Health: a man resembling a grasshopper in several respects—in respect to a certain inveterate and natural greenness, eccentric movement, lively and persistent self-expression; in respect to a certain summary improvidence and trust in other insects who might have been plodding enough to have taken thought for the winter; finally, in respect that the grasshopper too has been said in due time to become "a burden." Just above the Vale of Health runs a road which forks immediately, and a short distance down the left fork stands the house where Chatham died. A little farther along the right fork, called Spaniard's Road, is the Spaniard's Tavern, which is the Maypole Inn of *Barnaby Rudge;* and Spaniard's Road, after going down hill from the Heath, goes up hill again, and finds itself, with other names, in Highgate, and near the end of the short, shady street called The Grove, three doors from the corner of which Coleridge lived all his later years, cared for by Doctor and Mrs. Gilman, growing old and fat and tremulous, and surrounding himself with a glimmering and twilight eloquence. Then it passes the end of a stately churchyard of terraces and cypress-trees, where George Eliot is buried; and plunges down a steep populous hill, between a cheerful rubble and stone villa on the one side — built by Charles for Nell Gwynn, and now offering mild, almost too innocent, refreshments to the London visitor—and on the other side a smoke-blackened heavy mansion, said to have been built by Cromwell for General Ireton. Such are the local memories.

It is a singular mixture—Leigh Hunt, Chatham, Barnaby Rudge, the highwaymen, and the Gunpowder-Plotters; Coleridge, George Eliot, Cromwell, and Nell Gwynn; Keats and du Maurier and the Kit-Cat Club: singular that one goes to Hampstead and Highgate on account of them. None of them are there, nor anything there that has a very important bearing upon them.

The band had disappeared, and a company of the Salvation Army was holding service in its place by the roadside. One of the black-and-red-bonneted women was praying in a high, strained voice. Spaniard's Road and the hill, with its pond and bordering houses, shifting crowd and group of uniformed worshippers, were isolated in the mist, shut away from London below on the south, and the valleys of Middlesex below on the north. The mist overhead was cold and

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gray. The tired, strained voice seemed to succeed—if this were success—in representing persistent humanity in a discouraged mood—discouraged that its long aspiration had had no more notable effect on cloaking mists. A man of the company marked the petitioner's paragraphs with loud "Amens." The crowd looked on curiously, with tolerant interest. A horseman rode splashing through the pond. A small white dog, falling into trouble, yelped and fled, but had no tail to express with propriety his discomfiture. The crowd looked at these too with tolerant interest.

Life is better and more wonderful than memorials and associations. Only here one seldom knows what is important and what is not.

Hampstead seems to have especially little bearing upon Keats, as little as that he was the son of a livery-stable-keeper and apprenticed to a surgeon. It is good for Dickens and Thackeray that you know your London, but little use to Keats, and less that you know Hampstead. He is as indifferent to localities as Milton. It was his own theory that he had no identity: "A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity. It is a wretched thing to confess, but it is a very fact that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature—how can it, when I have no nature?" His genius "possessed" him, as if it were that spirit whose name was "Legion." It is more rare in literature than among musicians to find so little of a definite personality extra-artistic, a body and mind which seem little more than a cage for some mysterious force that keeps thrumming strenuous music and will not let him rest. "For want of regular rest I have been rather *narvous,* and the passage in *Lear,* 'Do you not hear the sea?' has haunted me intensely," he writes, and adds the sonnet,

> It keeps eternal whisperings around
> Desolate shores.

Further on in the same letter:

"How can I help bringing to your mind the line, 'In the dark backward and abysm of time'? I find I cannot exist without poetry — without eternal poetry—half the day will not do—the whole of it. I had become all in a tremble from not having written anything of late—the sonnet over-leaf did me good. I slept the better last night for it—this morning, however, I am nearly as bad again."

His poetry has "style" in a sense that I find nowhere else so absolute, except in Milton; such continuous woof, such satin and damask and deep embroideries; but in prose he is either trivial or comparatively half-articulate; clever, a sound, even a subtle critic, but innocent of his own style. "The Eve of St. Agnes," or "Stanzas from Isabella," one meets with in the middle of one of his letters with bewildered surprise. Where did they come from, and what are they doing here, *dans cette galère,* these miraculous visitants with gold and purple garments?

He sends "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and remarks of—

> And there I shut her wild wild eyes
> With kisses four—

"'Why four kisses?' you will say. Why, four, because I wished to restrain the headlong impetuosity of my muse—she would fain have said 'score' without hurting the rhyme—but we must temper the Imagination, as the critics say, with Judgment." And "La Belle Dame" was almost a new kind of thing, and out of it is said to have grown a school of poetry. Or again: "I was nearly a fortnight at Mr. John Snooks' and a few days at old Mr. Dilkes'. Nothing worth speaking of happened at either place. I took down some thin paper and wrote on it a little poem called 'St. Agnes' Eve,' which you shall have as it is when I have finished the blank part of the rest for you. I went out twice at Chichester to dowager card parties."

And so the eve of St. Agnes was done forever, one of those "results slipped magically in." To fancy rather than to prophesy, it may — it will be apt to, as such things go, — last longer than Parliament or the Abbey, and be nearly the same when the Bank has fallen in; much as one repeats still, *"O fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro,"* and hears the murmur of the water only a little more faintly for the fading language, while the Senate and the Golden House and

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THE HOUSE AT HIGHGATE WHERE COLERIDGE SPENT HIS LATER YEARS

the Thermæ appear to have had but a thin consistency, something fragile of structure, something time had no great difficulty in breaking and melting down in the mass and substance of creation. And at the time Horace wrote to Mæcenas without doubt: "I have wasted an hour writing and rubbing down some verses about my spring on this wretched parchment you gave me, and another in watching the spiders swim in the water. Then certain elderly women came in, and by Juno! I've forgotten their names, but they were tiresomely spiteful and unskilfully painted. So one grows old and idle." He was kind and clever and worldly, and hated to be bored. I dare say he wrote much in that way to Mæcenas. "A good deal of buzz and somewhere a result." It is singular how the water seems to shine and murmur still. It was an ordinary spring, to begin with. And if there is any reason why such things cannot be done now and among New England or Pennsylvania hills and rivers, Hampstead does not know it, and has nothing to teach. Reasons there are possibly. If so, the reasons would seem more likely to be somewhere down there where London broods, steams, and mingles under its coverlet of fog. But even if you seek them there, you will find little of any importance or surety.

"In solitude, in a remote village, the ardent youth loiters and mourns,"—runs the passage in Emerson's *Literary Ethics*, something, in its manner, of the noblest of prose, "most musical, most melancholy."—"With inflamed eye, in this sleeping wilderness, he has read the story of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, until his fancy has brought home to the surrounding woods the faint roar of cannonades in the Milanese, and marches in Germany. He is curious concerning that man's day. What filled it? The crowded orders, the stern decisions, the foreign despatches, the Castilian etiquette? The soul answers—Behold his day here! In the sighing of these woods, in the quiet of these gray fields, in the cool breeze that sings out of these northern mountains; in the workmen, the boys, the maidens you meet,—in the hopes of the morning, the ennui of noon, and the sauntering of the afternoon; in the disquieting comparisons, in the regrets at want of vigor; in the great idea, and the puny execution; — behold Charles the Fifth's day, — day of all that are born of women!"

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Vigilia Alba

"White nights only half veiled by sleep."

BY JOHN FINLEY

WHITE is the night in the stark moonlight,
And white is the earth beneath;
White is the sedge that grows at the edge
Of the brook in its silver sheath;

And white are the trees; on their bended knees
They bow in their white-frost stoles;
They tell o'er their beads while a tall pine reads
The white mass over their souls.

The dark forest ways, now lit with the blaze
Of a myriad candles' glow,
Are crystal-paved aisles that lead through long miles
Of glist'ning pillars of snow.

The veiled meadows lie fresh shrived of the sky;
The uplands dream of the Yules;
The hills half-asleep, their white vigils keep;
The white queen the universe rules.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

AT the risk of seeming to burn incense at a neighbor's keyhole the Unreal Editor in the Easy Chair ventures his confession of the stimulative property of what the Real Editor in the Study has lately been saying about the literary, or non-literary, conditions in this country sixty or seventy years ago. The wholesome tonic of his frankness is something every one must feel, we think, after he has got it well into his system, and we shall all be the better for owning with him that the Americans of that period, though they had in them the making of the greatest commonwealth under the sun, had no vivid sense of the Republic of Letters, as it then existed mainly and almost quite outside of them. How their sense of it was awakened, and just when they conceived the notion of annexing it to their Republic of Interests and Enterprises, is one of the most attractive questions which the Real Editor's reflections invited us to put to ourselves, and it is one which we might all profitably ponder, without promising ourselves too confidently to answer. It implicates another attractive question, if the less may be said to implicate the larger, and that is the question of the æsthetic environment, which is always measurably proposing itself to him who thinks, or even him who only reads or looks. At this season, when the robust young year inspires each with a desire to renew himself at essential points, to begin over in vital matters, the question of where one ought to be born if one means to do or be anything worthy of note in the world is especially significant.

I

If it were not for the failure of so many who are born amidst everything that is refining and ennobling, and to all the advantages of ease and leisure for the highest instruction which environment could offer, the prenatal spirit planning an earthly habitat could not have a moment's hesitation, supposing it were allowed to choose, and were not overruled by what in some moods we call chance, and in other moods call Providence. It would naturally choose to find its earliest home in some place where its forecomers had established the highest and best conditions. If there is anything in the influences affecting childhood, the child born amidst the monuments of some famous city and ripened civilization ought to start in the race of life at the point where those who created his environment stopped. Sensibly or insensibly, or insensibly at first and sensibly afterwards, he ought to possess all the accumulated glory of the past, and to bear it increasingly to his own end, where his son should take it up, and carry it increasingly onward, and so on in the tale of the successive generations, till time should be no more. This is the plain law of heredity, the inevitable conclusion of logic. Nothing but experience has a word against it, and in the face of reason and science, it is very doubtful whether we ought to listen to experience. But if we do, we find that it is not the child born amidst the refining and ennobling influences who most feels them. It is some child born as far as possible from them, in the depths of woods, or amidst the solitude of hills, who comes up to the city, and knows its grandeur for his own, the mate of his swelling soul, the companion of his high ambition. He and not that other child, native to the home of civilization, is heir to its light. It is the alien born who takes the torch from it, and runs forward, and some other, equally remote and obscure in origin, receives the sacred fire from him.

There is something curious, we had almost said mysterious, in all this. It suggests that doubt of doubt which has of late overtaken the intellectual world, and stayed it in something like the old superstition that the Creator of men is also one of the modes of motion, that He is a will as well as a power, and a design as well as a law, dynamic as well as static. It seems to imply that, after all, though the means of beauty are without, the will of beauty is within each, according to the gift of each; for if it were otherwise the great cities, the homes of art, of literature, of law, of science, would be the

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birthplaces of the masters in those several sorts. They are so, however, so seldom that the men of great powers born to their advantages are of the rare exceptionality which irrefutably proves the rule against them. If now and then the nativity of some inspired being is vouchsafed to a capital, it is with an irony that might well be mortifying to the city's pride. Of all the great English poets Milton, distinctly middle-class, and Keats, distinctly lower class, were almost alone born in London. Chaucer, the son of a vintner, does little to dress the balance against the son of a scrivener and the son of a stable-keeper; and Pope, the son of a linen-mercer, does little more if he does not do less. Milton was, indeed, of an ancient family, but the city where he was born was not that mother to his genius which logically she ought to have been. The great cities are not prolific in gifted children; the men who are best able to profit by their hoarded beauty and splendor, are not of the race of cities. In other terms, cities are made by men, and not men by cities; and it is largely the law of the divine impulse transmitted to the inspired soul that it shall create its own means. It shall fashion its instruments as well as find its material, and shall rather find the riches in either an embarrassment.

II

Shall there not be schools, then, not libraries, not museums, not galleries, none of the effects of the creative impulse, but only and ever the impulse? Inevitably there shall be those things, and the cities must be their seats. But it appears that they who shall best know how to use them, shall not be they of their own household; they shall be strangers, coming from afar to the capitals, to Memphis, to Babylon, to Rome, to Paris, to London, to New York, to Chicago, to San Francisco, to Melbourne, and very likely Manila. That seems to be the law; for though there have been countries, as Germany and Italy, where each little region has kept its children to itself, it has been because each little region has been a little state, with no great capital anywhere, but many little capitals. Even in these countries the law of centralization is now more and more operative, and there will soon be no country in which the metropolis will not embody the national greatness.

The result, however, does not seem to affect the origin of the greatness. In all things of the mind the source of greatness, at least of inventive greatness, continues to be the country. Is it because the close association of men in dense and huge communities somehow dwarfs the natural powers? The moral powers it does not seem to dwarf, for the average of men are rather better in the city than in the country, the superstition to the contrary being now pretty well exploded. The chances are that the average boy or girl nurtured in the city will be better than the average boy or girl nurtured in the country. But the average boy or girl nurtured in the country seems of greater force than the city born and bred average of their kind. It might be fancied that there was some mystic property of the mother-earth infusing itself into her children and strengthening them through contact with her breast, which does not reach their souls where she is battened down with asphalt. All sorts of appreciations abound in the city, and these appreciations are the opportunities which power seeks. In this as in other things the cities are marts to which all must bring their wares if they would find them intelligently priced.

III

Why should the powers fail to perpetuate themselves in the atmosphere where alone they prosper? A great natural talent comes from the country to the city with the desire to be and to do swelling every vein and tightening every nerve; but having done and been in and for itself, the talent cannot transmit its divine longing. That seems to revert to the country after it has had its effect in the city, and left its record in an edifice, a picture, a statue, a book, a play, an opera, where the talents yet unborn come into the heritage of it. Some have imagined that they could change all this by taking the city to the country, and spreading its advantages thinly over it. This is done of course already by the universal distribution of literature, through the periodicals that penetrate to every house, and the books dispensed from the public li-

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braries. But in the other arts it is difficult almost to impossibility. No sufficient notion of a beautiful edifice, or a great painting or statue, or a play or opera, can be given to people who do not and cannot see them or hear them. So the masters yet unborn, who are hereafter to make the great works of art, must go without the full knowledge of them till they begin to make them. They must come to the city, for the city cannot come to them, and it is doubtful if the poet or novelist who remained in the country could become a great poet or novelist. When it is the question of schooling there the powers which it cannot originate, the city cannot impart itself. The law of centralization is supreme in this. In spite of universities of home study, the university which does the true work is that which summons the student from his home, as it always has done. In fact, the law of centralization seems to be increasingly in force, and even the little country school-house is falling into decay, while the central school sends out its emissaries and gathers in the children by wagon-loads and sleigh-loads to profit by its larger opportunities. It is only in this way that the city, or its spirit, goes to the country, while the country is evermore coming to the city, as it always has come.

Yet if you take any company of men important in any way, and inquire of their origin, you will find that nineteen-twentieths of them were born on the farms or in the villages. This is probably more so in America than elsewhere, and it is probably truer of the men now past their prime than of the men approaching it. In another generation it may be different, but it is not certain that it will be different. Rather the chances are the other way, for in the elder world, or at least that part of it which our race inhabits, strength comes out of the soil and not out of the pave. We of that race have built the greatest cities, but apparently to little purpose as the birthplaces of our artists and statesmen, our sages and saints, our scholars and poets. It is very illogical, but logic was never a strong point with the Anglo-Saxon race.

IV

The city continues to fleece the country in every way. No sooner does the country produce a great talent, such as the city is apparently incapable of producing, than it takes him from the country, quite as if he were a man grown so rich that he has no longer the hope of spending his money where he made it. He must go to town for recognition, for his own do not know him and cannot till he is known where the means of his fame as well as of his work exist.

There is perhaps compensation for the country in the fact that riches as well as talents must go to town in order to realize themselves, to enjoy the consciousness of being, through the opportunity the town affords. Wealth seeks the city as inevitably as talent, and the country is the better for the rich man's desertion, while he is the better for going, if the theory of the city's superior morality holds good here. He would be more corrupting, and therefore more corrupted, if he remained in the country. He could not buy the state he desires there without buying more the souls of the men that minister to it; for country people fall easily into subjection to the presence of luxury, and lose the self-respect of their poverty before it. This is very interesting, but it is rather apart from the inquiry we wished to make concerning the source of talents and riches, which ultimately seems to be in the soil.

That question remains in the perplexity in which we found it, after all our clarifying and disentangling endeavor. It appears that a child born where he could first wittingly open his eyes upon a noble square, framed in by palaces whose frescoed and sculptured fronts should face in gardened spaces a lovely fountain with groups of beautiful statuary glimpsed through the leaves and waters, ought to feel the impulse to creative art far more than a child that first looks out on a barn and a hen-house, with a pump in the foreground, and a woodshed straggling along in the middle distance, and some cattle emerging from the background; or on an empty village street, athwart a dooryard with the Monday's wash hanging out in it. Yet the chances immensely are that the farm-born or village-born boy will feel the divine influence which will not visit the soul of the city-born child; or if city-birth is not wholly alien to the creative will, that it

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shall stir in the spirit of some boy born in a mean house, on a back street, or over a shop, and not in the heart of a boy born in a palace on a noble square. As yet, no one can say why this should be, though no one can deny that it is so, and we venture with much modest misgiving a theory which will not perhaps hold half-way, if so far as that.

What the soul of man seems always to be craving is freedom to be itself, which it can be only through the chance of working out its own destiny. The souls of men are not always of the same size, any more than their bodies, and in this case we are supposing a soul above the average, a soul that at first unwittingly and then wittingly feels the longing to do something, to make something. We take this to be the nature and the evidence of the artist soul, and we will ask the reader to be so obliging as to agree with us on this point, for if he does not, the illustration must stop here. The point being granted, it is further our notion that at first the inventive soul, the artist soul, is much better for being sparely supplied even with the means of doing, of making, something. It was doubtless not for nothing that the Egyptians were empowered to require bricks without straw from the Hebrews; and who knows how much of the persistence of that potent Israelitish race may not have come from their triumphing in the hard task set them? At any rate the doing, the making, talent asks nothing better than to do, to make, with the least possible means. We see this proved in the behavior of even very ordinary children, who share the longing perhaps native to all until they lose it through the unwisdom of their elders, who have lost it so long that they cannot imagine any one ever had it. The ordinary child, like the extraordinary, much prefers the simplest toy, and, if possible, something it has itself found or fashioned, to the most elaborate and surprising plaything contrived for its amusement. The unwise elder is grieved to see this soon thrown aside and the child delighting in a shabby rag-doll or a lath-sword, about which it casts the glamour which fails to stick to the doll that walks and talks, and the sword that pulls out of a tin scabbard and dazzles the eye with its splendor.

It seems so with all that we do or make. The desire to do or make we have found somehow in ourselves, and we instinctively and passionately prefer its effect to anything ready-done or ready-made from the outside. This is the condition of our being inventors in any sort. There is a certain pride, stupid and ignorant if you will, which makes us love the thing utterly of our fashioning, and this love seems the tie binding us to the Creator who fashioned the universe out of nothing. It is a hardy virtue, however, that can be carried too far. After all, straw must have been a good thing in making the bricks of the Hebrews, though it is no longer employed in Gentile bricks, or ever was, so far as we know. The inventive spirit must not rest too long in inspiration, for that rest eventuates in ignorance. The country which can do, must come to the city and see what has been done. Then it must leave in the city what it does itself from generation to generation, that again and again forever the creative life of the country may come up and learn what has been created already. Perhaps educational training is ultimately only the enlightened application of the knowledge of what need not be done, the showing of the short way about. The inventive spirit already *feels* how, but still it needs to *know* how, and this is what the monuments teach, the cities teach. It is wisely ordered, no doubt, that the great capitals shall be few, and remote from the birthplaces of the doers, for if they were more and nearer they might be depressing and at last deadening. Who can say for certain that the decay of the artistic spirit in Italy may not have come from the diffusion in her many capitals of the masterpieces which awe as well as inspire? To be born in a land where you are liable at any step to stumble on a statue of Donatello, or a dome of Brunelleschi, or a palace of Sansovino, or a picture of Titian, may not that be a crushing misfortune? At any rate neither Donatello, nor Brunelleschi, nor Sansovino, nor Titian incurred it.

V

If we return from our long ramble, which we hope has not been too fatiguing for the reader, to the more immediate

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question of the state of literature among ourselves, we shall find interesting illustration of the thesis proposed rather than defended. We have lately seen in a country not naturally abounding in romantic facts a school of romantic fiction flourishing in a vigor which leaves the green bay-tree in its own shade, as it were. In other countries rich in the materials and facilities of romance, with princes and princesses a plenty in the past, and with actual royalties and nobilities to represent them in the present, the novelists do not now go a-gunning for game of that sort; but here, where we have never had anything nearer like them than their poor Indian equivalents, whom the discoverers and conquerors of the tribes were in rash haste to kill off, there has been such a battue that hardly any shining figure of the olden times has escaped a shot. It is wonderful how our simple republican romancers, many of whom are from the inland regions of the commonwealth, and twice removed from anything like actual knowledge of the existing royalties and nobilities, have imagined them; and, when quite young girls, have safely conducted their heroes through perils and adventures which might well appal the stoutest invention and shake the nerves of novelists inured to scenes of blood. It may be claimed, in furtherance of the theory advanced here, that a high practical ignorance of the ages and personages portrayed was a prime condition of the romantic inspiration, and that if the authors had known anything of even the modern substitutes for the princely and knightly figures of the past, their confections would have wanted that ingenuous touch which now gives them their charm. Again it is remoteness from the means which seems to be the condition of their inspiration, and it is probable that if they were confronted with these in abundance, their creative impulse would never have been felt. Apparently this cannot relate itself to anything like the life they have seen and known; their sublime destiny is far from that; and the state of mind created in their readers, and in the school of romantic criticism which flourishes side by side with the romantic school of fiction, is one which must be admired for an aristocratic splendor greatly exceeding that of contemporary thought in countries provided with actual royalties and nobilities. The criticism goes even beyond the fiction in its proud ideal. It demands that if the novelist will write about our own facts he shall choose those which are genteel, and native to the best society, so to speak. It cannot bear to have the middle classes introduced to its acquaintance. The exceptionally circumstanced can alone meet its fastidious want; it will not call upon an author who has not a man in livery to open his book to it.

One might imagine that this sort of criticism was written by swells, by the "prominent club-men" and the "leading society women" of our principal cities; but if our theory has anything at all in it the romantic critics are as remote from the social criterions by which they test imaginative worth as if they were in the depths of the country. Not only are prominent club-men and leading society women averse from literature, whether they are expected to read it or to write it, but their life has probably not the glamour for them which it has for the romantic critics. In their poor inarticulate way they must feel their collective unreality in it, and though they know nothing else, their romance is far thence: very possibly in the native environment of the reviewers who write the book notices exacting their presence in fiction, and who have probably come up from the rural districts and the back streets like the poets, the artists, the actors, the novelists.



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Editor's Study.

I

IN the perusal of Mr. Howells's recent volume, *Literature and Life,* we were naturally interested in what this author, who had had many years of editorial experience, had to say about the editor and the young contributor. The following paragraph arrested our attention:

"In my own case, I noticed that the contributors who could be best left to themselves were those who were most amenable to suggestion and even correction, who took the blue pencil with a smile, and bowed gladly to the rod of the proof-reader. Those who were on the alert for offence, who resented a marginal note as a slight, and bumptiously demanded that their work should be printed just as they had written it, were commonly not much more desired by the reader than by the editor."

It is usually the contributor who has gained some sudden success of the kind that implies no real literary distinction who takes this bumptious attitude, and who enjoys browbeating a publisher or "cornering" the editor who has been so unhappy as to have given hostage by acceptance. As a rule, it is the second-rate writer, with imperfect accomplishment, one whose work needs pruning, who most haughtily protests against the pruning-knife. Spoiled by a little popularity, he attaches a kind of sacredness to even his trivialities, and arrogates indulgence for a kind of expression which he calls virile, but which is really shameful or shocking.

The editor of this Magazine is of course not troubled by the worst of this sort of contributor, and very little by the best. He alludes to the subject at all mainly to express his pleasure as he recalls his almost uniformly satisfactory relations with his contributors, quite aware that he is thereby taking considerable credit to himself. For it is certainly quite as possible if not just as reasonable to suppose an editor capable of arbitrary exactions as a contributor of arrogance. In his position nothing is easier than to sin against the best art or to justly offend the sensibilities of authors, though his career of violence would be as brief as that of the too haughty contributor.

The best writer most respects his art, and it is not to be supposed that he will sacrifice anything essential to that, however gracious he may be in any lesser matter. The difference between him and the writer of inferior excellence is that he can see what is non-essential, and is gracious enough to sacrifice it to meet editorial suggestion or need. Often it is a real sacrifice; for though the use of the blue pencil may sometimes improve the art, in many cases it deletes passages which, though unnecessary, are yet beautiful and have cost labor. Yet it is just these unessential passages, though not of such excellence, that another writer will refuse to spare even when they confuse the perspective of his sketch, and their elision would be an improvement. The greater writer has the less conceit.

Some writers command a place, even in the best magazine, who have not attained perfection in their art. Otherwise the new contributor would have a slender chance, and the magazine would languish in all its fine tissues for lack of the infusion of new blood. We do not expect the new writer to be a perfectly equipped Athene fresh from the brain of Zeus. She—it is oftenest she, but just the same if it happens to be he—needs more or less editing. One of our most popular writers had no style to begin with and no syntax; but she had individuality, which in time would become style; and though the editor could not supply the lack in the mean time, he could make the syntax presentable, could prune away excrescences, and in other ways be helpful to the young writer. The living sketch was there in all its appeal; it only needed liberation.

Even after years of experience many writers are unequal in the excellence of their work. One author began with us about forty years ago, and remained with us to the end of her career. She never wrote a short story that could not be bettered by abbreviation, but in her nov-

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els the elision of a word would have been an appreciable injury. Her fame might easily have rested on the short stories she wrote before her greater undertakings, but after her novel-writing habit was fairly established it affected the construction of her short stories, and, as is often the case when the novelist undertakes short stories, no small canvas was adequate for the expansive elaboration. On the other hand, it often happens that a writer with a peculiar talent for the short story seems quite astray in the wider range of the novel.

Well, therefore, may the defects of the promising new writer be excused, but they cannot be wholly overlooked by the editor, who will point them out and, if possible, secure their correction. The temper of the writer is tested by his attitude toward such suggestions.

Genius is modest. Such boldness and *hauteur* as it naturally has is that which is characteristic of childhood, and lies next to grace and gentleness. Plasticity is a condition of the creative art, a soft violence, however mighty; and even in the structural development of genius, where there is so much hardness and resistance, a beautiful order is maintained, a mild though firm cosmicity, which is the very essence of modesty. It is not the part of modesty to yield to an untruth or to the arbitrary, unvital truth. It is at one with order, but also at one with liberty.

Why is it, then, that so many musicians and artists belong to the fractious *irritabile genus*? Perhaps it is because music is the most impersonal of all the arts. Certainly literature is the most personal, and the best writers are most inclined to the amenities. We do not forget the supposed alliance of great wit to madness, though we think it exists only in a small and separate class—a world by itself, of eccentric habit and unstable order.

But how is it with the great army of writers whose contributions are declined? The editor has no means of testing their temper save as they express themselves. Doubtless there are many writers who regard the unfavorable verdict as hostile, at least as unjust. If they have the courage of their convictions, they will try elsewhere—some of them with success, since what is deemed undesirable for one magazine may be wanted for another. The fact that they usually come to us again and again with new offerings seems to indicate anything but implacable resentment or even undue discouragement. It is true that now and then, after repeated failures, a writer turns, more in bewilderment than petulance, upon the editor and asks, "Why?" "I see," he or she says, "verses or stories no better than mine in other magazines, and even in yours. Why are these accepted and mine invariably declined?" There may be truth in this, or mere conceit. If truth, the editor may give some satisfaction by showing how, in his judgment and for his use, this writer's contributions have gone amiss—perhaps in the themes chosen for poems, or in the *motifs* of stories. But even this mild expostulation is infrequent. As a rule, the workers in this field are modest, if we may judge from the manner in which their offerings are made. The hostility of the editor to any contributor is an attitude too absurd to be thought of, and only in a very few cases does the rejection of a manuscript make an enemy of the contributor. The happiness of an acceptance is equally shared by the editor and the writer, and we would fain believe that the unpleasantness of rejection is for the contributor very much the same kind of feeling as is experienced by the editor, making due allowances for circumstances that give peculiar poignancy to failure.

II

Above the level plains of literature, which have many and varied charms, rise the eminences seeming almost like unattainable heights to the novitiate, to whom they are yet at once a challenge and an inspiration. Our figure is, however, quite misleading except as regards the one point of eminence. For the greatest writers are not far away and cold and imposing like mountain heights, whose fertility diminishes with altitude; rather they most of all invite the reader's intimacy, or, rather, gently compel it—this being, indeed, the chief advantage of their experience.

The writer finds his way to success by finding his way to this intimacy. Often the new writer is wholly astray from this

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path and seems an alien to the reader, if he ever has readers. He may try to win this intimacy in the wrong way, and the more signally fail because of his strenuous endeavor. This kingdom does not come by observation. The reader is most surely led if he can lose sight of his guide, hearing his voice only through the masques (the *personæ*) of his dramatic representation; though to the writer who is also a philosopher we are grateful for those rare moments when the masque is laid aside and the guide becomes an interpreter.

Such intimate vocation and appeal our readers have had from month to month in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," now nearing its conclusion. The appeal is made mainly, almost entirely, through the singular personality of Julie Le Breton—the most appealing type of heroine ever presented in fiction. Through or in relation to her also all the *dramatis personæ* have their disclosure to us. We see how this is in the opening chapter of this month's instalment. The coming of spring on the shores of Lake Como—how vividly it is shown within its "divine framework, between the glistening snows which still, in April, crown and glorify the heights, and those reflections of them which lie encalmed in the deep bosom of the lake"! And within this framework—this is the picture—"there's not a foot of pasture, not a shelf of vineyard, not a slope of forest, where the spring is not at work, dyeing the turf with gentians, starring it with narcissus, or drawing across it the first golden network of the chestnut leaves; where the mere emerald of the grass is not in itself a thing to refresh the very springs of being; where the peach-blossom, and the wild cherry, and the olive are not perpetually weaving patterns on the blue which ravish the very heart out of your breast. And already the roses are beginning to pour over the walls; the wistaria is climbing up the cypresses; a pomp of camellias and azaleas is in all the gardens; while in the grassy bays that run up into the hills, the primrose banks still keep their sweet austerity, and the triumph of spring over the just-banished winter is still sharp and new."

But all this stirring of the springtime has here its significance only as related to what there is in the heart and sense of Julie—a renewing force akin to that of the spring at its healing and life-giving work.

And we have here a deeper appreciation of this heroine: "Those who have been forced to seek with eagerness for some answer to those questions which the majority of us never ask, 'Whither is my life leading me?—and what is it worth to me or to any other living soul?'—those are the men and women who now and then touch or startle us with the eyes and the voice of Julie. If, at least, we have the capacity that responds. Sir Wilfrid Bury, for instance, prince of self-governed and reasonable men, was not to be touched by Julie. For him, in spite of her keen intelligence, she was the *type passionnel*, from which he instinctively recoiled. The Duke of Crowborough the same. Such men feel towards such women as Julie Le Breton hostility or satire; for what they ask, above all, of the women of their world is a kind of simplicity, a kind of lightness, which makes life easier for men. But for natures like Evelyn Crowborough—or Meredith—or Jacob Delafield—the Julie type has perennial attractions. For these are all *children of feeling;* allied, in this, however different in intelligence or philosophy. They are attracted by the storm-tossed temperament in itself; by mere sensibility; by that which in the technical language of Catholicism suggests or possesses 'the gift of tears.'"

It is a special moment of an author's comradeship with the reader at the turning-point of her story.

The distinction made by Mrs. Ward between the two classes of men and women brought into social relations with her heroine is as far-reaching as it is deeply drawn. It is the difference which we see everywhere between those who are simply sensible and those who also have sensibility. It is in the development of this sensibility that our human nature has its greatest exaltation. It is not a matter of the emotions alone, but of our intellectual and spiritual nature as well—indeed, especially of these. If it is associated with "the gift of tears," it has a still closer affinity to "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Mutiny of Barnacles

BY SEWELL FORD

IT was Mrs. Buckett who induced Captain Bastabol Bean to purchase a horse. Captain Bean, you will understand, had just won the affections of the plump Mrs. Buckett, relict of the late Hosea Buckett. Also he had, with a sailor's ignorance of feminine ways, presumed to settle offhand the details of the coming nuptials.

"I'll sail over in the dory Monday afternoon," said he, "and take you back with me to Sculpin Point. You can have your dunnage sent over later by team. In the evenin' we'll have a shore chaplain come round an' make the splice."

"Cap'n Bean," replied the rotund Stashia, "we won't do any of them things, not one."

"Wha-a-at!" gasped the Captain.

"Have you ever been married, Cap'n Bean?"

"N-n-no, my dear."

"Well, *I* have, and I guess I know how it ought to be done. You'll have the minister come here, and here *you'll* come to marry me. You won't come in no dory, either. Catch me puttin' my two hundred an' thirty pounds into a little boat like that. You'll drive over here with a horse, like a respectable person, and you'll drive back with me, by land, and past Sarepta Tucker's house so's she can see."

"But, Stashia, I 'ain't got a horse, never owned one, an' never handled one, and you know it," urged the Captain.

"Then it's high time you had a horse and knew how to drive him. Besides, if I go to Sculpin Point I shall want to come to the village once in a while. I sha'n't sail and I sha'n't walk. If I can't ride like a lady I don't go to the Point."

The inevitable happened. Captain Bean promised to buy a horse next day. Hence his visit to Jed Holden, the stable-man, and his introduction to Barnacles, as the Captain immediately named his prospective purchase.

As one who inspects an unfamiliar object, Captain Bean looked dazedly at Barnacles. At the same time Barnacles inspected the Captain.

Captain Bean tried to look critically at the old horse, but he met that calm, curious gaze and the attempt was hardly a success. However, the Captain squinted solemnly over him and remarked:

"Yes, he has got some good lines, as you say, though you wouldn't hardly call him clipper built. Not much sheer for'ard an' a leetle too much aft, eh?"

At this criticism Jed snorted mirthfully.

"Oh, I s'pose he's all right," quickly added the Captain. "Fact is, I 'ain't never paid much attention to horses, bein' on the water so much. You're sure he'll mind his helm, Jed?"

"Oh, he'll go where you p'int him."

"Won't drag anchor, will he?"

"Stand all day if you'll let him."

"Well, Jed, I'm ready to sign articles, I guess."

It was about noon that a stable-boy delivered Barnacles at Sculpin Point. His arrival caused Lank Peters, the Captain's confidential friend, adviser, and cook, to suspend peeling the potatoes for dinner and demand explanation.

"Who's the hoss for, Cap'n?" asked Lank.

It was a question that Captain Bean had been dreading for two hours. The time of confession was at hand.

Quietly and with no show of emotion, as befitted a sea cook and a philosopher, Melankthon Peters heard the Captain's revelations.

He permitted himself to chuckle guardedly. Intuitively the Captain understood that Lank had guessed of his surrender. A grim smile was barely suggested by the wrinkles about his mouth and eyes.

"Lank," he said, "the Widow Buckett an' me had some little argument over this horse business, an'—an'—I give in. She told me flat she wouldn't come to the P'int if I tried to fetch her by water in the dory. So I promised to bring her home by land and with a horse. I'm bound to do it, too. But, by time!" Here the Captain suddenly slapped his knee. "I've just been struck with a notion. Lank, I'm goin' to see what you think of it."

For an hour Captain and Lank sat in the sun, smoked their pipes, and talked earnestly. Then they separated. Lank began a close study of Barnacles' complicated rigging. The Captain tramped off towards the village.

Late in the afternoon the Captain returned, riding in a side-bar buggy with a man. Behind the buggy they towed a skeleton lumber-wagon—four wheels connected by an extension pole. The man drove away in

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"HE HAS GOT SOME GOOD LINES"

the side-bar, leaving the Captain and the lumber-wagon.

Barnacles, who had been moored to a kedge-anchor, watched the next day's proceedings with interest. He saw the Captain and Lank drag up from the beach the twenty-foot dory and hoist it up between the wheels. Through the forward part of the keelson they bored a hole for the king-bolt. With nut-bolts they fastened the stern to the rear axle, adding some very seamanlike lashings to stay the boat in place. As finishing touches they painted the upper strakes of the dory white, giving to the lower part and to the running-gear of the cart a coat of sea green.

Barnacles was experienced, but a vehicle such as this amphibious product of Sculpin Point he had never before seen. His ears pointed and nostrils palpitating with curiosity, he was led up to the boat-bodied wagon; reluctantly he backed under the raised shafts.

The Captain stood off to take an admiring glance at the turnout.

"She's down by the bow some, Lank, but I guess she'll lighten when we get aboard. See what you think."

Lank's inspection caused him to meditate and scratch his head. Finally he gave his verdict: "From midships aft she looks as trim as a liner, but from midships for'ard she looks scousy, like a Norwegian tramp after a v'yage round The Horn."

"Color of old Barnacles don't suit, eh? No, it don't; that's so. But I couldn't find no striped horse, Lank."

"Couldn't we paint him up a leetle, Cap'n?"

"By Sancho! I never thought of that!" exclaimed Captain Bean. "Course we can. Git a string an' we'll strike a water-line on him."

With no more ado than as if the thing was quite usual, the preparations for carrying out this indignity were begun. Perhaps the victim thought it a new kind of grooming, for he made no protest. Half an hour later old Barnacles, from about the middle of his body down to his shoes, was painted a beautiful sea green. Like some resplendent marine monster shone the lower half of him. It may have been a trifle bizarre, but, with the sun on the fresh paint, the effect was unmistakably striking. His color now matched that of the cart with startling exactness.

"That's what I call real shipshape," declared Captain Bean, viewing the result. "Got any more notions, Lank?"

"Strikes me we ought to ship a mast so's we could rig a spritsail in case the old horse should give out, Cap'n."

"We'll do it, Lank. Fust-rate idee!"

So a mast and spritsail were rigged in the dory. Also the lines were lengthened with rope, that the Captain might steer from the stern-sheets.

"She's as fine a land-goin' craft as ever I see anywhere," said the Captain; which was certainly no extravagant statement.

How Captain Bean and Lank steered the equipage from Sculpin Point to the village, how they were cheered and hooted

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"BREAKERS AHEAD!" SHOUTED LANK

along the route, how they ran into the yard of the Metropolitan Livery Stable as a port of refuge, how the Captain escaped to the home of the Widow Buckett, how the "splicin'" was accomplished—these are details which must be slighted.

The climax came when the newly made Mrs. Bastabol Buckett Bean, her plump hand resting affectionately on the sleeve of the Captain's best blue broadcloth coat, said, cooingly, "Now, Cap'n, I'm ready to drive to Sculpin Point."

"All right, Stashia. Lank's waitin' for us at the front door with the craft."

At first sight of the boat on wheels Mrs. Bean could do no more than attempt, by means of indistinct ejaculation, to express her obvious emotion. For a moment she gazed at the fantastic equipage and spoke not. Then she slammed the front door with an indignant bang, marched back into the sitting-room, and threw herself on the hair-cloth sofa with an abandon that carried away half a dozen springs.

For the first hour she reiterated, between vast sobs, that Captain Bean was a soulless wretch, that she would never set foot on Sculpin Point, and that she would die there on the sofa rather than ride in such an outlandish rig.

Towards evening the storm spent itself. The disturbed Stashia became somewhat calm. Eventually she laughed hysterically at the Captain's arguments, and in the end she compromised. Not by day would she enter the dory-wagon, but late in the evening she would swallow her pride and go, just to please the Captain.

It was a soft July night. There was a brisk but warm offshore breeze, and the moon had come up out of the sea.

"Ahoy there, Lank!" shouted the bridegroom as they moved out of the yard. "Can't we do better'n this? 'Ain't hardly got steerageway on her."

"Can't budge him, Cap'n. Hadn't we better shake out the spritsail? Wind's fair abeam."

"Yes, shake it out, Lank."

Mrs. Bean's feeble protest was unheeded. As the night wind caught the sail and rounded it out the flapping caused old Barnacles to cast an investigating glance behind him. One look at the terrible white thing which loomed menacingly above him was enough. He decided to bolt. Bolt he did, to the best of his ability, all obstacles being considered. Desperately Mrs. Bean gripped the gunwale and lustily she screamed:

"Whoa! whoa! Stop him, Captain, stop him! He'll smash us all to pieces!"

"Set right still, Stashia, an' trim ship. I've got the helm," responded the Captain through his teeth.

"Breakers ahead, sir!" shouted Lank, at this juncture.

Sure enough, not fifty yards ahead, the Shell Road turned sharply away from the edge of the beach to make a detour by which Sculpin Point was cut off.

"I see 'em, Lank."

"Think we can come about, Cap'n?" asked Lank, anxiously.

"Ain't goin' to try, Lank. I'm layin' a straight course for home. Stand by to bail."

Leaving the road with a speed which he had not equalled since the days when he

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had figured in "The Grand Hippodrome Races," his sea-green legs quickened by the impetus of the affair behind him, Barnacles cleared the narrow strip of beach-grass at a jump. Another leap, and he was hock-deep in the surf. Still another, and he split a roller with his nose.

"Ug-g-g-gh! Oh! Oh! H-h-h-elp!" spluttered the startled bride, and tried to get on her feet.

"Set down!" roared Captain Bean. Vehemently Stashia sat.

"W-w-w-we'll all b-b-be d-d-drowned, drowned!" she wailed.

"Not much we won't, Stashia. We're all right now, and we ain't goin' to have our necks broke by no fool horse, either. Trim in the sheet, Lank, an' then take that bailin' scoop." The Captain was now calmly confident and thoroughly at home.

Drenched, cowed, and trembling, the newly made Mrs. Bean clung despairingly to the thwart, fully as terrified as the plunging Barnacles, who struck out wildly with his green legs, and snorted every time a wave hit him. But the lines held up his head and kept his nose pointing straight for the little beach on Sculpin Point, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant.

Somewhat heavy weather the deep-laden dory made of it, and in spite of Lank's vigorous bailing the water sloshed around Mrs. Bean's boot-tops, yet in time the sail and Barnacles brought them safely home.

"'Twa'n't exactly the kind of honeymoon trip I'd planned, Stashia," commented the Captain, as he and Lank steadied the bride's dripping bulk down the step-ladder, "and we did do some sailin', spite of ourselves, but we had a horse in front an' wheels under us all the way, just as I promised."

A Villanelle

A VILLANELLE is apropos
For songs of love and songs of spring,
And ecstasies of morning glow.

For roses red and breasts of snow
And soft white arms that twine and cling,
A villanelle is apropos.

Each word and line is fashioned so.
Delicate as a wedding-ring,
Or as a maiden's virgin glow.

Alas! That poets grosser grow!—
For songs that bloom and flowers that wing,
A villanelle is apropos.

Love is my theme! The ways I go
Are April-flowering; so I sing
Of stars that gleam and eyes that glow.

And thus my song I fashion so.
No epic, ode, or sonneting;
A villanelle is apropos
For ecstasies of morning glow.

RICHARD KIRK.

The Three Brothers and the Infidel

A Filipino Story

IN Luzon there were three brothers whose names were Osto, Inzo, and Ilong. They were very poor, and earned their living by laboring in the rice-fields.

One day, as they worked up to their knees in mud and water transplanting the young rice, a messenger came and invited them to the marriage of their cousin, who lived in a distant town.

That night, as the three brothers sat together in their hut and talked about the wedding, they complained bitterly of their poverty, but could think of no way to improve their present condition.

"Let us start as three blind beggars," said Inzo, "and pray for alms from door to door, and I wager that before we reach our cousin's we shall have money enough to attend the wedding as three fine gentlemen."

"What nonsense you talk!" said Osto, the eldest brother. "The people would know our faces, and stone us from their doors. Let us start on our journey just as we are, and trust to our wits to better our fortunes."

The next morning at sunrise the three brothers set out for their cousin's wedding. Toward evening they were very hungry and tired, and crept into the edge of a bamboo thicket to rest.

"What is the use?" said Inzo, as he pulled out a thorn from the sole of his foot. "Our clothes are dirty and torn, and we haven't even enough money to buy rice. We might at least take some horses from these infidel Tinguians and save our feet."

"Stop your prating," said Ilong. "You are always saying foolish things. Some nimble young Tinguian would have your head in his head-basket before morning."

"Instead of complaining, listen to me," said Osto. "Do you see that Tinguian cleaning his plough in the field yonder, and the white ox tied to a tree not far behind him? Let us creep up and take the ox while his master is busy with the plough. I will untie the rope from the animal's nose and fasten it about my neck."

"Fasten it about your neck?" said Ilong, in wonder.

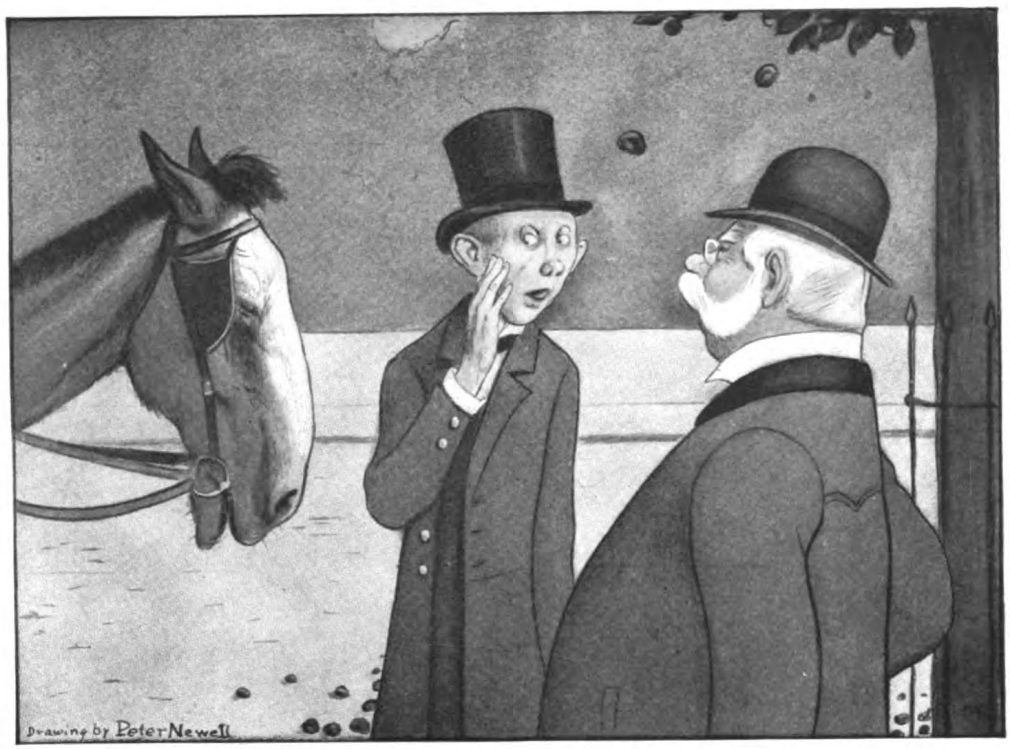
"Yes; and we must be quick about it or we shall be too late. You and Inzo lead the ox to the next town, and, when I have fooled this dog-eating Tinguian so that he will never suspect the truth, I will join you there, and we will sell our prize at auction in the market-place."

When the Tinguian had finished cleaning the plough and put it on his sled, he turned to untie his ox and bring him under the yoke. When he saw a man standing with the rope around his neck, he was much astonished, and said:

"How is this? Has my ox become a man?"

"Do not wonder," said Osto, spitting out a mouthful of grass. "Come nearer to me and I will tell you all about it."

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UNDER THE HORSE-CHESTNUT TREE

"What ails your horse? I never saw one quite so sad before."
"He finds them equine chestnuts, sor, a most terrific bore!"

The Tinguian came to the foot of the tree and squatted upon the grass.

"I was a man," said Osto, "but, because of a great sin which I committed, I was turned into an ox as punishment. Now I have atoned for my wrong-doing, and have been changed to a man again."

"It is not for me to question that," answered the Tinguian; "but it grieves me when I think of my half-ploughed rice-field and the large sum of money I paid for the ox."

"Well," said Osto, "you must trust that the all-powerful being who set me free will bring you better fortune the next time you buy an ox. Often, when I drew your plough through the rice-field until I was so weary that I could scarcely pull my feet out of the mud, I thought of my wife and little ones, and wept because I could not go to them. Now, kind sir, let me hasten to find them, for they must think me long dead."

The Tinguian's heart was touched, and he untied the rope from about the stranger's neck and set him free.

Now a plague had killed nearly all the cattle in the town where the brothers agreed to meet, and, when it was proclaimed that there was a fine ox for sale in the market-place, many men went to buy it. While they were bidding for the ox the Tinguian came to the market to buy salt. He could scarcely believe his own eyes when he saw the big white ox again; but, when he went nearer and the animal smelt him and began to low, he knew it was his own.

"The man must have sinned before he reached home," he said, "and he has been turned into an ox again. It is strange that a bad man should make such a good ox! If I tell these people that the animal is mine, nobody will believe a poor Tinguian; and if I buy him back it will take the half of my farm to pay for him. Besides, he may become a man again, and I would lose my money twice. I will buy my salt and hurry home, and have nothing more to do with this strange beast."

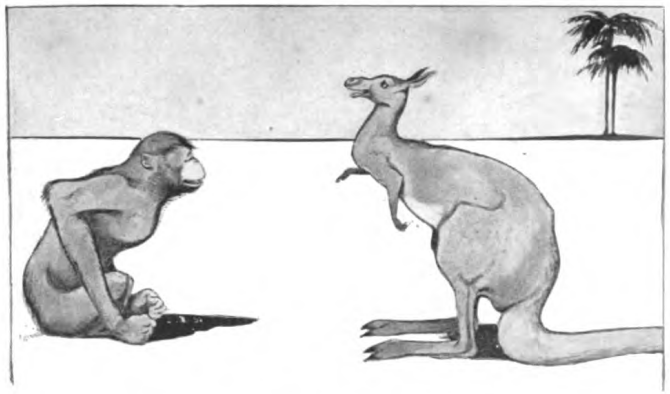
So the Tinguian said nothing, and the ox was sold to a rich man for much money. The three brothers bought hats and shoes and fine clothes for the bride, and hired the three swiftest horses in the town and rode away to the wedding. BRADFORD K. DANIELS.

Lucid

AN American woman in Japan bought a can of mushrooms, and found the directions translated into English as follows:

"Direction.—If several person will be to eat this in that manner they shall feel satisfied nutrition and very sweet or it can put in the hot water for the half hour and then take off the lid. They shall be proper to eat. It can be supply without putridity for several years." A. C. H.

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"I'm convinced," said the firm kangaroo,
"Short arms would be better for you."

Immolation

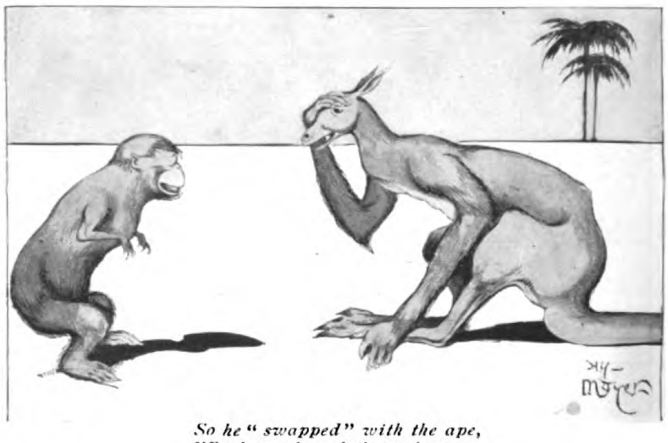
A VERY young minister, having charge of his first church, was preaching a series of sermons on the life and utterances of St. Paul. The last one of these was given just before taking his leave, and during his absence he expected to take unto himself a wife, his engagement having been announced.

After turning over the leaves of the Bible thoughtfully, he said, "I invite your attention this evening to these words of the great apostle, 'I am ready now to be offered up.'" F. S. B.

Momentary

WITHIN the last two or three years the much-beloved wife of the pastor of an Eastern church passed away. In something less than a year he had courted and married her successor. His friends and congregation thought him very expeditious, and on the next Sunday, when his text was announced, they could scarcely control themselves.

He rose in his place in his pulpit, and said: "My beloved brethren! You will find my text in the seventeenth verse of the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians,—'Our light affliction, which is for the moment.'"



So he "swapped" with the ape,
Which so altered their shape,
It made them excessively blue.

Old Maids' Happiness

RECENTLY a Winchester, Virginia, girl came to Washington to visit the parents of her *fiancé*. Upon her return home her old colored mammy came to see her, and said to her, "Honey, when's you goin' to git married?" The engagement had not been announced, so the young lady replied: "Why, I don't know, auntie; I am not even engaged. What do you think of that?" The old colored woman said, "Laws-a-me, but that suttanly am a pity, but, Miss Nancy, they do say that ole maids is the happiest critters there is, once they quits strugglin'."

When Betsy Comes Down Town

WHEN Betsy comes down town
From her remote suburban lair
There seems to blow a brighter air,
The grimy streets seem debonair
For touching of her gown;
And under muslin frills her feet,
As tiny and as silvery fleet
As some gazelle's, go tapping sweet
When Betsy comes down town.

When Betsy comes down town,
The musty volumes mountain-high,
The shelves where dust and papers lie,
Seem ill to suit a butterfly
Fresh from the meadow brown.—
But when she goes, a lingering light,
Reflection from the vision bright,
Makes everything divinely right
That seemed askew down town.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

A Natural Mistake

HE had recited to his class the story of Abraham entertaining angels unaware. Feeling that the children might not know the meaning of the word "unaware," he asked them if they did. One little hand went up promptly, and the smallest girl in the class said,

"The thing you wear next your skin."

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Where Would it Be?

IT was some twenty-five years ago, in one of the remotest rural districts of Arkansas, that the boys and girls in attendance upon the first school which had ever graced the community came presently upon the astounding information, contained in the one old geography which served them all, that the earth is round, and revolving on its axis once in twenty-four hours, as well as travelling entirely round the sun once in every year, which statement was received for the most part with scoffing incredulity.

The teacher professed himself ready to vouch for the truth of it, and endeavored to prove it, but he was a stranger in the community, and neither his assertion nor his demonstration met with implicit credence.

The discussion thus provoked reached a climax after service the following Sunday among the men and boys who gathered in front of the rude church for a social talk. Neither side being able to settle it conclusively, an appeal was made to a certain Uncle Hardy W——, who sat on a near-by stump, listening to the argument with a smile on his face. He was a backwoodsman, but a man of some strength of character and much homely wisdom, so that his opinion on any subject carried weight. Standing up and stretching his gaunt form to its full height, he said:

"I'm mighty glad you asked me, boys. I been a-thinkin' about this a good deal, and I jest believe I can settle it right here and now, so it won't never bother none of you no more. I'm jest going to show you so plain how it is, that the least little boy here can onderstand it. It ain't *so*, boys. The earth can't be a-flyin' through space like that book says. It don't stand to reason. Now listen at me. You have all seen a red-headed woodpecker a-settin' in his hole at the top of some tall dead tree"—a concerted nod was the response—"and you've all seen that woodpecker fly straight up in the air, away, 'way up in the sunshine, and ketch him a insect or sumthin', and fly straight back down to his hole.

"Well, now, I ask you, boys, *if* the earth was a-revolvin' round like you say at that fearful rapid speed, *when* that pore bird flew up in the air, away, 'way up, like I'm a-tellin' you, when he ketched his insect and turned to look for his hole, I ask you this, where would that hole be at?" J. W. H.

Reasoning

CAMILLA gives her busy days
To lectures, lunches, calls.
Her afternoons to matinées,
Her nights to routs and balls.
"You terrify your best of friends,
Burning the candle at both ends."
Camilla smiled, naïvely sweet,
"Why, that's the way to make them meet."



Optimism

CRIED a sensitive cat to an elephant fat,
Who sat in an onion-bed:
"This whole place doth reek with the odor of leek;
Pray does it not go to your head?"

Said the elephant fat to the sensitive cat:
"My dear, see you not where my nose is?
How can I be sad when my trunk is made glad
In the neighboring garden of roses?"

CHARLOTTE WILDER.

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Aunt Jane's Pet

AUNT JANE she bought a puppy sweet,—
She bought it down upon the street.
"Yis, lady, that air purp's well bred."
(I say just what the pup man said.)
"Yer ain't a-making no mistake—
A lady's pet that purp 'll make!"

But when it grew, would you believe?—
Dear me, how pup men do deceive!
(The poet quits here with a sob—
The artist must complete the job!)



The Suburban Child

THEY were suburbanites, and they sat at breakfast when a letter was handed to the mother, which she read with rapidly increasing consternation. "How unspeakably dreadful!" she exclaimed. "Cecilia Rodney's entire family has been practically wiped out. Her mother has died, and her father, her brother, and her cousin, all in the same month!"

ETHEL *(four years old, who in her brief career has experienced all the joys and woes of the suburbs)*. "Did the cook die too, mamma?"

L. M. S.

The Reason

A MAN in New York —call him Mr. Brown — is big and of a chubby aspect, and is the father of a more numerous family than is commonly found in New York. A visitor to his house said to his wife, "Do you notice how much Mr. Brown looks like Tom Reed?"

"I don't see it myself, but it has often been observed. When we lived in Washington Mr. Brown was often taken for Mr. Reed."

"Yet there is no resemblance in detail. It's all a matter of general effect."

"We noticed long ago in this family that the baby looked like Mr. Brown. So did the next baby, and the next, and the next, until I realized that it was not so much that the babies looked like Mr. Brown as that Mr. Brown looked like a baby."

"That's it! That's the secret of Mr. Brown's resemblance to Mr. Reed. Mr. Reed looked like a baby too."

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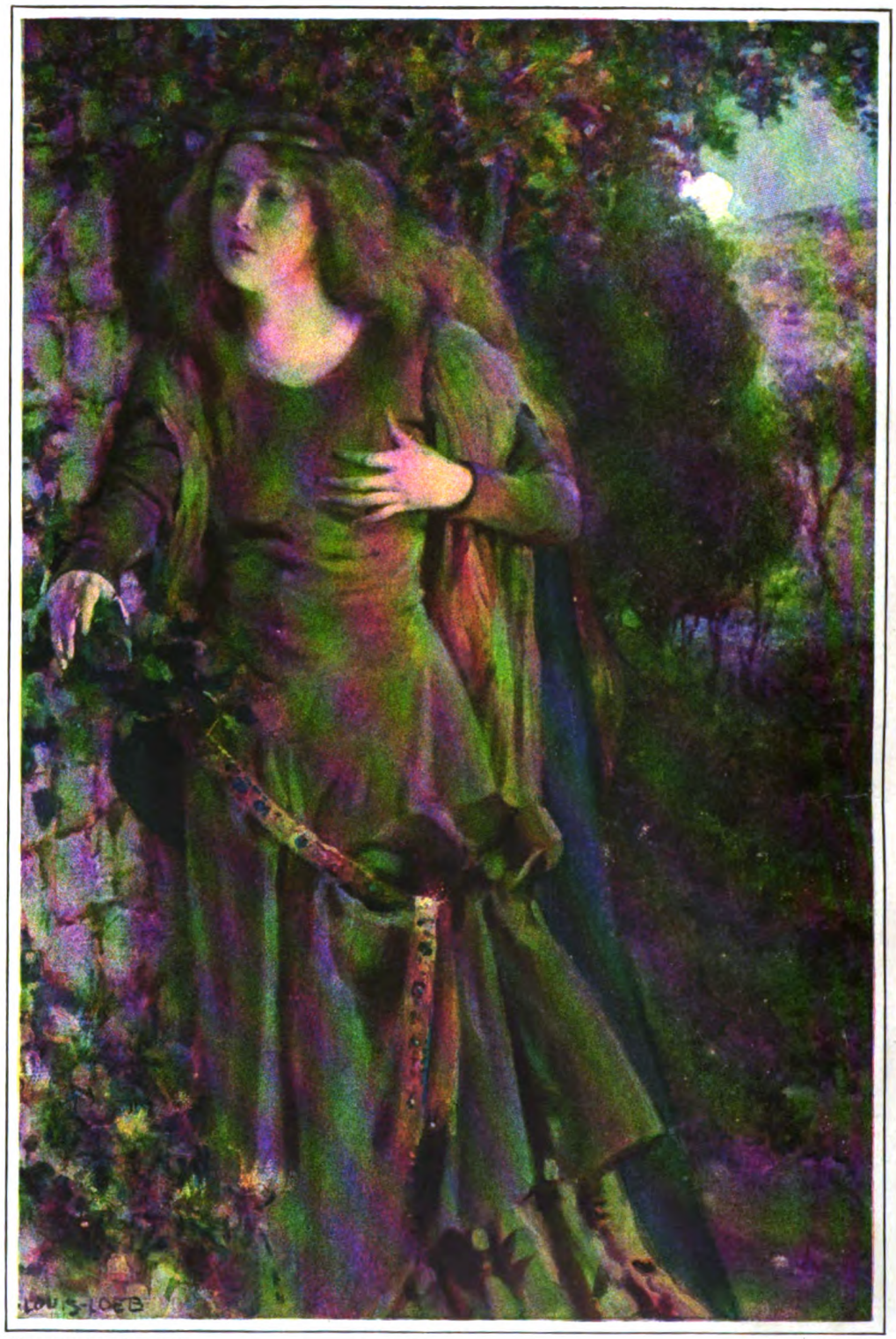


Illustration for "Cantator"

See page 789

"FORBEAR, THE SONG IS TOO SWEET"

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Economic Aspects of Mormonism

BY RICHARD T. ELY, Ph.D., LL.D.

Professor of Political Economy, University of Wisconsin

DURING their seventy years of existence, the Mormons, after various wanderings, now include some four hundred thousand human beings, comprising by far the greater proportion of the inhabitants of Utah, and spreading out from Utah over the adjoining country, north and south along the Rocky Mountain range from Canada to Mexico, and going beyond the boundaries of the United States, even, into both these last-named countries, with numerous settlements in Alberta, Canada, and Chihuahua, Mexico.

As the Mormons say in one of their publications: "Hundreds of settlements bedeck the mountain valleys. . . . on either side of a line which reaches fifteen hundred miles along the backbone of the American continent." In the mean time they have developed an economic and social life more or less peculiar. Is it not worth while to pass over the religious controversies connected with Mormonism and their outcome and examine into the achievements and manner of life of the Mormons, so far as these relate to economic and social matters? That is what is proposed in the present article. Attention will be given to the religion and polygamy of the Mormons simply as bearing upon the phases of life which it is proposed primarily to discuss.

As Mormonism is, first of all, a religion, any peculiar features in their economic and social life must be an outgrowth of religion and of church discipline. This must be kept clearly in mind by those who would understand Mormonism as it actually exists. Faith comes first of all, and the discipline which proceeds from religious organization rests upon faith. In regard to the faith of the people as a whole, there can be no doubt on the part of any fair-minded person who mingles with them.

The entire history of Mormonism from its organization up to the present time bears evidence of this faith. Upon no other ground is it possible to give a rational explanation of that history. Discipline has been rigidly maintained, and it is impossible to withhold a certain admiration for the manner in which they have clung to their doctrine against all opposition, whether proceeding from internal or external sources. The authority which percolates downward from the First President through the hierarchical priesthood has been rigidly maintained against all persons, regardless of any dissensions or schisms.

We find in Mormonism, to a larger degree than I have ever seen in any other body of people, an illustration of the individual who is willing to sacrifice himself for the whole, and it is a religious sanction which impels him to do so. On the other hand, the interests of the future are ever held in mind, and to them

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FIRST-CLASS DWELLING OF THE EARLY DAYS

the present is subordinated, the final goal being the millennium, and the setting up of the kingdom of the Lord in Jackson County, Missouri; for it is there that the great restoration is to take place.

So far as I can judge from what I have seen, the organization of the Mormons is the most nearly perfect piece of social mechanism with which I have ever, in any way, come in contact, excepting alone the German army. The Mormons, indeed, speak of their whole social organization as an army, the reserve being those at home, and the fighting force being the missionaries in the field. We have faith, authority, obedience, operating through this marvellous social mechanism, and touching life at all points, inasmuch as the Mormon creed recognizes no interest as external to the Church, and regards church and state as actually one.

We have thus given us the secret of the economic success which has been achieved by the Mormons. In 1847, moving from Nauvoo, Illinois, they made their way across the arid wastes of the Far West. They found their home among the mountains of Utah, a region so remote from the settled portion of the country that they believed they could set up a kingdom of their own without interference.

Anything drearier than the scene which must have greeted them when they reached the valleys among the mountains of Utah can scarcely be imagined. It was apparently a desert waste, covered with sage-brushes. They were obliged to depend upon themselves; but they had the strong leadership of Brigham Young, then Prophet and President, as well as "Pioneer and Commonwealth Builder," and with him were associated other forceful personalities. The leadership which the Mormons enjoyed, and the social cement of their religion binding them together and bringing about submission to the leadership, explain the wonderful achievements of the Mormons in making the desert blossom like the rose, and bringing modest and frugal comfort to their large fol-

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lowing. We have a marvellous combination of physiographic conditions and social organization in the development of Utah under the guidance of Mormonism. The agriculture pursued was irrigated agriculture, which for its success is dependent upon a compact society, well knit together. Individualism was out of the question under these conditions, and in Mormonism we find precisely the cohesive strength of religion needed at that juncture to secure economic success.

Agriculture was made the foundation of the economic life, and consciously so. Brigham Young discouraged mining and adventurous pursuits, because he had a theory of socio-economic development in accordance with which agriculture should come first, manufacturing second, and mining later. It was essential that food should be produced first of all, and also there was a desire that settled habits should be acquired. Another peculiarity of the situation, namely, that the land could be made to yield a harvest only by means of irrigation, has just been mentioned, and the Mormons thus became the pioneers of modern irrigation in the United States, the second great step being taken when Greeley, Colorado, was established. We find in these conditions many peculiarities differentiating Utah from the other arid States, and, indeed, from the country as a whole, although in the influence of religion there is a suggestion of many older movements of colonization. Agriculture was in Utah, and is still, the chief industry, whereas in other Western States it has frequently been subordinated to mining.

The Mormons had already practised co-operation in their former settlements in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, and it was manifest to them that they must act together in their new home among the mountains. The dangers from the Indians, as well as the dangers from the elements, and their pressing needs, brought them into close economic relationship. Their idea was first to establish centres of population in villages and cities, and to go out from the cities to cultivate the land. Salt Lake City, the pioneer settlement, has been typical, although, in minor details, there have been some variations in other settlements. Salt Lake City was divided into ten-acre blocks, and each block was divided into eight lots, so that within the city itself each owner should have an acre and a quarter to cultivate, and in the early days the cultivation of the home garden was a very important item in the maintenance of the family. First of all, in the settlement the central plot was reserved for common purposes. A fort was constructed, and within the fort the houses were built, the houses themselves constituting the walls of the fort. From this central reservation, the settlement extended outwards very quickly, as settlers increased, and dangers from the Indians disappeared. It was necessary at once to construct highways and build ditches, in order by these means to reach the timber in the mountains and to turn water on the land.

The co-operation in these works was frequently, and perhaps quite generally, informal, and it was always under the direct influence of the Church, through which came what has been termed the "cohesive strength of religion." Inasmuch as, according to the Mormons, all life is held to be sacred, and work under the guidance of the Church a religious act, it is not strange that, when it seemed to be the most pressing thing, any one of the leaders should in their religious gatherings speak about irrigation or bridge-building. Brigham Young, acting always under the guidance of the Lord, as he claimed, directed in detail works calculated to convey a common benefit. On Sunday, preaching in any settlement, such as Provo, for example, he might say, "Tomorrow I want one hundred men and fifty teams to meet and work on the irrigating-ditch." Or the forces might be rallied for the construction of a road into a canyon of the mountains. Generally, but not always, an account was kept of the work of each one, and if it was for an irrigating-ditch he was given a corresponding interest in the ditch. But the water was connected with the land, and the ditches were owned by the farmers. They were co-operative undertakings which were part and parcel of agriculture. Even to this day, the Mormons look with little favor upon speculative irrigating enterprises. In one important case, when a large ditch was constructed

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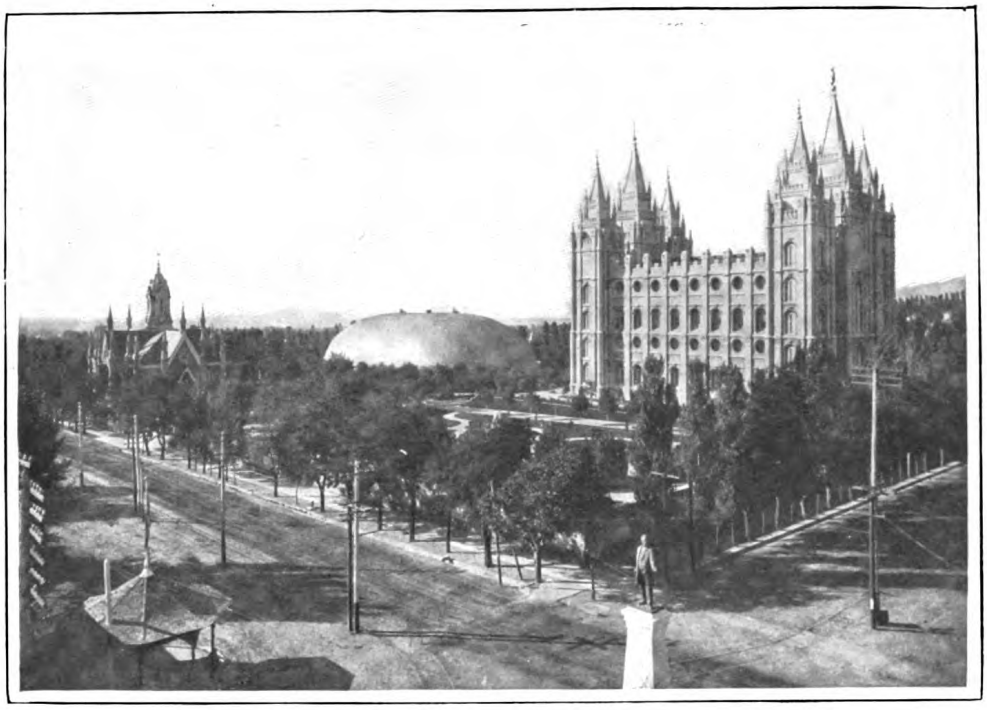
by capitalists, the farmers in the surrounding country simply starved the capitalists out by refusing to make any use of the water, and then they bought out the bankrupt enterprise at a low price. Water was by the early customs and laws of Deseret, as their State was first called, and then later by the Territory of Utah, held to be public property; and Professor Mead, in his work on irrigation, holds up the early practices of the Mormons as a model, from which they have departed in subsequent times only to their own disadvantage.

Co-operation in mercantile affairs did not become prominent until some twenty years after the migration to Utah. A great co-operative mercantile establishment in Salt Lake City, called Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, with the motto "Holiness unto the Lord," was organized in the fall of 1868. Soon in other centres co-operative stores were organized. At first the aim was to encourage in every way all heads of families to participate in these co-operative stores. One notable instance is furnished by the experience of President Lund, now associated with Joseph F. Smith as counselor in the "First Presidency," who conducted such a store in Ephraim, San Pete County. No one was allowed to hold more than one share of $100, and for a long time there was no other store in the place. This continued until Mr. Lund was sent to Scandinavia as a missionary in 1883. But what has happened in Ephraim is typical. The shares have been bought up in considerable numbers by the more prosperous people, and control has fallen into comparatively few hands, so that, while in every case an appreciable element of true co-operation persists, the tendency is for the establishments known as Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institutions more and more to take upon themselves the character of ordinary private ventures. The same thing is true with respect to other enterprises, as, for example, the great beet-sugar factory at Lehi. The Church, however, has a financial interest in a number of undertakings; the president of the Church is, as such, president of many of the most important corporations in Utah, and these enterprises are made to a great-



FIRST HOUSE ERECTED IN SALT LAKE CITY
(Still occupied)

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TEMPLE BLOCK AS IT IS TO-DAY

er or less extent to subserve the interests of the general cause. The large publishing company called the "Deseret News Company" belongs entirely to the Church, which is, take it all in all, a large holder of property. It is difficult to say, however, exactly what the financial status of the Church is, inasmuch as, in accordance with its principle of government from above, the financial reports are not published.

The present condition of co-operation among the Mormons is one which indicates retrogression rather than progress, and is not wholly encouraging to believers in co-operative principles. Yet co-operation floats before the minds of all the leaders as a goal, and they expect to advance much beyond any past achievement. Experiments are tried from time to time, here and there. Mrs. Susa Young Gates, daughter of Brigham Young, well known among the members of women's clubs, and a prominent writer among the Mormons, describes some co-operative experiments which have recently taken place in Provo, her home. She says: "The people of Utah have been brought up on co-operation. They came into the Territory in 1847 on a co-operative plan. One man had a wagon away out on the Nebraska frontier—where the Mormons had halted for winter quarters, after they had been driven from Nauvoo,—another had a yoke of oxen, and putting their forces together, they followed their leader, Brigham Young." Describing the construction of irrigating-ditches in the great Salt Lake basin, and the building up of Salt Lake City, she adds: "In this co-operative way every city and town in Utah has been settled. When there is a new town to locate and settle, a group of families go out together; together they dig the canals and make the water-ditches; together they build the schoolhouse and the church; together they plough and plant and suffer and enjoy." She then goes on to describe a co-operative kitchen which has proved a failure, and a co-operative bakery which still exists in Provo.

But the ideals of the Mormons go much farther than co-operation as ordinarily understood. They seem to have, like Plato, a first-best state and a second-best state. They have ideals approaching in some measure those described in

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Plato's Republic, and also those described in his Laws. Their first-best state is pure communism, and is called the Order of Enoch, or United Order. This is nothing less than complete communism, working together, living together, having all things in common like certain early Christians.

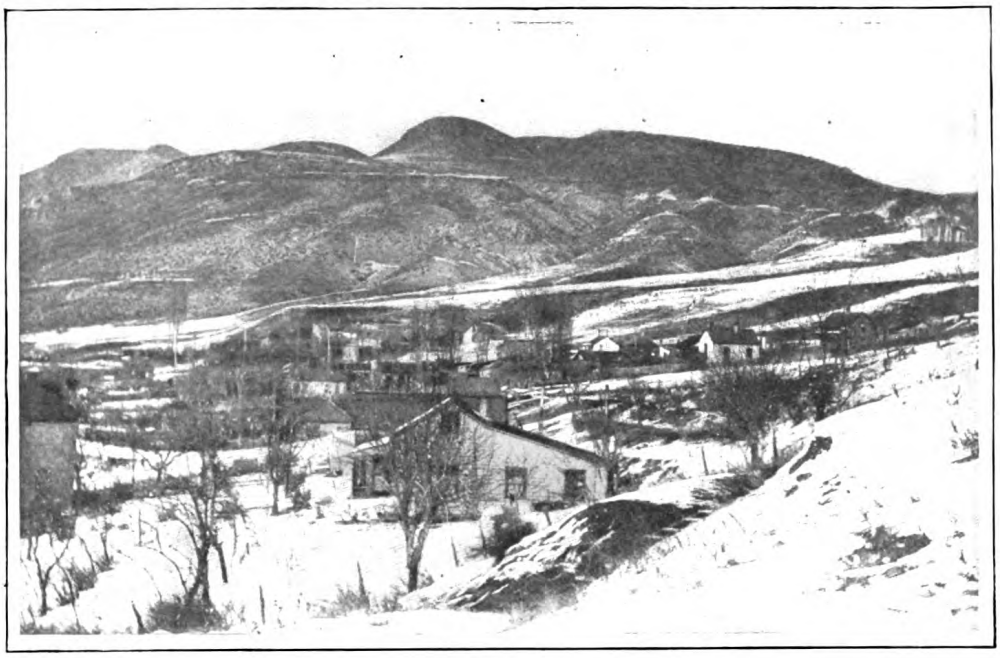
Some attempts have been made to establish the United Order, the most notable of which was at Orderville, Utah. These attempts had only a very limited measure of success, and have been abandoned temporarily, on account of the "hardness of men's hearts," as they might say. The United Order was very dear to Brigham Young, and in one of his sermons towards the close of his life he spoke about it as an ideal, and told his hearers that it would be easy to establish the United Order if his followers only had a sufficient measure of obedience. The United Order was revealed as a true ideal to the Prophet Joseph, as he claimed, in 1831. It is necessary that this United Order should be established in order to fulfil the mission of Mormonism. Mrs. Gates told me, in a conversation in her home at Provo, that the United Order occupied a large place in the thoughts of her father during his last years, and that the obstacles which had been thrown in his way in the establishment of this order had weighed upon him as a heavy burden at the last. The plan was that a man should deed all his property to the Church, and receive back a stewardship. It is said that not only were there difficulties on account of the unripeness of the Mormons themselves, but also on account of the laws of the land regulating the inheritance of property. Those high in the councils of the Church, however, maintain to this day that the United Order is coming.

Their second-best state is one based upon a far-reaching recognition of common needs, involving a generous provision for all public purposes, and also for all classes in the community requiring help, especially the aged. Private property and private industry are maintained, but at every point in all activities the guidance of the Church is supposed to be felt. Moreover, in this second-best state the tithing system occupies an essential position as a substitute for the complete communism of the United Order.

The second-best state also means a strong and vigorous effort to maintain an approximation to equality of opportunities, and to the confinement naturally following therefrom of inequalities within moderate bounds. In the early days in Utah, Brigham Young, and the authorities who acted with him, exerted themselves vigorously to prevent the speculative withholding of land from use, and the taking up of town lots simply for the sake of the increase in value, while the endeavor was to limit the appropriation of agricultural land to what could be well used, or, to employ a legal phrase, taken from irrigating practice; it was desired, and no doubt frequently proclaimed as the will of the Lord, that no one should take a greater area or quantity of natural resources than he could put to "beneficial use."

At the present time the Latter-Day Saints are, as some of their leaders lament, in a condition which is inferior to the ideals of the second-best state. Co-operation languishes, the wealthier and more enterprising Mormons vie with the Gentiles in absorption of natural resources, and the gaps between economic classes are widening. The tithing is probably paid as punctually and as honestly as ever, although frequent exhortations to fulfil this obligation are, of course, still necessary. In Salt Lake City it would appear, upon reliable authority, that Mormons not infrequently call upon Gentiles for relief, and that they are compelled to utilize the public charitable institutions. They seem in that city in many particulars to be following the practices which are common among the rest of us. It is said, with apparent truth, that, as a rule, the faithful are provided for by the Church. A teacher who has lived for two years in a part of Wyoming, where the Mormon influence is stronger and less modified by Gentile influence, along with very vigorous criticisms of polygamy and certain moral shortcomings attributed to it, bears testimony to the beneficial effects of Mormonism in its economic aspects. She states that in a city containing about 5000 population, a Mormon "can always rely upon his brothers in the faith, or, if

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A TYPICAL LABORING-MAN'S SECTION IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF SALT LAKE CITY

need be, upon the Church itself. Brotherly kindness is extended to strange Mormons who come to the city. They need only make themselves known, their trade and desire to work, and the news is passed around until employment is found.

It is also true that, even at the present time, industry and thrift are inculcated as cardinal duties. This holds generally. The teacher just quoted says: "Another source of strength is constant industry. I have never seen either a lazy Mormon or one who is considered a pauper. To be engaged in productive industry, however humble, is a cardinal principle of Mormonism. Since early marriages and large families are the rule in that locality, the majority of Mormon families are poor. In many cases the mother, or mothers, and older children help earn the living, while still smaller children attend to the household duties and care for the babies. The Church makes it the duty of parents to see that the children learn a trade. Though habits of industry are instilled by precept and example, the wise admonition of the Church is often neglected."

What is asserted by this teacher finds confirmation in their hymns,—and it may be observed that in studying any strange people it is always well to examine their songs as self-revealing expressions of the inner life. In the Latter-Day Saints' Sunday-school Hymn-book we find, for example, the hymn "The Bees of Deseret," in which diligence is praised, the chorus reading as follows:

> Workers are we: no idlers here
> Shall live among our busy, happy band;
> We gather honey all the year,
> And plenty can be found on every hand.

Nevertheless, the experience of the teacher quoted was exceptional, and cannot be regarded as a safe generalization based on wide observation. The Mormons have in many cases come from the lower classes of Europe, and among them we find people of very limited mental capacity and of inferior physical vigor. These did not come to Utah because they had enterprise and initiative, but because the Church had induced them to emigrate by allurements of land-ownership and plenty, and assisted them in their journey. While the indolent are exceptions to the rule, one does undoubtedly find shiftless and lazy people among them. One fair-minded correspondent with the widest experience says:

"Considering the material that the

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A TYPICAL EARLY-DAY MORMON HOUSE

Mormons have worked with, they have made the most of it, and this is sufficient praise." My own experience is, to be sure, limited, but so far as it goes it harmonizes with the statement of this correspondent when he writes: "I don't believe that, taken as a whole, the Mormon irrigated districts are as well farmed as are the best irrigated districts in Colorado, California, or Wyoming. As a rule, they are not so energetic nor progressive. Nowhere in Utah is there a district as well farmed as the one around Greeley, Colorado."

The Mormons have from the beginning laid as much emphasis on education as any religious denomination in this country, and aim to inculcate their views of the life that now is, and of the life that is to be.

When there was no separation between church and state, and the Mormons had all things their own way, the common-school teachers taught their religious views. Now that Utah has come into the Union, under an approved Constitution, the efforts to teach the young have been scarcely relaxed. Every Sunday their young people meet in Sunday-school, where they have lessons in the Book of Mormon, and also in the Bible. They are baptized at the age of eight, and at a very early age begin to take an active part in religious work. Every one of any force holds an office in the Church. A large majority of the men are elders, and the women are active as teachers. Roughly speaking, every Mormon, male or female, can talk in public meeting, and pray and sing. It

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is simply astonishing to the outsider when a lad of perhaps fifteen is called upon as "Brother Edmunds" or "Brother Jones," as the case may be, and asked to lead in prayer. The lad steps forward, raises his right hand, and prays as glibly as the pastor of a great congregation in a Gentile city.

The whole territory of Utah is divided into primary units called wards. Each ward has its own meeting-house and its Sunday-school. In the Sunday-school, services begin with the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The Lord's Supper is also celebrated at the evening service in the ward meeting-house. In the afternoon there is a great gathering in the Tabernacle. Frequent meetings are held during the week, and especial mention should be made of those under the auspices of the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations. It is said that at these gatherings social and economic topics, and all questions bearing upon the common life, are discussed. I attended a meeting of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, in which, however, attention was given exclusively to the history recorded in the Book of Mormon. A bright-faced matron, possessed of a quiet and pleasing voice, opened with the statement that they were to begin a study of the history which had been entrusted to them, the Latter-Day Saints, alone among all the peoples of the earth. The study was chronological, and was taken up as seriously as is the history of the American people in a university.

The boys and girls also have classes, once a week, after school hours, in their meeting-houses. They sing and pray and study the lives of their leaders. In the meeting of the "Primary Association" which I attended, the lives of the presidents of the Church were being studied. That afternoon attention was given to Wilford Woodruff, and the children were called upon to mention incidents in his life, which was treated quite as seriously as the life of George Washington would be in a public school. Brigham Young left a large part of his fortune to establish colleges or academies, and we have an important one at Provo and another at Logan. In Salt Lake City they have what is called the "Latter-Day Saints University," which, it is hoped by many, will crown the educational system of the State. The aim of these academies and colleges and this university is, very largely, to give instruction in the lines "which are not fully provided for in the State system of education." The catalogue of the Latter-Day Saints University adds this statement: "As its motto, 'The Lord is my light,' may indicate, moral and religious instruction occupies a prominent place in its course of study." It is desired to give the students, "as far as possible, an understanding of the plan of salvation revealed by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." It is added also, "Nothing that is contrary to the laws of the land shall ever be taught in said institution."

The training of the missionaries for going out into the world is one of the prominent aims of all these higher institutions of learning controlled by the Mormons. The Mormons regard their missionary system as an important part of their educational work. The Mormon missionaries go into all parts of the world, learn the chief foreign languages of our time, and come into close contact with many different kinds of civilizations in all their varied aspects. They return to their homes confirmed in the faith because they have been preaching it, but with large cosmopolitan experiences, a broad outlook in some particulars, and augmented knowledge. Doubtless there is no city in the world where so large a proportion of the residents have had such a wide and varied experience in travel and observation as Salt Lake City. It is thought that this must have a very strong and beneficent influence upon the development of Mormonism in its economic and social features.

Music is cultivated assiduously, and pride is taken in the magnificent organ in the Tabernacle, which, it is said, is perhaps unsurpassed, and in the Tabernacle choir, consisting of several hundred voices. This Tabernacle choir won distinguished recognition in a contest at the World's Fair at Chicago. Doubtless there is no other city of the size in the Union where one can hear a larger number of excellent and fairly trained voices.

The theatre is also favored, and the

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construction of a theatre in Salt Lake City was one of Brigham Young's enterprises. Members of his family have taken part in theatrical performances, and Brigham Young delighted to attend plays in the theatre which he constructed. Recently a play has been written called *Corianton,* designed to propagate Mormonism, and a company has been organized to present the play as a missionary enterprise. It does not, however, seem to have been received with favor, but it is interesting and instructive to notice the fact.

Closely associated with education is recreation, which has always been favored by the Mormons. They hold dances in their ward meeting-houses, and attempt to provide for those needs of our human nature which find expression in recreation. They believe in recreation itself, but also they seek to provide recreation through the agency of the Church in order to keep their young people together and to prevent alliances with Gentiles.

A few words should be said about polygamy in the past and in the present, in its economic and social aspects. In the early days, it was expected that the strong and vigorous, the resourceful and the economically capable, should take several wives. When a man's wealth increased, the suggestion came from the Church authorities that an additional wife could be supported. Besides this, it must be remembered that early marriages and large families, even in the case of monogamous marriages, have always been regarded as even more than commendable—indeed, as a duty laid upon the faithful. This appeared to encourage plain living, frugality, and industry, and to lessen economic differences. Even a moderately rich man, with four or five families, would be obliged to live carefully. On the other hand, the Gentile influence, with the growth of fashion and luxurious living, — for which this influence is only partly responsible,— operates against polygamy. It is frequently said that fashion itself must have killed polygamy, apart from any action of the United States government, inasmuch as the Mormon men, it is alleged, find it all they can do to support one wife and her children as soon as the desire to lead a fashionable life and to follow the customs of the world once fairly enters and takes possession of a family. This is one of the economic and social aspects of polygamy.

But there is still another aspect of polygamy which the student of society cannot fail to notice, and that is the weakening of the influence of the father who divides his time among his various families. The following incident throws a strong side-light on this feature of polygamy. A teacher, suggesting to a pupil to talk over a matter which had arisen in school with his father, received the reply, "I can't do it, because papa isn't staying at our house this week." The father is not a constant companion, but a visitor who appears from time to time and is clothed with supreme authority over wife and children. Is it possible that a condition like this can fail to produce disastrous results, particularly in the case of children inclined to be wayward, who need constantly a gentle as well as a strong hand to guide and restrain them during the perils of childhood and youth?

Another defect may perhaps be traced at least in part to polygamy, and that is the striking absence of spirituality as an element in the faith of the Mormons. This juxtaposition of faith and a sort of hard materialism is to me a puzzling phenomenon. Possibly I may be mistaken in my belief that spirituality is strangely lacking, but it appears to be in harmony with the observation of many sojourners among them; and I believe it will impress itself upon the well-disposed but impartial visitor. There seems to be something in the practice of polygamy and in the advocacy of it which is adverse to the development of the finer sides of human nature. This gives us additional cause to rejoice in the prospect that the blot of polygamy will in time be entirely removed, and that it may no longer serve to suppress the better feelings and emotions of those who are under the influence of Mormonism.

Every one who has been in Utah and the surrounding country knows that polygamy is still practised, and that practically no effort is made to conceal it. On the other hand, it is certain that very few new polygamous marriages are contract-

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ed in the larger centres. It is asserted, however, by the Gentiles, that in Mormon settlements thirty or forty miles away from the railway, plural marriages are still contracted. Moreover, no Mormon claims that the views of the Church respecting the righteousness of polygamy have changed. It would seem probable, however, that as time goes on, and as a generation of young people grow up under the influences of monogamy, the actual forces in the Church against plural marriages will be so strong as in themselves to prevent their reintroduction.

The subject of Mormonism is, in every way, such a large one that it has been possible to throw out only a suggestion here and there. This is an immense country, and the more widely one travels in it, and the more carefully one studies its economic and social life, the more one is impressed with the fact that it is a tremendous task to understand the American people in such a way as to explain the nature of their actions, and the course which they are pursuing, and the forces at work directing them. Certainly among these forces Mormonism must be recognized as one, and one of real significance. A Japanese statesman recently used language somewhat like this: "I cannot understand the short-sightedness of you Americans. When you talk about the Philippines and about Mormonism, you think about the present, or what is going to happen next year, or the year after. What has the statesman to do with that? Sometimes you may look ahead twenty-five, or thirty, or even fifty years, but that is an insignificant period in the life of a nation. We in Japan do not take any step without asking ourselves what the result will be two hundred or three hundred years from now."

The struggle between Mormon and non-Mormon is still going on, and those who are active in this struggle find it difficult to do justice to one another. The Gentiles engaged in it feel very keenly concerning Mormonism, and the evils which, in their opinion, result from their ideals of the family, and the loosening of moral ties, among the Gentiles as well as the Mormons, attributed thereto, and also concerning the political influence of the Mormons, about which they have no doubt.

As to the first point, it is, of course, the doctrine of polygamy which has always aroused the chief antagonism, and contact with Mormonism on the part of the outsider seems almost invariably to strengthen this antagonism. It has been a curse to them and to our common country, a cause of indescribable misery and wretchedness, and a source of moral degradation; a sin against the better knowledge of our age and the light brought us by the very progressive revelation of truth in which they themselves profess to believe.

When we turn to politics, the Gentiles call attention to the great engine of power which the Saints possess in their closely knitted and compacted priesthood, reaching from the First President, the chief Prophet, to the bishops in the wards and to the teachers under them. The disposition of every Mormon is known, and it is said that, with their social mechanism, word can be passed down from the highest authority in the Church to the individual voters between sundown of the day preceding election and the time for casting the ballot, and the whole population vote as directed. The Church is divided into various political parties, and even the Socialists have gained a sufficient foothold to make themselves heard among the Mormons. It is stoutly asserted, however, that all this counts for nothing, and that the Mormon vote is cast as the interests of the Church may demand. Like many another institution which has something to gain by politics the Mormon church always seeks to have within its organization those who belong to every party of influence.

It cannot be surprising, then, that there is this antagonism and this bitterness of feeling which lay a writer open to suspicion on the part of the belligerents if he attempts simply to be fair.

This article has, as already stated, not attempted to deal primarily with anything except the economic and social aspects of Mormonism, and when we deal with this side of Mormonism we are dealing with what to the non-Mormon must be regarded as the strongest side. We have its economic services in opening up a vast portion of the American continent, once regarded by leaders of the na-

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tion, like Daniel Webster, as an utterly worthless region, about which it was not worth while that we should in any way concern ourselves, and for which least of all was it worth while to make any sacrifice.

We have also the economic services of the Mormons in taking from a condition of poverty and dependence thousands of poor people in all parts of the earth and making them independent landholders, so that now Utah is conspicuous among all the States of the Union for home ownership, and for a relatively small amount of mortgage indebtedness. The Mormons profess to love the country as a whole, and I found the flag of the Union occupying a prominent position in the ward meeting-house where I attended Sunday-school. They love their home among the mountains, and this comes out again and again in their hymns. Zion and Mount Zion are to them like Jerusalem to the Israelites of old, and thus they sing:

> From Zion's favored dwelling
> The gospel issues forth,
> The covenant revealing
> To gather all the earth.

It is praiseworthy to love one's home, and to devote one's self to the economic upbuilding of a great land, in accordance with one's power. Is anything, after all, to be gained by blinking the facts, or by a failure to recognize the good in those who, on the whole, may exercise a malignant influence upon our destinies? If we separate the good from the evil, shall we not have more force to persuade when we speak about the evils which we must, nevertheless, recognize?

The Mormons believe that they are themselves true descendants of Abraham, the fact of their conversion to Mormonism being a proof of Israelitish origin. They study the Old Testament, they look upon themselves as saints "in these latter days," and they have faith that they are to inherit the land. Certainly it would be in harmony with the genius of their religion and with the fierce spirit that sometimes breathes in their religious songs to drive out the rest of the inhabitants of this country, as the Israelites drove out the Canaanites from Palestine, and to enter into their inheritance, and prepare for the coming of the Lord as the Ruler of their Zion. As one listens to their weird and martial songs, one cannot help wondering what the outcome will be, but he is a wise man indeed who could follow the advice of our Japanese statesman and take measures with reference to this outcome three centuries hence.

The World

BY S. E. KISER

IT'S a little world in which to hide,
When foolish men do wrong and flee:
It's a narrow place and a foot-worn place
For him who tries to leave disgrace
Behind him and conceal his face
From those who in their righteous pride
Frown down on his depravity.

It's a big, wide world for those who try
To do what righteous deeds they may:
Oh, myriads are the ways that wind
Through unknown scenes where men may find
Each day new chances to be kind—
It's an endless world for those who vie
In clearing wrong and woe away.

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The Seamless Robe

BY H. CHRISTIAN TROUTMAN

I

THE slant sun of early morning stretched long shadows across the crooked Jerusalem streets. The thoroughfares on the outskirts of the city were deserted—strangely silent and empty; but from the distant centre of the town rose the sullen murmur of many voices.

A door on one of the side streets opened noiselessly, and a Roman soldier stepped out into the narrow roadway. In his right hand he carried his centurion's spear, and in his left a massive brass shield. The sun glinted brightly on his burnished breastplate and accoutrements as he paused irresolutely on the threshold; he hesitated a moment, then turning impetuously, he leaned his spear and shield against the wall and re-entered the house, closing the door softly after him.

Within, a single room served as kitchen, living-room, and bedchamber. In one corner, near a small open window, a woman bent wearily over a pallet of woven straw. The soldier stepped swiftly and noiselessly across the room and stood beside her—so noiselessly that the woman started as she saw him by her side.

"Not back already, Gaulas?" she queried.

"Nay, Leda," he answered, brokenly; "I have not gone—I cannot, and leave him so."

He bent over the pallet and looked anxiously into the hot, flushed face of a boy of twelve. There was no response—no answering light of recognition in the wide, unseeing eyes.

"Oh, Gaulas," urged the woman, anxiously, "thou canst do naught here, and if thou goest, it may be that thou wilt draw a prize in the lottery of the criminals' belongings—are there not three condemned for the crucifixion to-day?—then we can buy the herbs and wines our boy must have. They do say," she continued, eagerly, "that this Magician can turn water into wine and a stone into bread. Might he not perchance do yet more wondrous things? Might he not turn the crosses into gold, or the stream of the mount into pure silver? Or it may be that there is magic in his garments, and that they will fall to thy share. Go quickly, Gaulas," she entreated, "for it is already the fifth hour. But hasten back with thy gains so soon as it is over, for unless something be done—"

Her voice wavered and broke, and bending over the child, she caressed his burning forehead with cool hands. . . .

Gaulas looked again at the sick child, his great hands clinched tightly, then he turned, opened the door, and went softly out.

II

The road to Golgotha, the hill of crucifixion, was thronged with a surging, clamorous rabble—men, women, and children. In the centre of the jeering mob walked the three condemned criminals, surrounded by a cordon of Roman soldiery with Gaulas at their head. Two of the criminals walked with trembling steps, cowering beneath the taunts and ribald jests of the crowd; but the third walked with serene and dignified composure, and—but for the infinite sadness of the eyes—seemingly oblivious of the insults and indignities of which he was evidently the prime object. He was clad in a linen garment woven without a seam, white and spotless as when first donned, although it had been worn throughout his imprisonment and trial—white and spotless save for a dust stain on the right shoulder,—that shoulder which had borne until it could bear no longer the intolerable burden of the cross he had been made to carry. On his bowed head, pressed down and encircling his forehead, was a mock crown rudely plaited of thorns. Behind him walked one of the populace, a stalwart Cyrenian, who had been compelled

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to relieve the chief criminal of his cross. He staggered under the weight—it taxed even his sturdy shoulders.

III

It was the eighth hour. In the strange, chill dusk the three crosses, with their distorted burdens, stood out starkly against the faintly luminous sky. At the foot of the central cross crouched four of the soldiers. They were casting lots for the garments of him who had called himself King. The stake was the seamless robe that he had worn.

Gaulas stood by, watching impatiently. He had waited many anxious moments for his turn to cast for the coveted stake, —that prize whose winning meant so immeasurably more to him than to the others, especially as he had failed to win the bag of shining copper coins which had been taken from the first of the three whom they had stripped.

As he waited, a moan broke from the lips of the Figure dimly outlined on the cross above him; and though the sound was in no wise strange to Gaulas, who had seen many a criminal die on the cross, there was that in the cry which was like a keen knife at his breast. A sponge lay near a vessel of hyssop—impulsively he dipped it in the liquid, and fixing it upon the point of his spear, he held it up to the lips of the fast-dying Crucified. Gaulas wondered if the Man tasted any of the hyssop. He could not quite see; but as the aromatic herb touched the drawn lips, the eyes opened and looked down through the gathering gloom into his. Gaulas stood spellbound.

When they called to him to play his turn in the lottery, he obeyed as one awakening from a trance. Abstractedly he took up the dice and cast them before him on his shield. As if from a distance, he heard them cry out that he had thrown the winning combination, and that the precious robe was his. The dawning realization of his success brought with it a shock of joy, and he came to himself again to find the earth shuddering and cracking under his feet, and the blackness above vomiting livid lightnings.

Through the tumult and nameless terror of that awful darkness Gaulas and the panic-stricken multitude fled, stumbling and cursing, toward the city gates. The storm had abated somewhat when they finally found themselves within Jerusalem; and Gaulas, guarding jealously his prize, turned toward his home, making his way warily through the intense and oppressive gloom. The look of those luminous eyes still haunted him. He remembered that he had heard a Jewish priest ironically reading aloud the inscription on the central cross. Could it have been so? Gaulas wondered. "The King of the Jews? Who, then, was Cæsar? The King of the Jews!"—the phrase mystified him. Vaguely disquieted, he walked on through the dusk.

Before him loomed the Jewish Temple —just around the corner and he would be home. He would stop there for a moment, then on again to sell his prize and purchase the necessary medicines for his son. But what was that he saw before him? It had grown lighter, and he could see that the great curtain of the Temple had been rent apart, exposing the mystic Holy of Holies. He stopped, amazed. Within was the precious gold-covered box, the two golden figures kneeling upon it, and between them a lambent, flickering flame, which, as he watched, glowed more and more brightly, till it irradiated the whole interior of the sacred place. Involuntarily, Gaulas turned and looked behind him; surely somebody had spoken the phrase aloud—"The King of the Jews"; but no one stood near him, though the voice had seemed at his very ear. He looked again into the Temple, but could not see clearly, for the light had died.

IV

Within Gaulas's home a woman crouched over a pallet of straw, sobbing softly. That terrible midday darkness had seemed to her an omen that could portend but one thing. If only Gaulas would come!

"Gaulas! Gaulas!" cried Leda, despairingly, as the child grew cold. "Why dost thou not come!"

The cry struck to his heart as Gaulas entered the room. Hastening to the pallet in the corner, he bent over it and took the fragile, gasping body in his arms.

"Not that way, Gaulas!" wailed Leda, as he turned toward the open door; "not into the air!—he said he was cold."

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The child had stopped gasping now; but for a slight twitching of the muscles of the white face, he lay quite still in Gaulas's arms. Seizing the robe, Gaulas wrapped it hurriedly about the boy's body; he did not notice that the stain upon the white linen, marking the spot whereon the cross had rested, covered the almost stilled heart. . . .

"Leda! Leda!" he called, amazed. "The boy lives again! See!"

The mother started from the floor, where she had thrown herself in an agony of grief. She looked long and with trembling suspense into the child's face, then gathered her son into her arms.

V

Gaulas and Leda sat side by side on the door-stone in the fragrant spring twilight, watching the flow of health into the little body. The moon was shining with true Eastern brilliancy when the mother finally rose and carried the child back to its pallet, still wrapped in the seamless robe.

"Leda," called Gaulas through the open door.

"Hush," she cautioned, softly. "He sleeps."

"Leda," he continued, lowering his voice, "that *was* the King of the Jews."

The child stirred and smiled.

The Centurion

BY ETHEL CLIFFORD

SINGING of victory through the night
I go, and the stars above my head
Shine on my sword that fought the fight,
And shine on the eyes of the sleeping dead.

Over the terrible field of war,
Past the harvest of silent slain,
I meet the wind that blows from far
And sings as I of the fight again.

Carrying only my gleaming sword
I go as a god with winged feet
And sing of victory. Mars, the lord
Of battle, judge if my song be sweet!

How shall they know, the fallen dead,
If I tell them not, how the day is gone?
They followed once where their leader led,
But now they sleep and I go alone.

What if for them no dawn is near?
They have known the battle and fought the fight.
And through the walls of sleep they hear
The song of victory through the night.

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Marlitt's Shoes

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

I

THROUGH the open window the spring sunshine fell on Calvert's broad back. Tennant faced the window, smoking reflectively.

"I should like to ask a favor," he said; "may I?"

"Certainly you may," replied Calvert; "everybody else asks favors three hundred and sixty-five times a year."

Tennant, smoking peacefully, gazed at an open window across the narrow courtyard, where, in the sunshine, a young girl sat sewing.

"The favor," he said, "is this: There is a vacancy on the staff, and I wish you'd give Marlitt another chance."

"Marlitt?" exclaimed Calvert. "Why Marlitt?"

"Because," said Tennant, "I understand that I am wearing Marlitt's shoes. And the shoes pinch."

"Marlitt's shoes would certainly pinch you if you were wearing them," said Calvert, grimly. "But you are not. Suppose you were? Better wear even Marlitt's shoes than hop about the world barefoot. You are a singularly sensitive young man. I come up town to offer you Warrington's place, and your reply is a homily on Marlitt's shoes!"

Calvert's black eyes began to snap, and his fat, pink face turned pinker.

"Mr. Tennant," he said, "I am useful to those who are useful to me. I am a business man. I know of no man or syndicate of men wealthy enough to conduct a business for the sake of giving employment to the unsuccessful!"

Tennant smoked thoughtfully.

"Some incompetent," continued Calvert, "is trying to make you uncomfortable. You asked us for a chance; we gave you the chance. You proved valuable to us, and we gave you Marlitt's job. You need not worry: Marlitt was useless, and had to go anyway. Warrington left us to-day, and you've got to do his work."

Tennant regarded him in silence; Calvert laid one pudgy hand on the doorknob: "You know what we think of your work. There is not a man in New York who has your chance. All I say is, we gave you the chance and you took it. Keep it; that's what we ask!"

"That is what *I* ask," said Tennant, with a troubled laugh. "I am sentimentalist enough to feel something like gratitude toward those who gave me my first opportunity."

"Obligation's mutual," snapped Calvert. The hardness in his eyes, however, had died out. "You'd better finish that double page," he added; "they want to start the color work by Monday. You'll hear from us if there's any delay. Good-by."

Tennant opened the door for him; Calvert, buttoning his gloves, stepped out into the hallway and rang for the elevator. Then he turned:

"Don't let envy make things unpleasant for you, Mr. Tennant."

"Nobody has shown me any envy," said Tennant.

"I thought you said something about your friend Marlitt—"

"I never saw Marlitt; I only know his work."

"Oh," said Calvert, with a peculiar smile, "you only know his work!"

"That is all. Who is Marlitt?"

"The last of an old New York family; reduced circumstances, proud, incompetent, unsuccessful. Why does the artist who signs 'Marlitt' interest you?"

"This is why," said Tennant, and drew a letter from his pocket. "Do you mind listening?"

"Go on," said Calvert, with a wry face. And Tennant began:

"'DEAR MR. TENNANT,—Just a few words to express my keenest interest and delight in the work you are doing,—not only the color work, but the pen-and-ink.

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know what we think of *your*
is not a man in New York
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e chance and you took it.
t's what we ask!"
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"CAN'T YOU GIVE MARLITT ANOTHER CHANCE?"

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You know that the public has made you their idol, but I thought you might care to know what the unsuccessful in your own profession think. You have already taught us so much; you are, week by week, raising the standard so high; and you are doing so much for *me,* that I venture to thank you and wish you still greater happiness and success.

MARLITT.' "

Calvert looked up. "Is that all?"

"That is all. There is neither date nor address on the note. I wrote to Marlitt care of your office. Your office forwarded it, I see, but the Post-office returned it to me to-day. . . . What has become of Marlitt?"

Calvert touched the elevator-bell again. "If I knew," he said, "I'd find a place for—Marlitt."

Tennant's face lighted. Calvert, scowling, avoided his eyes.

"I want you to understand," he said, peevishly, "that there is no sentiment in this matter."

"I understand," said Tennant.

"You think you do," sneered Calvert, stepping into the elevator. The door slammed; the cage descended; the fat, pink countenance of Calvert, distorted into a furious sneer, slowly sank out of sight.

II

Tennant entered his studio and closed the door. In the mellow light the smile faded from his face. Perhaps he was thinking of the unsuccessful, from whose crowded ranks he had risen,—comrades preordained to mediocrity, foredoomed to failure,—industrious, hopeful, brave young fellows, who must live their lives to learn the most terrible of all lessons—that bravery alone wins no battles.

"What luck I have had," he said, aloud to himself, walking over to the table and seating himself before the drawing. For an hour he studied it; touched it here and there, caressing outlines, swinging masses into vigorous composition with a touch of point or a sweeping erasure. Strength, knowledge, command, were his; he knew it; and he knew the pleasure of it.

Having finished the drawing, he unpinned the pencil studies, replacing each by its detail in color,—charming studies executed with sober precision, yet sparkling with a gayety that no reticence and self-denial could dim. He dusted the drawing, tacked on tracing-paper, and began to transfer, whistling softly as he bent above his work.

Sunlight fell across the corner of the table, glittering among glasses, saucers of porcelain, crystal bowls in which brushes dipped in brilliant colors had been rinsed. To escape the sun he rolled the table back a little way, then continued, using the ivory-pointed tracing-stylus. He worked neither rapidly nor slowly; there was a leisurely precision in his progress; pencil, brush, tracer, eraser, did their errands surely, steadily. Yet already he had the reputation of being the most rapid worker in his craft.

During intervals when he leaned back to stretch his muscles and light a cigarette his eyes wandered toward a window just across the court, where sometimes a girl sat. She was there now, rocking in a dingy rocking-chair, stitching away by her open window. Once or twice she turned her head and glanced across at him. After an interval he laid his cigarette on the edge of a saucer and resumed his work. In the golden gloom of the studio the stillness was absolute, save for the delicate rustle of a curtain fluttering at his open window. A breeze stirred the hair on his temples; his eyes wandered toward the window across the court. The window was so close that they could have conversed together had they known each other.

In the court new grass was growing; grimy shrubbery had freshened into green; a tree was already in full leaf. Here and there cats sprawled on sun-warmed roofs, sparrows chirked under eaves from whence wisps of litter trailed, betraying hidden nests.

Below his window, hanging in heavy twists, a wistaria twined, its long bunches of lilac-tinted blossoms alive with bees.

His eyes followed the flight of a shabby sparrow. "If I were a bird," he said aloud, "I'd not be idiot enough to live in a New York back yard." And he resumed his work, whistling.

But the languor of spring was in his veins, and he bent forward again, sniffing the mild air. The witchery of

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spring had also drawn his neighbor to her window, where she leaned on the sill, cheeks in her hands, listlessly watching the flight of the sparrows.

The little creatures were nest-building; from moment to moment a bird fluttered up toward the eaves, bearing with it a bit of straw, a feather sometimes, sometimes a twisted end of string.

"It's spring fever," he yawned, passing one hand over his eyes. "I feel like rolling on the grass;—there's a puppy in that yard doing it now—"

He washed a badger brush and dried it. Perfume from the wistaria filled his throat and lungs; his very breath, exhaling, seemed sweetened with the scent.



A WINDOW, WHERE SOMETIMES A GIRL SAT

"There's that girl across the way," he said aloud, as though making the discovery for the first time.

Sunshine now lay in dazzling white patches across his drawing. He blinked, washed another brush, and leaned back in his chair again, looking across at his neighbor. Youth is in itself attractive; and she was young,—a white-skinned, dark-eyed girl, a trifle colorless perhaps, like a healthy plant needing the sun.

"They grow like that in this town," he reflected, drumming idly on the table with his pencil. "Who is she? I've seen her there for months, and I don't know."

The girl raised her dark eyes and gave him a serene stare.

"Oh yes," he muttered, "I see your eyes, but they tell me nothing about you. You're all alike when you look at us out of the windows called eyes. What's behind those eyes? Nobody knows. Nobody knows."

He dropped his hand on the table and began tracing arabesques with his pencil-point. Then his capricious fancy blossomed into a sketch of his neighbor,—a rapid idealization, which first amused, then enthralled him.

And while his pencil flew he murmured lazily to himself: "You don't know what I'm doing, do you? I wonder what you'd do if you did know? . . . . Thank you, ma belle, for sitting so still. Won't you smile a little? No? . . . . Who are you? What are you? —with your dimpled white hands framing your face. . . . I had no idea you were half so lovely! . . . . or is it my fancy and my pencil which endow you with qualities that you do not possess? . . . . There! you moved. Don't let it occur again." . . . .

He passed a soft eraser over the sketch, dimming its outline; picked out a brush and began in color, rambling on in easy, listless self-communion: "I've asked you who you are and you haven't told me. Pas chic, ça. There are thousands and thousands of dark-eyed little things like you in this city. Did you ever see the streets when the shops close? There

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are thousands and thousands like you in the throng;—some poor, some poorer; some good, some better; some young, some younger; all trotting across the world on eager feet. Where? Nobody knows. Why? Nobody knows. Heigho! Your portrait is done, little neighbor."

He hovered over the delicate sketch, silent a moment, under the spell of his own work. "If you were like this, a man might fall in love with you," he muttered, raising his eyes.

The development of ideas is always remarkable, particularly on a sunny day in spring-time. Sunshine, blue sky, and the perfume of the wistaria were too much for Tennant.

"I'm going out!" he said, abruptly, and put on his hat. Then he drew on his gloves, lighted a cigarette, and glanced across at his neighbor.

"I wish you were going too," he said.

His neighbor had risen and was now standing by her window, hands clasped behind her, gazing dreamily out into the sunshine.

"Upon my word," said Tennant, "you are really as pretty as my sketch! Now isn't that curious? I had no idea—"

A rich tint crept into his neighbor's face, staining the white skin with carmine.

"The sun is doing you good," he said, approvingly. "You ought to put on your hat and go out."

She turned, as though she had heard his words, and picked up a big black straw hat, placing it daintily upon her head.

"Well! — if — that — isn't — curious!" said Tennant, astonished, as she swung nonchalantly toward an invisible mirror and passed a long gilded pin through the crown of her hat.

"It seems that I only have to suggest a thing—" He hesitated, watching her.

"Of course it was coincidence," he said; "but—suppose it wasn't? Suppose it was telepathy,—thought transmitted?"

His neighbor was buttoning her gloves.

"I'm a beast to stand here staring," he murmured, as she moved leisurely toward her window, apparently unconscious of him. "It's a shame," he added, "that we don't know each other! I'm going to the Park; I wish you were;—I want you to go—because it would do you good! You must go!"

Her left glove was now buttoned; the right gave her some difficulty, which she started to overcome with a hair-pin.

"If mental persuasion can do it, you and I are going to meet under the wistaria arbor in the Park," he said, with emphasis.

To concentrate his thoughts he stood rigid, thinking as hard as a young man can think with a distractingly pretty girl fastening her glove opposite; and the effort produced a deep crease between his eyebrows.

"You—are—going—to—the — wistaria —arbor—in—the Park!" he repeated, solemnly.

She turned as though she had heard, and looked straight at him. Her face was bright with color; never had he seen such fresh beauty in a human face.

Her eyes wandered from him upward to the serene blue sky; then she stepped back, glanced into the mirror, touched her hair with the tips of her gloved fingers, and walked away, disappearing into the gloom of the room.

An astonishing sense of loneliness came over him,—a perfectly unreasonable feeling, because every day for months he had seen her disappear from the window, always viewing the phenomenon with disinterested equanimity.

"Now I don't for a moment suppose she's going to the wistaria arbor," he said, mournfully, walking toward his door.

But all the way down in the elevator and out on the street he was comforting himself with stories of strange coincidences; of how, sometimes, walking alone and thinking of a person he had not seen or thought of for years, raising his eyes he had met that person face to face. And a presentiment that he should meet his neighbor under the wistaria arbor grew stronger and stronger, until, as he turned into the broad southeastern entrance to the Park, his heart began beating an uneasy expectant tattoo under his starched white waistcoat.

"I've been smoking too many cigarettes," he muttered. "Things like that don't happen. It would be too silly—"

And it was rather silly; but she was there. He saw her the moment he entered the wistaria arbor, seated in a rustic recess. It may be that she was reading

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HE SAW HER THE MOMENT HE ENTERED THE ARBOR

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the book she held so unsteadily in her small gloved fingers, but the book was upside down. And when his footstep echoed on the asphalt, she raised a pair of thoroughly frightened eyes.

His expression verged on the idiotic; they were a scared pair, and it was only when the bright flush of guilt flooded her face that he recovered his senses in a measure and took off his hat.

"I—I hadn't the slightest notion that you would come," he stammered. "This is the—the most amazing example of telepathy I ever heard of!"

"Telepathy?" she repeated, faintly.

"Telepathy! Thought persuasion! It's incredible! It's—it's a—it was a dreadful thing to do. I don't know what to say."

"Is it necessary for you to say anything to—me?"

"Can you ever pardon me?"

"I don't think I understand," she said, slowly. "Are you asking pardon for your rudeness in speaking to me?"

"No," he almost groaned; "I'll do that later. There is something much worse—"

Her cool self-possession unnerved him. Composure is sometimes the culmination of fright; but he did not know that, because he did not know the subtler sex. His fluency left him; all he could repeat was, "I'm sorry I'm speaking to you,—but there's something much worse."

"I cannot imagine anything worse," she said.

"Won't you grant me a moment to explain?" he urged.

"How can I?" she replied, calmly. "How can a woman permit a man to speak without shadow of excuse? You know perfectly well what convention requires."

Hot, uncomfortable, he looked at her so appealingly that her eyes softened a little.

"I don't suppose you mean to be impertinent to me," she said, coldly.

He said that he didn't with so much fervor that something perilously close to a smile touched her lips. He told her who he was, and the information appeared to surprise her, so it is safe to assume she knew it already. He pleaded in extenuation that they had been neighbors for a year; but she had not, apparently, been aware of this either; and the snub completed his discomfiture.

"I—I was so anxious to know you," he said, miserably. "That was the beginning—"

"It is a perfectly horrid thing to say," she said, indignantly. "Do you suppose, because you are a public character, you are privileged to speak to anybody?"

He attempted to say he didn't, but she went on: "Of course that is not a palliation of your offence. It is a dreadful condition of affairs if a woman cannot go out alone—"

"Please don't say that!" he cried.

"I must. It is a terrible comment on modern social conditions," she repeated, shaking her pretty head. "A woman who permits it,—especially a woman who is obliged to support herself—for if I were not poor I should be driving here in my brougham, and you know it!—oh, it is a hideously common thing for a girl to do!" Opening her book, she appeared to be deeply interested in it. But the book was upside down.

Glancing at him a moment later, she was apparently surprised to find him still standing beside her. However, he had noted two things in that moment of respite: she held the book upside down, and on the title-page was written a signature that he knew: "Marlitt."

"Under the circumstances," she said, coldly, "do you think it decent to continue this conversation?"

"Yes, I do," he said. "I'm a decent sort of fellow, or you would have divined the contrary long ago; and there is a humiliating explanation that I owe you."

"You owe me every explanation," she said, "but I am generous enough to spare you the humiliation."

"I know what you mean," he admitted. "I hypnotized you into coming here, and you are aware of it."

Pink to the ears with resentment and confusion, she sat up very straight and stared at him. From a pretty girl defiant, she became an angry beauty. And he quailed.

"Did you imagine that you hypnotized me?" she asked, incredulously.

"What was it, then?" he muttered. "You did everything I wished for—"

"What did you wish for?"

"I—I thought you needed the sun,

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and as soon as I said that you ought to go out, you—you put on that big black hat. And then I wished I knew you—I wished you would come here to the wistaria arbor, and—you came."

"In other words," she said, disdainfully, "you deliberately planned to control my mind and induce me to meet you in a clandestine and horrid manner."

"I never looked at it in that way. I only knew I admired you a lot, and—and you were tremendously charming—more so than my sketch—"

"*What* sketch?"

"I—you see, I made a little sketch," he admitted—"a little picture of you—"

Her silence scared him.

"Did you mind?" he ventured.

"Of course you will send that portrait to me at once!" she said.

"Oh yes, of course I will; I had meant to send it anyway—"

"That," she observed, "would have been the very height of impertinence."

Opening her book again, she indulged him with a view of the most exquisite profile he had ever dreamed of.

She despised him; there seemed to be no doubt about that. He despised himself; his offence, stripped by her of all extenuation, appeared to him in its own naked hideousness; and it appalled him.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "there's nothing criminal in me. I never imagined that a man could appear to such disadvantage as I appear. I'll go. There's no use in hoping for pardon. I'll go."

Studying her book, she said, without raising her eyes, "I am offended—deeply hurt—but—"

He waited anxiously.

"But I am sorry to say that I am not as deeply offended as I ought to be."

"That is very, very kind of you," he said, warmly.

"It is very depraved of me," she retorted, turning a page.

After a silence he said, "Then I suppose I must go."

It is possible she did not hear him; she seemed engrossed, bending a little closer over the book on her knee, for the shadows of blossom and foliage above had crept across the printed page.

All the silence was in tremulous vibration with the hum of bees; the perfume of the flowers grew sweeter as the sun sank toward the west, flinging long blue shadows over the grass and asphalt.

A gray squirrel came hopping along, tail twitching, and deliberately climbed up the seat where she was sitting, squatting beside her, paws drooping in dumb appeal.

"You dear little thing!" said the girl, impulsively. "I wish I had a bonbon for you! Have you anything in the world to give this half-starved squirrel, Mr. Tennant?"

"Nothing but a cigarette," muttered Tennant. "I'll go out to the gate if you—" He hesitated. "They generally sell peanuts out there," he added, vaguely.

"Squirrels adore peanuts," she murmured, caressing the squirrel, who had begun fearlessly snooping into her lap.

Tennant, enchanted at the tacit commission, started off at a pace that brought him to the gate and back again before he could arrange his own disordered thoughts.

She was reading when he returned, and she cooled his enthusiasm with a stare of surprise.

"The squirrel? Oh, I'm sure I don't know where that squirrel has gone. Did you really go all the way to the gate for all those peanuts to stuff that overfed squirrel?"

He looked at the four paper bags, opened one of them, and stirred the nuts with his hand.

"What shall I do with them?" he asked.

Then, and neither ever knew exactly why, she began to laugh. The first laugh was brief; an oppressive silence followed,—then she laughed again; and as he grew redder and redder, she laughed the most deliciously fresh peal of laughter he had ever heard.

"This is dreadful!" she said. "I should never have come alone to the Park! You should never have dared to speak to me. All we need to do now is to eat those peanuts, and you have all the material for a picture of courtship below-stairs! Oh dear, and the worst part of it all is that I laugh!"

"If you'd let me sit down," he said, "I'd complete the picture and eat peanuts."

"You dare not!"

He seated himself, opened a paper bag; and deliberately cracked and ate a nut.

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"YOU MAY TIE MARLITT'S SHOE THAT PINCHED YOU"

"Horrors! and disillusion! The idol of the public—munching peanuts!"

"You ought to try one," he said.

She stood it for a while; but the saving grace of humor warned her of her peril, and she ate a peanut.

"To save my face," she explained. "But I didn't suppose you were capable of it."

"As a matter of fact," he said, tranquilly, "a man can do anything in this world if he only does it thoroughly and appears to enjoy himself. I've seen the Prince Regent of Boznovia sitting at the window of the Crown Regiment barracks arrayed in his shirt sleeves and absorbing beer and pretzels."

"But *he* was the Prince Regent!"

"And I'm Tennant."

"According to that philosophy you are at liberty to eat fish with your knife."

"But I don't want to."

"But suppose you did want to?"

"That is neither philosophy nor logic," he insisted; "that is speculation. May I offer you a stick of old-fashioned circus candy flavored with wintergreen?"

"You may," she said, accepting it. "If there is any lower depth I may attain, I'm sure you will suggest it."

"I'll try," he said. Their eyes met for an instant; then hers were lowered.

Squirrels came in troops; she fed the little fat scamps to repletion, and the green lawn was dotted with squirrels all busily burying peanuts for future consumption. A brilliant peacock appeared picking his way toward them, followed by a covey of imbecile peafowl. She fed them until their crops protruded.

The sun glittered on the upper windows of the clubs and hotels along Fifth

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Avenue; the west turned gold, then pink. Clouds of tiny moths came hovering among the wistaria blossoms; and high in the sky the metallic note of a night-hawk rang, repeating in querulous cadence the cries of water-fowl on the lake, where mallard and widgeon were restlessly preparing for an evening flight.

"You know," she said, gravely, "a woman who oversteps convention always suffers; a man, never. I have done something I never expected to do,—never supposed was in me to do. And now, that I have gone so far, it is perhaps better for me to go farther." She looked at him steadily. "Your studio is a perfect sounding-board. You have an astonishingly frank habit of talking to yourself; and every word is perfectly audible to me when my window is raised. When you chose to apostrophize me as a 'white-faced, dark-eyed little thing,' and when you remarked to yourself that there were 'thousands like me in New York,' I was perfectly indignant."

He sat staring at her, utterly incapable of uttering a sound.

"It costs a great deal for me to say this," she went on. "But I am obliged to because it is not fair to let you go on communing aloud with yourself,—and I cannot close my window in warm weather. It costs more than you know for me to say this; for it is an admission that I heard you say that you were coming to the wistaria arbor—"

She bent her crimsoned face; the silence of evening fell over the arbor.

"I don't know why I came," she said, —"whether with a vague idea of giving you the chance to speak, and so seizing the opportunity to warn you that your soliloquies were audible to me—whether to tempt you to speak and make it plain to you that I am not one of the thousand shop-girls you have observed after the shops close—"

"Don't," he said, hoarsely. "I'm miserable enough."

"I don't wish you to feel miserable," she said. "I have a very exalted idea of you. I—I understand artists."

"They're fools," he said. "Say anything you like before I go. I had—hoped for—perhaps for your friendship. But a woman can't respect a fool."

He rose in his humiliation.

"I can ask no privileges," he said, "but I must say one thing before I go. You have a book there which bears the signature of an artist named Marlitt. I am very anxious for his address; I think I have important news for him: good news. That is why I ask it."

The girl looked at him quietly:

"What news have you for him?"

"I suppose you have a right to ask," he said, "or you would not ask. I do not know Marlitt. I liked his work. Mr. Calvert suggested that Marlitt should return to resume work—"

"No," said the girl, "*you* suggested it."

He was staggered. "Did you even hear that!" he gasped.

"You were standing by your window," she said. "Mr. Tennant, I think that was the real reason why I came to the wistaria arbor—to thank you for what you have done. You see—you see, I am Marlitt."

He sank down on the seat opposite.

"Everything has gone wrong," she said. "I came to thank you—and everything turned out so differently,—and I was dreadfully rude to you—"

She covered her face with her hands.

"Then *you* wrote me that letter," he said, slowly. In the silence of the gathering dusk the electric lamps snapped alight, flooding the arbor with silvery radiance. He said:

"If a man had written me that letter I should have desired his friendship and offered mine."

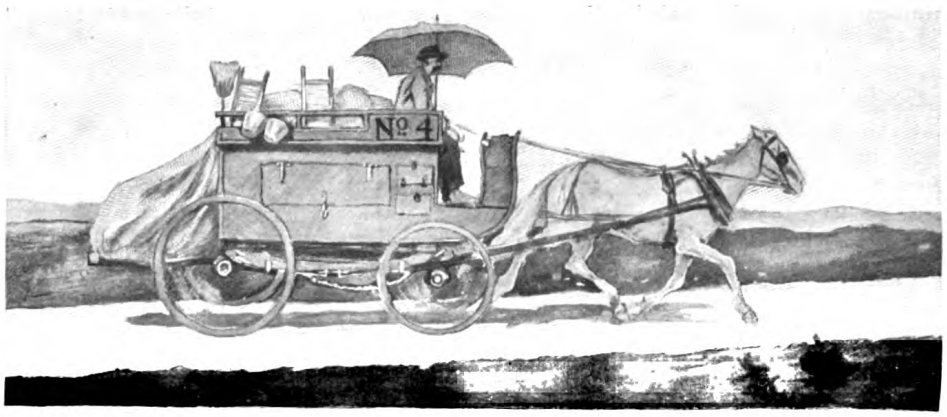
She dropped her hands and looked at him. "Thank you for speaking to Calvert," she said, rising hastily; "I have been desperately in need of work. My pride is quite dead, you see;—one or the other of us had to die."

She looked down with a gay little smile. "If it wouldn't spoil you I should tell you what I think of you. Meanwhile, as servitude becomes man, you may tie my shoe for me,—Marlitt's shoe that pinched you. . . . Tie it tightly so that I shall not lose it again. . . . Thank you."

As he rose, their eyes met once more; and the perilous sweetness in hers fascinated him.

She drew a deep, unsteady breath. "Will you take me home?" she asked.

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THE KING OF THE TIN-PEDDLERS ON THE ROAD

A Trip with a Tin-Peddler

BY JULIAN RALPH

THE road clung upon the edge of a rich valley of green pasturage and squares of woodland, which doubled their dimensions by their own long reaches of purple shadow. We looked straight down upon a corn-patch, which, thus strangely seen, resembled a fairy legion marching in green tunics, with a multitude of tassels and sharp bayonets swinging over the battalions. The air throbbed with the hum of millions of insects. It was so quiet, just where the village of Ira was passed and before West Rutland began, that one actually heard the soft breathing of the leaves where a movement of the upper air was waking the trees; so still that the harsh "cawk" of a distant crow startled the valley. For the rest, we saw nothing but the Green Mountains starting up on either hand and hurrying away in all directions.

To the westward, where our valley ended, and another, at right angles to it, parted the great bosoms of the earth, Lon Newton flung himself upon his wagon, climbed to its high seat, and standing far above the hedges like the monarch of an unpeopled kingdom, cleared his throat and addressed his realm in song:

"My name—it is—Joe Bowers,
I had a brother Ike."

The old wagon, great-grandmother to all the wagons on these roads, creaked and strained as the gaunt white horse that pulled it set his stiff legs agoing.

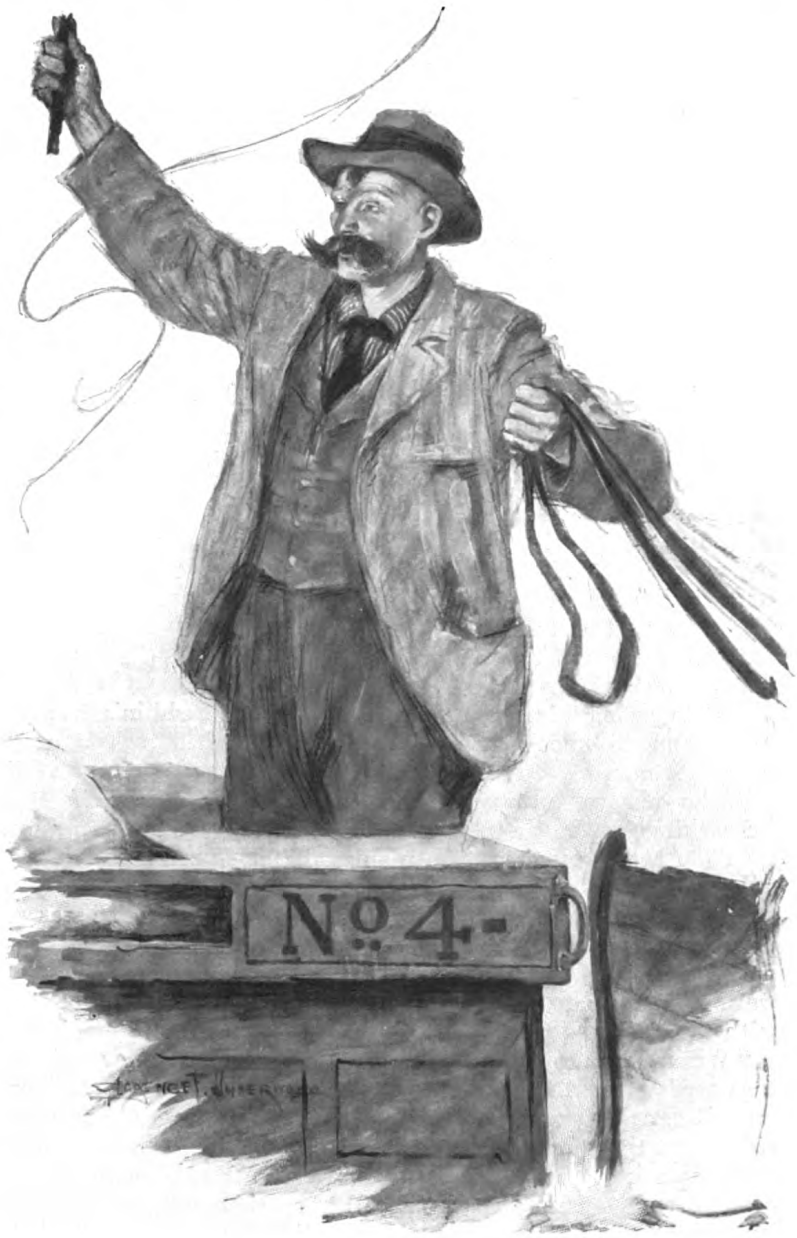
"I came—from—old Mizzoo—rer,
And all the way by pike."

I almost fancied I could hear all the farmers and their wives, along the road behind us, crying out, "There's Lon, naow; there's yer tin-peddler, mister." The pots and pans concealed within the wagon set up their jingling accompaniment to the peddler's song; the brooms, arranged like war-plumes at the back of the cart, swished to and fro; the great brown sack of rags, shapeless as a half-emptied balloon, rose and fell as if it were the shrunken bosom of the aged cart and felt its breathing. Lon Newton, knight of the road, King of Tin-Peddlers, champion joker in a land of humor, was on the highway and out for a day's business.

Lon Newton was a tallish, slender, sandy-faced, red-haired man, with a drooping yellow mustache, large, pale, alert eyes, a stoop in the shoulders, and a pair of freckled hands hanging out of short sleeves, as hands hang that are not used to inaction, and are always in the way when idle. He was a middle-aged, thin-faced man; lean, eager, careless of everything except business; modest

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as a field flower, until you touched the button of his trading instinct, when he became all pride and swagger and nervous tension. If his mother had been the highway and his father the heat of an autumn afternoon, he could not have fitted better into the rustic landscape. He was all dust-colored; his thin red hair, his reddish-yellow mustache, his red-brown face, his dust-toned coat, and his trousers of raw leather hue—everything about him was dustlike, and stamped him as a true-born offspring of the highway.



LON NEWTON BURSTS INTO SONG

Newton fitted into the scenery (which he may take as a compliment, since the scenery was so beautiful), and his wagon decorated it. "I don't care what color you paint my barn," said poor Bill Nye, "so long 's you paint her red." This precisely expressed Lon Newton's artistic feeling, and his wagon was red, of course. I could describe it in a sentence by saying that it was like an old-time stage-coach with the top sawed off a third of the way down. It had the curving lines of the old post-stage, and, like that instrument of torture, it swung upon straps—many broad ones laid on top of one another, and fastened fore and aft upon the heavy framework above the sturdy axles. Wagons, as a rule, are constructed like human folk, in so far as that their mouths are on top and you drop things into them, but your old original peddler's cart is like the people whom Gulliver discovered, and who had doors in their stomachs, and fed themselves in the way a baker

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feeds an oven. The sides of his wagon were all doors. You opened one and saw a cavern full of tinware; another disclosed the closet for his intimate personal belongings—a cap, bits of string, a water-jug, and a jug not intended for water; also, if I may be pardoned for mentioning it as among any man's personal belongings, a halter. There was another door, but, in two days and more of watching, I did not see it opened. Perhaps it contained that wealth from which the most splendid peddler, Fisk, drew so largely for display; maybe it was full of clothes-pins, the small change of a peddler's operations.

For more than two whole days I rode on the peddler's cart, or close behind it with the artist. Our way began along the main street of the village of Castleton, whose houses shut out the mountain views, and led us to forget the wondrous natural beauties of this region of delight.

Once out of the town, Lon Newton began to swing himself down from his perch and to knock at wayside doors. As the woman of each farm came to his call, he always uncovered, and asked, "Anything for the tin-peddler this morning?" At the expected first repulse, he enlarged his salutation with: "Haven't you got any rags, iron, lead, copper, pewter, brass, zinc,—any kinds of old metal, hides, pelts, skins, furs, or beeswax? Hain't there anything ye can trade with the tin-peddler this morning?"

"We used ter ask for caraway er mustard seeds er feathers," he said to me at one time, as he swung himself up by my side, "but them days are gone."

"Please keep all you git till Newton comes 'round again," he would call over his shoulder to the farmer's wife, as she still stood looking at the strange spectacle of a tin-peddler with a city man by his side and another in his wake.

"Do you always say that when you are turned away empty-handed?" I inquired.

"'T depends," Newton answered. "If I know 'em right well, I sometimes joke with 'em; same as if you said, what that woman did, 'I hain't got nuthin' to sell, an' there ain't no use standin' talkin'.'—I would up an' say, 'No,' says I, 'but you've got something I never had and don't want, and yet wouldn't git red of if I had it, an' that's a bald head.' I have to keep my wits sharp, but I must know how and when to use 'em. I can be witty, but I generally daresn't say anything mean."

"My head is the very best I have, and you shouldn't abuse it," I answered, pretending to take offence at his joke.

"Judas Priest!" the peddler exclaimed, "look at my head. You're dealin' with a red-headed peddler. The troubles, trials, an' tribberlashins of this life has brought me these red hairs."

"And sitting in overheated churches has made my friend bald," the artist chimed in.

This little encounter of pleasantries was so much to the peddler's taste that his eye kindled, and throwing off his dusty brown overcoat, he rose, and standing on top of his cart, yelled a snatch of song at the countryside:

"You git the axe and I'll git the saw,
An' we'll chop the neck of our mother-in-law."

"Peddlin's a great business," he remarked, as he came back to his seat. "The secret of it is that you must do a trade, even if it hurts your principles, when there's a possible chance. I remember how I once managed with an old fellow who wouldn't hev nothin' to do with me. He was so confident and sure he warn't goin' to trade that I made up my mind he'd got to. 'I've got wooden nutmegs, pocket-sawmills,' says I, 'an' horn gun-flints, basswood hams, tin bung-holes, calico hog-troughs, white-oak cheeses, an' various other articles too numerous to mention, includin' of cast-iron rat-holes—and if any o' them ain't big enough to answer, I'll knock the bottom out of a fryin'-pan, an' that 'll let any rat through that you've got, I guess. Whoop!' says I, 'I'm f'om 'way in the mountings of Hepzidam, where the lion roreth an' the whangdoodle mourneth fer her first-born.' The old man just looked on an' shuk his head. 'I'll take pewter, copper, zinc, iron, rags—anything,' says I, 'exceptin' money an' old maids.' But the old man on'y shuk his head.

"I just simply had ter start a trade. I saw a pair of old boots, an' I said them was just what I wanted. 'What?' he says, 'd'ye buy old boots?' an' I said them was my partickler specialty. 'How much d'ye give?' he asks, an' I says, 'Half a

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

MAKING A TRADE

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cent a pound, 's long as half-cents is coined,' says I. He didn't take no heed of my meanin', but begin to rummage 'round and git out three or four pair. They warn't no good to Newton, but I was startin' a trade. 'Now, hain't yer got some rags?' I says. Them was what I asked fer first, an' the old miser said he didn't hev none; but now, stirred up by the chanst of gittin' something fer his old boots, he brought out seventeen pound of rags, an' we done a brisk bit o' tradin' fer tinware. I left the old boots settin' beside the gate when I druv away. 'Them 'll come in handy to start another trade on, next time I come,' I says."

As our little procession turned a corner in the road we came upon a bright vignette of brisk American farm life. On the one side of the road stood an ample farm-house, smartly painted white and green, with a broad porch extending into a tidily plotted garden of rich lawn, edged along the house-line with a fringe of ferns, and set with beds of rhododendrons, and smaller ones of red geraniums. The woman of the house had peered out of a summer door of wire netting devised to keep the flies out, and seeing well-dressed strangers with the peddler, had hurried into her parlor — or "settin'-room," as she would say—and thrown up the window-shades to display the curtains of Nottingham lace behind them. Everywhere, as the days went by, I saw this little exhibition of vanity and pride repeated, wherever there dwelt a prosperous farmer with an ambitious wife. Across the road stood the barns and sheds, and out of one great barn-doorway protruded a horse-power treadmill, in which two large bay horses walked clatteringly—steadily forward, yet never advancing an inch. Their work turned a saw which was cutting the winter's wood. Their naked bodies and bare heads above their prisonish clatterbox looked queer and a trifle pitiful. We gathered a few rags and parted with a couple of dozen of clothes-pins at that house, and I fancied that even this small trade was effected rather to see what manner of folk had taken to travelling with the peddler than for the need of the pins.

"Mornin', Lon," a farm-hand shouted, as our cart creaked lazily out into the open country.

"Whoa—up!" said the peddler, reining in his horse. "See here, Tom Crane; my name is Marcus A. Newton, and not 'Lon.' My 'nitials is M. A. N., 'ranged that way so as to spell just what I am—a MAN. I'm related to Sir Isaac Newton, who taught the hull world the law of gravitashin from seein' an apple fall off 'm a tree. Now, you'll know how to address me after this."

Nearly every one knew the peddler, and shouted to him. His replies reflected his knowledge of each person who saluted him, except in the cases of the womenkind, to all of whom he was respectful, and sometimes gallant.

Once, a shrewish old woman wearing a Quaker sunbonnet came out of a house that had seen better days, but had all but forgotten them.

"Good-mornin', ma'am," said the peddler. "Got anything fer Newton this mornin'? Oh, you must have some rags or some rubber."

"Le's see what yew got," she answered. Her thin, cutting voice went well with her hard face and its sharp nose and small, keen eyes.

"Here's nice cake-stamps," said the peddler; "and here's—"

"I've got plenty o' them trinkets—a hull houseful on 'em. Oh yes, that there pan's good enough if you got any need fer it, but I hain't. Bluin'—wonderful bluin', I don't doubt; jest set it aout in the kitchin on wash-days an' yer week's wash is done withaout layin' a hand to it, I guess. Well, I've got bluin' enough to blue cre-a-shin; besides, I'm too blue myself."

"Well, any one kin see you ain't green," said Newton.

"You bet I hain't. Say! that there mess o' cake-stamps is all rusty."

"That's nothin', ma'am; all you hev to do is to polish tin with newspaper and the rust 'll all come off."

"I don't want 'em so fancy."

"Well, there, then; there's a plain one. I'll let that go for five cents and take it out in rags. There ain't many got the sense that you've got. Most folks must have everything fancy, an' pay a high price fer what don't do no more work than if it was plain. I've tried to sell that there ever sence I begun peddlin'. It's like my asthma—I'd be dread-

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ful lonely without it, yit I'll part with it to you."

"Oh, you're a reg'lar tin-peddler, hain't yer? I guess I don't want nuthin' to-day."

As he climbed to my side, Newton said: "She didn't mean to buy. I can tell right off. She only come out to sharpen her tongue, an' I kep' her at it for you to hear what Newton goes through every day of his life, exceptin' when he takes a few days off up on the farm he's bought himself, in company with the best woman God has put in Vermont."

When the artist man asked Newton to pose for his portrait we had the most fun that was yielded by any part of our trip. It was a rainy day, and an out-of-door sketch was impossible. The peddler drove into the barn-yard of Farmer Ray, off the Middletown road, and asked permission to have his picture taken on the farmer's front porch. The result was a prettier picture for my eyes than the one the artist made of Newton. The house was a characteristic country home backing a garden which ran to the roadway, without fence or hindrance of any sort. Four large trees shaded it, a row of young firs fringed a part of one side, and there was a flower-bed and a hammock for its other ornaments. The highway in front was ceaselessly busy, and so close to the house that as the teams rolled by, their passengers were, in the moment of passing, almost a part of our little company.

The manner in which Newton effected an arrangement to use the farmer's porch and at the same time make a commercial profit was very characteristic. He had two or three hundred pounds of rags on his cart, but he went to the door with an empty sack and said to the housewife:

"Mrs. Ray, the artist who is with me wants to sketch me with a few rags in my sack, and I haven't got any. Give me some to help me out, and I'll treat you right when you pick out what you want. Now then, run and gather up the lead, pewter, rags, and all the old things you got. Get all your old rags out of the house, now you've got a chance, so's you won't catch the small-pox from 'em."

The painter fell to work precipitately; the housewife stood in the door, with her youngest child pressing hard against her skirt, and peering shyly out from behind one of its folds. The first-born, a college student, leaned back in a chair, and looked on with such an affectation of familiarity with artists and the ways of the great world as became a masterful chap who is succeeding well in college. Two city boarders in careful attire held aloof at the end of the porch, and spoke of the excellence of the portraits done by Mr. J. G. Brown, and of the cleverness of one of the illustrators of the moment who has drawn the same young man and woman for a living for the past twelve or fifteen years. Poor Newton, as unused to restraint and duress as any bird in a grove, was taken by the artist and put up against the house front as children stand a paper soldier where they want it. That it was a trying experience for him he plainly showed, but without voicing his misery except in jocular ways. To me he said privately, when it was all over and he found his mind and body still sound:

"Judas Priest! I know what hard work is now. I'd rather dig ditch than stand for another portrait."

Here are a few bits of the conversation between the artist man and his subject, —"taken on the spot," as the picture-papers used to say:

Newton: "I hear a team a-comin'; kin I squint at it?"

Artist: "No, no; stand still."

Newton: "I'm 'customed to people sayin' 'please' to me."

Artist: "I beg your pardon; it is a habit of mine to speak carelessly when I'm thinking only of my work."

Newton: "Ought to break yourself of it. Some folks get to toeing in just from habit."

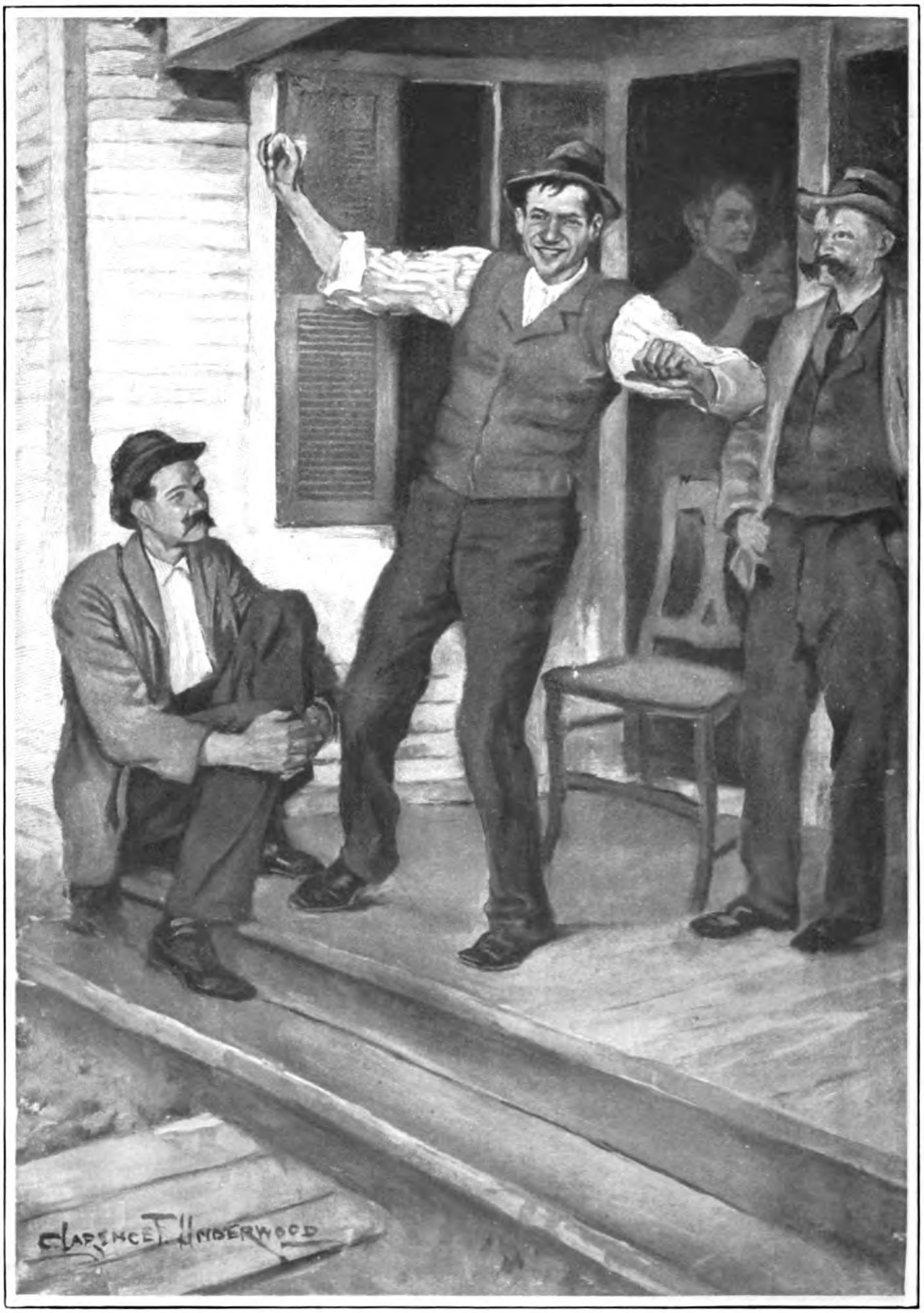
The Housewife: "While you're busy, Newton, I'll run out and get me a broom off 'm your wagon."

Newton (speaking out of the side of his mouth, as if he dare not turn his head): "Take the one on the right. I always put the best outside, like you folks when you're packing apples for market."

Housewife: "I ain't particular; first one I come to 'll do, I guess."

Newton: "Then take the one on the left, an' I won't hev no hard work to get red of it."

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ENTERTAINED US WITH A COUNTRY DANCE

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There is no better way to see a country or to study its people than in company with a peddler, either of tinware, knickknacks, or books—one who interests the women and is taken into their homes. Now we would pass through a stately village, like West Poultney, for instance, where city boarders in summer bring and spread a finer, higher tone than is possessed by communities which live too much by themselves. In such a place we would do little or no trading, but would exhibit ourselves like showmen, and amuse the people by "getting off our lingo," as Newton called his seductive recitals of his wares. However, we saw the people, and as they seldom replied to our sallies of wit, we came away pleased if none the richer. But beyond such a village,—which was, after all, merely a dot in our long day's marches,—when we were out among the simpler country people, we reaped experiences agreeable to all of us and profitable in the peddler's way of business. It was fine to have the *entrée* of so many homes, and to feel the welcome which is free to almost any one where visitors are few and strangers are unstudiable objects that flit by along the roads.

On the porch of such a house a farm-hand entertained us with a country dance that was almost as extraordinary as a Russian peasant dance. Here the artist drew another sketch of Newton, and I again sat by, note-book in hand. This was what I took down of the talk between the two on this occasion:

Artist: "Please look down at the scales."

Newton: "I always do look down when I trade—as if I was getting beat. Will this position suit you?"

Artist: "Yes."

Newton: "Don't say 'yes' to me. The way to speak to a gentleman is to say, 'Yes, sir.' The first of the Newtons had the 'Sir' in front of his name, and was called 'Sir Isaac.' Therefore I am entitled to be addressed as 'sir' as much as any man."

Artist: "All right, old man, I'll remember that."

Newton: "Judas Priest! Don't never call me 'old man'—that's a thing I could never stand."

Artist: "It's a phrase I use only when I like a person."

Newton: "Then I'd ruther you didn't like me and treated me with respect. Let me look at the sketch, 's fur 's it's gone."

Artist: "Not yet; wait until it is more nearly finished."

Newton: "Gosh! You bet I'm goin' to see it. You kin work a horse in a treadmill without his knowing what he's at, but a man's entitled to know what he's a-doin' once in a while." (He looks at the sketch.)

Artist: "Do you like it?"

Newton: "Yes, darned if I don't. You've made a good-lookin' picture of a good-lookin' man; 't least so it seems to Newton. Newton hain't fond of art, though, and he won't never like art till he can't get any of nature."

It was when we came to the ancient village of Middletown that we made our adieux to the King of the Yankee Peddlers.

He was starting a trade with a farmer's wife at the moment.

"Good-morning, ma'am," he was saying. "Would you like to trade with the tin-peddler to-day? Do you wish for anything in the line of tinware, glassware, mats, brooms, wash-boards, wash-tubs, clothes-baskets, clothes-pins, rolling-pins, matches, lamp-chimblys, burners and wicks, chopping-trays and chopping-knives, bread-toasters, gem-irons, paddy-pans, sadirons, and kittles and pots?"

"Well, good-by, Newton," we called from our wagon; "we must be going."

"Good-by, gentlemen," he called back, "and good luck to you while you live and afterwards."

"Say!" he shouted, when we were farther apart, "I wisht you was K.-P.'s, that's all. You're good enough to be, anyhow."

From this we gathered that he was a member of the Order of Knights of Pythias; and if this is the case, we here extend our hearty congratulations to his fellow-"knights," for they may be proud of him.

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Antiques

BY CANDACE WHEELER

"YES, 'm, I'm his sister. We are both his sisters, sister and me. Brother said you'd be comin' in to see what new old books he'd been gettin'. He said:

"'Miss Gray will be comin' in, and she'll go right around the store and pick out everything we've got new. She knows the stock almost as well as I do.'

"He said you and one other lady,—the lady that we know, sister and me,—was the only regular lady customers he had. He says women don't generally buy old books, only old furniture, and the like of that.

"Sister and me was speakin' about the second-hand store across the road, where such awful old things sets out on the sidewalk. The oldest things! and the brokenest! My! I wouldn't take them as a gift! and carriages keeps comin' there all the time; and the dressiest ladies! When we talked about it, brother says, says he, 'They don't call them *second-hand;* they call them *Antiques!*'

"Brother says a second-hand *book* store is respectable, but he never had no respect for other kinds of old things *to sell.* He says women seem to think any old thing is better than new, exceptin' books! They always buy *new* books, he says. Then Gratis Ann she spoke up and said, 'Why, brother, maybe they think they're cleaner to hold'; and brother said, 'Well, I should think new bedsteads was cleaner to sleep on!'

"Brother is real tetchy about old books; he says they are cheap, but that isn't because they ain't val'able.

"That book? He didn't put no price on it. He said he wanted to show it to Mr. Mapes.

"Oh, yes, 'm, *he* comes 'most every day, evenin' or mornin', when's the time brother's sure to be in. I saw brother showin' him the old family Bible one day, that we brought from Cairo—that one the cat's lyin' on. He looked at all the front pages, and read out how it was printed in England in 1590, and he read who printed it; and then brother showed him the family record, and how it had all the births and marriages and deaths in it regular, clear back to father's great-grandfather, — William Brewster — him they called *Elder* Brewster. Seems as if they thought a sight of bein' elders in those days! Father was an elder in the church in Cairo for twenty years, and nobody never seemed to think nothin' of that!

"Mr. Mapes, he looked and looked at that Bible, and finally he said,

"'I s'pose you don't want to part with it, Brewster?'

"Brother he colored up—he reely did; and he said, 'I've neither son nor brother, Mr. Mapes, and I think of leavin' it to the Historical Society.' And Mr. Mapes said, very hearty, 'That's right! that's the thing to do, I'm sure.'"

I took the old book I coveted in my lap. It was a hundred-year-old copy of Plutarch's *Lives,* and I suspected Mr. Brewster of planning to keep it for Mr. Mapes.

The little old lady cleared another chair, and settled down on the front of it like a bird.

"Yes, 'm," she answered to my questioning, "from Cairo; we've been here since July. After mother died, brother couldn't feel easy about us. He said he'd thought it over, and there wa'n't any way but for us to let the farm and come to live in the city.

"The cat? Oh, yes, 'm, we brought him; and since he come he won't lie nowheres but on the Bible,—seems as if he *knows* that. I made him a little feather pillow and two checked gingham cases, and we wash them regular, just like our own.

"Lonesome? I don't know as I can say *lonesome*—and yet sister and me,—we do often say we miss the teams drivin'

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"THE FAMILY RECORD CLEAR BACK TO ELDER BREWSTER"

by to Catskill. Of course there's plenty of teams in the road here, but we don't know the horses nor the drivers.

"Yes, 'm, we *do* find it a little confined. Brother told us we should. He said we shouldn't have no room to speak of; just one, and a piece of a cellar, and we should have to reely live all in one room, but we've been used to that,—all but the sleepin'. Brother sleeps under the counter in the store, but we try to make it comfortable with lots of pillows. He kept writin' that we'd better sell off our things, and give away what we couldn't sell. The neighbors was glad enough to get what we had, for next to nothing; and finally there wasn't a thing left but the kitchen stove, and the high-post bedstead and grandmother's high-back sick-chair. Them two pieces cum all the way from Massachusetts,—and they *was* handsome. The bedposts was curled maple, all cut into roses and rings and leaves all the way up, and the wood was like little rows of yellow satin and brown satin side by side. I remember sayin' to mother once when I was little that I wanted to see a curled-maple tree, and she said,

"'Gracious, child! you wouldn't know it from any other tree to look at it; it's a maple-tree, only some has curly wood, just as some children has curly hair.'

"Well, the bedstead and the chair *stuck,* and we didn't want to give 'em away, on account of mother's settin' such a store by them,—it seemed like cheapening them. Father he's always set in that chair every evenin' till the day before he died, and somehow it went hard that we couldn't keep them, and that nobody else hadn't no value for them. Finally, Mis' Perkins offered five dollars for both of 'em, and that broke sister all up. She just shook her head, and after Mis' Perkins was gone she said she'd rather saw them curled-maple posts up and burn 'em. The idee seemed to take hold of her about Mis' Perkins throwin' contempt on grandmother's things. She said they was the only things that showed the family had been forehanded; and she wouldn't say another word all the evenin'. She got up and went to the window twenty times in the night, and kep' sayin', 'What *ails* you, Gratis Ann?' and she never said a word.

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"In the mornin' she was up awful early, and first I knew she'd got the bed-key and was unscrewin' the high-poster. I heard the screws a-screechin', and I was into my clo'es in less than no time, and went into father's room, and says I, 'Gratis Ann Brewster, what *are* you doin'?' and she says, as mild as milk, 'I'm takin' down the bedstead.'

"If I hadn't 'a' knowed sister, I should 'a' thought she'd got over her takin', but when I see her lips close shut, and her voice so soft, I recognized her feelin's.

"She fixed two chairs, and laid one of them across, and got the meat-saw,—we hadn't any real wood-saw,—and she jest began to work on the leg end of that post, and I stiddied it.

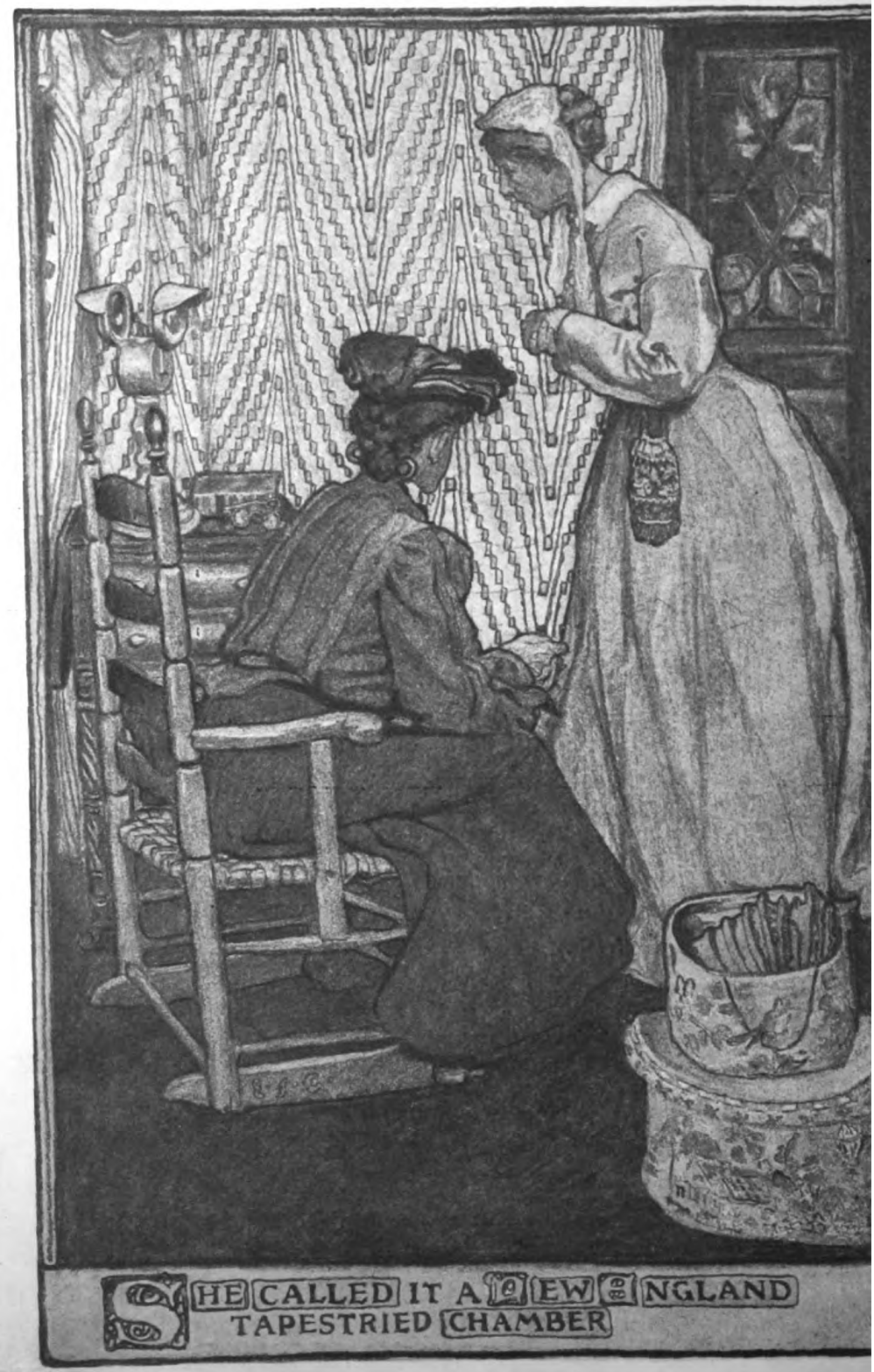
"I was kinder scared at the way sister looked, and I didn't know what to do, so I went and fried ham and eggs and potatoes and made tea; and all the time I heard sister sawin' away, and then stoppin' a minute, and then sawin' again, and finally I called her to breakfast. She set down and begun to pour the tea, the perspiration runnin' down her temples, and her hands tremblin', and she couldn't eat a mouthful; but she drank her tea and sat still, and Moses rubbed hisself back and forth against her legs, and finally she picked him up and went and set down by the winder, smoothin' him, and suddenly she burst out cryin', out loud, and shook and shook, and rocked back and for'ard, huggin' the cat. Moses he was scared, and I run and made her some catnip tea, and it wasn't but a minute before I was holdin' a bowlful to her mouth, clear and hot, with a little sugar in it, and I says, 'Now, you jest drink this, Gratis Ann,' and I made her lie on the lounge, and I got a clean handkercheff and wet it with camphor and spread it over her face, and bathed her head and giv' her the bottle to smell, and then I let down the curtains and went out.

"I knowed she hadn't slept a wink hardly all night, for sister is very high-strung; she don't say much, but she feels. After I left her I went inter father's room, and there was the post sawed 'most half in two. You see, the old maple was so hard sister couldn't make much headway with it, and I s'pose that kinder made her feel that everything was agin'



"I THOUGHT I'D SEE IF YOU HAD ANYTHING I WANTED"

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SHE CALLED IT A NEW ENGLAND TAPESTRIED CHAMBER

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her. I took that leg as softly as I could and carried it out and laid it down on the grass in front of the house, and then I went back and took the others and laid them along with it. I didn't care *what* became of it! Then I set back the chairs and brushed up the sawdust and washed the dishes and set down by the winder.

"I declare I hadn't set there more'n ten minutes before I saw a light wagon comin' along with a woman and some children in it and a driver. They stopped in front of the house, and the woman got out and cum along up to the door. When she cum to where the bedstead was layin', she stopped and looked at it, and walked up and down the length of the posts; and when she see that one that was sawed she tried to turn it over, but it wasn't easy; then she cum along to the door and knocked, and I opened, and she said:

"'Good-morning, Miss Brewster. I heard you were breaking up housekeeping, and I thought I would come and see if you had anything I wanted to buy.'

"I see she had her eye on grandmother's big chair while she was talkin', and I set her in it, and told her we had sold most everything except the big chair and the high-poster; and she asked if we hadn't no brass candlesticks and no andirons, and I told her we was goin' to New York to live, and we'd take the brass candlesticks with us. I told her we'd sold the andirons a year ago to some people who had been buildin' log cabins over to a new place called Onteora, where it seemed they wanted to go back to early settlers' ways, and then she asked if we hadn't no brass kittle. I was reely struck with that, for nobody preserves in brass kittles nowadays, on account of verdigris. I told her that, and that our'n had been laid up on the top shelf for many a day, for sister said that if it wasn't wholesome for us, it wasn't wholesome to keep chicken-feed in, as many duz. She laffed, and said she wanted it to put plants in; and I got it down, and sold it to her for two dollars. It was a eighteen-gallon kittle, and I guess it was worth it.

"Then she asked about the old bedstead, and I went and lifted up one of the foot posts and leaned it ag'inst the house, and showed her the handsome brass rosettes where the screws went in, and how nice the curled maple was carved, and she seemed reel interested. But byme-by she looked at the cut in that head leg, and she says, 'Why, how did that come?' and I reely didn't know what to say. But I said it was my grandmother's bedstead, and that we'd thought some of cuttin' it up rather'n to have it abused, and she jest sort of gasped.

"'Cut it up!' she said, and she passed her hand over the carvin' and the smooth curly maple.

"'I should like to have it,' said she. 'Will you take thirty dollars for it?'

"Well, my heart came into my mouth at that; I didn't even go and ask sister, I was so glad somebody wanted it. She bought the chair, too.

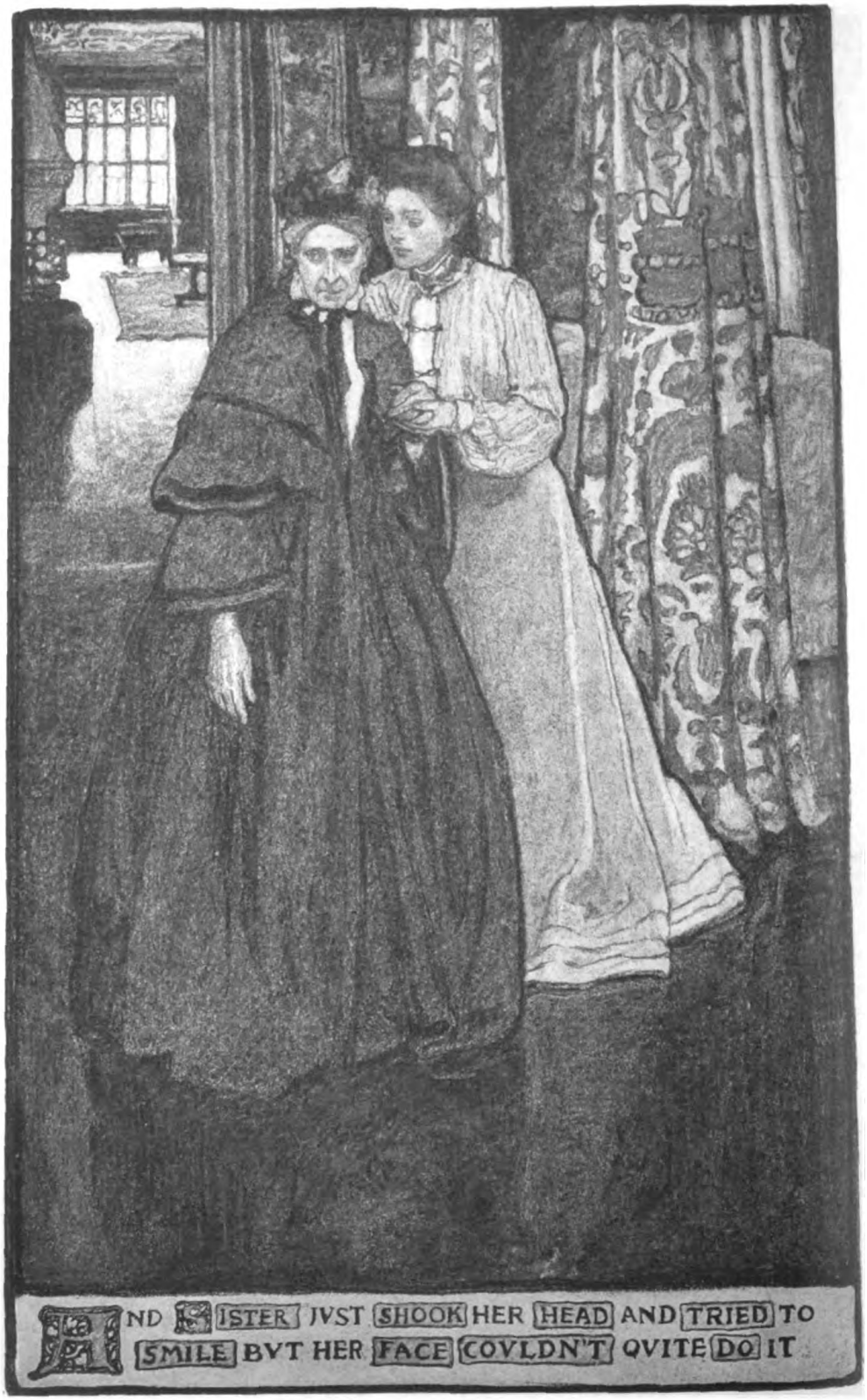
"Just then Moses cum tiptoein' around the house corner, and stood rubbin' himself back and forth and wavin' his tail. 'My!' said the lady, 'what a beautiful cat! I wish I could buy *him!*' Then I told her he was blind, and how he cum so, and she seemed reel interested, and said he was most the nicest cat she ever see.

"Well, she bought the chair, and had it sot up in the wagon, and the bedposts laid in on the bottom, stickin' out behind, and the horse-blankets wrapped around 'em for fear they'd grind, and they drove off, she settin' in the chair, and I a-standin' there in front of the house, with forty dollars in bills in my hand.

"When she had gone clean out of sight I went in and looked at Gratis Ann. She was sound asleep, lookin' dretful pale, and for all the world like mother. If she'd had a cap on, I don't think any one could 'a' told them apart, and I felt so kind of pitiful to think how I never noticed how things had been a-takin' hold of her that I shut the door softly and run 'cross lots to Miss Curtis and got a chicken and a quart of milk, and cum back home as fast as I could, and sot down and peeled turnips and potatoes, and begun to get dinner. After a while the door opened and in cum Gratis Ann. 'I smell chicken,' says she, and dropped inter a chair as if she hadn't rightly got awake.

"I jest went over and laid the forty dollars in her lap.

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AND SISTER JVST SHOOK HER HEAD AND TRIED TO SMILE BVT HER FACE COVLDN'T QVITE DO IT

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"'There!' said I, 'that's what I got for the bedstead and the chair,' and told her all the lady said about takin' the bedstead to New York and havin' it polished, and makin' silk curtains for it, and puttin' it in her spare room; and sister's lips kinder let themselves go, and she lost her holler look, and she said,

"'I'm a dretful sinner!' and with that she up and kist me, as if she had jest come back from a journey.

"'Twasn't more'n a day or two before we reely got off. We took the stage down to Catskill, and the driver put us aboard the night boat to New York. Brother came to the boat in the mornin' and took our bags, and took us inter a car, and we stopt here, and here we be, and we git along very pleasant, all on us together.

"The curiousest thing happened one day. A lady came in here, and seein' Moses curled up on the Bible, 'My!' says she, 'what a beautiful cat!' I knew her in a minute when she said that and laffed.

"'He's stone-blind,' says I. Then she looked at me.

"'Why, Miss Brewster!' said she, 'how do you do? Why, I might have known you were Mr. Brewster's sister. I've known him ten year and more, and if we hadn't moved up town this fall, I should have seen you before. I knew the cat in a minute!' Then she asked how sister was, and said, laffin'ly, 'she was glad she hadn't cut up the bedstead,' and then she told me how her husband was so proud of it, and how nice he'd had it polished, and she'd had it curtained, and then she said sister and me must come up and take tea with her and she'd show it to us.

"Seein' how pleased she looked, and thinkin' about the bedstead and all, I felt as if she was an old friend, and I took her into the livin'-room to see sister. Sister looked sort of scared, and blushed up as she does when you take her by surprise, but she was reel glad to see Mis' Ackley. They got reel well acquainted. She thought grandmother's blazin'-star bedquilt was the nicest she ever did see, and she said the way we hung up that, and the risin'-sun, to make a bed-place was just as nice as it could be. She called it a 'New England tapestried chamber.' When I told brother that, how he laffed! She thought the gas-range, and the little cupboard with curtains, and the one without curtains that holds grandmother's Nankin cups, was 'just sweet,' she said. She seemed pleased with everything. She asked sister if she didn't think a gas-stove was more convenient than a big wood cooking-stove. And sister said it didn't smell so sweet, and Mis' Ackley laffed, and said that was true! She reely seemed to admire everything, and Gratis Ann took to her in an astonishin' way for her,—because she likes people slowly, sister does. Before Mis' Ackley went away we promised to go up to her house the very next day and take a dish of tea, and see the bedstead and grandmother's chair.

"After she'd gone, sister's heart seemed to kind of fail her. She said we didn't reely *know* Mis' Ackley, but I said, 'Gratis Ann, you *promised*'—I always call her Gratis Ann when I see she needs tonin' up—and she said, sort of regretful, 'I don't know how I come to!' But when we told brother, he was reel pleased, and said he'd come home in time to put us on the cars; and when we asked him how he was goin' to get supper, he said, 'Oh, you'll be home time enough for *that!*'

"Well, he come home reel early and put us on one of those awful cars, and told me to watch the street lamps, and git off when they said Sixty-second Street, and I did, and we was at Mis' Ackley's almost before we knew it. When we rung the bell a man let us in, and took us into the parlor, and Mis' Ackley came down, and said,

"'Now we'll go into the library and have a cup of tea before we go up stairs, for I'm afraid you found it cold coming.'

"The library was a real pleasant room, with books all around it—'most as many as Silas has; and standin' right in the window, on a little black stand all carved around the edge, was a big brass kittle, shinin' until you could see your face in it, with a palm-tree planted in it. I saw sister's eyes kind of light up, but she didn't say anything, nor I, or Mis' Ackley; and the hired man brought a kittle and set it on a frame, and made a little fire under it, and Mis' Ackley made tea, and give us a reel good cup with cream in it, and thin soda biscuit and cake; and talked so fast and pleasant that I begun to feel at home, and I hoped sister did.

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"After we had drunk our tea, Mis' Ackley took us up stairs and showed us the bedstead; and sister's eyes filled right up when she saw it. She took hold of Mis' Ackley's hand, and I declare if Mis' Ackley's eyes didn't get full too, and she put her hand on sister's shoulder and said, 'You don't mind my havin' it, do you?' and sister just shook her head, and tried to smile; but her face couldn't quite do it, and she passed her other hand over Mis' Ackley's that she held, and then went and looked out of the window.

"Well, after that we had a reel good time lookin' at the room, and the silk curtains with roses printed on them. They were ruffled and bunched at the top posts, just as mother used to bunch the chintz curtains after the spring cleaning; and there was grandmother's chair settin' beside it, just as natural, and Gratis Ann sat down in it, and looked at Mis' Ackley, and laffed a reel natural laff, and said, very cheerfully,

"'It makes me feel more homelike than anything that has happened since we lost mother, and I'm *glad* you have them, Mis' Ackley!'

"When she said that, I thought for the first time how things was changed for sister since mother died, and how hard the changes was. I'd had *her* to depend on the whole time, but Silas and me was the youngest, and she didn't depend on us a mite; she was always doin' for us.

"When we come to go home, nothin' to do but Mis' Ackley would go herself and put us on the cars, and the last thing she said was, 'Mind you ask me to tea!'

"She's been here often — she never comes to look at brother's books but she wants to settle down a while in the livin'-room with sister. She says she don't get such tea nowheres! And once when her little girl was sick she wrote sister a letter and sent it down by the hired man, askin' her to let him bring her up to sit with her an hour, and in it she said, 'I want you to teach me how to bear things.' We was readin' it, and sister kind of folded it quickly together, and said, 'Poor thing!' just as earnest as could be.

"I said, 'Why, sister, Mis' Ackley is one of those people who has *everything*,' and sister said, 'Well, dear, sometimes life is hard for those,' and then she put on her bonnet and went right off with the man, and since then when Mis' Ackley comes—they always seem to be such friends.

"Well, how I *have* been runnin' on! But, you see, brother spoke of you so often I feel as if I knew you reel well, and then there isn't many I can talk to; and I'll try and get the book for you if you want it—yes, *whether Mr. Mapes wants it or not!*"

The World Asleep

BY RICHARD BURTON

WAKING by night, a great and tender thought
Rolled in upon my soul; I seemed to see
Millions of men of high and low degree,
Women and children small,—all overwrought
With labor, sin or weakness, or distraught
Through passion's power,—in deep tranquillity,
With placid breasts and breath that issued free
As if they lay at peace, regretting naught.

And O it was a wonderful mild sight,
Those helpless forms of all God's creatures there,
Worldlings and saints, alike as dove and dove,
Resuming innocence and lost delight,
All quieted and with sleep's magic fair,
One in the Father's watch and ward of love.

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Briticisms of All Sorts

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

A BRITISH resident of the American metropolis recently published a letter intended to call attention to several peculiarities of speech which he had remarked in one or another American of his acquaintance. Some of these were peculiarities of enunciation and of pronounciation; and some were peculiarities of usage and of vocabulary. These peculiarities the British resident had noticed,—or, to be more accurate, what he had noticed struck him as peculiar,—because they were in some way different from what he had been accustomed to hear in his native land; and he had done what we are all of us so prone to do—he had unconsciously assumed that whatsoever he had been accustomed to hear was infallibly right and proper, and that whatsoever smote his ear as unfamiliar was inevitably wrong and improper. His letter was pleasantly phrased, and the writer was void of all wish to give offence; but he had never taken thought about the history of the English language, and it had never occurred to him to doubt the perfect propriety of every usage and of every word that he had been wont to hear in his own parish. Indeed, he would probably have been shocked into violent protest if any other correspondent had been rude enough to suggest a doubt in regard to the finality of his beliefs as to linguistic right and wrong. To cast aspersions on his parts of speech might have wounded him in the tenderest and holiest of his affections, since they would appear to reflect adversely upon the kind of training he had received at his mother's knee and at his father's table.

Yet the sentiment of this transplanted Briton in regard to the words and the usages he had disliked in the mouths of his American acquaintances, whether justifiable or unjustifiable, was only accidental; it had its origin in no certain knowledge of the laws which regulate linguistic development. It was due simply to the fact that he had been born and brought up in some part of the British Isles where these words and these usages were unknown; unfamiliarity had bred contempt. In short, what the British correspondent had done was what many Americans do in Great Britain when they first catch sight of manners and customs strange to them: he had set up his personal equation as though it was an eternal standard.

Every one of us who has ventured even a little into the fascinating field of linguistic investigation, knows that there are certain diversities of usage and certain divergencies of vocabulary between Great Britain and the United States—for example, the British say *lift* where the Americans say *elevator,* and the Londoner calls that a *keyless watch* which the New-Yorker terms a *stem-winder.* He knows also that these divergencies are really very few, and that they are of trifling importance. And he knows further that there is no short and easy way of deciding off-hand which of the conflicting usages is on the whole the better of the two. To call a habit of speech an Americanism is not to condemn it, for many Americanisms, of one kind and another, have been welcomed gladly by all the peoples that speak English. To term a word a Briticism is not necessarily to stigmatize it as noxious, for many terms and phrases now peculiar to Great Britain are certain in time to win acceptance, even in the United States, to the permanent enrichment of the English vocabulary.

The question is now no longer where certain words were born; it is rather whether they are worthy of survival. Every language must needs keep on replenishing its vocabulary; and as Mr. E. B. Tylor tersely asserted years ago, English is "in a freely growing state, and capable of adding to itself by almost any process found in any language of the

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whole world, old or new." Where the needful new word arises, whether in England, Scotland, or Ireland, in America, Australia, or India, matters little compared with the necessity or the utility of the word itself; its origin is so unimportant that it is soon forgotten except by professed linguistic students.

Perhaps it would be as well to suggest here a stricter definition of *Briticism* and of *Americanism* than that carelessly given to these words in ordinary parlance. That a strange word has been employed once by some one American writer does not make it an Americanism; until this word gets into general use in the United States, it is only an individualism of the single writer who employed it. And so that is not strictly to be described as a Briticism which is only a peculiarity of some one British author, like *evanescing* which we find in the pages of Walter Pater, or like *mechanize* (to labor as a mechanic) which we discover in a novel of Mr. Thomas Hardy, or like *unwellness* which we note in the letters of Matthew Arnold. To speak precisely, an Americanism is a word or phrase or usage, generally accepted in the United States, but not accepted in Great Britain,—and therefore not adopted into the English language; and a Briticism is a word or phrase or usage, generally accepted in the British Isles or even in the whole British Empire, but not accepted in the United States,—and therefore not adopted into the English language. When the meaning of Americanism and of Briticism is thus clearly limited, we see that neither of them can fairly serve as a term of reproach. It is nothing in favor of a phrase or of a usage that it began life as a Briticism or as an Americanism. There should be no prejudice either for it or against it because it was born in Great Britain or in the United States. As Professor Kittredge put it sharply in these pages a few months ago, "accepted usage, and nothing else, is the standard of linguistic rectitude,"—the accepted usage, that is, of the whole body of English-speaking men and women. The majority of that body happens now to dwell here in the United States, it is true; but it is not a question of the majority only. It is true also that the language was brought to its noble maturity in Great Britain; but it is not a question of the original users of the tongue. Above all, is it true that no local standard is now sufficient, even if there was any possibility of setting up such a standard at this late day.

Time was, no doubt, five hundred years ago and more, when it was not only advantageous but absolutely necessary for the future of the language that there should be a standard of speech which might fairly be called local, and that the vocabulary and the syntax of the inhabitants of the other parts of England should conform to the usage of those about the court of the King in London. But the utility of any merely local authority has long since departed with the splendid development of English in the succeeding centuries, with the evolution of its literature, with the spread of education, and with the world-wide expansion of the race.

The standard, the source of authority, is no longer in the practice of the inhabitants of any single city or of any single country; rather is it to be sought to-day in the traditions of the language itself. English does not now require the guardianship of the court or of the capital or even of the kingdom where it was nurtured in its lusty youth. It is no longer in the special charge of the inhabitants of the British Isles. Its future is secure in the custody of all those who have received it as a glorious birthright, wherever they may chance to be living, on the shores of every ocean. Words and phrases may spring up anywhere, and if they win acceptance throughout the whole English-speaking world, they will be used by millions wholly unconscious that they are employing what were formerly Briticisms or Americanisms. The very adoption of these words and phrases by the main body of those who speak English is strong evidence in behalf of the word or phrase thus accepted; and as Mr. Tylor said, in the essay from which quotation has already been made, "the public is, on the whole, no bad judge of point and humor; and the word or phrase which it admits to public life is apt to have its little merits."

It is because of this possible acceptance by the broad body of English-speakers of what are at first mere localisms that the collecting of Americanisms and of Briticisms is interesting and instructive.

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These localisms may fairly be considered as knocking for admission at the portal of the language; they are on probation; and only a very few will ever gain entry. *Fad,* for example, was, first of all, a piece of British slang, which came rapidly into general use in Great Britain, and so established itself as a Briticism; but its utility has made it acceptable in the United States also, and it is coming into general use here, at least along the Atlantic coast. Very soon, apparently, *fad* will cease to be a Briticism; it will be received as a new word in good standing, though of recent origin. And so *boom* (a sudden rise) was in the beginning a bit of Western slang, promptly caught up everywhere in the United States, thus demanding recognition as an Americanism. But already has it won its way in the British Isles; and *boom,* like *fad,* bids fair in the immediate future to hold its own as an English word in good standing.

Professor Kittredge drew attention to "a queer habit which is prevalent in England, but from which we are as yet comparatively free in this country,—the employment of the plural number in the first member of compounds, as in *Grievances Committee,* for *Grievance Committee," Historical Manuscripts Commission, Irish Texts Society,* and so forth. This is a British innovation, contrary to "the fixed habits of the Indo-European tongues." It is as yet only a Briticism; but if it should ever spread to the United States, it would thereby cease to be a Briticism, having been legitimated as good English by popular vote. There are other British innovations of usage, like the limiting of *hunt* (the chasing of the fox), of *sick* (nauseated), and of *bug* (bedbug). These are Briticisms, and they are also contrary to the traditions of the language; but none the less they may some day establish themselves here in the United States; and if that day should ever come they would be Briticisms no longer. Two other Briticisms of usage are *different to* (where logic and tradition require *different from*), and *directly* for *as soon as,—e. g.,* "directly we arrived." At present there is little probability that either of these will spread to the United States; and they will therefore remain Briticisms, outside the pale of good English.

There is a group of related diminutives to be found in the literary gossip of certain London weekly papers, no one of which is perhaps widely enough employed to entitle it to rank as a Briticism, although there is evidence that one or another of them may be creeping into local acceptance. They are *essayette* (used by Coventry Patmore); *sermonette; playette* (a little play); *leaderette* (a brief *leader,*—and *leader* is a Briticism, closely corresponding to an Americanism, *editorial*); and *storiette* or *storyette* (which has already made its appearance on this side of the Atlantic). To a sensitive ear these are painfully offensive vocables; and yet it may be in time that two or three of them will rise to the dignity of Briticisms, and one at least may finally establish itself in the language.

Perhaps sporadic innovation is not so common in Great Britain as in the United States, and yet any American visitor to London who skims the plentiful periodicals of the British metropolis is constantly discovering words and usages which are novel to him and which reveal the activity of the language in its native island. The London *Times,* for instance, in a book-review, recently asserted that the lettering on the backs of the volumes of a popular series had been *horizontalized* (made horizontal). The *Author* is in the habit of recording the fact that some novel is now being *serialized* (published as a serial), or that some writer, having completed his manuscript, is about to have it *typed* (copied on the typewriter). An account of the postponed coronation of King Edward in the London *Times* declared that the colonial troops would be *played* by one of the Guards' bands, evidently meaning that this band would furnish the music for the marching soldiers. A noble peer, writing advice for bicyclists, in a sporting magazine, counselled them to *rail* (to go by train) from London to a certain town.

The London *Field* described a method of repairing a bicycle tire, by which strips of canvas "are *solutioned* on." The London *Daily Chronicle,* discussing one of Sir Martin Conway's explorations, cited the name given by him to a "perilous pass which he successfully *negotiated.*" An advertisement of a magnificently timbered residential and sporting estate asserted that it was "centrally *position-*

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ed." Certain of the British railroads, having collected a charge for that portion of a traveller's baggage which is in excess of the regular allowance, certify to the payment by pasting on the trunks a label bearing the strange and startling participle "EXCESSED."

With this Briticism of the railways should be mated a Briticism of the hotels, where the bill of fare of the dinner at a fixed price sometimes informs the traveller that "a *follow* of any dish will be served without extra charge," meaning thereby that he can call for a second helping. This is simply making a noun out of a verb, and giving it an extension of meaning. Actual novelties in words are not frequent, but a few can be met with now and again. The London *Times* recently animadverted upon the "belated *electrification*" of the underground railroad, evidently meaning the equipment of this route with electric motors; and the same journal, in reviewing a book on the Origins of Christianity, asserted that much depended "on the *historicity*" of a certain narrative. The London *Spectator* not long ago made use of *continuativeness;* and the London *Athenæum* remarked that a story was "told in what might be called the *dialogical* style." In the London *Morning Post* Mr. Andrew Lang declared that if you want to write good Latin verses you must be watchful, resourceful, and *dodgy* (up to every dodge). Perhaps the most curious verbal novelty is a Briticism which has been deliberately invented to balance an imported Americanism; in the United States every lawyer is familiar with the meaning of *betterment,*—which has served as a model for *worsement,* a word apparently made out of hand by the lawyers in Great Britain.

It is only from the ignorant and from the half-educated that we now hear the shrill shriek of protest against the impending contamination of our noble tongue by the freakish vagaries of speech which make up the mass of Americanisms and of Briticisms. The most of these localisms are inept and useless; and their life is therefore very brief even in their own locality. Those which are most vigorous survive in the land of their origin; and of these some few may in time spread abroad and strike root everywhere that English is spoken. So far from there being any real danger of the defilement of the language by the profusion of Briticisms and Americanisms, of Canadianisms and Australianisms, of New-Zealandisms,—if such exist, as no doubt they do,—English is really the most fortunate of all modern tongues in that it has so many sources of refreshment, so varied, so remote from each other. The vocabulary of every language is continually wearing itself out, and it needs to be replenished, sometimes by the adroit revival of forgotten words, sometimes by broadening the meaning of words in current use, and sometimes by the creation of wholly new words.

The German language and the French have no such proving-grounds for new verbal missiles as English has. Those who speak German are massed together in the German Empire or just outside its borders in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy; and those who speak French are within the Republic or just beyond its boundaries in Belgium and in Switzerland. But English is the native language not of one great nation only, but of two; and while the United States has within its territory more than half of those who have English for their mother-tongue, the British Empire has its stations scattered here and there all over the world. In the British Isles, in the United States, in the British colonies, we may see just so many several nurseries for the seedlings of speech. Of course, the most of these verbal variations will fail to flourish outside the local conditions of soil and climate; they will not bear transplanting. Some few will show a sturdier strength, and these will in time be acclimated throughout the English-speaking world. By such hardy growths the language will be refreshed and invigorated and kept from inanition and sterility. The purist may object to the acceptance of these useful words; he will denounce them as abhorrent novelties. But, if they are really useful, they will surely establish themselves. What the purist cannot be made to admit, or even to understand, is that growth is a condition of vitality, and that if a language should cease to grow, its decay would soon begin, and its death be not far distant.

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His Guardian Angel

BY LILY A. LONG

I

BEATRICE leaned upon the railing of the balcony, and swept the once-familiar landscape with a joyous recognition, that yet was momentarily referred back to her husband for endorsement:

"Ah, isn't this air delicious! And the lake,—how *beautiful!* Aren't you glad now that we came, Owen?"

Owen turned his eyes—the cavernous eyes of a convalescent—upon his wife slowly. "I am chiefly absorbed in wondering at your courage."

"Courage?"

"I know of no more dangerous proceeding in life than to revisit the scenes of the past, especially scenes of — of sentiment. It is what the insurance companies call an extrahazardous risk. Beatrice, don't you realize that there is a chasm of fifteen years between us and those sweet peas blossoming yonder against the wall?"

Beatrice gave a little cry of triumph. "Ah, you too remember that there were sweet peas trained against that wall! I never supposed you had noticed such things." She went to him to adjust his travelling-rug as a screen against the wind, and made it an excuse for letting her hand linger on his shoulder. "Dear, when our present is so perfect,—so much better than the past ever dreamed of promising us,—what is there for us to fear in looking backward? I want to flaunt our happiness in the face of the past—insolently!"

The tense lines about his lips relaxed as he looked into her eyes.

"You are very sweet, and very dear," he said, lifting his hand to clasp the fingers still lingering on his shoulder. "You have been the great blessing of my life."

She flushed, and laughed shyly, like a girl. Almost she seemed to inhale the words, as one might the perfume of a flower. She glanced swiftly across the deserted hotel-grounds that stretched between their enclosed veranda and the quiet lake, and then she swept a kiss, fleeting as a shadow, upon his lips.

"No one saw me! Don't be afraid," she laughed, with downcast eyes. "I am going to leave you for a little while, if you don't mind. You won't be lonely? And if the breeze from the lake grows too cool, you will go in at once, won't you?"

"Oh, I'm not such an invalid!" he began to protest, but stopped to catch his breath and smother a cough until she should be out of hearing.

His eyes followed her as she crossed the lawn. Her delicate air of distinction, which set her apart from the pretty women of the summer-hotel world as unmistakably as her pellucid nature set her apart from the vast ranks of the commonplace everywhere, had often given him a little thrill of gratified pride, but to-day his look held rather the serious scrutiny we give in moments of detachment to those ordinarily too near us to be seen. She was crossing now toward what of old had been the Lilac Walk. He recognized her unspoken purpose with a sudden pang that made his white face still whiter, and as he leaned back with closed eyes, the sigh that escaped his lips was almost a groan.

He did not see a woman in a rose-red gown who came slowly down the steps from the overhanging corner balcony, where she had sat for half an hour like a spectator at a play. She paused for a moment as she came opposite Owen, but after a curious, lingering glance she passed slowly on, following the path that Beatrice had taken.

Beatrice had passed the tennis-court—it had been a croquet-ground fifteen years ago—and she caught her breath with relief that was near laughter as she came in view of the lilac-bushes beyond. She had been so afraid that the Lilac Walk

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might have been destroyed or changed! To fortify herself against disappointment, she had told herself that it must have been destroyed long ago. Yet here it was, just as it had been then, a shaded pathway leading down to the lake, with little sheltering turns, and scattered garden-chairs where one might sit and —wait! She entered it with the trembling joy of a worshipper approaching a shrine. It was here that the miracle had happened fifteen years ago,—the miracle which had transfigured the earth for her.

Surely this was the very spot,—or was it just beyond?—no, here. She had been waiting in the twilight for Claudia,—ah, where was Claudia now, and what had life meant to her, beautiful, brilliant, spoiled child that she was? She had been the vibrating flame at the heart of that summer's life. Even Owen had admired her, like the rest,—though he now grew so sternly quiet at mention of her name that Beatrice had long ago learned not to speak it. But, truly, Claudia had often been kind, for all her cleverness. That very evening she had put her own white shawl about Beatrice's shoulders and kissed her as she told her to wait there for her.

It was while she waited in the dusk, thinking Claudia must have forgotten, that Owen had come up behind her swiftly and cried his love to her, and she had answered—as she would answer God's angel if he stood before her offering her her heart's most silent desire. And then Claudia had laughed there from the dusky shadows, where she had heard. How angry he had been! Surely if God's angel ever came in wrath he would look as Owen did at that moment, when he took a step before her and looked down into Claudia's laughing face. Her heart throbbed again in her throat at the memory of it. Then without a word he had drawn her hand within his arm and bowed gravely to Claudia, and turned toward the house. They had not spoken as they walked up the shadowy alley, she in wonder and trembling and a shining joy, and he in a silence that yet pulsed about her like a tumult. The next day he had come and asked her to be his wife, with grave and stately ceremony, as a king might sue. And so the miracle had happened.

There was the sweep of a rose-red gown on the gravel walk, and the past melted into the present. Claudia stood beside her.

"Claudia!" she cried, in quick surprise and pleasure.

Claudia took the extended hands, leaned forward to look curiously into her eyes, and with a laugh kissed her lightly on both cheeks.

"Really, it is you! I hardly believed my eyes when I saw you on your veranda. What a transfigured mouse you have become! Why, in all these years, have you never come back before to this dear old lake! I have been very nearly every summer."

"Oh,—we have always had other plans—"

"Yes, the world has heard of Owen's achievements."

"And then, somehow, Owen has never cared to come here. We came now only because he has been ill, and this was the easiest journey, and he let me choose, and I have so longed, for years, to come."

"Owen did not wish to come?" Claudia laughed again, and Beatrice drew back a little, with an instant thankfulness that Owen was not there to hear. "Ah, I am afraid that Owen has never quite forgiven me for my naughty trick that fateful evening. And yet, goodness knows, he ought to be thankful instead of resentful, since all has turned out so well."

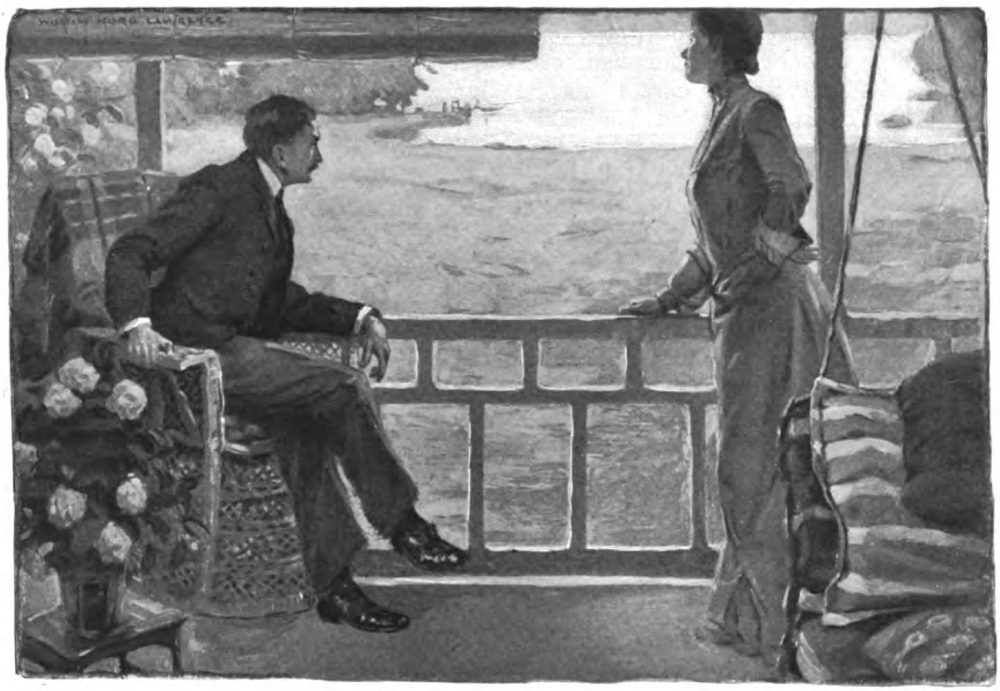
"I do not understand you," Beatrice said, gravely.

"What! has he never told you? I supposed, of course, he would tell you before you were actually married,—such a paragon of truth-telling as he used to be! But perhaps he actually fell in love with you before that day came, and so felt he had nothing to confess. The only wonder is that he did not fall in love with you at the beginning; but, though men have eyes, they are not for seeing inconspicuous charms,—and you *were* a good deal of a mouse in those days, you know."

Beatrice strove to arouse herself from the lethargy that seemed to be overcoming her with a physical and mental numbness.

"Who are you, to speak of Owen and his love for me?" she forced herself to say, but the challenge fell feebly from her lips.

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"AREN'T YOU GLAD NOW THAT WE CAME, OWEN?"

"Who am I? Your guardian angel, ungrateful child! Your special providence! Haven't you realized it all these years? Really, I thought Owen would be fairer to me than that. Has he been claiming for himself the credit of discovering you? And as for my daring to speak of Owen's love!" She clapped her hands lightly and laughed mischievously in Beatrice's face. "Hasn't he even told you *that*?"

"I do not believe you," Beatrice said, slowly. Her spirit had drawn so far away from Claudia that her voice sounded faint across the distance, and Claudia's mocking reply came to her faintly, as from a far place.

"You are as innocent as ever, dear little goose! Why, do you really believe, with those gray threads, which ought to mean wisdom, in your hair, that Owen has never loved any one but you? Where were your eyes that summer?"

"I do not believe you," Beatrice said again, mechanically.

Claudia looked at her between narrowed lids. "Then you force me to be explicit. When I told you to wait here for me that evening it was because he was expecting to meet me here, and I thought it would diversify things if he found you instead. When he came upon you in the dusk, wearing my white shawl, he thought, naturally,—"

But Beatrice was no longer there. Claudia watched her gown flash across the sunlit patches on the walk, and the mockery faded from her face.

"Fifteen minutes against fifteen years," she breathed.

II

"I must get away first; afterwards I will think about it," Beatrice said to herself, as she fled swiftly to the house. "There will be time enough — all my lifetime—to realize it in. First I must get away where he cannot find me."

Owen was still on the veranda where she had left him. From behind the fluttering curtain in her room she could see the outline of his arm and shoulder where he lay in the great chair. Screened by the curtain, she looked hungrily, insatiably,—and then suddenly the waves of crimson shame surged over her face and throat. Oh, how could he have allowed her to live on under that mistake? He

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had meant it chivalrously, kindly,—did she not know his heart of gold?—but now every tender word he had ever spoken veiled pity; every caress she had ever offered flashed out on her memory like a branding-mark. If he had died, she would at least have had the past. Now she had nothing. Love itself was swallowed up in a numb ache of humiliation.

She wrote:

"Claudia has told me, and I must go away. Do not blame yourself for my going,—or for anything. I should have understood, but I think my eyes were holden. Only,—I cannot stay. Beloved shadow who never was, good-by."

There was a movement on the veranda outside of the window. She snatched up her hand-bag, not yet unpacked since her arrival, and slipped from the room.

III

The sun line which Owen had been idly watching crept past the nasturtiums and the asters and the sweet peas, and finally lost itself in the shrubbery beyond. Owen roused himself with a little wonder that Beatrice should be so long away. He glanced into their deserted rooms, and then, after a moment's uncertainty, he descended to the lawn. The sod responded springily to his feet, the air came like wine through the neighboring spruces. Strength surged into his veins, and he lifted his head to look about him with an interest that held a trace of defiant courage.

A rowboat was hurrying across the lake toward the point where—he remembered with a curious thrill—you could catch the down train if, through lingering, you had missed it at the regular station. There was a woman in the stern, and something about her attitude was so curiously suggestive of Beatrice that it held his eye until the boat swung out of sight at the point of the peninsula. Then picking up the unworded purpose which had led him down, he sought the Lilac Walk.

Beatrice was not there. He walked slowly the entire length of the path and half-way back. There, on the garden bench, Claudia was waiting,—no vision out of the past, such as he had been half expecting to see start from the shadows, but a living, breathing Claudia, with hungry eyes.

"Owen!" she cried, starting to her feet with outstretched hands.

For half a heart-beat his eyes shrank from hers, and then he looked,—with a look that grew slowly from wonder to relief.

"Ah, how pale you are! Sit here and rest. Owen, you have been ill!"

"Yes, I believe so," he said, with a slight laugh to himself. "But now I think I shall be well."

He took the seat beside her; and it was only when her eyelids drooped that he became aware of his own intent gaze and looked away.

"So you still keep up the habit of coming here?" he said, casually. "I wondered if we should meet you."

"'We,' Owen? Do you even think in the plural?"

He laughed quietly, but made no other answer. Only his eyes dwelt upon her again, and his look was stronger.

"It is strange that our meeting should be—here," she said.

"It is stranger that Beatrice isn't here," he responded, lightly. "I was sure I should find her here, exploring for emotions."

"Perhaps she has found enough to satisfy her," Claudia said, slowly. She let her eyes rest upon him as she added, peremptorily: "Tell me about yourself. Are you happy?"

"To the point of light-headedness!"

"And—content with all that life has brought you?"

"Oh, by no means, thank Heaven!"

"But I want to know the details, all the little things that make up your interests, your hopes. You used to tell me those things."

"Did I?" He laughed shortly, and half turned away as if to watch an empty boat that was swinging slowly with the wind in the shadow of the peninsula, where the boat with the woman had disappeared. Her pulses leaped with the conviction that live words were trembling just beyond the prudent barrier of silence, and she leaned towards him with sudden and compelling intensity.

"Have I changed, do you think?"

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"Time *could* not wither—"

"Bah! I am not asking for compliments. I mean really,—the real you and I. Let us talk the truth that lies beneath conventions of speech. We were,—we are. The events that have come and gone between us are like the clouds that drift between the sky and the lake. When they have gone by, the sky and the lake are the same. Is not that what you meant?"

"In a measure,—perhaps," he answered, slowly, after a look that questioned more deeply than her words. "It is a problem for philosophers which is the real personality, and what phases are merely phenomenal. Now—"

She cut across his words sharply.

"Owen, I am not talking philosophy. I am talking life. Aren't you brave enough, honest enough, to meet me on that basis?"

Again he swept her with that questioning look, and he laughed a little nervously as he pushed his hat back with an unconscious, characteristic gesture.

"*You* are brave, at any rate! But I was not talking philosophy to evade life. It is the question of questions for living to solve, isn't it,—what is my real personality? Sometimes we have to live our life out to the end before we know. Sometimes, through undeserved grace, it is revealed to us,—as it has been to me, here, in this curiously fateful spot."

Her eyes fell, as though to hide an unstable penitence.



SCREENED BY THE CURTAIN, SHE LOOKED HUNGRILY

"Ah, you mean that night! Are you never going to forgive that girlish folly of a moment, Owen?"

"Most truly I have nothing to forgive, Claudia," he answered, gravely. "Most deeply I am in your debt. Whether you intended it or not, you crowned my life in giving me to Beatrice."

She drew back as though his words were a blow, and her answering blow came on the instant, wild with passion.

"Are you lying now, or were you lying

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE TURNED TO FLEE, AND FACED BEATRICE

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when you swore you loved me; or does your love come to heel at your bidding, like a well-trained hound?"

He put his hand up to his gray mustache with a nervous gesture, but he answered quietly:

"If I am to be brave and honest, I suppose I must acknowledge that I lied when I said I loved you,—though I didn't know it then. In fact, it seemed the one truth in the universe,—that is what makes this matter of real personality so hard to understand. *You* saw that I was deceiving myself, and trying, to the best of my poor ability, to deceive you, and though the means you took to arouse me were rather heroic, they were fully justified. What's more, they were effective. They say that when people drown, their whole life flashes like a panorama before the inner vision. In a moment they understand,—because they see in whole. So, when my boyish madness went down to death, I, who survived, saw clearly, for that sufficient moment, that Beatrice was the reality which I had been seeking, though I had not recognized her."

"Then why, all these years, have you avoided—me?" she flung at him fiercely.

The answer on his lip was checked by the appearance of the landlord, who came up with a panting effort to look as though he had not hurried.

"Is your wife anywhere about?" he asked of Owen, with a glance of obscure warning to Claudia.

"I don't know where she is," Owen answered. "Exploring the grounds, I suppose. Is there any message for her?"

"She didn't go out on the lake?"

Owen turned and looked at him. "No," he said, shortly. He was curiously resentful of something in the man's voice.

"I didn't know but what it might have been her that went out on the lake," the landlord said, slowly. He turned so that only Claudia could see his lips forming voiceless words, and walked away, breaking into a run towards the lake as soon as he was out of their sight.

"I have avoided you"—Owen took up the word steadily—"because, as I see now, I have been guilty of the sin of little faith. I was not sure until to-day—you conjured me to be honest!—that the miracle would hold if I should meet you. Some one, if not I,—something, if not my whole self,—had loved you. But I sinned against the holy vision in being afraid. As you said a moment ago, the drifting clouds cannot change the lake and the sky. My clouds of misty madness have blown away, and I see that my sky is, and always was—even before I had understanding to perceive it—Beatrice."

Claudia had gone deadly white at the landlord's word, but when Owen finished, her pallor was like the white ash that covers a burning coal. Her eyes were blazing, and as she sprang to her feet, her frame quivered and her voice shook like a flame in the wind as she told him that the boat in which his Beatrice had started across the lake had been found drifting and empty.

She turned to flee, and faced Beatrice,—Beatrice waiting whitely in the shadow where Claudia had hidden one night fifteen years down in the past.

IV

Owen had torn the little letter into scraps, and had burned them sacrificially in the fireplace, with a separate thrust that was not altogether priestly for each scrap that turned into ashes. At the end he looked up.

"You haven't told me yet how you came to go back."

Beatrice's eyelashes drooped over her flushed cheeks, and she answered as one aware of folly:

"I made the boy put me ashore at the peninsula, and I walked around. I suppose he stayed to go in swimming, and so the boat got adrift."

"But *why* did you go ashore? You hadn't changed your wicked plans then, had you?"

"Oh no! But I found I had your cough medicine in my hand-bag, and it was nearly time for you to take it. I had to get that back to your room first. I meant to walk back and wait for the next train."

Owen stared at her a silent moment, and then he laughed. He poked the fire, and laughed and laughed, till Beatrice frowned like an angel.

"I don't see what there is to laugh at!"

"That's the beauty of it," he gasped. "'My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.' Thank Heaven for her!"

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Physiological Immunity

BY CARL SNYDER

SCATTERED over the world, even to far Siam and the jungles of Africa, bodies of men are at work, not in quest of gold or loot or territory, but of means to help their fellows to ward off sickness and unneedful death. Stately pageants and triumphal arches are not for such as these, for they make war not upon men, not upon the weak, but upon the malignant hosts of disease.

Their efforts tend in two directions: the first, to ward off infection by a perfected hygiene, as, for example, in the expulsion of yellow fever from Havana through the destruction of the yellow-fever carrier, the mosquito; the second, to provide the body with new weapons of defence when the infection has come. In both directions much has been, much more may be, achieved.

Rather more than a century ago, a very young physician thought to test a very old folk remedy against the greatest scourge of that day—smallpox. His method, slightly elaborated, has served to banish that disease from cleanly lands. But it was merely a chance success won in the dark; to use a large word, a purely empirical discovery. No one had the slightest idea how the vaccine worked, for no one, up to thirty or forty years ago, had so much as a suspicion as to the nature or cause of disease. Jenner's discovery was not the forerunner of a host of others; it opened no new line of inquiry. The physicians of his time, and after, were far more interested in the fancies of Hahnemann than in a patient, scientific investigation of these new and amazingly fertile results.

It was left for a French chemist, Louis Pasteur, who, knowing nothing of medicine or the stock-in-trade absurdities taught in its name, could come fresh to the subject, to reveal that disease is essentially a fermentation—due, like the fermenting of yeast, to the presence of a minute fungus. Following the customary method of preparing the smallpox vaccine, Pasteur and his aids found that by deliberately cultivating his microbes through a succession of young animals, he was able so to attenuate the poison they secrete as to make it relatively harmless. Nevertheless, as in the case of vaccination, the fungus thus modified was able, by inducing a mild form of the disease, to confer immunity against a more virulent attack. His dramatic cures of the dreaded hydrophobia instantly gave his ideas a world-wide vogue, and in scarce any land of the earth were there lacking eager spirits to follow out and explore the paths thus so brilliantly opened up.

A little later came the discovery, at the hands of two of Pasteur's disciples, that the serum of inoculated animals—the colorless fluid of the blood after the red corpuscles which it contains have been strained out—contains an anti-poison, or, as it has come to be known, an antitoxin, which, injected into an animal, confers immunity in the same manner as inoculation itself. This was the beginning of "the new medicine," of the so-called "sero-therapy." If the new methods have not yet realized all that was hoped from them, it may still be noted that a single one of the new serums, the preparation of the diphtheria antitoxin, has already saved thousands of little lives, and that the horrible fate of death from hydrophobia is now almost unknown. Anti-poisons for many of the serpent venoms are known, so that the other day, when Dr. Calmette of Lille, who has made this latter field so much his own, was bitten in the careless handling of a deadly adder, he had merely to step across the room and inject into his arm the serum of his own preparation. Without the latter, in a few moments he would have been dead; with it, the crisis was soon past, and within an

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hour he was back at work. "*Epatant*," murmured France; and so it was.

Pasteur had unveiled the cause of disease; he and his disciples had found new means of combating it. It remained to inquire what was the mechanism by which the cure works. We may take a concrete instance. The microbe of diphtheria Professor Behring believes to be ubiquitous—that is to say, always more or less present. Under favorable circumstances, as, for example, a weakened condition of the body, it finds lodgement in the throat, begins to multiply with extraordinary rapidity, and covers its funguslike growth with the well-known white membrane. As a part of its vital activity, it secretes a powerful poison, as, let us say, the cells of a cow's udder secrete milk, or the poison-glands of a rattlesnake produce venom. This poison, seeping through the membrane, permeates the system, paralyzes the bodily functions, and causes death.

Given that there is time, an injection of the antitoxin causes the body to rally against the poison; the patient recovers. In many instances there is recovery when no antitoxin has been administered. What is the process?

More than a decade ago Elias Metchnikoff, the eminent Russian pathologist, undertook an exhaustive study of inflammations. Whether they occurred from a wound or from disease, always he noted the presence, in abnormal quantity, of the big white corpuscles which float about in the blood and the lymph. Inside these white cells he would find great numbers of the microbes specific to the inflammation under view. The microbes were in various stages of digestion; it seemed as if the big corpuscles' office was to devour the microbes, and, if possible, kill them. Sometimes the number ingested was too great; then the corpuscle itself was destroyed; and if this was general, the inflammation extended, the victim died.

In his picturesque northern imagination, Metchnikoff came to view infection and immunity as a war of microbes and white cells. Against the invading hosts of disease the corpuscles went out to battle—to conquer or die. This was the way in which the body fought disease. The great Russian gave to the white corpuscles the name of phagocytes, the "devouring cells," and styled the process phagocytosis. His ideas were stimulative; they aroused adherents and doubters alike, and a splendid work has followed.

All sought to penetrate yet deeper. Granted, said the doubters, that the white corpuscles of the blood are in reality microbicides; is this all? When the serum of an inoculated animal is injected into another, it is entirely rid alike of red corpuscles and white. Merely the lymph, then, must contain some *chemical* substance which protects the inoculated animal. And the serum of the latter may in turn confer immunity upon other animals. How has this curious result been brought about?

Incidentally, it is to be noted that often the action of the serum is not bactericidal; the fungi continue to thrive and multiply, although their harmful powers seem destroyed. It appears here as if the serum merely neutralized the poison the microbes secrete. Moreover, a puzzling fact, disclosed by Bordet, was that the benign powers of the serum could be destroyed simply by heating, but that this power was instantly recovered by the addition of a small quantity of serum from an animal which had never been inoculated. In other words, the serum of a non-inoculated animal, in itself powerless to confer immunity, could still restore the immunizing power to serum in which that power had just been destroyed.

Slight wonder if, before such baffling paradoxes as these, the heads of the investigators sometimes began to swim. Metchnikoff still held to the main lines of his theory. In his view it was always the devouring cells which intervene, either directly, or in a less obvious fashion, as in the case of the serums. To speak with more precision, for him the process of immunity was always essentially fermentive in character; the germicidal properties of the serum from an inoculated animal are due to the presence of fermentive substances secreted by the "phagocytes," just as the stomach cells secrete pepsin and free hydrochloric acid, the liver cells bile and other ferments, and so on. These are thrown into the blood stream and carried about through the body, and may act

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then in destroying the microbes, or in disturbing their normal functions, or simply by neutralizing the bacterial poison. The effect of the inoculation of a fresh animal or the injection of the serum from an inoculated animal is to stimulate the white corpuscles to greater activity, and hence to the production of greater quantities of the bactericidal ferments.

It will be seen that in the view of Metchnikoff the whole process is one of vital actions. We need not attribute intelligence to the white corpuscles in their war upon the microbes, but they comport themselves in many ways like independent units, colonized in the organism.

But modern physiology is no longer content with merely "vitalistic" explanations of the bodily processes. For it the vital processes, whether of digestion, absorption, growth, or reproduction, are simply and solely a complex series of chemical reactions, proceeding in a regularly ordered way. All this is not nearly so interesting as the idea of prodigious wars and bloody struggles going on within the body, though all invisible to the eye. And to the minds of some folk it is disagreeable; it creaks of machinery, or, as many say, smacks of materialism; it seems to destroy something of the mystery which shrouds the life processes,—and it appears as if a good portion of the world, for some reason or another, prefers ignorance to knowledge.

All this is more or less a matter of taste; meanwhile it is worth noting that all the advance that has been made in our ideas of vital phenomena has lain entirely in an identification of bodily processes and forces with the simple processes and forces of the inanimate world. Lavoisier began this when he showed that the combustion that goes on in the lungs, and that in the grate or the stove, are one and the same; and if the chemistry of the living cell is still obscure and full of difficulties, we know enough to know that all future gain will come along the same lines.

One great step has been made, and that of a most unexpected sort. So bewildering is the variety of the things which go on in an animal, or even in a plant, so vastly different are, let us say, the forms and functions of a coral polyp and a whale, that one is led almost inevitably to suppose a corresponding complexity in the materials of which these are composed. The development of organic chemistry has revealed precisely the opposite. The world of the nonliving is made up of a rather large variety of elements, put together for the most part in a very simple way; the world of living things, on the contrary, seems composed of a very few elementary substances, put together in a most intricate way. A little carbonic acid, water, ammonia, oxygen, a trace of some mineral salts, and perhaps a dash of sulphur and phosphorus, and you have the physical bases of life. Such varied articles as the white of an egg, cheese, lean beefsteak, and a dish of cracked wheat hardly differ at all in their constituents; it is simply a question of chemical structure,—or, as one might say, architecture.

After this one will not be surprised to learn that many of the organic poisons—that is to say, the poisons elaborated by the living organism—differ so slightly from the ordinary foods of the body as to have for a long time baffled the chemist in his efforts toward a satisfactory analysis. They are, in many instances, not merely made up of identically the same elements, but in identically the same proportions. In more technical language, they are what the chemists call isomeres —*i. e.*, made out of the same parts. Their differing physiological and chemical reactions, therefore, may be solely explained on grounds of a differing *arrangement*, or grouping.

At first thought it seems absurd that, for example, the same number of atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen put together in two different fashions could make one substance highly nutritious to the bodily economy, the other a deadly poison. It is not easy to understand how mere structure could play such a decisive rôle.

It is probably a simple question of chemical mechanics. The most characteristic thing about atoms is their ability to take hold, so to say, on other atoms; but this ability is unequally shared. Some atoms seem to be one-handed, some two-handed, some three.

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four, five, or six. The natural propensity of an atom is to get its hands full; in this condition it is said to be saturated, and it is no longer in a position to create a disturbance. Saturation is death.

Roused from their torpor by the sunlight, the inert atoms of the air and the soil take on that condition of unstable equilibrium we call life. Under the influence of the bodily ferments the plant materials are raised to a yet higher state of complexity characteristic of the animal world. To the chemist's eye the body is a scene of incessant and rapid change —where a gay Sir Roger de Coverley sort of dance is going on, the atoms, or rather groups of atoms, flinging off their partners and taking new ones with the precision and celerity of a practised hand. But woe if some clumsy or evil-minded disturber comes in to break up this rhythmic play.

The poisons are the disturbers. Though they be all in faultless attire, something in their disposition, some evil ineptitude, brings ruin in their train.

Perhaps this is carrying a fanciful analogy too far. A great German chemist makes use of the simile of a lock and key,—here the microscopic cells of which the body is composed may be pictured as furnished with many doors, these doors with locks; in ordinary, normal conditions the doors swing wide, the traffic of the body goes on without let or hindrance. But suppose a structure so adapted as just to fit the lock, or release a spring—the door is closed, traffic stops.

But lively pictures of this sort have the inconvenience of being a little too concrete — that is to say, they imply things which do not tally with all the facts. In the case of infection, and the process of immunization, the facts seem simple and tolerably clear. On the basis of what is now known, Professor Ehrlich, the distinguished head of the institute of experimental medicine at Frankfort, in Germany, has constructed a theory which represents the very latest in this branch of scientific work. Ehrlich supposes that, attached to the extraordinarily complex structure of the animal cell (a single cell may contain millions of atoms), there exist what he terms "side-chains," or partially saturated groups of atoms, whose normal function it is to enable the cells to take up from the blood stream their food elements, which, passed on into the interior, become a part of the cell itself. The condition here is that the bond of momentary union between the "side-chains" and the food elements shall be easily formed, and as lightly broken. These side-chains he designates "receivers."

Professor Ehrlich supposes the poisons to possess a greater aptitude for fixing themselves to these receivers, or, in chemical phraseology, to offer a greater number of unsaturated affinities. Fixing themselves to the receivers, they bar the way to the entry of normal food materials—if, indeed, they do not penetrate farther into the inner structure of the cell; in consequence the activity of the latter is disturbed; death intervenes.

Under certain conditions, however, the combination of side-chain and poison molecule is thrown off from the cell, and new receivers, new side-chains, being formed, the cell resumes its orderly life. But the peculiarity appears to be that if the cell succeeds in throwing off this harmful combination, it not only forms new receivers, but a superabundance of them, and these surplus receivers are sloughed off into the blood stream, there to float about as free units. Given, then, that a poison is introduced into the system, these free side-chains in the blood will fix the poison before ever it reaches the cells at all; the poison will be "neutralized," and no harm will come.

It is, then, the presence of these free side-chains in the blood which confers immunity against disease. Naturally, as the microbes of each disease secrete a specific poison, there must be as many different receivers as there are poisons, and this would explain why, for example, vaccination against smallpox does not protect one against diphtheria or the *grippe*. What remains now, therefore, is to study closely the conditions under which these protecting agents are formed and, further, kept in an active condition. For the immunity conferred is usually not permanent. In some cases, as in that of cholera, the effect of the antitoxin serum seems not to last more than a few weeks; in the case of the smallpox vaccine it may endure for years, or for a lifetime even.

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Though One Rose from the Dead

BY W. D. HOWELLS

YOU are very welcome to the Alderling incident, my dear Acton, if you think you can do anything with it, and I will give it as circumstantially as possible. The thing has its limitations, I should think, for the fictionist, chiefly in a sort of roundedness which leaves little play to the imagination. It seems to me that it would be more to your purpose if it were less *pat*, in its catastrophe, but you are a better judge of all that than I am, and I will put the facts in your hands, and keep my own hands off, so far as any plastic use of the material is concerned.

The first I knew of the peculiar Alderling situation was shortly after William James's "Will to Believe" came out. I had been telling the Alderlings about it, for they had not seen it, and I noticed that from time to time they looked significantly at each other. When I had got through, he gave a little laugh, and she said, "Oh, you may laugh!" and then I made bold to ask, "What is it?"

"Marion can tell you," he said. He motioned towards the coffee-pot and asked, "More?" I shook my head, and he said, "Come out, and let us see what the maritime interests have been doing for us. Pipe or cigar?" I chose cigarettes, and he brought the box off the table, stopping on his way to the veranda, and taking his pipe and tobacco-pouch from the hall mantel.

Mrs. Alderling had got to the veranda before us, and done things to the chairs and cushions, and was leaning against one of the slender fluted pine columns like some rich, blond caryatid just off duty, with the blue of her dress and the red of her hair showing deliciously against the background of white house-wall. He and she were an astonishing and satisfying contrast; in the midst of your amazement you felt the divine propriety of a woman like her wanting just such a wiry, smoky-complexioned, black-browed, black-bearded, bald-headed little man as he was.

Before he sat down where she was going to put him, he stood stoopingly, and frowned at the waters of the cove lifting from the foot of the lawn that sloped to it before the house. "Three lumbermen, two goodish-sized yachts, a dozen sloop-rigged boats: not so bad. About the usual number that come loafing in to spend the night. You ought to see them when it threatens to breeze up. Then they're here in flocks. Go on, Marion."

He gave a soft groan of comfort as he settled in his chair and began pulling at his short black pipe, and she let her eyes dwell on him in a rapture that curiously interested me. People in love are rarely interesting—that is, flesh-and-blood people. Of course I know that lovers are the life of fiction, and that a story of any kind can scarcely hold the reader without them. Yet lovers in real life are, so far as I have observed them, bores. They are confessed to be disgusting before or after marriage when they let their fondness appear, but even when they try to hide it, they are tiresome. Character goes down before passion in them; nature is reduced to propensity. Then, how is it that the novelist manages to keep these, and to give us nature and character while seeming to offer nothing but propensity and passion? Perhaps he does not give them. Perhaps what he does is to hypnotize us so that we each of us identify ourselves with the lovers, and add our own natures and characters to the single principle that animates them. But if we have them there before us in the tiresome reality, they exclude us from their pleasure in each other and stop up the perspective of our happiness with their hulking personalities, bare of all the iridescence of potentiality which we could have cast about them. Something of this

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iridescence may cling to unmarried lovers, in spite of themselves, but wedded bliss is a sheer offence.

I do not know why it was not an offence in the case of the Alderlings, unless it was because they both, in their different ways, saw the joke of the thing. At any rate, I found that in their charm for each other they had somehow not ceased to be amusing for me, and I waited confidently for the answer she would make to his whimsically abrupt bidding. But she did not answer very promptly even when he had added, "Wanhope, here, is scenting something psychological in the reason of my laughing at you."

Mrs. Alderling stood looking at him, not me, with a smile hovering about the corners of her mouth, which, when it decided not to alight anywhere, scarcely left her aspect graver for its flitting. She said at last in her slow, deep-throated voice, "I guess I will let you tell him."

"Oh, I'll tell him fast enough," said Alderling, nursing his knee, and bringing it well up toward his chin, between his clasped hands. "Marion has always had the notion that I should live again if I believed I should, and that as I don't believe I shall, I am not going to. The joke of it is," and he began to splutter laughter round the stem of his pipe, "she's as much of an agnostic as I am. She doesn't believe she is going to live again, either."

Mrs. Alderling said, "I don't care for it in my case."

That struck me as rather touching, but I had no right to enter uninvited into the intimacy of her meaning, and I said, looking as little at her as I need, "Aren't you both rather belated?"

"You mean that protoplasm has gone out?" he chuckled.

"Not exactly," I answered. "But you know that a great many things are allowed now that were once forbidden to the True Disbelievers."

"You mean that we may trust in the promises, as they used to be called, and still keep the Unfaith?"

"Something like that."

Alderling took his pipe out, apparently to give his whole face to the pleasure of teasing his wife. "That 'll be a great comfort to Marion," he said, and he threw back his head and laughed.

She smiled faintly, vaguely, tolerantly, as if she enjoyed his pleasure in teasing her.

"Where have you been," I asked, "that you don't know the changed attitude in these matters?"

"Well, here for the last three years. We tried it the first winter after we came, and found it was not so bad, and we simply stayed on. But I haven't really looked into the question since I gave the conundrum up twenty years ago, on what was then the best authority. Marion doesn't complain. She knew what I was when she married me. She was another. We were neither of us very bigoted disbelievers. We should not have burned anybody at the stake for saying that we had souls."

Alderling put back his pipe and cackled round it, taking his knee between his hands again.

"You know," she explained, more in my direction than to me, "that I had none to begin with. But Alderling had. His people believed in the future life."

"That's what they said," Alderling crowed. "And Marion has always thought that if she had believed that way, she could have kept me up to it; and so when I died I should have lived again. It is perfectly logical, though it isn't capable of a practical demonstration. If Marion had come of a believing family, she could have brought me back into the fold. Her great mistake was in being brought up by an uncle who denied that he was living here, even. The poor girl could not do a thing when it came to the life hereafter."

The smile now came hovering back, and alighted at a corner of Mrs. Alderling's mouth, making it look, oddly enough, rather rueful. "It didn't matter about me. I thought it a pity that Alderling's talent should stop here."

"Did you ever know anything like that?" he cried. "Perfectly willing to thrust me out into a cold other-world, and leave me to struggle on without her, when I had got used to her looking after me. Now I'm not so selfish as that. I shouldn't want to have Marion living on through all eternity if I wasn't with her. It would be too lonely for her."

He looked up at her, with his dancing eyes, and she put her hand down over

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his shoulder into the hand that he lifted to meet it, in a way that would have made me sick in some people. But in her the action was so casual, so absent, that it did not affect me disagreeably.

"Do you mean that you haven't been away since you came here three years ago?" I asked.

"We ran up to the theatre once in Boston last winter, but it bored us to the limit." Alderling poked his knife-blade into the bowl of his pipe as he spoke, having freed his hand for the purpose, while Mrs. Alderling leaned back against the slim column again. He said gravely: "It was a great thing for Marion, though. In view of the railroad accident that didn't happen, she convinced herself that her sole ambition was that we should die together. Then, whether we found ourselves alive or not, we should be company for each other. She's got it arranged with the thunder-storms, so that one bolt will do for us both, and she never lets me go out on the water alone, for fear I shall watch my chance, and get drowned without her."

I did not trouble myself to make out how much of this was mocking, and as there was no active participation in the joke expected of me, I kept on the safe side of laughing. "No wonder you've been able to do such a lot of pictures," I said. "But I should have thought you might have found it dull—I mean dull together—at odd times."

"Dull?" he shouted. "It's stupendously dull! Especially when our country neighbors come in to 'liven us up.' We've got neighbors here that can stay longer in half an hour than most people can in a week. We get tired of each other at times, but after a call from the people in the next house, we return with rapture to our delusion that we are interesting."

"And you never," I ventured, making my jocosity as ironical as possible, "wear upon each other?"

"Horribly!" said Alderling, and his wife smiled contentedly, behind him. "We haven't a whole set of china in the house, from exchanging it across the table, and I haven't made a study of Marion — you must have noticed how many Marions there were — that she hasn't thrown at my head. Especially the Madonnas. She likes to throw the Madonnas at me."

I ventured still farther, addressing myself to Mrs. Alderling. "Does he keep it up all the time—this *blague?*"

"Pretty much," she answered passively, with entire acquiescence in the fact if it were the fact, or the joke if it were the joke.

"But I didn't see anything of yours, Mrs. Alderling," I said. She had had her talent, as a girl, and some people preferred it to her husband's,—but there was no effect of it anywhere in the house.

"The housekeeping is enough," she answered, with her tranquil smile.

There was nothing in her smile that was leading, and I did not push my inquiry, especially as Alderling did not seem disposed to assist. "Well," I said, "I suppose you will forgive to science my feeling that your situation is most suggestive."

"Oh, don't mind *us!*" said Alderling.

"I won't, thank you," I answered. "Why, it's equal to being cast away together on an uninhabited island."

"Quite," he assented.

"There can't," I went on, "be a corner of your minds that you haven't mutually explored. You must know each other," I cast about for the word, and added abruptly, "by heart."

"I don't suppose he meant anything pretty?" said Alderling, with a look up over his shoulder at his wife; and then he said to me, "We do; and there are some very curious things I could tell you, if Marion would ever let me get in a word."

"Do let him, Mrs. Alderling," I entreated, humoring his joke at her silence.

She smiled, and softly shrugged, and then sighed.

"I could make your flesh creep," he went on, "or I could if you were not a psychologist. I assure you that we are quite weird at times."

"As how?"

"Oh, just knowing what the other is thinking, at a given moment, and saying it. There are times when Marion's thinking is such a nuisance to me, that I have to yell down to her from my loft to stop it. The racket it makes breaks me all up. It's a relief to have her talk, and I try

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to make her, when she's posing, just to escape the din of her thinking. Then the willing! We experimented with it, after we had first noticed it, but we don't, any more. It's too dead easy."

"What do you mean by the willing?"

"Oh, just wishing one that the other was there, and there he or she is."

"Is he trying to work me, Mrs. Alderling?" I appealed to her, and she answered from her calm:

"It is very unaccountable."

"Then you really mean it! Why can't you give me an illustration?"

"Why, you know," said Alderling more seriously than he had yet spoken, "I don't believe those things, if they are real, can ever be got to show off. That's the reason why your 'Quests in the Occult' are mainly such rubbish, as far as the evidences are concerned. If Marion and I tried to give you an illustration, as you call it, the occult would snub us. But *is* there anything so very strange about it? The wonder is that a man and wife ever fail of knowing each what the other is thinking. They pervade each other's minds, if they are really married, and they are so present with each other that the tacit wish should be the same as a call. Marion and I are only an intensified instance of what may be done by living together. There is something, though, that is rather queer, but it belongs to psychomancy rather than psychology, as I understand it."

"Ah!" I said. "What is that?"

"Being visibly present when absent. It has not happened often, but it has happened that I have seen Marion in my loft when she was really somewhere else, and not when I had willed her or wished her to be there."

"Now, really," I said, "I must ask you for an instance."

"You want to heap up facts, Lombroso fashion? Well, this is as good as most of Lombroso's facts, or better. I went up one morning, last winter, to work at a study of a Madonna from Marion, directly after breakfast, and left her below in the dining-room, putting away the breakfast things. She has to do that occasionally, between the local helps, who are all we can get in the winter. She professes to like it, but you never can tell, from what a woman says: she has to do it, anyway." It is hard to convey a notion of the serene, impersonal acquiescence of Mrs. Alderling in taking this talk of her. "I was banging away at it when I knew she was behind me looking over my shoulder rather more stormily than she usually does; usually, she is a dead calm. I glanced up, and saw the calm succeed the storm. Then I kept on, and after a while I was aware of hearing her step on the stairs."

Alderling stopped, and smoked definitively, as if that were the end.

"Well," I said, after waiting a while, "I don't exactly get the unique value of the incident."

"Oh," he said, as if he had accidentally forgotten the detail, "the steps were coming up."

"Yes?"

"She opened the door, which she had omitted to do before, and when she came in she denied having been there already. She owned that she had been hurrying through her work, and thinking of mine, so as to make me do something, or undo something, to it; and then all at once she lost her impatience, and came up at her leisure. I don't exactly like to tell what she wanted."

He began to laugh provokingly, and she said, tranquilly, "I don't mind your telling Mr. Wanhope."

"Well, then, strictly in the interest of psychomancy, I will confide that she had found some traces of a model that I used to paint my Madonnas from, before we were married, in that picture. She had slept on her suspicion, and then when she could not stand it any longer, she had come up in the spirit to say that she was not going to be mixed up in a Madonna with any such minx. The words are mine, but the meaning was Marion's. When she found me taking the minx out, she went quietly back to washing her dishes, and then returned in the body to give me a sitting."

We were silent a moment, till I asked, "Is this true, Mrs. Alderling?"

"About," she said. "I don't remember the storm, exactly."

"Well, I don't see why you bother to remain in the body at all," I remarked.

"We haven't arranged just how to leave it together," said Alderling. "Marion, here, if I managed to get off first, would

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have no means of knowing whether her theory of the effect of my unbelief on my future was right or not; and if *she* gave *me* the slip, she would always be sorry that she had not stayed here to convert me."

"Why don't you agree that if either of you lives again, he or she shall make some sign to let the other know?" I suggested.

"Well, that has been tried so often, and has it ever worked? It's open to the question whether the dead do not fail to show up because they are forbidden to communicate with the living; and you are just where you were, as to the main point. No, I don't see any way out of it."

Mrs. Alderling went into the house and came out with a book in her hand, and her fingers in it at two places. It was that impressive collection of Christ's words from the New Testament called "The Great Discourse." She put the book before me first at one place and then at another, and I read at one, "He that believeth on me shall never die," and at the other, "Except ye believe in me ye shall all likewise perish." She did not say anything in showing me these passages, and I found something in her action touchingly childlike and elemental, as well as curiously heathenish. It was as if some poor pagan had brought me his fetish to test its effect upon me. "Yes," I said, "those are things that we hardly know what to do with in our philosophy. They seem to be said as with authority, and yet somehow we cannot admit their validity in a philosophical inquiry as to a future life. Aren't they generally taken to mean that we shall be unhappy or happy hereafter, rather than that we shall be or not be at all? And what is believing? Is it the mere act of acknowledgment, or is it something more vital, which expresses itself in conduct?"

She did not try to say. In fact, she did not answer at all. Whatever point was in her mind she did not or could not debate it. I perceived, in a manner, that her life was so largely subliminal that if she had tried she could not have met my question any more than if she had not had the gift of speech at all. But in her inarticulate fashion she had exposed to me a state of mind which I was hardly withheld by the decencies from exploring. "You know," I said, "that psychology almost begins by rejecting the authority of these sayings, and that while we no longer deny anything we cannot allow anything merely because it has been strongly affirmed. Supposing that there is a life after this, how can it be denied to one and bestowed upon another because one has assented to a certain supernatural claim and another has refused to do so? That does not seem reasonable, it does not seem right. Why should you base your conclusion as to that life upon a promise and a menace which may not really refer to it in the sense which they seem to have?"

"Isn't it all there is?" she asked, and Alderling burst into his laugh.

"I'm afraid she's got you there, Wanhope. When it comes to polemics there's nothing like the passive obstruction of Mrs. Alderling. Marion might never have been an early Christian herself—I think she's an inexpugnable pagan—but she would have gone round making it awfully uncomfortable for the other unbelievers."

"You know," she said to him, and I never could decide how much she was in earnest, "that I can't believe till you do. I couldn't take the risk of keeping on without you."

Alderling followed her indoors, where she now went to put the book away, with his mock addressed to me, "Did you ever know such a stubborn woman?"

II

One conclusion from my observation of the Alderlings during the week I spent with them was that it is bad for a husband and wife to be constantly and unreservedly together, not because they grow tired of each other, but because they grow more intensely interested in each other. Children, when they come, serve the purpose of separating the parents; they seem to unite them in one care, but they divide them in their employments, at least in the normally constituted family. If they are rich and can throw the care of the children upon servants then they cannot enjoy the relief from each other that children bring to the mother who nurtures and teaches

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Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

MRS. ALDERLING CAME OUT WITH A BOOK IN HER HAND

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them and to the father who must work for them harder than before. The Alderlings were not rich enough to have been freed from the wholesome responsibilities of parentage, but they were childless, and so they were not detached from the perpetual thought of each other. If they had only had different tastes, it might have been better, but they were both artists, she not less than he, though she no longer painted. When their common thoughts were not centred upon each other's being they were centred on his work, which, viciously enough, was the constant reproduction of her visible personality. I could always see them studying each other, he with an eye to her beauty, she with an eye to his power.

He was every now and then saying to her, "Hold on, Marion," and staying her in some pose or movement, while he made mental note of it, and I was conscious of her preying upon his inmost thoughts and following him into the recesses of his reveries, where it is best for a man to be alone, even if he is sometimes a beast there. Now and then I saw him get up and shake himself restively, but I am bound to say in her behalf that her pursuit of him seemed quite involuntary, and that she enjoyed it no more than he did. Twenty times I was on the point of asking, "Why don't you people go in for a good long separation? Is there nothing to call you to Europe, Alderling? Haven't you got a mother, or sister, or something that you could visit, Mrs. Alderling? It would do you both a world of good."

But it happened, oddly enough, that the Alderlings were as kinless as they were childless, and if he had gone to Europe he would have taken her with him, and prolonged their seclusion by the isolation in which people necessarily live in a foreign country. I found I was the only acquaintance who had visited them during the year of their retirement on the coast, where they had stayed, partly through his inertia, and partially from his superstition that he could paint better away from the ordinary associations and incentives; and they ceased, before I left, to get the good they might of my visit because they made me a part of their intimacy instead of making themselves part of my strangeness.

After a day or two, their queer experiences began to resume themselves unabashed by my presence. These were mostly such as they had already more than hinted to me: the thought-transferences, and the unconscious hypnotic suggestions which they made to each other. There was more novelty in the last than the first. If I could trust them, and they did not seem to wish to exploit their mysteries for the effect on me, they were with each other because one or the other had willed it. She would say, if we were sitting together without him, "I think Rupert wants me; I'll be back in a moment," and he, if she were not by, for some time, would get up with, "Excuse me, I have got to go to Marion; she's calling me."

I had to take a great deal of this on faith; in fact, none of it was susceptible of proof; but I have not been able since to experience all the skepticism which usually replaces the impression left by sympathy with such supposed occurrences. The thing was not quite what we call uncanny; the people were so honest, both of them, that the morbid character of like situations was wanting. The events, if they could be called so, were not invited, I was quite sure, and they were varied by such diversions as we had in reach. I went blueberrying with Mrs. Alderling in the morning after she had got her breakfast dishes put away, in order that we might have something for dessert at our midday dinner; and I went fishing off the old stone crib with Alderling in the afternoon, so that we might have cunners for supper. The farmerfolks and fisherfolks seemed to know them and to be on tolerant terms with them, though it was plain that they still considered them probational in their fellow-citizenship. I do not think they were liked the less because they did not assume to be of the local sort, but let their difference stand, if it would. There was nothing countrified in her dress, which was frankly conventional; the short walking-skirt had as sharp a slant in front as her dinner-gown would have had, and he wore his knickerbockers — it was then the now-faded hour of knickerbockers—with an air of going out golfing in the suburbs. She had stayed on with him through the first

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winter in the place they had taken for the summer, because she wished to be with him, rather than because she wished to be there, and he had stayed because he had not found just the moment to break away, though afterwards he pretended a reason for staying. They had no more voluntarily cultivated the natural than the supernatural; he kindled the fire for her, and she made the coffee for him, not because they preferred, but because they must; and they had arrived at their common ground in the occult by virtue of being alone together, and not by seeking the solitude for the experiment which the solitude promoted. Mrs. Alderling did not talk less nor he more when either was alone with me than when we were all together; perhaps he was more silent and she not quite so much; she was making up for him in his absence as he was for her in her presence. But they were always hospitable and attentive hosts, and though under the peculiar circumstances of Mrs. Alderling's having to do the housework herself I necessarily had to do a good many things for myself, there were certain little graces which were never wanting from her hands: my curtains were always carefully drawn, and my coverlet triangularly opened, so that I did not have to pull it down myself. There was a freshly trimmed lamp on the stand at my bed-head, and a book and paper-cutter put there, with a decanter of whiskey and a glass of water. I note these things to you, because they are touches which help remove the sense of anything intentional in the occultism of the Alderlings.

I do not know whether I shall be able to impart the feeling of an obscure pathos in the case of Mrs. Alderling, which I certainly did not experience in Alderling's. Temperamentally he was less fitted to undergo the rigors of their seclusion than she was; in his liking to talk, he needed an audience and a variety of listening, and she in her somewhat feline calm, could not have been troubled by any such need. You can be silent to yourself, but you cannot very well be loquacious, without danger of having the devil for a listener, if the old saying is true. Yet still, I felt a keener poignancy in her sequestration. Her beauty had even greater claim to regard than his eloquence. She was a woman who could have commanded a whole roomful with it, and no one would have wanted a word from her.

I am not able to say now how much of all this is observation of previous facts and how much speculation based upon subsequent occurrences. At the best I can only let it stand for characterization. In the same interest I will add a fact in relation to Mrs. Alderling which ought to have its weight against any undue appeal I have been making in her behalf. Without in the least blaming her, I will say that I think Mrs. Alderling ate too much. She must have had naturally a strong appetite, which her active life sharpened, and its indulgence formed a sort of refuge from the pressure of the intense solitude in which she lived, and which was all the more a solitude because it was *solitude à deux*. I noticed that beyond the habit of cooks she partook of the dishes she had prepared, and that after Alderling and I had finished dinner, and he was impatient to get at his pipe, she remained prolonging her dessert.

At the risk of giving the effect of something sensuous, even sensual, in her, I find myself insisting upon this detail, which did not lessen her peculiar charm. As far as the mystical quality of the situation was concerned, I fancy your finding that rather heightened by her innocent *gourmandise*. You must have noticed how inextricably, for this life at least, the spiritual is trammelled in the material, how personal character and ancestral propensity seem to flow side by side in the same individual without necessarily affecting each other. On the moral side Mrs. Alderling was no more to be censured for the refuge which her nerves sought from the situation in overeating than Alderling for the smoking in which he escaped from the pressure they both felt from one another; and she was no less fitted than he for their joint experience.

III

I do not suppose it was with the notion of keeping her weight down that Mrs. Alderling rowed a good deal on the cove before the cottage; but she had a boat, which she managed very well, and which

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she was out in, pretty much the whole time when she was not cooking, or eating or sleeping, or roaming the berry-pastures with me, or sitting to Alderling for his Madonnas. He did not care for the water himself; he said he knew every inch of that cove, and was tired of it; but he rather liked his wife's going, and they may both have had an unconscious relief from each other in the absences which her excursions promoted. She swam as well as she rowed, and often we saw her going down waterproofed to the shore, where we presently perceived her pulling off in her bathing-dress. Well out in the cove she had the habit of plunging overboard, and after a good swim, she rowed back, and then, discreetly waterproofed again, she climbed the lawn back to the house. Now and then she took me out in her boat, but so far as I remember, Alderling never went with her. Once I ventured to ask him if he never felt anxious about her. He said no, he should not have been afraid to go with her, and she could take better care of herself than he could. Besides, by means of their telepathy they were in constant communion, and he could make her feel at any sort of chance, that he did not wish her to take it, and she would not. This was the only occasion when he treated their peculiar psychomancy boastfully, and the only occasion when I felt a distinct misgiving of his sincerity.

The day before I left, Mrs. Alderling went down about eleven in the morning to her boat, and rowed out into the cove. She rowed far toward the other shore, whither, following her with my eye from Alderling's window, I saw its ridge blotted out by a long low cloud. It was straight and level as a wall, and looked almost as dense, and I called Alderling.

"Oh, that fog won't come in before afternoon," he said. "We usually get it about four o'clock. But even if it does," he added dreamily, "Marion can manage. I'd trust her anywhere in this cove in any kind of weather."

He went back to his work, and painted away for five or six minutes. Then he asked me, still at the window, "What's that fog doing now?"

"Well, I don't know," I answered. "I should say it was making in."

"Do you see Marion?"

"Yes, she seems to be taking her bath."

Again he painted a while before he asked, "Has she had her dip?"

"She's getting back into her boat."

"All right," said Alderling, in a tone of relief. "She's good to beat any fog in these parts ashore. I wish you would come and look at this a minute."

I went, and we lost ourselves for a time in our criticism of the picture. He was harder on it than I was. He allowed, "*C'est un bon portrait,* as the French used to say of a faithful landscape, though I believe now the portrait can't be too good for them. I can't say about landscape. But in a Madonna I feel that there can be too much Marion, not for me, of course, but for the ideal, which I suppose we are bound to respect. Marion is not spiritual, but I would not have her less of the earth earthy, for all the angels that ever spread themselves 'in strong level flight.'"

I recognized the words from "The Blessed Damozel," and I made bold to be so personal as to say, "If her hair were a little redder than 'the color of ripe corn' one might almost feel that the Blessed Damozel had been painted from Mrs. Alderling. It's the lingering earthiness in her that makes the Damozel so divine."

"Yes, that was a great conception. I wonder none of the fellows do that kind of thing now."

I laughed, and said, "Well, so few of them have had the advantage of seeing Mrs. Alderling. And besides, Rossettis don't happen every day."

"It was the period, too. I always tell her that she belongs among the later eighteen sixties. But she insists that she wasn't even born then. Marion is tremendously single-minded."

"She has her mind all on you."

He looked askance at me. "You've noticed—"

He suddenly flung his brush from him, and started up, with a loudly shouted, "Yes, yes! I'm coming," and hurled himself out of the garret which he used for his studio, and cleared the stairs with two bounds.

By the time I reached the outer door of the cottage, he was a dark blur in the white blur of the fog which had swal-

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lowed up the cove, and was rising round the house-walls from the grass. I heard him shouting, "Marion!" and a faint mellow answer, far out in the cove, "Hello!" and then "Where are you?" and her answer, "Here!" I heard him jump into a boat, and the thump of the oars in the rowlocks, and then the rapid beat of the oars, while he shouted, "Keep calling!" and she answered, "I will!" and called, "Hello! Hello! Hello!"

I made my mental comment that this time their mystical means of communication was somehow not working. But after her last hello, no sound broke the white silence of the fog except the throb of Alderling's oars. She was evidently resting on hers, lest she should baffle his attempts to find her by trying to find him. I suppose ten minutes or so passed, when the dense air brought me the sound of low laughing that was also like the sound of low sobbing, and then I knew that they had met somewhere in the blind space. I began to hear rowing again, but only as of one boat, and suddenly out of the mist, almost at my feet, Alderling's boat shot up on the shelving beach, and his wife leaped ashore and ran past me up the lawn, while he pulled her boat out on the gravel. She must have been trailing it from the stern of his.

IV

I was abroad when Mrs. Alderling died, but I heard that it was from a typhoid fever which she had contracted from the water in their well, as was supposed. The water-supply all along that coast is scanty, and that summer most of the wells were dry, and quite a plague of typhoid raged among the people drinking the dregs. The fever might have gone the worse with her because of her overfed robustness; at any rate it went badly enough. I first heard of her death from Minver at the club, and I heard with still greater astonishment that Alderling was down there alone where she had died. Minver said that somebody ought to go down and look after the poor old fellow, but nobody seemed to feel it exactly his office. Certainly I did not feel it mine, and I thought it rather a hardship when a few days after I found a letter from Alderling at the club quite piteously beseeching me to come to him. He had read of my arrival home in a stray New York paper, and he was firing his letter, he said, at the club with one chance in a thousand of hitting me with it. I hesitated a day out of self-respect, or self-assertion, and then, the weather coming on suddenly hot, in the beginning of September, I went.

Of course I had meant to go, all along, but I was not so glad when I arrived, as I might have been if Alderling had given me a little warmer welcome. His mood had changed since writing to me, and the strongest feeling he showed at seeing me was what affected me very like a cold surprise.

If I had broken in on a solitude in that place before, I was now the intruder upon a desolation. Alderling was living absolutely alone except for the occasional presence of a neighboring widow—all the middle-aged women there are widows, with dim or dimmer memories of husbands lost off the Banks, or elsewhere at sea—who came in to get his meals and make his bed, and then had instructions to leave. It was in one of her prevailing absences that I arrived with my bag, and I had to hammer a long time with the knocker on the open door before Alderling came clacking down the stairs in his slippers from the top of the house, and gave me his somewhat defiant greeting. I could almost have said that he did not recognize me at the first bleared glance, and his inability, when he realized who it was, to make me feel at home, encouraged me to take the affair into my own hands.

He looked frightfully altered, but perhaps it was the shaggy beard that he had let grow over his poor, lean muzzle that mainly made the difference. His clothes hung gauntly upon him, and he had a weak-kneed stoop. His coat sleeves were tattered at the wrists, and one of them showed the white lining at the elbow. I simply shuddered at his shirt.

"Will you smoke?" he asked huskily, almost at the first word, and with an effect of bewilderment in his hospitality that almost made me shed tears.

"Well, not just yet, Alderling," I said. "Shall I go to my old room?"

"Go anywhere," he answered, and he let me carry my bag to the chamber where I had slept before.

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It was quite as his wife would have arranged it, even to the detail of a triangular portion of the bedding turned down as she used to do it for me. The place was well aired and dusted and gave me the sense of being as immaculately clean and fresh as Alderling was not. He sat down in a chair by the window, and he remained while I laid out my things, and made my brief toilet, unabashed by those incidents for which I did not feel it necessary to banish him, if he liked staying.

We had supper by-and-by, a very well-cooked meal of fried fresh cod and potatoes, with those belated blackberries which grow so sweet when they hang long on the canes into September. There was a third plate laid, and I expected that when the housekeeper had put the victuals on the table, and brought in the tea, she would sit down with us, country-fashion, but she did not reappear till she came with the dessert and coffee. Alderling ate hungrily, and much more than I had remembered his doing, but perhaps I formerly had the impression of Mrs. Alderling's fine appetite so strongly in mind that I had failed to note his. Certainly, however, there was a difference in one sort which I could not be mistaken in, and that was his not talking. Her mantle of silence had fallen upon him, and whereas he used hardly to give me a chance in the conversation, he now let me do all of it. He scarcely answered my questions, and he asked none of his own; but I saw that he liked being talked to, and I did my best, shying off from his sorrow, as people foolishly do, and speaking banalities about my trip to Europe, and the Psychological Congress in Geneva, and the fellows at the club, and heaven knows what rot else.

He listened, but I do not know whether he heard much of my clack, and I got very tired of it myself at last. When I had finished my blackberries, he asked mechanically, in an echo of my former visit, with a repetition of his gesture towards the coffee-pot, "More?" I shook my head, and he led the way out to the veranda, stopping to get his pipe and tobacco from the mantel. But when we sat down in the early falling September twilight outside, he did not light his pipe, letting me smoke my cigarette alone.

"Are you off your tobacco?" I asked.

"I don't smoke," he answered, but he did not explain why, and I did not feel authorized to ask.

The talk went on as lopsidedly as before, and I began to get sleepy. I made bold to yawn, but Alderling did not mind that, and then I made bold to say that I thought I would go to bed. He followed me indoors, saying that he would go to bed, too. The hall was lighted from a hanging-lamp and two clear-burning hand-lamps which the widow had put for us on a small table. She had evidently gone home, and left us to ourselves. He took one lamp and I the other, and he started up stairs before me. If he were not coming down again, he meant to let the hanging-lamp burn, and I had nothing to say about that; but I suggested concerning the wide-open door behind me, "Shall I close the door, Alderling?" and he answered without looking round, "I don't shut it."

He led the way into my room, and he sat down as when I had come, and absently watched my processes of getting into bed. There was something droll, and yet miserable, in his behavior. At first, I thought he might be staying merely for the comfort of a human presence, and again, I thought he might be afraid, for I felt a little creepy myself, for no assignable reason, except that Absence, which he must have been incomparably more sensible of than I. From certain ineffectual movements that he made, and from certain preliminary noises in his throat, which ended in nothing, I decided that he wished to say something to me, tell me something, and could not. But I was selfishly sleepy, and it seemed to me that anything he had on his mind would keep there till morning, at least, and that if he got it off on mine now, it might give me a night of wakeful speculation. So when I got into bed and pulled the sheet up under my chin, I said, "Well, I don't want to turn you out, old fellow."

He started, and answered, "Oh!" and went without other words, carrying his lamp with him and moving with a weak-kneed shuffle, like a very old man.

He was going to leave the door open behind him, but I called out, "I wish you'd shut me in, Alderling," and af-

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ter a hesitation, he came back and closed the door.

V

We breakfasted as silently on his part as we had supped, but when we had finished, and I was wondering what he was going to let me do with myself, and on the whole what the deuce I had come for, he said in the longest speech I had yet had from him, "Wouldn't you like to come up and see what I've been doing?"

I said I should like it immensely, and he led the way up stairs, as far as his attic studio. The door of that, like the other doors in the house, stood open, and I got the emotion which the interior gave me, full force, at the first glance. The place was so startlingly alive with that dead woman on a score of canvases in the character in which he had always painted her, that I could scarcely keep from calling out; but I went about, pretending to examine the several Madonnas, and speaking rubbish about them, while he stood stoopingly in the midst of them like the little withered old man he looked.

I glanced about for a seat, and was going to take that in which Mrs. Alderling used to pose for him, but he called out with sudden sharpness, "Not that!" and without appearing to notice, I found a box, which I inverted, and sat down on.

"Tell me about your wife, Alderling," I said, and he answered with a sort of scream:

"I wanted you to ask me! Why didn't you ask me before? What did you suppose I got you here for?"

With that he shrank down, a miserable heap, in his own chair, and bowed his hapless head and cried. It was more affecting than any notion I can give you of it, and I could only wait patiently for his grief to wash itself out in one of those paroxysms which come to bereavement and leave it somehow a little comforted when they pass.

"I was waiting, for the stupid reasons you will imagine, to let you speak first," I said, "but here in her presence I couldn't hold in any longer."

He asked with strange eagerness, "You noticed that?"

I chose to feign that he meant in the pictures. "Over and over again," I answered.

He would not have my feint. "I don't mean in these wretched caricatures!"

"Well?" I assented provisionally.

"I mean her very self, listening, looking, living—waiting!"

Whether I had insanity or sorrow to deal with, I could not gainsay the unhappy man, and I only said what I really felt: "Yes, the place seems strangely full of her. I wish you would tell me about her."

He asked, with a certain slyness, "Have you heard anything about her already? At the club? From that fool woman in the kitchen?"

"For heaven's sake, no, Alderling!"

"Or about me?"

"Nothing whatever!"

He seemed relieved of whatever suspicion he felt, but he said finally, and with an air of precaution, "I should like to know just how much you mean by the place seeming full of her."

"Oh, I suppose the association of her personality with the whole house, and especially this room. I didn't mean anything preternatural, I believe."

"Then you don't believe in a life after death?" he demanded with a kind of defiance.

I thought this rather droll, seeing what his own position had been, but that was not the moment for the expression of my amusement. "The tendency is to a greater tolerance of the notion," I said. "Men like James and Royce, among the psychologists, and Shaler, among the scientists, scarcely leave us at peace in our doubts, any more, much less our denials."

He said, as if he had forgotten the question, "They called it a very light case, and they thought she was getting well. In fact, she did get well, and then—there was a relapse. They laid it to her eating some fruit which they allowed her."

Alderling spoke with a kind of bitter patience, but in my own mind I was not able to put all the blame on the doctors. Neither did I blame that innocently earthy creature, who was of no more harm in her strong appetite than any other creature which gluts its craving as simply as it feels it. The sense of her presence was deepened by the fact of those childlike self-indulgences which

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Alderling's words recalled to me. I made no comment, however, and he asked gloomily, as if with a return of his suspicion, "And you haven't heard of anything happening afterwards?"

"I don't know what you refer to," I told him, "but I can safely say I haven't, for I haven't heard anything at all."

"They contended that it *didn't* happen," he resumed indignantly. "She died, they said, and by all the tests she had been dead a whole day. She died with her hand in mine. I was not trying to hold her back; she had a kind of majestic preoccupation in her going, so that I would not have dared to detain her if I could. You've seen them go, and how they seem to draw those last, long, deep breaths as if they had no thought in the world but of the work of getting out of it. When her breathing stopped I expected it to go on, but it did not go on, and that was all. Nothing startling, nothing dramatic, just simple, natural, *like her!* I gave her hand back, I put it on her breast myself, and crossed the other on it. She looked as if she were sleeping, with that faint color hovering in her face, which was not wasted, but I did not make-believe about it; I accepted the fact of her death. In your 'Quests of the Occult,'" Alderling broke off, with a kind of superiority that was of almost the quality of contempt, "I believe you don't allow yourself to be daunted by a diametrical difference of opinion among the witnesses of an occurrence, as to its nature, or as to its reality, even?"

"Not exactly that," I said. "I think I argued that the passive negation of one witness ought not to invalidate the testimony of another as to this experience. One might hear and see things, and strongly affirm them, and another absorbed in something else, or in a mere suspense of the observant faculties, might quite as honestly declare that so far as his own knowledge was concerned, nothing of the kind happened. I held that in such a case counter-testimony should not be allowed to invalidate the testimony for the fact."

"Yes, that is what I meant," said Alderling. "You say it more clearly in the book, though."

"Oh, of course."

He began again, more remotely from the affair in hand than he had left off, as if he wanted to give himself room for parley with my possible incredulity. "You know how it was with Marion about my not believing that I should live again. Her notion was a sort of joke between us, especially when others were by, but it was a serious thing with her, in her heart. Perhaps it had originally come to her as a mere fancy, and from entertaining it playfully, she found herself with a mental inmate that finally dispossessed her judgment. You remember how literally she brought those Scripture texts to bear on it?"

"Yes. May I say that it was very affecting?"

"Affecting!" Alderling repeated in a tone of amaze at the inadequacy of my epithet. "She was always finding things that bore upon the point. After a while she got to concealing them, as if she thought they annoyed me. They never did; they amused me; and when I saw that she had something of the sort on her mind, I would say, 'Well, out with it, Marion!' She would always begin, 'Well, you may laugh!'" and as he repeated her words Alderling did laugh, forlornly, and as I must say, rather blood-curdlingly.

I could not prompt him to go on, but he presently did so himself, desolately enough. "I suppose, if I was in her mind at all in that supreme moment, when she seemed to be leaving this life behind with such a solemn effect of rating it at nothing, it may have been a pang to her that I was not following her into the dark, with any ray of hope for either of us. She could not have returned from it with the expectation of convincing me, for I used to tell her that if one came back from the dead, I should merely know that he had been mistaken about being dead, and was giving me a dream from his trance. She once asked me if I thought Lazarus was not really dead, with a curious childlike interest in the miracle, and she was disheartened when I reminded her that Lazarus had not testified of any life hereafter, and it did not matter whether he had been really dead or not when he was resuscitated, as far as that was concerned. Last year, we read the Bible a good deal

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together here, and to tease her I pretended to be convinced of the contrary by the very passages that persuaded her. As she told you, she did not care for herself. You remember that?"

"Distinctly," I said.

"It was always so. She never cared. I was perfectly aware that if she could have assured life hereafter to me, she would have given her life here to do it. You know how some women, when they are married, absolutely give themselves up, try to lose themselves in the behoof of their husbands? I don't say it rightly; there are no words that will express the utterness of their abdication."

"I know what you mean," I said, "and it was one of the facts which most interested me in Mrs. Alderling."

He took up the affair at a quite different point, and as though that were the question in hand.

"That gift, or knack, or trick, or whatever it was, of one compelling the presence of the other by thinking or willing it, was as much mine as hers, and she tried sometimes to get me to say that I would use it with her if she died before I did; and if she were where the conditions were opposed to her coming to me, my will would help her to overcome the hinderance: our united wills would form a current of volition that she could travel back on against all obstacles. I don't know whether I make myself clear?" he appealed.

"Yes, perfectly," I said. "It is very curious."

He said in a kind of muse, "I don't know just where I was." Then he began again, "Oh, yes! It was at the ceremony—down there in the library. Some of the country people came in; I suppose they thought they ought, and I suppose they wanted to; it didn't matter to me. I had sent for Doctor Norrey, as soon as the relapse came, and he was there with me. Of course there was the minister, conducting the services. He made a prayer full of helpless repetitions, which I helplessly noticed, and some scrambling remarks, mostly misdirected at me, affirming and reaffirming that the sister they had lost was only gone before, and that she was now in a happier world.

"The singing, and the praying and the preaching came to an end, and then there was that soul-sickening hush, that exanimate silence, of which the noise of rustling clothes and scraping feet formed a part, as the people rose in the hall, where chairs had been put for them, leaving me and Norrey alone with Marion. Every fibre of my frame recognized the moment of parting, and protested. A tremendous wave of will swept through me and from me, a resistless demand for her presence, and it had power upon her. I heard her speak, and say, as distinctly as I repeat the words, 'I will come for you!' and the youth and the beauty that had been growing more and more wonderful in her face, ever since she died, shone like a kind of light from it. I answered her, 'I am ready now!' and then Norrey scuffled to his feet, with a conventional face of sympathy, and said, 'No hurry, my dear Alderling,' and I knew he had not heard or seen anything, as well as I did afterwards when I questioned him. He thought I was giving them notice that they could take her away. What do you think?"

"How what do I think?" I asked.

"Do you think that it happened?"

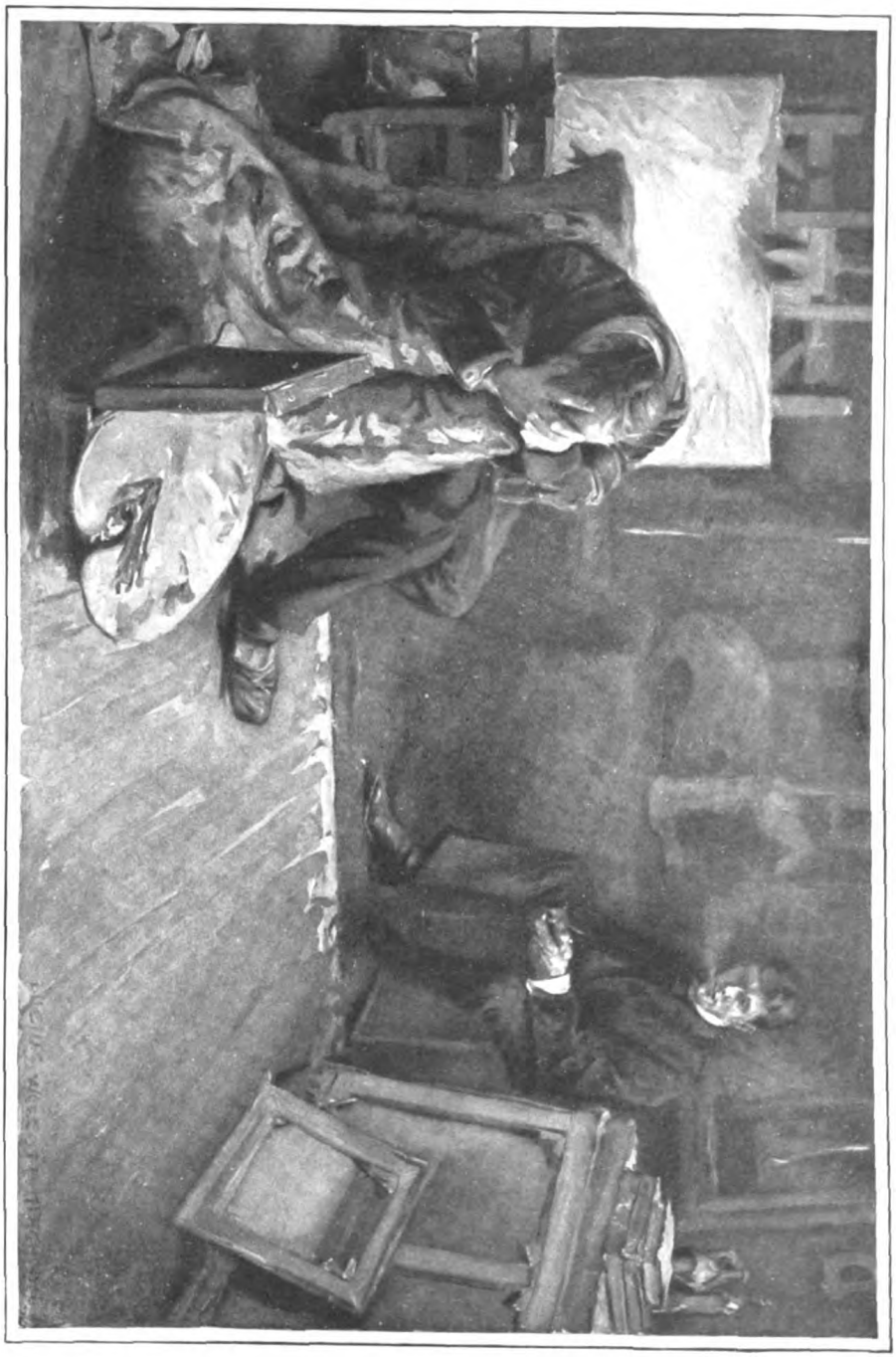
There was something in Alderling's tone and manner that made me, instead of answering directly that I did not, temporize and ask, "Why?"

"Because — because," and Alderling caught his breath like a child that is trying to keep itself from crying, "because *I* don't." He broke into a sobbing that seemed to wrench and tear his poor little body, and if I had thought of anything to say I could not have said it to his headlong grief with any hope of assuaging it. "I am satisfied now," he said, at last, wiping his wet face, and striving for some composure of its trembling features, "that it was all a delusion, the effect of my exaltation, of my momentary aberration, perhaps. Don't be afraid of saying what you really think," he added scornfully, "with the notion of sparing me. You couldn't doubt it or deny it more completely than I do."

I confess this unexpected turn struck me dumb. I did not try to say anything, and Alderling went on.

"I don't deny that she is living, but I can't believe that I shall ever live to see her again, or if you prefer, die to

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HE BROKE INTO A SOBBING THAT SEEMED TO WRENCH AND TEAR

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see her. There is the play of the poor animal instinct, or the mechanical persistence of expectation in me, so that I can't shut the doors without the sense of shutting her out, or put out the lights without feeling that I am leaving her in the dark. But I know it is all foolishness, as well as you do, all craziness. If she is alive it is because she believed she should live, and I shall perish because I didn't believe. I should like to believe, now, if only to see her again, but it is too late. If you disuse any member of your body, or any faculty of your mind, it withers away, and if you deny your soul, your soul ceases to be."

I found myself saying, "That is very interesting," from a certain force of habit, which you have noted in me, when confronted with a novel instance of any kind. "But," I suggested, "why not act upon the reverse of that principle, and create the fact by affirmation which you think your denial destroys?"

"Because," he repeated wearily, "it is too late. You might as well ask the fakir who has held his arm upright for twenty years, till it has stiffened there, to restore the dry stock by exercise. It is too late, I tell you."

"But, look here, Alderling," I pursued, beginning to taste the joy of argument. "You say that your will had such power upon her after you knew her to be dead that you made her speak to you?"

"No, I don't say that now," he returned. "I know now that it was a delusion."

"But if you once had that power of summoning her to you, by strongly wishing for her presence, when you were both living here, why doesn't it stand to reason that you could do it still, if she is living there and you here?"

"I never had any such power," he replied, with the calm of absolute tragedy. "That was a delusion too. I leave the door open, night and day, because I must, but if she came I should know it was not she."

Of course you know your own business, my dear Acton, but if you think of using the story of the Alderlings—and there is no reason why you should not, for they are both dead, without kith or kin surviving, so far as I know, unless he has some relatives in Germany, who would never penetrate the disguise you could give the case—it seems to me that here is your climax. However, you shall be the judge of what it is best for you to do, when you have the whole story, and I will give it you without more ado, merely premising that I have a sort of shame for the aptness of the catastrophe.

I stayed with Alderling nearly a week, and I will own that I bored myself. In fact, I am not sure but we bored each other. At any rate when I told him, the night before I intended going, that I meant to leave him in the morning, he seemed resigned or indifferent, or perhaps merely inattentive. From time to time we had recurred to the matter of his experience, or his delusion, but with apparently increasing impatience on his part, and certainly decreasing interest on mine; so that at last I think he was willing to have me go. But in the morning he seemed reluctant, and pleaded with me to stay a few days longer with him. I alleged engagements, more or less unreal, for I was never on such terms with Alderling that I felt I need make any special sacrifice to him. He gave way, suspiciously, rather, and when I came down from my room after having put the last touches to my packing, I found him on the veranda looking out to seaward, where a heavy fog-bank hung.

You will sense here the sort of patness which I feel cheapens the catastrophe; and yet as I consider it, again, the fact is not without its curious importance, and its bearing upon what went before. I do not know but it gives the whole affair a relief which it would not otherwise have.

He was to have driven me to the station, some miles away, before noon, and I supposed we should sit down together, and try to have some sort of talk before I went. But Alderling appeared to have forgotten about my going, and after a while, took himself off to his studio, and left me alone to watch the inroads of the fog. It came on over the harbor rapidly, as on that morning when Mrs. Alderling had been so nearly lost in it, and presently the masts and shrouds of the shipping at anchor were sticking

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up out of it as if they were sunk into a body as dense as the sea under them.

I amused myself watching it blot out one detail of the prospect after another, while the fog-horn lowed through it, and the bell-buoy, far out beyond the light-house ledge, tolled mournfully. The milk-white mass moved landward, and soon the air was blind with the mist which hid the grass twenty yards away. There was an awfulness in the silence, which nothing broke but the lowing of the horn, and the tolling of the bell, except when now and then the voice of a sailor came through it, like that of some drowned man sending up his hail from the bottom of the bay.

Suddenly I heard a joyful shout from the attic overhead. "I am coming! I am coming!" Alderling called out through his window, and then a cry came from over the water, which seemed to answer him, but which there is no reason in the world to believe was not a girlish shout from one of the yachts, swallowed up in the fog. His lunging descent of the successive stairways followed, and he burst through the doorway beside me, and ran bareheaded down the sloping lawn.

I followed, with what notion of help or hinderance I should not find it easy to say, but before I reached the water's edge —in fact I never did reach it, and had some difficulty making my way back to the house,—I heard the rapid throb of the oars in the rowlocks as he pulled through the white opacity.

You know the rest, for it was the common property of our enterprising press at the time, when the incident was fully reported, with my ineffectual efforts to be satisfactorily interviewed as to the nothing I knew. The oarless boat was found floating far out to sea after the fog lifted.

The Bugle-Call

BY HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS

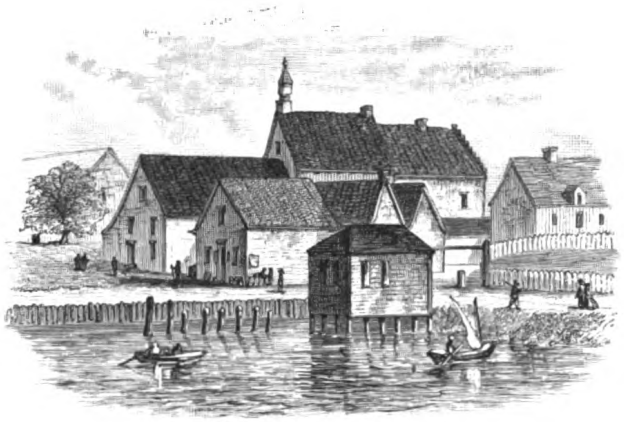
I, FROM the bed where I had slept,
With vagrant dreams the long night through,
Arose, and to the window crept,
What time the bugle blew.

There, in the hollow vault of dawn,
Across the still November frost,
I saw a phantom army drawn,
And shadow banners tossed.

The racking drum, the bugle's blare,
Grew faint beyond the listening wood;
A spirit climbed the narrow stair,
And touched me where I stood.

"What do'st thou here? Though drum nor fife
May lift thy soul to meet the fray,
Thou too go forth: the sword of life
Is in thy hand to-day!"

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FOOT OF WALL STREET, AND FERRY-HOUSE, 1029

The Dutch Founding of New York

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

CONCLUSION

I

ON December 10, 1653, "the most important popular convention that had ever been assembled in New Netherland," to quote Mr. Brodhead's words, met in the Stadt Huys of New Amsterdam. That convention—being a gathering of representatives of the capital city, of the near-by Dutch towns, and of the English towns on Long Island—was in the way of being an impotent parliament: that came together not as a governing and law-making body, but to remonstrate against the existing government, and against the tangle of inequitable laws (still farther complicated by arbitrary edicts) in which the colonists were involved.

What gave that queer little parliament its chief significance was the presence, for the first time in Dutch councils, of English delegates; and the fact that those delegates came to the council rightfully, as representatives of their fellow-countrymen legally subject to the government of New Netherland, did not make them any the less representatives of the race that was crowding out the Dutch from their holding in the New World.

It was at the instance of the English, indeed, that the council was convened. Long Island had been filling up steadily with English settlers, and those settlers took even less kindly than did the Dutch to the eccentricities and the inefficiencies of the government under which they lived. Especially did they resent the failure of that government to protect them against the many little freebooters—of the Thomas Baxter stripe—who committed highly annoying robberies along the borders of the Sound; and against the many stray savages who, as occasion offered, engaged in little ravagings and murderings of a distasteful sort. Also, they had the characteristic English longing to be let alone in the management of their local affairs. Out of which conditions arose among them the not unreasonable desire either to be taken care of, or to be given a free hand in taking care of themselves.

In order to talk matters over with the Dutch authorities, representatives came up from Gravesend and Flushing and Newtown; and a conference was held in the Stadt Huys (November 26, 1653) to consider what could be done "for the

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welfare of the country and its inhabitants," and "to determine on some wise and salutary measures" which would bring up the Sound pirates with a round turn. The Dutch representatives who met them—members of the city government and of the Provincial Council—seeing their way to grinding some axes of their own, recommended that a general statement of grievances should be embodied, as usual, in a "remonstrance"; and that with the remonstrance, also as usual, should be coupled a prayer for relief. That method of procedure being agreed to, an adjournment of a fortnight was decided upon: to the end that the views of the colonists of Long Island and of Staten Island might be obtained more fully, and that a larger number of delegates might be got together; in effect, that the informal meeting might be raised to the dignity of a little Landtag. Stuyvesant had no relish for such doings. The action of the English, he declared, "smelt of rebellion" and of "contempt of his high authority and commission." But the popular will was too strong for him—or he was too weak to control it, which amounted to the same thing—and he "very reluctantly sanctioned the meeting that he could not prevent." Accordingly, on December 10, with an augmented membership, the council was reconvened. Four Dutch towns and four English towns were represented, and the delegates—apparently chosen on a basis of numerical representation—were ten of Dutch and nine of English nativity. And all of them, without regard to nationality, harmoniously were agreed to pool their grievances and to go for Director Stuyvesant horns down!

Considering how serious those grievances were, the "Remonstrance" which they formulated was couched in extraordinarily temperate terms. That document was drawn by one of the representatives from Gravesend, Ensign George Baxter—who is not to be confounded with the piratical Thomas—and as the work of an Englishman it is all the more remarkable for its tone of loyalty to the government of Holland. The preamble runs in these words: "Composed of various nations from different parts of the world, leaving at our own expense our country and countrymen, we voluntarily came under the protection of our sovereign High and Mighty Lords the States General, whom we acknowledge as our lieges; and being made members of one body, subjected ourselves, as in duty bound, to the general laws of the United Provinces, and all other new orders and ordinances which by virtue of the aforesaid authority may be published, agreeably to the customs freedoms grants and privileges of the Netherlands."

What the remonstrants did object to, and pointedly, was the publication of new orders and ordinances which distinctly were disagreeable to the customs, and still more disagreeable to the freedoms, of the home country. The first and the main charge of their remonstrance was that such orders and ordinances had been enacted by the Director and Council "without the knowledge or consent of the people," and that the same were "contrary to the granted privileges of the Netherland government, and odious to every free-born man, and especially so to those whom God has placed under a free state in newly settled lands, who are entitled to claim laws, not transcending, but resembling as nearly as possible those of the Netherlands."

Joined with this remonstrance in chief—which, in effect, was no more than an assertion of the fact that the colonists were denied common right and common justice—minor remonstrance was made against the failure of the provincial government to protect persons and property; against the obligation to obey "old orders and proclamations of the Director and Council, made without the knowledge or consent of the people" which "subject them to loss and punishment through ignorance"; against the "wrongful and suspicious delay" in confirming land patents; against land grants to favored individuals "to the great injury of the Province"; and against the appointment of officers and magistrates "without the consent or nomination of the people . . . contrary to the laws of the Netherlands." In conclusion, the authors of the appeal added: "As we have, for easier reference, reduced all our grievances to six heads, we renew our allegiance, in the hope that satisfaction will be granted to the country according to established justice, and all dissensions be settled and allayed."

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There is a very marked difference between the verbose and mean complainings of the more famous Remonstrance of the year 1649 and the simple directness and dignity of this demand for obvious rights; and had there been any "established justice" for New Netherland—either in the provincial government or in the home government—it could not have been met, as it was met, by a flat refusal all around. Stuyvesant made answer to it by a general denial, that included a particular denial of the right of the delegates to assemble; and when the delegates replied, in turn, by an appeal to that natural law "which permits all men to assemble for the protection of their liberties and their property," he tersely ordered them to disperse "on pain of our highest displeasure": to which lordly mandate, by way of a cracker, he added: "We derive our authority from God and the Company, not from a few ignorant subjects; and we alone can call the inhabitants together." In Holland, when the Remonstrance got there, the answer was the same. The Directors of the Company wrote to Stuyvesant (May 18, 1654) in these terms: "We are unable to discover in the whole Remonstrance one single point to justify complaint. . . You ought to have acted with more vigor against the ringleaders of the gang. . . It is our express command that you punish what has occurred as it deserves, so that others may be deterred in future from following such examples." And at the same time the Directors wrote to the burgomasters and schepens of New Amsterdam commanding "that you conduct yourselves quietly and peaceably, submit yourselves to the government placed over you, and in no wise allow yourselves to hold particular convention with the English or others in matters of form and deliberation on affairs of state, which do not appertain to you; and, what is yet worse, attempt an alteration in the state and its government."

The answer from Holland sustained one-half of Stuyvesant's declaration that he derived his authority "from God and the Company"—so far as the Company went, his delegated authority was confirmed and sustained. But the other half of his declaration did not come out so well. A decade later his draft on divine power was returned dishonored; and only a turn of chance in his favor prevented that draft from going to protest within a year.



GOVERNOR STUYVESANT'S BOWERY RESIDENCE

The twist of luck that saved him temporarily was the conclusion of peace (April, 1654) between England and Holland; and the consequent abandonment by Cromwell of his project for pacifying the colonial situation — in a breezily statesmanlike fashion—by annexing New Netherland out of hand. Actually, the Protector's annexation scheme came to the very edge of being realized. An effective naval force was despatched from England; the New England colonies—Massachusetts alone lagging a little—buzzed with eager preparations for the fight that they so longed for; and the English colonists on Long Island, delightedly bustling to the front, made a fair start toward the impending revolution by declaring their independence of Dutch authority and by setting up a microscopic government of their own. And then, just as everybody (with the exception of Director Stuyvesant) was ready for things to happen, the peace was concluded—and

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nothing happened at all! But it was only by a very narrow margin that the orders for the seizure of New Netherland were countermanded before New Netherland was seized.

While the war was imminent New Amsterdam was in a whirl. Stuyvesant's mental attitude in the premises seems to have bordered upon consternation. In regard to practical provision for defence he wrote: "We have no gunners, no musketeers, no sailors, and scarcely sixteen hundred pounds of powder"—a statement that exhibits in rather a startling fashion the physical unpreparedness of the colony for a long-threatened war. On its moral side the situation was worse. The Director declared that he did not expect "the people residing in the country, not even the Dutch," to back him in the fight that was coming on; and added: "The English, although they have sworn allegiance, would take up arms and join the enemy . . . to invite them to aid us would be bringing the Trojan horse within our walls."

By the Director's own showing, therefore, it appears that the spirit of loyalty in the colony—if such a spirit can be said ever to have existed — practically was dead, and that the spirit of revolt was very much alive. His English subjects—almost openly in New Amsterdam, quite openly on Long Island—were impatient for the coming of their countrymen. His Dutch subjects were in a state of sulky mutiny that made them more than half ready to welcome the coming of anybody who would give them a new government of any sort—because of their moody conviction that any change whatever must give them a better government than that under which they lived. And it was all quite logical. It was the natural and inevitable outcome of thirty years of consistent misrule.

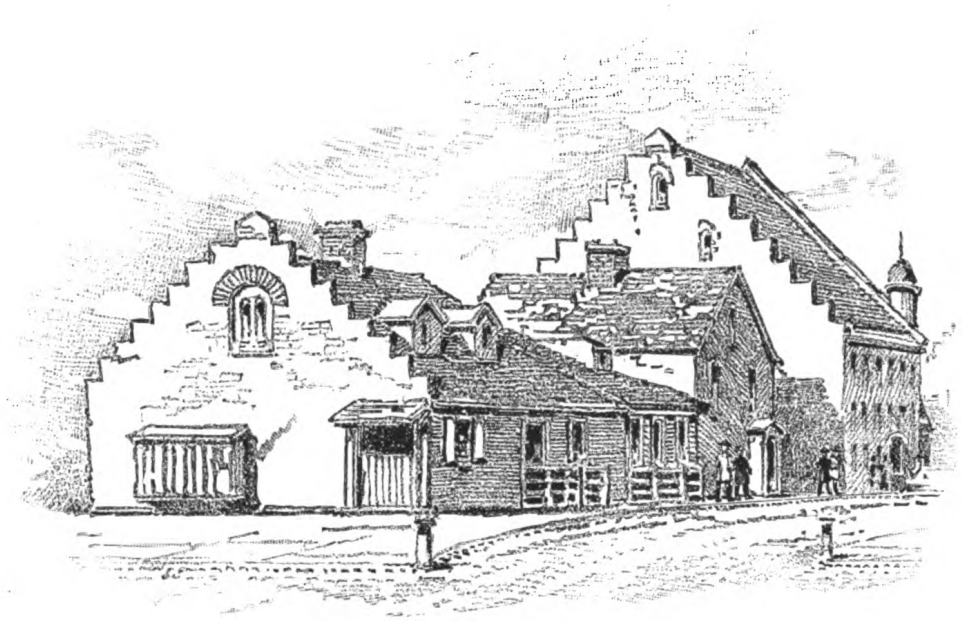
II

For my present purpose, it is needless to treat at all in detail the last ten years of the Dutch domination of New Netherland. Little concessions continued to be made to the colonists; large wrongs continued to oppress them; there were more "remonstrances"; there was an Indian war. Fresh turns produced fresh figures in that small kaleidoscope, but the constituent elements of the figures remained unchanged. The essential change came from the outside; and even that was but the continued, yet always increasing, pressure of those forces which had begun to operate (as I have already written) before the unstable foundation of the Dutch colony was laid. With the steadfast persistence of fate inevitable the English grip tightened as the English cordon closed in.

By the year 1659 the eastern end of Long Island—surrendered by Stuyvesant under the terms of the Treaty of Hartford (1650)—was a vigorous English colony; and was manifesting its vigor in a characteristic English fashion by crowding down into the Dutch territory westward of the Oyster Bay line. That thrust at close quarters was not easy to deal with. Releases of land were obtained in due form by Englishmen from accommodating sachems in temporary financial difficulties—or in chronic thirst that such transactions in real estate would provide means for temporarily slaking—and on the land thus obtained modest settlements were made. Presently, becoming immodest, the settlers of those settlements asserted that they were under the jurisdiction of Connecticut; an assertion that produced awkward conflicts of authority, no matter how hotly it was denied.

Up in the north, in the back-country, Massachusetts was reaching out to tap the Dutch fur trade at its source: calmly ignoring the provisions of the Treaty of Hartford and claiming as her own all the territory between lines running westward from three miles south of the Charles and three miles north of the Merrimac straightaway across the continent to the Pacific. The southern line of that handsome claim of everything in sight down to sunset crossed the Hudson not far from Saugerties; and the kindly intention of the claimants was to relieve the Dutch of all care of the upper reaches of the river, and incidentally to divert from New Amsterdam to Boston the bulk of the trade in furs. In presenting the matter to Stuyvesant for consideration (September 17, 1659) the commissioners shyly urged "we conceive the agreement at Hartford, that the English should not come within ten miles of Hudson's river, doth not prejudice the rights of the Massachusetts in the upland country, nor give

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BROAD STREET AND EXCHANGE PLACE ABOUT 1680

any rights to the Dutch there"; upon the strength of which ingenious conception they asked that free passage from the sea into and through the river should be given to the English settlers—"they demeaning themselves peaceably, and paying such moderate duties as may be expected in such cases"—resident upon its upper banks. And by way of justifying their modest request the commissioners drew an airy parallel in free international waterways between the Hudson on the one hand and on the other the Elbe and the Rhine. It is to Stuyvesant's credit that his reply (October 29, 1659) to those cheeky commissioners was a flat refusal; and that he immediately sent off to the Amsterdam Chamber—in order to be in a position to back his refusal practically—a demand for "a frigate of sixteen guns." That the frigate did not come was a mere administrative detail quite in the natural order of things.

By way of completing the English cordon, Lord Baltimore's people were pressing the Dutch from the south. The Dutch trading-post on the Delaware River—or the South River, as they called it—was a losing venture from first to last; and onward from the time (1638) of the planting of the Swedish colony on the west shore of the Delaware, on what nominally was Dutch territory, the government of New Netherland was involved in snarling difficulties in its efforts to maintain its rights. Before the Swedes were reduced to approximate order—even after their official conquest they continued to give trouble—the much more serious complications with the English colonists of Maryland began.

Those complications were brought to a head by the formal demand (August 3, 1659) addressed by Governor Fendall, Lord Baltimore's representative, to "the pretended Governor of a people seated in Delaware Bay, within his Lordship's Province" to "depart forth of his Lordship's Province"—or to take the consequences. And Governor Fendall indicated what the consequences were likely to be by adding politely: "or otherwise I desire you to hold me excused if I use my utmost endeavour to reduce that part of his Lordship's Province unto its due obedience under him." The little ambassador who carried the Maryland governor's courteous but peremptory letter to the Dutch commandant on the Delaware delivered it in a "pretty harsh and bit-

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ter" manner; and emphasized its purport by remarking incidentally that, "as the tobacco is chiefly harvested," the people of Maryland were quite at leisure for a fight. "It now suits us," he concluded—in what no doubt was meant to be a persuasive spirit—"best in the whole year."

But the sporting offer of the Marylanders to fill in the close season for tobacco with a time-killing war did not materialize. Their ardor was a little cooled, perhaps, by the prompt despatch of reenforcements to the Delaware colony from New Amsterdam; and the assertion of possession was refuted so logically—on the ground that Lord Baltimore's patent gave him rights only to unseated lands, and therefore excluded him from a region colonized by the Dutch at least fifteen years before his patent was granted—that for the moment their claim was shelved. It was by no means quieted, however. Until the Dutch were squeezed out and done for, the pressure of the English upon New Netherland from the south was continued with the same persistence that characterized the pressure of the English upon that unlucky colony from the east and from the north. There was no escape from those advancing tentacles: behind which, resistless, was the power of England. It was a cuttlefish situation that could end in only one way.

The end would have come sooner, no doubt, had the Protector lived a little longer or had the Restoration followed more quickly upon his death. During the intermediate seven years (1653-1660) the domestic tribulations of the English gave them no time to bother about colonial extension: they had their hands full of matters requiring immediate attention at home. But when Charles II. resumed business as a king the would-be ousters of the Dutch in America instantly came to the front again.

Lord Baltimore was at the very head of the procession. "Charles had hardly reached Whitehall," as Mr. Brodhead puts it, "before Lord Baltimore instructed Captain James Neale, his agent in Holland, to require of the West India Company to yield up to him the lands on the south [west] side of Delaware Bay." Lord Stirling was a little less prompt; but he made up for his seemly delay by an unseemly insistence. In a petition to the King (May 31, 1661) he set forth that the "Councell for the affaires of New England . . . . in the eleaventh year of the raigne of your Ma^{ts} royall Father of blessed memory did graunt unto William Earle of Sterlyne, your petitioner's Grandfather, and his heires, part of New England and an Island adjacent called Long Island. . . That yor Peticôners Grandfather and father, and himselfe their heire, have respectively enjoyed the same and have at their greate costs planted many places on that Island; but of late divers Dutch have intruded on severall parts thereof, not acknowledging themselves within your Ma^{ts} allegiance, to your Ma^{ts} disherison and your Peticôner's prejudice." Wherefore he prayed: "May yor Majestie be pleased to confirme unto your Peticôner his said inheritance to be held immediately of the Crowne of England, and that in any future treaty betweene your royall selfe and the Dutch such provision may be as that the Dutch there may submitt themselves to your Ma^{ts} governem^{t} or depart those parts." Considering that the Stirling grant covered what actually was Dutch territory, his lordship's neatest turn is his reference to the intruding "divers Dutch"; but there is an air of easy assurance about his whole petition that does credit to even a Scotch earl.

To Lord Baltimore's jaunty requirement, cited above, that the West India Company should "yield up to him" the lands on the west side of Delaware Bay, the Directors gave "a proud answer": to the effect that they "would use all the means which God and nature had given them to protect the inhabitants and preserve their possessions." But they manifested less pride, and more alarm, in a memorial that they promptly addressed to the States-General: praying that a protest should be presented by the Dutch ambassador in London against English aggression; and that a demand should be made for the restoration to New Netherland of the territory that the English had "usurped." Under instructions from their High Mightinesses, the ambassador protested and demanded accordingly: and with precisely the same practical result that would have followed had he protested against the flowing of the tides.

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and had he demanded the cause of tidal eccentricities—the moon!

The Connecticut people, being keen to assert what they were pleased to call their rights, followed close at Lord Stirling's aggressive heels. Governor Winthrop, on behalf of the General Court at Hartford, drew up (June 17, 1661) for the King's consideration a "loyal address": that wandered on lightly from expressions of loyalty to a specific request for a new charter by which his Majesty would assure them in possession of their territory against the Dutch—whom they affably described as "noxious neighbours," having "not so much as the copy of a patent" to the lands which they held. That there might be no room for a doubt as to what they wanted, they asked in set terms for a charter—calmly inclusive of the unpatented lands of their "noxious neighbours"—that should cover all the country "eastward of Plymouth line, northward to the limits of the Massachusetts colony, and westward to the Bay of Delaware, if it may be"; and that their modest petition might be presented properly and urged effectively they commissioned Governor Winthrop as their agent to carry it to England and to lay it before the King.

In those days passages across the Atlantic were taken where they offered. Actually, Winthrop went down to New Amsterdam — where he was given an "honourable and kind reception"—and sailed for England in the Dutch ship *De Trouw*. The Governor was not a dull man, and I think that he must have enjoyed, in the strict privacy of his inner consciousness, the subtle irony of the situation: as he courteously accepted his "honourable and kind reception" and then went sailing eastward under Dutch colors —and all the while having in his pocket that document which was meant to be a knife in the neck of his hosts at New Amsterdam and in the neck of the friendly power under whose flag he sailed. Had there been a Colonial Office in those days, and had Mr. Chamberlain been at the head of it, how he would have relished the story which that first colonial agent would have had to tell him when he got to land!

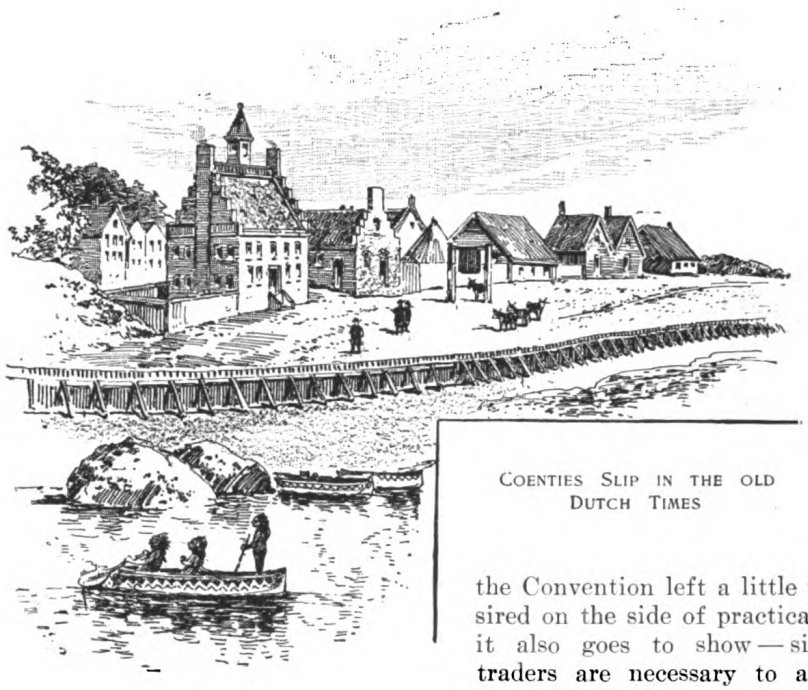
III

In a way, the state of affairs in North America in the year 1661 was very like the state of affairs in South Africa just before "Captain Jim" made his raid. It all was on a smaller scale, of course, but the facts and the conditions were much the same. The Dutch were loosely seated in a valuable holding; their rule, arbitrary and corrupt, was resented mutinously by incrowding greedy English settlers who nominally were Dutch subjects; a belt of English colonies—more complete than in South Africa — was tightening about them; and at the back of all the forces working for their destruction was the English government: moved by the normal human desire to take possession of other people's valuable property; and more deeply moved by the instinctive feeling (which had no parallel in South Africa) that only by crushing the commerce of Holland could England become the leading commercial nation of the world.

It was against Dutch commerce that the blow was struck which led on quickly —and I think fortunately—to the extinction of the Dutch ownership of New Netherland. That blow was the revision, very soon after the Restoration, of the Navigation Act of 1651. As originally framed, the act had forbidden the importation of goods into England save in English ships or in ships belonging to the country in which the goods were produced. As amended, the act forbade, after December 1, 1660, the importation or the exportation of goods into or from any of his Majesty's plantations or territories in Asia, Africa, or America save in English ships of which "the master and three-fourths of the mariners at least are English."

This direct thrust at the commercial life of Holland was not lessened in force by the Convention agreed upon (September 14, 1662) between England and the United Provinces; rather, indeed, did the friction over that Convention tend to make matters worse. Mr. Brodhead, in his kindly way, asserts that "the Dutch fulfilled their stipulations with promptness and honor"; but, with all due deference to Mr. Brodhead, the Dutch did nothing of the sort—as the minutes of the Council for Foreign Plantations abundantly prove. On August 25, 1662, the Council ordered that "some heads of remedies" should be drawn up to correct

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COENTIES SLIP IN THE OLD DUTCH TIMES

the abuses incident to "a secret trade driven by and with the Dutch for Tobacco of the growth of the English Plantations, to the defrauding His Matie of his Customs and contrary to the intent of the Act of Navigation." On June 24, 1663, the Council issued a circular letter to the governors of Virginia, Maryland, New England, and the West Indian Islands, drawing their attention to the "many neglects, or rather contempts, of his Maties commands for ye true observance" of the Navigation Act "through the dayly practices and designes sett on foote by trading into forrain parts . . . both by land and sea as well as unto ye Monadoes and other Plantations of ye Hollanders"; and in an undated document (Trade Papers lvii., 90) giving "certaine reasons to prove if the Duch bee admitted trade in Virginia it wilbe greate loss to the Kings Matie and prejudice to the Plantacôn," the fact is stated that "there is now two shippes going from Zeland to trade there wch if they be admitted it wilbe losse to his Matie at least 4000^li, wch by your Lordshipps wisdome may be prevented."

All this, and more like it, goes to show that the "promptness and honor" of the Dutch in living up to the stipulations of the Convention left a little to be desired on the side of practicality; but it also goes to show — since two traders are necessary to a trade — that the English colonies took an active part in whistling the laws of their mother-country down the wind. This secondary fact is brought out with clearness in a report (March 10, 1663) upon the South, or Delaware, river colony, which contains the pregnant assertion: "Trade will come not only from the city's colony but from the English; who offer, if we will trade with them, to make a little slit in the door, whereby we can reach them overland without having recourse to the passage by sea, lest trade with them may be forbidden by the Kingdom of England, which will not allow us that in their colony." In this same report is the statement: "The English afford us an instance of the worthiness of New Netherland, which from their Colony alone already sends 200 vessels, both large and small, to the Islands"— an involved presentment of fact that Mr. Brodhead misunderstands, and in his restatement of it perverts into meaning that the trade of New Netherland "with the West Indies and the neighboring English colonies now [1663] employed two hundred vessels annually." Obviously, the two hundred vessels referred to in the report hailed from English colonial ports; and they are cited to show the "worthiness"—that is to say, the fitness —of New Netherland to take a larger

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share in the intercolonial trade. But the essential fact is clear that the many busy little ships then plying in American waters, Dutch and English alike, were snapping their topsails at the Navigation Act, and that a deal of illegal trading was going on through that "little slit in the door." Mr. Brodhead—in this case with absolute correctness — summarizes the situation: "The possession of New Netherland by the Dutch was, in truth, the main obstacle to the enforcement of the restrictive colonial policy of England." And the obstacles which stood in the way of England's colonial policy in those days — there is no very marked change in these days—had to go down.

The final diplomatic round between England and Holland began in January, 1664, when the Dutch ambassador in London was directed to insist upon a ratification by the British government of the long-pending Hartford Treaty; and so, by a definite settlement of the boundary question, clear the air. The answer to the Dutch demand certainly did settle the boundary question, and certainly did clear the air. It came two months later (March 12-22) in the shape of that epoch-making royal patent by which the King granted Long Island (released by Lord Stirling) and all the lands and rivers from the west side of the Connecticut to the east side of Delaware Bay to his brother, the Duke of York.

The actual conquest of New Netherland by the force sent out by the Duke of York to take possession of his newly acquired property, as I have written elsewhere, was "a mere bit of bellicose etiquette: a polite changing of garrisons, of fealty, and of flags"; and by way of comment upon that easy shifting of allegiance I farther have written in these general terms: "Under the government of the Dutch West India Company, the New Netherland had been managed not as a national dependency, but as a commercial venture which was expected to bring in a handsome return. Much more than the revenue necessary to maintain a government was required of the colonists; and at the same time the restrictions imposed upon private trade—to the end that the trade of the Company might be increased—were so onerous as materially to diminish the earning power of the individual, and correspondingly to make the burden of taxation the heavier to bear. Nor could there be between the colonists and the Company—as there could have been between the colonists and even a severe home government—a tie of loyalty. Indeed, the situation had become so strained under this commercial despotism that the inhabitants of New Amsterdam almost openly sided with the English when the formal demand for a surrender was made—and the town passed into British possession, and became New York, without the striking of a single blow."

IV

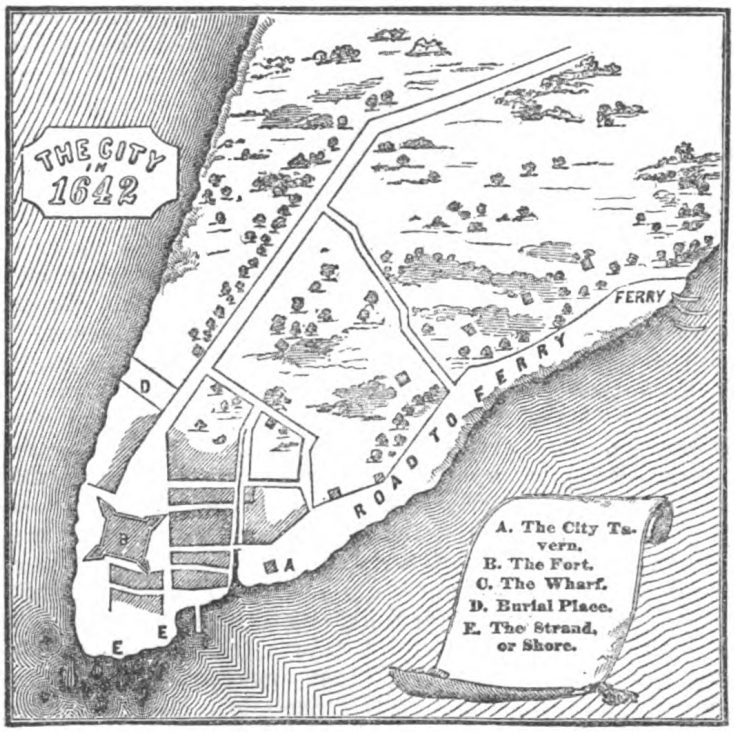
On the side of ethics, the taking over of New Netherland by the English admits of differing opinions. Mr. Brodhead flat-footedly calls it "bold robbery." Mr. Asher, himself a Dutchman, regards it as the occupation by the English of territory that was theirs by right of discovery, of settlement, and of specific grant. For my own part—lacking the temerity to pass judgment upon so vexed a question—I am content to ignore the ethical side of that easy conquest and to ground my approval of it on the fact that, as things then stood in Europe and in America, it was the only practicable treatment of an impossible problem; to which, with submission, I add my conviction that for all the parties in interest it was the best substitute for a solution possible under the conditions which obtained.

The gain to England was so obvious that it need not be discussed. The gain to Holland was getting rid of a nettle of a colony which—by involving her in an outlay of more than a million guilders above returns, and by most dangerously complicating her relations with her most powerful rival—from first to last did little but sting her hands. The gain to the English colonies in America was an immediate enlargement of intercolonial trade: with a resultant solidarity of interests which strongly helped—a little more than a century later—to bring about their formal union and their definite independence. The gain to New Netherland—the essential matter here to be considered—was escape from a harsh and incompetent government, that crushed

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trade and that did much to make life unendurable, to the fostering care of a government that developed trade in every direction and that in its treatment of individuals erred on the side of laxness.

Out of that laxness came ill results. That the morals of New Amsterdam did not improve under English rule is not surprising—because New Amsterdam had no morals. On the other hand, its immorals—of which its supply was excessive—developed vigorously, in sympathy with its vigorously developing commercial life. In the last decade of the seventeenth century—what with our pirates and our slavers and the general disposition on the part of our leading citizens to ride a hurdle-race over all known laws, including the Ten Commandments—New York certainly was as vicious a little seafaring city as was to be found just then in all Christendom. But the fact is to be borne in mind that the evil state of affairs which developed under English government was put an end to by an English governor. And the farther fact is to be borne in mind that onward from the time of that first reform governor there has been in this town—as there conspicuously was not in this town during the Dutch period of its history—at least an avowed outward respect for decency and for law. I do not assert, of course, that this admirable sentiment has shone brilliantly or steadfastly, or that it is not badly snowed-under at times even now; but I do assert that until we came under English rule such sentiment practically did not exist at all. Lord Bellomont was the first of our governors—and this is not to cast a slight upon the excellent reorganizing work of Colonel Nicolls—who forced us to put some of our worst sins behind us, and so set us in the way (along which we still are floundering) to achieve that civic rectitude which was an unknown virtue in the Dutch times.



MAP OF NEW YORK, 1642
The upper cross-road is the present Maiden Lane, then called "T' Maagde Paatje"

Having thus, for truth's sake, set forth the development and the curbing of our immorals which followed our taking on of a new nationality, I am free to make my final point—the enormous gain in material prosperity—in favor of that shifting of ownership which changed New Amsterdam into New York. When the English took over the city (September 8, 1664) the number of houses in it—as shown by Cortelyou's survey of the year 1660—was about 350, and the population was about 1500 souls. An authoritative record has been preserved—in the petition of the New York millers and merchants against the repeal of the Bolt-

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ing Act—of exactly what this city gained in its first thirty years of English rule. The petition states that in the year 1678, when the Bolting Act became operative, the total number of houses in New York was 384; the total number of beef cattle slaughtered was 400; the total number of sailing-craft (3 ships, 7 boats, 8 sloops) was 18; and the total revenues of the city were less than £2000. The petition farther states that in the year 1694 (there is a secondary interest here, in that we see what two hundred more years have done for us) the number of houses had increased to 983; the number of beef cattle slaughtered (largely for profitable export to the West Indies) to 4000; the number of sailing-craft (60 ships, 40 boats, 25 sloops) to 125; and the city's revenues to £5000.

That statement of fact I conceive to be the most striking commentary that can be made upon the relative material merits of Dutch and of English rule. The sudden prodigious increase of the population and of the commerce of this city equally were due to a general easement of political and of commercial conditions: the first impossible while the Dutch domination continued; and the second rigorously withheld (of set purpose or of set stupidity) during the half-century that the West India Company betrayed all the interests of New Netherland in order to gain—yet failed to gain—its own selfish ends. I hope that we may be able to make as good a showing in the Philippines at the end of our first thirty years.

But argument for or against that bold robbery, or that resumption of vested rights—as our two most authoritative historians, with a somewhat confusing divergence of opinion, respectively describe the English acquisition of New Netherland—no longer is necessary. As I have written, that once burning question became a dead issue in a time long past. Whatever were the equities of the conflicting Dutch and English claims to the most valuable slice of the continent of North America, they were quieted legally by the Treaty of Breda. And they have been quieted ethically—in the flowing of the years since that remote diplomatic agreement was executed—by the passage of the property in dispute away from both claimant races into the possession of their descendants: who have coalesced into a new race, and who take their title from themselves.

The Blind Men

(From the French of Charles Baudelaire)

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

LOOK on them, O my soul; how strange they are!
Lay-figures, frightful and half foolish; nay,
Sleep-walkers in the darkness of the day;
And their dull eyes look steadfastly afar.

Not with dejected foreheads they go by,
Although the foul streets circle them about;
Their eyes, from which the light has flickered out,
Turn obstinately upward to the sky.

They wander thus through the unlimited night,
Brother of endless silence infinite.
O weeping city full of laughter, given

To pleasure up to its last agony,
I too go stumbling, yet ask helplessly:
What are these blind men looking for in heaven?

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When Jove Nods

BY ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN

"BUT where is the station?" inquired the Judge.

"Ain't none, boss. Dis heah is jes a crossing. Train's 'bout due now, sah; you-all won't hab long fer to wait. Thanky, sah; good-by; sorry you-all didn't find no birds."

The Judge picked up his gun-case and grip and walked toward his two companions waiting on the platform a few yards away. Silhouetted against the moonlight they made him think of the figure 10, for Mr. Appleton was tall and erect, and the little Doctor short and circular.

"Well, boys," he said, as he joined them, "this trip has been jonahed from the start. No birds, no weather, and now no train. What time is it, anyway?" He looked at his watch and whistled. "Half past eight! No supper probably."

At this the Doctor became very much concerned, and discussed the cause of delay with much earnestness. Mr. Appleton, submerged in the collar of his overcoat, with only the tip of his nose, very red and very pointed, visible, remained silent. He was indulging in bitter conjecture regarding the sanity of three men who would tramp for days over rough ground and undergo all manner of discomfort in order to shoot the tail-feathers off one quail.

At the other end of the platform, seeking shelter from the wind behind some empty barrels, sat a lank countryman. His jeans trousers were stuffed into the muddy boots, and his overcoat, iridescent and ragged, was buttoned over the long beard. When the Judge discovered the stranger he interrogated him:

"My friend, can you tell me anything about the up train? It was due here half an hour ago; is it often late?"

"Give it up," said the man.

The Judge waited a moment before making another attack.

"Are you waiting to take it?"

"Not as I know of."

"Live near here?"

"Yep."

"How near?"

"Not very fur."

The Judge shook his head as he turned away. "Armed neutrality," he remarked to the Doctor.

Up the road a wavering light appeared, and presently a spring-wagon emerged from the darkness.

"Hi there!" called the Judge. "Can you tell us anything about the up train?"

A muffled head was thrust out and a boy's voice answered: "Yassir; it's two hours late. I heared 'em talkin' 'bout it back to the store."

"The store!" exclaimed the Doctor, with interest. "Where is the store?"

"Back to Geeville, 'bout four mile. I jes come from thar."

"Indeed!" said the Doctor. "And where do you live?"

"'Bout four mile on."

The men exchanged hopeful glances, but the Judge shook his head.

"It's too far to go even for a hot supper. Boy, haven't you anything to eat in your wagon?"

The boy's smile extended indefinitely into the remote regions of the big comforter. "Yassir!" he said.

"Well, my son, your fortune is made," exclaimed the Doctor, producing a quarter.

"Name your price," said Mr. Appleton, with reckless extravagance.

"It's oats," said the boy. "I reckon you-all ain't hungry 'nough to eat them," and with a jerk of the reins and a "Git along, Buck!" he was off into the night, a veritable will-o'-the wisp to the hungry men on the platform.

The Judge burst into a hearty laugh, in which the Doctor joined—a laugh which Mr. Appleton thought totally out of keeping with the gravity of the situation.

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"What's the matter with making a fire?" asked the Judge. "There is no use standing here letting this November zephyr count our ribs all night. I'll go up the track and see if I can find some brushwood."

In five minutes a fire was blazing, and as the wood snapped and crackled, the spirits of the party revived somewhat.

"Won't you draw up your rocker and be sociable?" called out the Judge to the silent figure in the distance.

The man rose, shook himself, and shouldering one of the barrels, came toward them. "This here 'll help along," he said, contributing his burden to the bonfire. Then, as if thawed by the warmth of his own generosity, he vouchsafed the information that he had been waiting since seven o'clock for his old woman, who was expected on the up train.

"Have you had your supper?" asked the Doctor.

"Yep; a leetle bacon, an' some coffee, an' some corn dodger."

The eyes of the hunters sparkled. Bacon! Corn bread! Coffee! Synonymous terms for nectar and ambrosia.

"You say you live only a mile away?" asked the Judge, reaching for his hat.

"Three-quarters, cross kentry."

"Well, see here, my friend," said the Doctor, moving closer to him in his sudden desire for intimacy, "don't you think we could go over to your house and get some supper before the train comes?" His voice unconsciously assumed the tone he used with babies when coaxing them to take medicine. "You see, we had only a slight luncheon at noon, we have been tramping all day, and we may not be able to get anything on the train. Don't you think you could accommodate us?"

The stranger stretched himself, and then relit his pipe deliberately. "We don't keep no hotel-tavern," he said.

"Of course not," broke in the Judge, fearing to trust the delicate situation to any one else. "You aren't in the habit of furnishing meals. But this is an unusual case. We will just walk over with you and get a little substantial food—say, what you had for supper. We will make it worth your while, and consider it a great favor in the bargain."

"Naw, I guess not," said the stranger, in a bored tone. "Hanner 'ud git my rags if I took anybody to the house when she wasn't to hum."

"But you could explain," persisted Mr. Appleton.

"You don't know Hanner," said the man, with deep conviction.

A silence, born of baffled hopes, fell upon the party. Presently the Doctor spoke, slowly and pensively:

"I'd give a dollar for a good bowl of soup."

"And duck, canvas-back, with currant jelly," added the Judge, dejectedly.

Mr. Appleton emerged two inches from his collar. "I'd take a good steak," he began, meditatively, lingering over the words as if to taste them, "some lobster *à la* Newburg, a bottle of Burgundy, two kinds of pie—"

Pie! The fatal note had been struck. The Judge jumped to his feet.

"Lives there a man with soul so dead—" he began, then paused. "How far is it to Geeville?"

"Four mile," said the stranger.

"Well," continued the Judge, "I am going to Geeville, and I am not going to walk. There's a hand-car on the side-track over there, and I am going to run it to Geeville and get something to eat."

The other men looked at him incredulously.

"I mean it," he said, laughing. "We can watch for the trains, and easily throw it off the track if we see one coming. Who will go with me?"

Mr. Appleton and the stranger shook their heads, but the Doctor rose as promptly as his avoirdupois would permit.

They were as eager as boys over their adventure. After pushing the car out on the main track they made a close investigation of its construction, and found that they could easily manipulate it.

"Perfectly simple," called out the Doctor to Mr. Appleton, who was still hugging the fire; "you just stand firmly, so, and pump forcibly and regularly. Mechanism is perfectly simple; why, I could manage her alone."

The Judge smiled somewhat quizzically over his gold-rimmed glasses. "All right," he said, as he jumped aboard; "everything is ready. Good-by, Appleton; don't get overheated. Let her go, Doctor!"

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The little car shot down the grade with a roar that sounded like a lightning express.

"Just a cog loose," shouted the Judge. "Great, isn't it?"

"Superb!" cried the Doctor, trying to keep his hands on the handles. Clear ahead the track stretched in the moonlight; on either side the snowy fields glistened past, white, crisp, tempting. Only once was the silence broken, and that was when the Judge remarked that it all looked like cocoanut icing.

In ten minutes they slowed up at the deserted little station at Geeville. The Doctor's mustache was white with frost, his round cheeks crimson.

"That was the finest thing I ever felt!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Magnificent sensation! Why, a child could run it,—and such speed!"

"A fine coast," acquiesced the Judge. "We can side-track her here, and then go forth and try to find. My only fear is that in this metropolis of Geeville the stores are not open at the dizzy hour of nine."

They followed the road for a few yards and found themselves in the heart of the city; on the right was a blacksmith shop, on the left "the Store," and for the rest unbroken fields.

While the Judge knocked loudly on the store door, the Doctor, shading his eyes with his hands, was peering through the window.

"I can see plainly," he exclaimed, in great excitement; "the moonlight shines in from the other window right on the shelves. There are jars, Judge—jars that look as if they might contain jam."

While the Judge continued the knocking, the Doctor ran around to the other window.

"Apples!" he cried, balancing his rotund figure on a wheelbarrow in order to see. "We certainly are fortunate. Can't you wake them?"

"There's evidently no one to wake," answered the Judge, disconsolately.

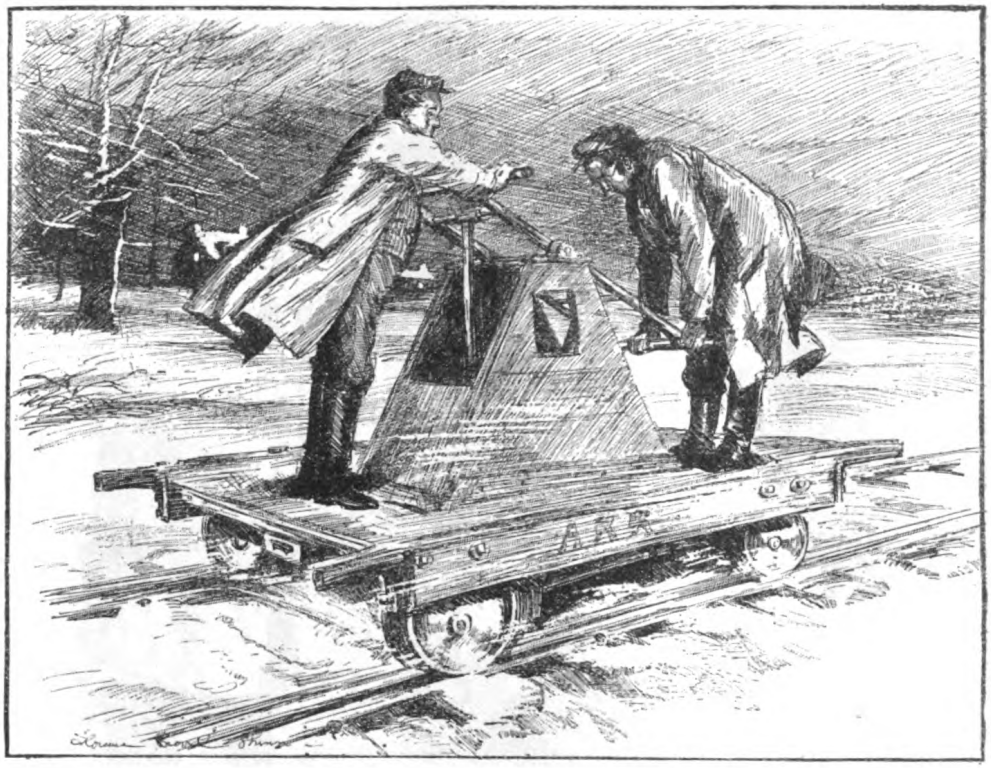
The Doctor rose gracefully to the emergency. "In such a case," he said, as firmly as his unstable position would permit, "I think we are justified in forcing an entrance. We can leave an ample recompense, with a note of explanation, and no possible harm can accrue."

The Judge laughed. "The end justifies the



BEHIND SOME EMPTY BARRELS SAT A LANK COUNTRYMAN

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THE LITTLE CAR SHOT DOWN THE GRADE

means, eh? Well, tell me, honestly, does your professional intuition lead you to believe that those jars contain jam?"

"Undoubtedly."

"In that case," continued the Judge, "we will break the law, and, if need be, the window."

Investigation proved, however, that an easier entrance could be made by forcing the door; so, shoulder to shoulder, they gave a concerted push and sent the rusty lock flying from the wood.

As guilty as two runaway boys, they scurried into the store and closed the door. A patch of moonlight fell through the north window, but the rest of the room was in darkness. The Judge, groping cautiously forward, felt something flap unpleasantly across his face. It was something limp, and it hung from the ceiling. He put up his hand and felt another, and another. He pulled one down and took it to the light. It was a plaid gingham sunbonnet, closely slatted and built with an ample cape. The Judge put it on.

"It isn't wise," he said, "for the Senior Physician of the Millview Medical College and the Circuit Judge of Mercer County to run any unnecessary risk of detection. Will you have one on me?"

They were so pleased with their appearance that they were about to perpetrate a cake-walk, when they were spared such indignity by an enticing odor.

"It's sausage,—smoked sausage; I've never been mistaken in that smell in my life," said the Doctor, as he felt along the wall. "I don't suppose you would care to have a lunch here, and just take something back to the others?"

"Certainly not," said the Judge, firmly. "Do you mean to say that you could relish these delicacies while your cherished companions starve by the way? Look in your corner and see what you can find. There is nothing over here but washboards, brooms, and mops."

"Well, sir," said the Doctor, "I can offer you a nice line of dry-goods, chewing-tobacco, and lamp chimneys. But wait! Here are some barrels. Give me that tin cup and I'll see if it is cider."

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"WILL YOU HAVE ONE ON ME?"

He drew a small amount of liquid from a barrel and held it to his nose. "Vinegar," he said, in disgust. Then he tried the next, and found coal-oil, and the next, and found molasses. In the mean time the Judge had discovered some pink iced cakes in a glass-front box, so they dipped these into the molasses and pronounced them delicious.

"It is astounding," commented the Doctor, from the depths of his sunbonnet, while the molasses trickled down his cuff—"it is astounding how readily man reverts to the primitive state."

"Prunes!" cried the Judge, in exultation; "I knew we would find something else. And here are cheese and crackers. But we must hurry! You put the things in this basket while I fix up a note to leave with the money."

After five minutes' laborious thought he wrote the following on a piece of brown paper:

> Oh, sir! search not in every nook
> A-looking for a wicked crook;
> If you'll but look within your book,
> You'll find a bill for what we took.

Leaving this p. p. c. on the counter, the two men, still wearing their sunbonnets and carrying the basket, stole noiselessly from the store.

As they climbed up to the track, they came suddenly upon two rough-looking men sitting on the hand-car. Evidently the meeting was mutually unexpected and undesired. The Judge reached instinctively for his sunbonnet; he was facing the moonlight, and had only time to see that one of the men was cross-

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eyed, and the other wore a red handkerchief about his neck, before they scurried off into the bushes.

"I guess they thought we were Whitecaps!" said the Doctor, laughing.

"I wish I'd kept on my bonnet," said the Judge, as he knelt to listen for a possible train.

"Those tramps must have tampered with this car," declared the Doctor, when they were started back to the crossing; "it seems to run very differently."

The Judge smiled again over his glasses, but saved his breath for the work before him. The trees that had raced past before now crawled along with funereal deliberation. The Doctor took off his coat and mopped his damp brow. The work was arduous, but he stood to his post valiantly.

When the first faint flicker of the distant bonfire appeared, they worked with renewed vigor. What was their consternation, when the crossing was almost reached, to hear a shrill whistle up the track! The Doctor involuntarily reached for the jam.

"Slow up there!" shouted the Judge, jumping to the ground. The white headlight, like a great accusing eye, was beaming down upon them, and the sound of the oncoming train was increasing to a roar.

"Now!" cried the Judge. "Stand close, with your shoulder against the other end. Don't get excited. Both at once—one, two, three!"

Over the slight embankment crashed the car, and behind it scrambled the Judge and the Doctor, the latter with sufficient force from his recent shove to send him sprawling into the snow.

The train slowed up, then came to a stand. A man with a lantern helped a fat old woman to alight. Then a tall, slim figure appeared on the platform, gesticulating and shouting. It was Appleton.

The Judge helped the Doctor to his feet, and they made a dash for the train. As he pulled his stout companion up on the slowly moving train, he saw a look of consternation on Appleton's high-bred features. Turning, he too beheld the Doctor.

That dignified gentleman, coatless and hatless, with a bright gingham sunbonnet hanging down his back, a string of sausage encircling his neck, and the contents of a jar of jam impartially distributed over his person, was engaged in a frantic but futile effort to disengage himself from the débris.

The Judge, also breathless and coatless, leaned against the door and gave vent to uproarious mirth.

A brakeman passed the trio on the platform, and winked significantly at Appleton.

"Yer partners are pretty full, ain't they?"

"No," said Appleton, in disgust; "the trouble is they are empty."

Three weeks later, at Millview, two tramps were being tried for grand larceny for stealing a hand-car. The prosecuting attorney, in scathing terms, was denouncing the crime to those who committed it. He admonished the jury not to encourage the increase of lesser crimes by releasing men capable of committing such offences as they were about to try.

Over by the stove, with his back to the stand, stood a stout, baldheaded man, with a doctor's case in his hand. He was evidently in a perturbed state of mind,



THE TWO PRISONERS

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for he fidgeted nervously, now warming his hands at the stove, now mopping the perspiration from his shining brow.

The Judge, a dignified and uncompromising dispenser of the law, calmly waited the development of the trial. Only a close observer would have seen the surreptitious glances that he gave the two prisoners. One of these was cross-eyed, and the other wore a red rag about his throat.

As the prosecuting attorney concluded his telling appeal for conviction, the Judge gathered up his loose notes, and leaning forward, began his charge to the jury. He reviewed the evidence, the fact of the crime, the presence of the prisoners in that locality, their opportunity for its commission; then he stated emphatically the necessity of a strict enforcement of law, and showed clearly the law applying to the offence charged.

At this point there was a commotion in the rear of the court-room.

"It's an outrage!" shouted the stout gentleman, his words exploding like bombshells, while he shook his fist violently at the Judge. "Innocent men! cowardly action! outrageous! scandalous!"

The Judge rapped sharply for order and looked sternly and reprovingly at the disturbing element. Then turning to the jury, he said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the prosecuting attorney, in his commendable zeal in serving the State, has secured for it the unwilling services of these prisoners, who toil not, neither do they spin. He has, however, neglected one point, namely, *to show the value of the hand-car alleged to have been stolen.* In absence of such proof it would be impossible for you, or for me, to say that the defendants have been guilty of grand larceny as charged in the indictment. You are, therefore, directed to find the defendants not guilty. Mr. Sheriff, discharge the prisoners, and adjourn the court."

Five minutes later, when the Judge left the court-house, the Doctor was waiting for him. "Judge," he said, and his tone was an apology, "they're on me. What will you have?"

Violet

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

IN this white world of wonder
All wrapt in silence deep,
Shut in her palace under
The snow she lies asleep;
And she shall only waken
When lyrics sweet and clear
Out of the trees are shaken,
And April's here.

Glimpses of grass and gleams of
The golden sunlight bring
Visions of joy and dreams of
The miracle of Spring:
She sees the shining faces
Of buds and leaves appear,
Lighting the shadowed spaces
With *April's here!*

Then, O the nameless rapture
Of that warm touch at last,
When April comes to capture
And hold her fragrance fast!
The dream of winter broken,
Behold her, blue and dear,
Shy Violet, sure token
That April's here!

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Lady Rose's Daughter

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART XII

CHAPTER XXIII

IT was midnight in the little inn at Charnex. The rain, which for so many nights in this miserable June had been beating down upon the village, had at last passed away. The night was clear and still, a night when the voice of mountain torrents, far distant, might reach the ear suddenly,—sharply pure,—from the very depths of silence.

Julie was in bed. She had been scarcely aware of her maid's help in undressing. The ordinary life was as it were suspended. Two scenes floated alternately before her,—one the creation of memory, the other of imagination; and the second was if possible the more vivid, the more real of the two. Now, she saw herself in Lady Henry's drawing-room; Sir Wilfrid Bury and a white-haired General were beside her. The door opened, and Warkworth entered,—young, handsome, soldierly, with that boyish conquering air, which some admired, and others disliked. His eyes met hers, and a glow of happiness passed through her.

Then, at a stroke, the London drawing-room melted away. She was in a low bell-tent. The sun burned through its sides; the air was stifling. She stood with two other men and the doctor beside the low camp-bed; her heart was wrung by every movement, every sound; she heard the clicking of the fan in the doctor's hands; she saw the flies on the poor damp brow.—

And still she had no tears. Only, existence seemed to have ended in a gulf of horror, where youth and courage, repentance and high resolve, love and pleasure, were all buried and annihilated together.—

That poor girl upstairs! It had not been possible to take her home. She was there with nurse and doctor, her mother hanging upon every difficult breath. The attack of diphtheria had left a weakened heart and nervous system; the shock had been cruel; and the doctors could promise nothing for the future.

"Mother,—mother! . . . *dead!*"

The cry echoed in Julie's ears. It seemed to fill the old low-ceiled room in which she lay. Her fancy, preternaturally alive, heard it thrown back from the mountains outside,—returned to her in wailing from the infinite depths of the lake. She was conscious of the vast forms and abysses of nature, there in the darkness, beyond the walls of her room, as something hostile, implacable. . . .

. . . And while he lay there, dead, under the tropical sand, she was still living and breathing here, in this old Swiss inn,—Jacob Delafield's wife—at least in name.

There was a knock at her door. At first she did not answer it. It seemed to be only one of the many dream-sounds which tormented her nerves. Then it was repeated. Mechanically she said, "Come in!"

The door opened, and Delafield, carrying a light, which he shaded with his hand, stood on the threshold.

"May I come and talk to you?" he said, in a low voice.—"I know you are not sleeping."

It was the first time he had entered his wife's room. Through all her misery Julie felt a strange thrill as her husband's face was thus revealed to her —brightly illuminated—in the loneliness of the night. Then the thrill passed into pain, the pain of a new and sharp perception.

Delafield, in truth, was some two or three years younger than Warkworth. But the sudden impression on Julie's mind, as she saw him thus, was of a man worn and prematurely aged,—markedly

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older and graver even since their marriage, since that memorable evening by the side of Como, when, by that moral power of which he seemed often to be the mere channel and organ, he had overcome her own will, and linked her life with his.

She looked at him in a kind of terror. Why was he so pale—an embodied grief? Warkworth's death was not a mortal stroke for *him*.

He came closer; and still Julie's eyes held him. Was it her fault, this—this shadowed countenance, these suggestions of a dumb strain and conflict, which not even his strong youth could bear without betrayal? Her heart cried out, first in a tragic impatience;—then it melted within her—strangely—she knew not how.

She sat up in bed, and held out her hands. He thought of that evening in Heribert Street, after Warkworth had left her,—when she had been so sad, and yet so docile. The same yearning, the same piteous agitation, was in her attitude now.

He knelt down beside the bed, and put his arms round her. She clasped her hands about his neck, and hid her face on his shoulder. There ran through her the first long shudder of weeping.

"He was so young," he heard her say through sobs,—"so young!"

He raised his hand and touched her hair tenderly.

"He died serving his country," he said, commanding his voice with difficulty. "And you grieve for him—like this. I can't pity him so much."

"You thought ill of him—I know you did;"—she spoke between deep sobbing breaths. "But he wasn't—he wasn't a bad man."

She fell back on her pillow, and the tears rained down her cheeks.

Delafield kissed her hand in silence.

"Some day—I'll tell you," she said, brokenly.

"Yes,—you shall tell me. It would help us both."

"I'll prove to you—he wasn't vile. When—when he proposed that—to me—he was distracted. So was I. How could he break off his engagement? Now you see—how she loved him. But we couldn't part—we couldn't say good-by. It had all come on us unawares. We wanted to belong to each other—just for two days—and then part forever. Oh!—I'll tell you—"

"You shall tell me all—here!" he said, firmly, crushing her delicate hands in his own, against his breast, so that she felt the beating of his heart.

"Give me my hand. I'll show you his letter,—his last letter to me,"—and trembling, she drew from under her pillow that last scrawled letter, written from the squalid hotel near the Gare de Sceaux.

No sooner, however, had she placed it in Delafield's hands than she was conscious of new forces of feeling in herself, which robbed the act of its simplicity. She had meant to plead her lover's cause and her own with the friend who was nominally her husband. Her action had been a cry for sympathy, as from one soul to another.

But as Delafield took the letter and began to read, her pulses began to flutter strangely; she recalled the phrases of passion which the letter contained; she became conscious of new fears, new compunctions.

For Delafield too the moment was one of almost intolerable complexity. This tender intimacy of night,—the natural intimacy of husband and wife; this sense, which would not be denied, however sternly he might hold it in check, of her dear form beside him; the little refinements and self-revelations of a woman's room; his half-rights towards her, appealing at once to love and to the memory of that solemn pledge by which he had won her,—what man who deserved the name but must be conscious, tempestuously conscious, of such thoughts and facts?

And then, wrestling with these smarts, these impulses, belonging to the natural physical life, the powers of the moral being,—compassion, self-mastery, generosity,—while strengthening and directing all, the man of faith was poignantly aware of the austere and tender voices of religion.

Amid this play of influences, he read the letter, still kneeling beside her, and holding her fingers clasped in his. She had closed her eyes and lay still, save for the occasional tremulous movement of her free hand, which dried the tears on her cheek.

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"Thank you," he said at last, with a voice that wavered, as he put the letter down,—"thank you! It was good of you to let me see it. It changes all my thoughts of him henceforward. If he had lived—"

"But he's dead!—he's dead!" cried Julie, in a sudden agony, wrenching her hand from his, and burying her face in the pillow—"just when he wanted to live.—Oh my God—my God!—No, there's no God!—nothing that cares—that takes any notice."

She was shaken by deep convulsive weeping. Delafield soothed her as best he could. And presently she stretched out her hand with a quick piteous gesture and touched his face.

"You too—what have I done to you! How you looked,—just now! I bring a curse,—why did you want to marry me? I can't tear this out of my heart—I can't!"

And again she hid herself from him. Delafield bent over her.

"Do you imagine that I should be poor-souled enough to ask you?"

Suddenly!—a wild feeling of revolt ran through Julie's mind. The loftiness of his mood chilled her. An attitude more weakly, passionately human, a more selfish pity for himself, would in truth have served him better. Had the pain of the living man escaped his control, avenging itself on the supremacy that death had now given to the lover,—Delafield might have found another Julie in his arms. As it was, her husband seemed to her perhaps less than man, in being more; she admired unwillingly; and her stormy heart withdrew itself.

When at last she controlled her weeping, and it became evident to him that she wished once more to be alone, his sensitiveness perfectly divined the secret reaction in her. He rose from his place beside her, with a deep involuntary sigh. She heard it; but only to shrink away.

"You will sleep a little?" he said, looking down upon her.

"I will try, *mon ami*."

"If you don't sleep, and would like me to read to you, call me. I am in the next room."

She thanked him faintly, and he went away. At the door he paused, and came back again.

"To-night," — he hesitated, — "while the doctors were here, I ran down to Montreux by the short path,—and telegraphed. The consul at Zanzibar is an old friend of mine. I asked him for more particulars at once,—by wire. But the letters can't be here for a fortnight."

"I know. You're very, very good."

Hour after hour Delafield sat motionless in his room, till "high in the Valais depths profound"—he "saw the morning break."

There was a little balcony at his command, and as he noiselessly stepped out upon it, between three and four o'clock, he felt himself the solitary comrade of the mist-veiled lake, of those high rosy mountains on the eastern verge, the first throne and harbor of the light,—of the lower forest-covered hills, that "took the morning" one by one, in a glorious and golden succession. All was fresh, austere, and vast,—the spaces of the lake; the distant hollows of high glaciers filled with purple shadow; the precipices of the Rochers de Naye, where the new snow was sparkling in the sun; the cool wind that blew towards him from the gates of Italy, down the winding recesses of that superb valley which has been a thoroughfare of nations from the beginning of time.

Not a boat on the wide reaches of the lake; not a voice or other sound of human toil, either from the vineyards below or the meadows above. Meanwhile some instinct, perhaps also some faint movements in her room, told him that Julie was no less wakeful than himself. And was not that a low voice in the room above him?—the trained voice and footsteps of a nurse? Ah! poor little heiress,—she too watched with sorrow.

A curious feeling of shame, of self-depreciation, crept into his heart. Surely he himself of late had been lying down with fear and rising up with bitterness? Never a day had passed since they had reached Switzerland but he, a man of strong natural passions, had bade himself face the probable truth that, by a kind of violence, he had married a woman who would never love him, — had taken irrevocably a false step, only too likely to be fatal to himself, intolerable to her.

Nevertheless, steeped as he had been

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in sadness, in foreboding, and—during this bygone night—in passionate envy of the dead yet beloved Warkworth, he had never been altogether unhappy. That mysterious *It*,—that other divine self of the mystic,—God,—the enwrapping sheltering force—had been with him always. It was with him now,—it spoke from the mysterious color and light of the dawn.

How, then, could he ever equal Julie in *experience*, in the true and poignant feeling of any grief whatever? His mind was in a strange, double state. It was like one who feels himself unfairly protected by a magic armor; he would almost throw it aside in a remorseful eagerness to be with his brethren, and as his brethren, in the sore weakness and darkness of the human combat: and then he thinks of the hand that gave the shield, and his heart melts in awe—

"Friend of my soul—and of the world —make me thy tool—thy instrument! Thou art Love!—speak through me!—draw her heart to mine."

At last, knowing that there was no sleep in him, and realizing that he had brooded enough, he made his way out of the hotel, and up through the fresh and dew-drenched meadows, where the haymakers were just appearing, to the Les Avants stream. A plunge into one of its cool basins retempered the whole man. He walked back through the scented field-paths, resolutely restraining his mind from the thoughts of the night, hammering out, indeed, in his head a scheme for the establishment of small holdings on certain derelict land in Wiltshire belonging to his cousin.

As he was descending on Charnex, he met the postman, and took his letters. One among them, from the Duke of Chudleigh, contained a most lamentable account of Lord Elmira. The father and son had returned to England, and an angry inclement May had brought a touch of pneumonia to add to all the lad's other woes. In itself it was not much,—was indeed passing away. "But it has used up most of his strength," said the Duke, "and you know whether he had any to waste. Don't forget him. He constantly thinks and talks of you."

Delafield restlessly wondered when he could get home. But he realized that Julie would now feel herself tragically linked to the Moffatts; and how could he leave her? He piteously told himself that here, and now, was his chance with her. As he bore himself now towards her, in this hour of her grief for Warkworth, so, perhaps, would their future be.

Yet the claims of kindred were strong. He suffered much inward distress as he thought of the father and son, and their old touching dependence upon him. Chudleigh, as Jacob knew well, was himself incurably ill. Could he long survive his poor boy?

And so that other thought, which Jacob spent so much ingenuity in avoiding, rushed upon him unawares. The near, inevitable expectation of the famous dukedom, which in the case of almost any other man in England must at least have quickened the blood with a natural excitement, produced in Delafield's mind a mere dull sense of approaching torment. Perhaps there was something nonsane in his repulsion, something that linked itself with his father's "queerness," or the bigotry and fanaticism of his grandmother the Evangelical Duchess, with her "swarm of parsons," as Sir Wilfrid remembered her. The oddity, which had been violent or brutal, in earlier generations, showed itself in him, one might have said, in a radical transposition of values, a singularity of criterion, which the ordinary robust Englishman might very well dismiss with impatience as folly or cant.

Yet it was neither. And the feeling had in truth its own logic and history. He had lived from his youth up among the pageants of rank and possession. They had no glamour for him; he realized their burdens, their ineffectiveness for all the more precious kinds of happiness,—how could he not, with these two forlorn figures of Chudleigh and his boy always before him? As for imagination and poetry, Delafield, with a mind that was either positive or mystical, — the mind, one might say, of the land-agent or the saint,—failed to see where they came in. Finally tradition no doubt carries a thrill. But what thrill is there in the mere possession of a vast number of acres of land, of more houses, new and old, than any human being can possibly live in, of more money than any

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reasonable man can ever spend, and more responsibilities than he can ever meet? Such things often seemed to Delafield pure calamity,—mere burdens upon life and breath. That he could and must be forced, some time, by law and custom to take them up, was nothing but a social barbarity.

Mingled with all which, of course, was his passionate sense of spiritual democracy. To be throned apart, like a divine being, surrounded by the bought homage of one's fellows, and possessed of more power than a man can decently use, was a condition which excited in Delafield the same kind of contemptuous revolt that it would have excited in St. Francis. "Be not ye called master;"—a Christian even of his transcendental and heterodox sort, if he *were* a Christian, must surely hold these words in awe,—at least so far as concerned any mastery of the external or secular kind. To masteries of another order the saint has never been disciplined.

As he once more struck the village street, this familiar whirl of thoughts was buzzing in Delafield's mind, pierced, however, by one sharper and newer. Julie! Did he know, had he ever dared to find out, how she regarded this future which was overtaking them? She had tried to sound *him;* she had never revealed herself.

In Lady Henry's house he had often noticed in Julie that she had an imaginative tenderness for rank or great fortune. At first it had seemed to him a woman's natural romanticism; then he explained it to himself as closely connected with her efforts to serve Warkworth.

But suppose he were made to feel that there, after all, lay her compensation? She had submitted to a loveless marriage, and lost her lover; but the dukedom was to make amends. He knew well that it would be so with nine women out of ten. But the bare thought that it might be so with Julie maddened him. He, then, was to be for her in the future the mere symbol of the vulgarer pleasures and opportunities; while Warkworth held her heart?

Nay!

He stood still, strengthening in himself the glad and sufficient answer. She had refused him twice!—knowing all his circumstances. At this moment he adored her doubly for those old rebuffs.

Within twenty-four hours Delafield had received a telegram from his friend at Zanzibar. For the most part it recapitulated the news already sent to Cairo, and thence transmitted to the English papers. But it added the information that Warkworth had been buried in the neighborhood of a village on the caravan route to Mokembé, and that special pains had been taken to mark the spot. And the message concluded: "Fine fellow. Hard luck. Everybody awfully sorry here."

These words brought Delafield a sudden look of passionate gratitude from Julie's dark and sunken eyes. She rested her face against his sleeve, and pressed his hand.

Lady Blanche also wept over the telegram, exclaiming that she had always believed in Henry Warkworth; and now, perhaps, those busybodies who at Simla had been pleased to concern themselves with her affairs and Aileen's would see cause to be ashamed of themselves.

To Delafield's discomfort, indeed, she poured out upon him a stream of confidences he would have gladly avoided. He had brought the telegram to her sitting-room. In the room adjoining it was Aileen, still, according to her mother's account, very ill, and almost speechless. Under the shadow of such a tragedy it seemed to him amazing that a mother could find words in which to tell her daughter's story to a comparative stranger. Lady Blanche appeared to him an ill-balanced and foolish woman, a prey on the one hand to various obscure jealousies and antagonisms—and on the other to a romantic and sentimental temper which, once roused, gloried in despising "the world,"—by which she generally meant a very ordinary degree of prudence.

She was in chronic disagreement, it seemed, with her daughter's guardians, and had been so from the first moment of her widowhood, the truth being that she was jealous of their legal powers over Aileen's fortune and destiny, and determined notwithstanding to have her own way with her own child. The wilfulness

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and caprice of the father, which had taken such strange and desperate forms in Rose Delaney, appeared shorn of all its attraction and romance in the smaller, more conventional, and meagre egotisms of Lady Blanche.

And yet in her own way she was full of heart. She lost her head over a love-affair. She could deny Aileen nothing. That was what her casual Indian acquaintances meant by calling her "sweet." When Warkworth's attentions, pushed with an ardor which would have driven any prudent mother to an instant departure from India, had made a timid and charming child of eighteen the talk of Simla, Lady Blanche, excited and dishevelled,—was it her personal untidiness which accounted for the other epithet of "quaint," which had floated to the Duchess's ear, and been by her reported to Julie?—refused to break her daughter's heart. Warkworth, indeed, had begun long before by flattering the mother's vanity and sense of possession; and she now threw herself hotly into his cause as against Aileen's odious trustees.

They of course always believed the worst of everybody. As for her, all she wanted for the child was a good husband. Was it not better, in a world of fortune-hunters, that Aileen, with her half-million, should marry early? Of money, she had, one would think, enough!—it was only the greed of certain persons which could possibly desire more. Birth? The young man was honorably born, good-looking, well-mannered. What did you want more? *She* accepted a democratic age; and the obstacles thrown by Aileen's guardians in the way of an immediate engagement between the young people appeared to her, so she declared, either vulgar or ridiculous.

Well! — poor lady, she had suffered for her whims. First of all, her levity had perceived with surprise and terror the hold that passion was taking on the delicate and sensitive nature of Aileen. This young girl, so innocent and spotless in thought, so virginally sweet in manner, so guileless in action, developed a power of loving, an absorption of the whole being in the beloved, such as our modern world but rarely sees.

She lived, she breathed for Warkworth. Her health, always frail, suffered from their separation. She became a thin and frail vision,—a "gossamer girl" indeed. The ordinary life of travel and society lost all hold upon her; she passed through it in a mood of weariness and distaste, that was in itself a danger to vital force. The mother became desperately alarmed, and made a number of flurried concessions. Letters at any rate should be allowed, in spite of the guardians, and without their knowledge. Yet each letter caused emotions which ran like a storm-wind through the child's fragile being, and seemed to exhaust the young life at its source. Then came the diphtheria, acting with poisonous effect on a nervous system already overstrained.

And in the midst of the mother's anxieties there burst upon her the sudden incredible tale that Warkworth, to whom she herself was writing regularly, and to whom Aileen from her bed was sending little pencilled notes, sweetly meant to comfort a sighing lover, had been entangling himself in London with another!—a Miss Le Breton, positively a nobody, as far as birth and position were concerned, the paid companion of Lady Henry Delafield, and yet, as it appeared, a handsome, intriguing, unscrupulous huzzy, just the kind of hawk to snatch a morsel from a dove's mouth,—a woman, in fact, with whom a little bread-and-butter girl like Aileen might very well have no chance.

Emily Lawrence's letter, in the tone of the candid friend, written after her evening at Crowborough House, had roused a mingled anguish and fury in the mother's breast. She lifted her eyes from it to look at Aileen, propped up in bed, her head thrown back against the pillow, and her little hands closed happily over Warkworth's letters; and she went straight from that vision to write to the traitor.

The traitor defended and excused himself by return of post. He implored her to pay no attention to the calumnious distortion of a friendship which had already served Aileen's interests no less than his own. It was largely to Miss Le Breton's influence that he owed the appointment which was to advance him so materially in his career. At the same time he thought it would be wise if Lady

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Blanche kept not only the silly gossip that was going about, but even this true and innocent fact, from Aileen's knowledge. One never knew how a girl would take such things, and he would rather explain it himself at his own time.

Lady Blanche had to be content. And meanwhile the glory of the Mokembé appointment was a strong factor in Aileen's recovery. She exulted over it by day and night; and she wrote—the letters of an angel!

The mother watched her writing them with mixed feelings. As to Warkworth's replies, which she was sometimes allowed to see, Lady Blanche, who had been a susceptible girl, and the heroine of several "affairs," was secretly and strongly of opinion that men's love-letters, at any rate, were poor things nowadays, compared with what they had been.

But Aileen was more than satisfied with them. How busy he must be!—and with such important business. Poor harassed darling!—how good of him to write her a word, to give her a thought!

And now Lady Blanche beheld her child crushed and broken, a nervous wreck, before her life had truly begun. The agonies which the mother endured were very real, and should have been touching. But she was not a touching person. All her personal traits—her red-rimmed eyes, her straggling hair, the slight disagreeable twist in her nose and mouth—combined with her signal lack of dignity and reticence to stir the impatience rather than the sympathy of the bystander.

"And mamma was so fond of her!" Julie would say to herself sometimes in wonder, proudly contrasting the wild grace and originality of her disgraced mother with the awkward slipshod ways of the sister who had remained a great lady.

Meanwhile Lady Blanche was indeed perpetually conscious of her strange niece, perpetually thinking of the story her brothers had told her, perpetually trying to recall the sister she had lost so young, and then turning from all such things to brood angrily over the Lawrence letter, and the various other rumors which had reached her of Warkworth's relations to Miss Le Breton.

What was in the woman's mind now? She looked pale and tragic enough. But what right had she to grieve—or did she grieve to be pitied?

Jacob Delafield had been fool enough to marry her, and fate would make her a Duchess. So true it is that they who have no business to flourish do flourish, like green bay-trees.

As to poor Rose, — sometimes there would rise on Lady Blanche's mind the sudden picture of herself and the lost dark-eyed sister, scampering on their ponies through the country lanes of their childhood, of her lessons with Rose, her worship of Rose,—and then of that black curtain of mystery and reprobation which for the younger child of sixteen had suddenly descended upon Rose and all that concerned her.

But Rose's daughter!—all one could say was that she had turned out as the child of such proceedings might be expected to turn out,—a minx! The aunt's conviction as to that stood firm. And while Rose's face and fate had sunk into the shadows of the past, even for her sister, Aileen was *here* — struggling for her delicate threatened life,—her hand always in the hand of this woman who had tried to steal her lover from her,—her soft, hopeless eyes, so tragically unconscious, bent upon the bold intriguer.

What possessed the child? Warkworth's letters, Julie's company,—those seemed to be all she desired!

And at last, in the June beauty and brilliance, when a triumphant summer had banished the pitiful spring, when the meadows were all perfume and color, and the clear mountains, in a clear sky, upheld the ever-new and never-ending pomp of dawn and noon and night, the little wasted creature looked up into Julie's face and, without tears, gasped out her story:

"These are his letters,—some day I'll —I'll read you some of them;—and this —is his picture. I know you saw him at Lady Henry's. He mentioned your name. Will you please—tell me everything?—all the times you saw him?—and what he talked of? You see — I am much stronger—I can bear it all!"

Meanwhile, for Delafield, this fortnight of waiting—waiting for the African let-

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ters,—waiting for the revival of life in Aileen,—was a period of extraordinary tension, when all the powers of nerve and brain seemed to be tested and tried to the utmost. He himself was absorbed in watching Julie, and in dealing with her.

In the first place, as he saw, she could give no free course to grief. The tragic yearning, the agonized tenderness and pity which consumed her, must be crushed out of sight as far as possible. They would have been an offence to Lady Blanche, a bewilderment to Aileen. And it was on her relation to her new-found cousin that, as Delafield perceived, her moral life for the moment turned. This frail girl was on the brink of perishing because death had taken Warkworth from her. And Julie knew well that Warkworth had neither loved her nor deserved her,—that he had gone to Africa and to death with another image in his heart.

There was a perpetual and irreparable cruelty in the situation. And from the remorse of it Julie could not escape. Day by day she was more profoundly touched by the clinging, tender creature, more sharply scourged by the knowledge that the affection developing between them could never be without its barrier and its mystery, that something must always remain undisclosed,—lest Aileen cast her off in horror.

It was a new moral suffering—in one whose life had been based hitherto on intellect, or passion. In a sense it held at bay even her grief for Warkworth, her intolerable compassion for his fate. In sheer dread lest the girl should find her out and hate her, she lost insensibly the first poignancy of sorrow.

These secrets of feeling left her constantly pale and silent. Yet her grace had never been more evident. All the inmates in the little *pension*, the landlord's family, the servants, the visitors, as the days passed, felt the romance and thrill of her presence. Lady Blanche evoked impatience or ennui. She was inconsiderate; she was meddlesome; she soon ceased even to be pathetic. But for Julie every foot ran, every eye smiled.

Then, when the day was over, Delafield's opportunity began. Julie could not sleep. He gradually established the right to read with her, and talk with her. It was a relation very singular and very intimate. She would admit him at his knock, and he would find her on her sofa,—very sad, often in tears, her black hair loose upon her shoulders. Outwardly there was often much ceremony, even distance between them; inwardly each was exploring the other, and Julie's attitude towards Delafield was becoming more uncertain, more touched with emotion.

What was perhaps most noticeable in it was a new timidity, a touch of anxious respect towards him. In the old days, what with her literary cultivation and her social success, she had always been the flattered and admired one of their little group. Delafield felt himself clumsy and tongue-tied beside her. It was a superiority on her part very natural and never ungraceful; and it was his chief delight to bring it forward, to insist upon it, to take it for granted.

But the relation between them had silently shifted.

"You *judge!*—you are always judging!" she had said once, impatiently, to Delafield. And now it was round these judgments, these inward verdicts of his, on life or character, that she was perpetually hovering. She was infinitely curious about them. She would wrench them from him; and then would often shiver away from him in resentment.

He meanwhile, as he advanced further in the knowledge of her strange nature, was more and more bewildered by her,—her perversities and caprices, her brilliancies and powers, her utter lack of any standard or scheme of life. She had been for a long time, as it seemed to him, the creature of her exquisite social instincts,—then, the creature of passion. But what a woman through it all!—and how adorable!—with those poetic gestures and looks, those melancholy gracious airs that ravished him perpetually! And now this new attitude as of a child leaning,—wistfully looking in your face,—asking to be led,—to be wrestled and reasoned with:—

The days as they passed produced in him a secret and mounting intoxication. Then perhaps, for a day or two, there would be a reaction,—both foreseeing that a kind of spiritual tyranny might arise from their relation, and both recoiling from it. . . .

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One night she was very restless and silent. There seemed to be no means of approach to her true mind. Suddenly he took her hand—it was some days since they had spoken of Warkworth—and almost roughly reminded her of her promise to tell him all.

She rebelled. But his look and manner held her, and the inner misery sought an outlet. Submissively she began to speak, in her low murmuring voice; she went back over the past—the winter in Bruton Street, the first news of the Moffatt engagement; her efforts for Warkworth's promotion; the history of the evening party which led to her banishment; the struggle in her own mind and Warkworth's; the sudden mad schemes of their last interview,—the rush of the Paris journey.

The mingled exaltation and anguish, the comparative absence of regret with which she told the story, produced an astonishing effect on Delafield. And in both minds, as the story proceeded, there emerged even more clearly the consciousness of that imperious act by which he had saved her.

Suddenly she stopped.

"I know you can find no excuse for it at all!" she said, in excitement.

"Yes, for all,—but for one thing," was his low reply.

She shrank, her eyes on his face.

"That poor child!" he said, under his breath.

She looked at him piteously.

"Did you ever realize what you were doing?" he asked her, raising her hand to his lips.

"No, no!—how could I?—I thought of some one so different—I had never seen her—"

She paused, her wide seeking gaze fixed upon him through tears,—as though she pleaded with him to find explanations—palliatives.

But he gently shook his head.

Suddenly shaken with weeping, she bowed her face upon the hands that held her own. It was like one who relinquishes all pleading, all defence, and throws herself on the mercy of the judge.

He tenderly asked her pardon if he had wounded her. But he shrank from offering any caress. The outward signs of life's most poignant and most beautiful moments are generally very simple and austere.

CHAPTER XXIV

"YOU have had a disquieting letter?" The voice was Julie's. Delafield was standing, apparently in thought, at the farther corner of the little raised terrace of the hotel. She approached him with an affectionate anxiety, of which he was instantly conscious.

"I am afraid I may have to leave you to-night," he said, turning towards her, and holding out the letter in his hand.

It contained a few agitated lines from the Duke of Chudleigh:

"They tell me my lad can't get over this. He's made a gallant fight—but this beats us. A week or two—no more. Ask Mrs. Delafield to let you come. She will, I know,—she wrote to me very kindly. Mervyn keeps talking of you,—you'd come if you heard him. It's ghastly—the cruelty of it all. Whether I can live without him—that's the point."

"You'll go, of course," said Julie, returning it.

"To-night—if you allow it."

"Of course. You ought."

"I hate leaving you alone—with this trouble on your hands," said Jacob, in some agitation. "What are your plans?"

"I could follow you next week. Aileen comes down to-day. And—I should like to wait here—for the mail."

"In five days about,—it should be here," said Delafield.

There was a silence. She dropped into a chair beside the balustrade of the terrace, which was wreathed in wistaria, and looked out upon the vast landscape of the lake. His thought was: "How can the mail matter to her? She cannot suppose that he had written."

Aloud he said, in some embarrassment, "You expect letters—yourself?"

"I expect nothing," she said, after a pause. "But Aileen is living on the chance of letters."

"There may be nothing for her—except, indeed, her letters to him—poor child!"

"She knows that. But the hope keeps her alive."

"And you?" thought Delafield, with an inward groan, as he looked down upon her pale profile. He had a moment's

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hateful vision of himself as the elder brother in the parable. Was Julie's mind to be the home of an eternal antithesis between the living husband and the dead lover,—in which the latter had forever the *beau rôle*?

Then, impatiently, Jacob wrenched himself from mean thoughts. It was as though he bared his head remorsefully before the dead man.

"I will go to the Foreign Office," he said in her ear, "as I pass through town. They will have letters. All the information I can get, you shall have —at once."

"Thank you—*mon ami*," she said, almost inaudibly.

Then she looked up, and he was startled by her eyes. Where he had expected grief, he saw a shrinking animation.

"Write to me often!" she said, imperiously.

"Of course. But don't trouble to answer much. Your hands are so full here."

She frowned.

"Trouble! Why do you spoil me so? Demand—insist—that I should write!"

"Very well," he said, smiling—"I demand—I insist!"

She drew a long breath, and went slowly away from him, into the house. Certainly the antagonism of her secret thoughts, though it persisted, was no longer merely cold or critical. For it concerned one who was not only the master of his own life, but threatened unexpectedly to become the master of hers.

She had begun, indeed, to please her imagination with the idea of a relation between them which, while it ignored the ordinary relations of marriage, should yet include many of the intimacies and refinements of love. More and more did the surprises of his character arrest and occupy her mind. She found, indeed, no "plaster saint." Her cool intelligence soon detected the traces of a peevish or stubborn temper, and of a natural inertia, perpetually combated, however, by the spiritual energy of a new and other self exfoliating from the old,—a self whose acts and ways she watched, sometimes with the held breath of fascination, sometimes with a return of shrinking fear. That a man should not only appear, but be, so good was still in her eyes a little absurd. Perhaps her feeling was at bottom the common feeling of the sceptical nature, "We should listen to the higher voices, but in such a way that if another hypothesis were true, we should not have been too completely duped!"

She was ready also to convict him of certain prejudices and superstitions, which roused in her an intellectual impatience. But when all was said, Delafield — unconsciously — was drawing her towards him, as the fowler draws a fluttering bird. It was the exquisite refinement of those spiritual insights and powers he possessed, which constantly appealed, not only to her heart, but—a very important matter in Julie's case—to her taste, to her own carefully tempered instinct for the rare and beautiful.

He was the master, then, she admitted, of a certain vein of spiritual genius. Well, here should he lead, and even—if he pleased—command her. She would sit at his feet, and he should open to her ranges of feeling, delights and subtleties of moral sensation, hitherto unknown to her.

Thus the feeling of ennui and reaction which had marked the first weeks of her married life had now wholly disappeared. Delafield was no longer dull or pedantic in her eyes. She passed alternately from moments of intolerable smart and pity for the dead to moments of agitation and expectancy connected with her husband. She thought over their meeting of the night before; she looked forward to similar hours to come.

Meanwhile his relation towards her in many matters was still naïvely ignorant and humble; determined by the simplicity of a man of some real greatness, who never dreamt of claiming tastes or knowledge he did not possess,—whether in small things or large. This phase, however, only gave the more value to one which frequently succeeded it. For suddenly the conversation would enter regions where he felt himself peculiarly at home; and—with the same unconsciousness on his part—she would be made to feel the dignity and authority which surrounded his ethical and spiritual life. And these contrasts—this weakness and this strength—combined with

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the man-and-woman element which is always present in any situation of the kind, gave rise to a very varied and gradually intensifying play of feeling between them. Feeling only possible, no doubt, for the *raffinés* of this world; but for them, full of strange charm, and even of excitement.

Delafield left the little inn for Montreux, Lausanne, and London that afternoon. He bent to kiss his wife at the moment of his departure, in the bare sitting-room that had been improvised for them on the ground-floor of the hotel; and as she let her face linger ever so little against his, she felt strong arms flung round her, and was crushed against his breast in a hungry embrace. When he released her with a flush and a murmured word of apology, she shook her head, smiling sadly, but saying nothing. The door closed on him, and at the sound she made a hasty step forward.

"Jacob!—take me with you!"

But her voice died in the rattle and bustle of the diligence outside, and she was left trembling from head to foot, under a conflict of emotions that seemed now to exalt, now to degrade her.

Half an hour after Delafield's departure, there appeared on the terrace of the hotel a tottering, emaciated form—Aileen Moffatt in a black dress and hat, clinging to her mother's arm. But she refused the deck-chair which they had spread with cushions and shawls.

"No—let me sit up!" And she took an ordinary chair, looking round upon the lake and the little flowery terrace with a slow absorbed look like one trying to remember. Suddenly she bowed her head on her hands.

"Aileen!" cried Lady Blanche, in an agony.

But the girl motioned her away. "Don't, Mummy. I'm all right."

And restraining any further emotion, she laid her arms on the balustrade and gazed long and calmly into the purple depths and gleaming snows of the Rhône Valley. Her hat oppressed her, and she took it off, revealing the abundance of her delicately golden hair, which, in its lack of lustre and spring, seemed to share in the physical distress and loss of the whole personality.

The face was that of a doomed creature—incapable now of making any successful struggle for the right to live. What had been sensibility had become melancholy; the slight chronic frown was deeper, the pale lips more pinched. Yet intermittently there was still great sweetness, the last effort of a "beautiful soul," meant for happiness, and withered before its time.

As Julie stood beside her, while Lady Blanche had gone to fetch a book from the *salon*, the poor child put out her hand and grasped that of Julie.

"It is quite possible I may get the letter to-night," she said, in a hurried whisper. "My maid went down to Montreux—there is a clever man at the post-office, who tried to make it out for us. He thinks it 'll be to-night."

"Don't be too disappointed if nothing comes," said Julie, caressing the hand. Its thinness, its icy and lifeless touch, dismayed her. Ah! how easily might this physical wreck have been her doing!

The bells of Montreux struck half past six. A restless and agonized expectation began to show itself in all the movements of the invalid. She left her chair and began to pace the little terrace on Julie's arm. Her dragging step, the mournful black of her dress, the struggle between youth and death in her sharpened face, made her a tragic presence. Julie could hardly bear it; while all the time she too was secretly and breathlessly waiting for Warkworth's last words.

Lady Blanche returned, and Julie hurried away.

She passed through the hotel, and walked down the Montreux road. The post had already reached the first houses of the village, and the postman, who knew her, willingly gave her the letters.

Yes!—a packet for Aileen, addressed in an unknown hand to a London address and forwarded thence. It bore the Denga postmark.

And another for herself, readdressed from London by Madame Bornier. She tore off the outer envelope; beneath was a letter of which the address was feebly written in Warkworth's hand—"Mademoiselle Le Breton, 3 Heribert Street, London."

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She had the strength to carry her own letter to her room, to call Aileen's maid, and send her with the other packet to Lady Blanche. Then she locked herself in. . . .

Oh! the poor crumpled page—and the labored handwriting:—

"Julie—I am dying. They are such good fellows,—but they can't save me. It's horrible—

"I saw the news of your engagement in a paper the day before I left Denga. You're right. He'll make you happy. Tell him I said so. Oh! my God—I shall never trouble you again.—I bless you for the letter you wrote me. Here it is.... No—I can't—can't read it. Drowsy. No pain—"

And here the pen had dropped from his hand. Searching for something more, she drew from the envelope the wild and passionate letter she had written him at Heribert Street in the early morning after her return from Paris, while she was waiting for Delafield to bring her the news of Lord Lackington's state.

The small *table d'hôte* of the Hôtel Michel was still further diminished that night. Lady Blanche was with her daughter, and Mrs. Delafield did not appear.

But the moon was hanging in glory over the lake, when Julie, unable to bear her room and her thoughts any longer, threw a lace scarf about her head and neck and went blindly climbing through the upward paths leading to Les Avants. The roads were silver in the moonlight; so was the lake, save where the great mountain shadows lay across the eastern end. And suddenly, white, through pine-trees—"Jaman, delicately tall!"—

The air cooled her brow; and from the deep, enveloping night her torn heart drew balm, and a first soothing of the pulse of pain. Every now and then, as she sat down to rest, a waking dream overshadowed her. She seemed to be supporting Warkworth in her arms; his dying head lay upon her breast; and she murmured courage and love into his ear. But not as Julie Le Breton! Through all the anguish of what was almost an illusion of the senses, she still felt herself Delafield's wife. And in that flood of silent speech she poured out on Warkworth it was as though she offered him also Jacob's compassion, Jacob's homage, mingled with her own.

Once she found herself sitting at the edge of a meadow, environed by the heavy scents of flowers. Some apple-trees with whitened trunks rose between her and the lake a thousand feet below. The walls of Chillon, the houses of Montreux, caught the light; opposite, the deep forests of Bouveret and St. Gingolphe lay black upon the lake; above them rode the moon. And to the east the high Alps —their pure lines a little effaced and withdrawn, as when a light veil hangs over a sanctuary.

Julie looked out upon a vast freedom of space, and by a natural connection she seemed to be also surveying her own world of life and feeling—her past and her future. She thought of her childhood and her parents, of her harsh combative youth, of the years with Lady Henry, of Warkworth, of her husband, and the life into which his strong hand had so suddenly and rashly drawn her. Her thoughts took none of the religious paths so familiar to his. And yet her reverie was so far religious that her mind seemed to herself to be quivering under the onset of affections, emotions, awes, till now unknown, and that, looking back, she was conscious of a groping sense of significance, of purpose, in all that had befallen her. Yet to this sense she could put no words. Only, in the end, through the constant action of her visualizing imagination, it connected itself with Delafield's face, and with the memory of many of his recent acts and sayings.

It was one of those hours which determine the history of a man or woman. And the august Alpine beauty entered in; so that Julie, in this sad and thrilling act of self-probing, felt herself in the presence of powers and dominations divine.

Her face, stained with tears, took gradually some of the calm, the loftiness of the night. Yet the close-shut brooding mouth would slip sometimes into a smile —exquisitely soft and gentle; as though the heart remembered something which seemed to the intelligence at once folly —and sweetness!

What was going on within her was,

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to her own consciousness, a strange thing. It appeared to her as a kind of simplification, a return to childhood—or, rather, was it the emergence in the grown mind, tired with the clamor of its own egotistical or passionate life, of some instincts, natural to the child, which she, nevertheless, as a child, had never known —instincts of trust, of self-abandonment, steeped perhaps in those tears which are themselves only another happiness?

But hush! What are our poor words in the presence of those nobler secrets of the wrestling and mounting spirit?

On the way down she saw another figure emerge from the dark.

"Lady Blanche!"

Lady Blanche stood still.

"The hotel was stifling," she said, in a voice that vainly tried for steadiness.

Julie perceived that she had been weeping.

"Aileen is asleep?"

"Perhaps. They have given her something to make her sleep."

They walked on towards the hotel.

Julie hesitated.

"She was not disappointed?" she said, at last, in a low voice.

"No!" said the mother, sharply. "But one knew, of course, there must be letters for her. Thank God she can feel that his very last thought was for her! The letters which have reached her are dated the day before the fatal attack began,—giving a complete account of his march, —most interesting!—showing how he trusted her already—though she is such a child. It will tranquillize her to feel how completely she possessed his heart—poor fellow!"

Julie said nothing; and Lady Blanche, with bitter satisfaction, felt rather than saw what seemed to her the just humiliation expressed in the drooping and black-veiled figure beside her.

Next day there was once more a tinge of color on Aileen's cheeks. Her beautiful hair fell round her once more in a soft life and confusion, and the roses which her mother had placed beside her on the bed were not in too pitiful contrast with her frail loveliness.

"Read it, please!" she said, as soon as she found herself alone with Julie, pushing her letter tenderly towards her. "He tells me everything—everything!—all he was doing and hoping—consults me in everything. Isn't it an honor,—when I'm so ignorant and childish? I'll try to be brave—try to be worthy—"

And while her whole frame was shaken with deep silent sobs, she greedily watched Julie read the letter.

"Oughtn't I to try and live?" she said, dashing away her tears, as Julie returned it,—"when he loved me so?"

Julie kissed her with a passionate and guilty pity. The letter might have been written to any friend, to any charming child for whom a much older man had a kindness. It gave a businesslike account of their march, dilated on one or two points of policy, drew some humorous sketches of his companions, and concluded with a few affectionate and playful sentences.

But when the wrestle with death began, Warkworth wrote but one last letter, uttered but one cry of the heart; and it lay now in Julie's bosom.

A few days passed. Delafield's letters were short and full of sadness. Elmira still lived; but any day or hour might see the end. As for the father— But the subject was too tragic to be written of,—even to her. Not to feel, not to realize, —there lay the only chance of keeping one's own courage, and so of being any help whatever to two of the most miserable of human beings.

At last, rather more than a week after Delafield's departure, came two telegrams. One was from Delafield: "Mervyn died this morning. Duke's condition causes anxiety." The other, from Evelyn Crowborough: "Elmira died this morning. Going down to Shropshire to help Jacob."

Julie threw down the telegrams. A rush of proud tears came to her eyes. She swept to the door of her room, opened it, and called her maid.

The maid came, and when she saw the sparkling looks and strained bearing of her mistress, wondered what crime she was to be rebuked for. Julie merely bade her pack at once, as it was her intention to catch the eight-o'clock through train, at Lausanne, that night, for England.

Twenty hours later the train carrying

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Julie to London entered Victoria Station. On the platform stood the little Duchess, impatiently expectant. Julie was clasped in her arms, and had no time to wonder at the pallor and distraction of her friend before she was hurried into the brougham waiting beyond the train.

"Oh! Julie!" cried the Duchess, catching the traveller's hands, as they drove away;—"Julie, darling!"

Julie turned to her in amazement. The blue eyes fixed upon her had no tears, but in them and in the Duchess's whole aspect was expressed a vivid horror and agitation which struck at Julie's heart.

"What is it?" she said, catching her breath. "What is it?"

"Julie!—I was going to Faircourt this morning. First your telegram stopped me. I thought I'd wait and go with you. Then came another, from Delafield. The Duke—the poor Duke!"

Julie's attitude changed, unconsciously, instantly.

"Yes—tell me!"

"It's in all the papers to-night—on the placards—don't look out!"—and the Duchess lifted her hand and drew down the blinds of the brougham. "He was in a most anxious state yesterday, but they thought him calmer at night, and he insisted on being left alone. The doctors still kept a watch, but he managed in some mysterious way to evade them all, and this morning he was missed. After two hours they found him—in the river that runs below the house!"

There was a silence.

"And Jacob!" said Julie, hoarsely.

"That's what I'm so anxious about!" exclaimed the Duchess. "Oh! I am thankful you've come. You know how Jacob's always felt about the Duke and Mervyn,—how he's hated the notion of succeeding. And Susan, who went down yesterday, telegraphed to me last night—before this horror—that he was 'terribly strained and overwrought.'"

"Succeeding?" said Julie, vaguely. Mechanically she had drawn up the blind again; and her eyes followed the dingy lines of the Vauxhall Bridge Road, till suddenly they turned away from the placards outside a small stationer's shop which announced, "Tragic death of the Duke of Chudleigh and his son."

The Duchess looked at her curiously, without replying. Julie seemed to be grappling with some idea which escaped her, or, rather, was presently expelled by one more urgent.

"Is Jacob ill?" she said, abruptly, looking her companion full in the face.

"I only know what I've told you. Susan says 'strained and overwrought.' Oh! it 'll be all right when he gets you!"

Julie made no reply. She sat motionless; and the Duchess, stealing another glance at her, must needs, even in this tragic turmoil, allow herself the reflection that she was a more delicate study in black and white, a more refined and accented personality than ever.

"You won't mind?" said Evelyn, timidly, after a pause—"but Lady Henry is staying with me, and also Sir Wilfrid Bury, who had such a bad cold in his lodgings that I went down there a week ago, got the doctor's leave, and carried him off there and then. And Mr. Montresor's coming in. He particularly wanted, he said, just to press your hand. But they sha'n't bother you, if you're tired. Our train goes 10.10,—and Bertie has got the express stopped for us at Westonport,—about three in the morning."

The carriage rolled into Grosvenor Square, and presently stopped before Crowborough House. Julie alighted, looked round her at the July green of the Square, at the brightness of the window-boxes, and then at the groom of the chambers who was taking her wraps from her,—the same man who in the old days used to feed Lady Henry's dogs with sweet biscuit. It struck her that he was showing her a very particular and eager attention.

Meanwhile, in the Duchess's drawing-room, a little knot of people were gathered—Lady Henry, Sir Wilfrid Bury, and Dr. Meredith. Their demeanor illustrated both the subduing and the exciting influence of great events. Lady Henry was more talkative than usual; Sir Wilfrid more silent.

Lady Henry seemed to have profited by her stay at Torquay. As she sat upright in a stiff chair, her hands resting on her stick, she presented her characteristic aspect of English solidity, crossed by a certain free and foreign animation. She

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had been already wrangling with Sir Wilfrid, and giving her opinion freely on the "socialistic" views on rank and property attributed to Jacob Delafield. "If *he* can't digest the cake, that don't mean it isn't good!" had been her last impatient remark,—when Sir Wilfrid interrupted her.

"Only a few minutes more," he said, looking at his watch. "Now, then, what line do we take? How much is our friend likely to know?"

"Unless she has lost her eyesight—which Evelyn has not reported—she will know most of what matters, before she has gone a hundred yards from the station," said Lady Henry, dryly.

"Oh, the streets! Yes, but—persons are often curiously dazed by such a gallop of events."

"Not Julie Le Breton!"

"I should like to be informed as to the part you are about to play," said Sir Wilfrid, in a lower voice,—"that I may play up to it. Where are you?"

Both looked at Meredith, who had walked to a distant window, and was standing there looking out upon the Square. Lady Henry was well aware that *he* had not forgiven her; and to tell the truth, was rather anxious that he should. So she too dropped her voice.

"I bow to the institutions of my country," she said,—a little sparkle in the strong gray eye.

"In other words—you forgive a duchess?"

"I acknowledge the head of the family; and the greater carries the less."

"Suppose Jacob should be unforgiving?"

"He hasn't the spirit."

"And she?"

"Her conscience will be on my side."

"I thought it was your theory that she had none?"

"Jacob, let us hope, will have developed some. He has a good deal to spare."

Sir Wilfrid laughed. "So it is you who will do the pardoning?"

"I shall offer an armed and honorable peace. The Duchess of Chudleigh may intrigue and tell lies if she pleases. I am not giving her a hundred a year!"

There was a pause.

"Why—if I may ask," said Sir Wilfrid, at the end of it, "did you quarrel with Jacob? I understand there was a separate cause."

Lady Henry hesitated.

"He paid me a debt," she said at last; and a sudden flush rose in her old blanched cheek.

"And that annoyed you? You have the oddest code!"

Lady Henry bit her lip.

"One does not like one's money thrown in one's face."

"Most unreasonable of women!"

"Never mind, Wilfrid. We all have our feelings."

"Precisely!—Well, no doubt Jacob will make peace. As for— Ah! here comes Montresor."

A visible tremor passed through Lady Henry. The door was thrown open, and the footman announced the Minister for War.

"Her Grace, sir, is not yet returned."

Montresor stumbled into the room, and, even with his eye-glasses carefully adjusted, did not at once perceive who was in it.

Sir Wilfrid went towards him.

"Ah! Bury. Convalescent, I hope?"

"Quite. The Duchess has gone to meet Mrs. Delafield."

"Mrs.?"—Montresor's mouth opened. "But of course you know?"

"Oh yes, I know. But one's tongue has to get oiled. You see Lady Henry?"

Montresor started.

"I am glad to see Lady Henry," he replied, stiffly.

Lady Henry slowly rose, and advanced two steps. She quietly held out her hand to him, and smiling, looked him in the face.

"Take it. There is no longer any cause of quarrel between us. I raise the embargo."

The Minister took the hand, — and shook his head.

"Ah! but you had no right to impose it," he said, with energy.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, meet me halfway!" cried Lady Henry—"or I shall never hold out."

Sir Wilfrid, whose half-embarrassed gaze was bent on the ground, looked up, and was certain that he saw a gleam of moisture in those wrinkled eyes.

"Why have you held out so long? What does it matter to me whether Miss

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Julie be a duchess or no? That don't make up to me for all the months you've shut your door on me. And I was always given to understand, by-the-way, that it wouldn't matter to you."

"I've had three months at Torquay," said Lady Henry, raising her shoulders.

"I hope it was dull to distraction!"

"It was. And my doctor tells me the more I fret, the more gout I may expect."

"So all this is not generosity—but health?"

"Kiss my hand, sir,—and have done with it! You are all avenged. At Torquay I had four companions in seven weeks."

"More power to them!" said Montresor. "Meredith, come here. Shall we accept the pleas?"

Meredith came slowly from the window, his hands behind his back.

"Lady Henry commands and we obey," he said, slowly. "But—to-day begins a new world—founded in ruin—like the rest of them."

He raised his fine eyes, in which there was no laughter,—rather a dreamy intensity. Lady Henry shrank.

"If you're thinking of Chudleigh," she said, uncertainly, "be glad for him. It was release. As for Henry Warkworth—"

"Ah! poor fellow," said Montresor, perfunctorily,—"poor fellow!"

He had dropped Lady Henry's hand, but he now recaptured it, enclosing the thin jewelled fingers in his own.

"Well, well,—then it's peace—with all my heart." He stooped and lightly kissed the fingers. "And now, when do you expect our friend?"

"At any moment," said Lady Henry.

She seated herself, and Montresor beside her.

"I am told," said Montresor, "that this horror will not only affect Delafield personally,—but that he will regard the dukedom as a calamity."

"Hm—and you believe it?" said Lady Henry.

"I try to," was the Minister's laughing reply. "Ah! surely, here they are!"

Meredith turned from the window, to which he had gone back.

"The carriage has just arrived," he announced, and he stood fidgeting, standing first on one foot, then on the other, and running his hand through his mane of gray hair. His large features were pale, and any close observer would have detected the quiver of emotion.

A sound of voices from the anteroom,—the Duchess's light tones floating to the top. At the same time, a door on the other side of the drawing-room opened and the Duke of Crowborough appeared.

"I think I hear my wife," he said, as he greeted Montresor and hurriedly crossed the room.

There was a rustle of quick steps, and the little Duchess entered.

"Bertie!—here is Julie!"

Behind appeared a tall figure in black. Everybody in the room advanced, including Lady Henry, who, however, after a few steps, stood still, behind the others, leaning on her stick.

Julie looked round the little circle, then at the Duke of Crowborough, who had gravely given her his hand. The suppressed excitement already in the room clearly communicated itself to her. She did not lose her self-command for an instant; but her face pleaded.

"Is it really true? Perhaps there is some mistake?"

"I fear there can be none," said the Duke, sadly; "poor Chudleigh had been long dead when they found him."

"Bertie!" said the Duchess, interrupting, "I have told Greswell we shall want the carriage at half past nine for Euston. Will that do?"

"Perfectly."

Greswell, the handsome groom of the chambers, approached Julie:

"Your Grace's maid wishes to know whether it is your Grace's wish that she should go round to Heribert Street, before taking the luggage to Euston?"

Julie looked at the man, bewildered. Then a stormy color rushed into her cheeks.

"Does he mean my maid?" she said to the Duke, piteously.

"Certainly. Will you give your orders?"

She gave them, and then turning again to the Duke she covered her eyes with her hands a moment.

"What does it all mean?" she said, faltering. "It seems as though we were all mad."

"You understand, of course, that Jacob succeeds?" said the Duke, not with-

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out coldness; and he stood still an instant, gazing at this woman, who must now, he supposed, feel herself at the very summit of her ambitions.

Julie drew a long breath. Then she perceived Lady Henry. Instantly, impetuously, she crossed the room. But as she reached that composed and formidable figure, the old timidity, the old fear, seized her. She paused abruptly; but she held out her hand.

Lady Henry took it. The two women stood regarding each other, while the other persons in the room instinctively turned away from their meeting. Lady Henry's first look was one of curiosity. Then, before the indefinable ennobling change in Julie's face,—now full of the pale agitation of memory,—the eyes of the older woman wavered and dropped. But she soon recovered herself.

"We meet again under very strange circumstances," she said, quietly; "though I have long foreseen them. As for our former experience, we were in a false relation,—and it made fools of us both. You and Jacob are now the heads of the family. And if you like to make friends with me on this new footing, I am ready. As to my behavior, I think it was natural; but if it rankles in your mind, I apologize."

The personal pride of the owner, curbed in its turn by the pride of tradition and family, spoke strangely from these words. Julie stood trembling, her chest heaving.

"I too regret, — and apologize," she said, in a low voice.

"Then we begin again.—But now you must let Evelyn take you to rest for an hour or two. I am sorry you have this hurried journey to-night."

Julie pressed her hands to her breast with one of those dramatic movements that were natural to her.

"Oh, I must see Jacob!" she said, under her breath. "I must see Jacob!"

And she turned away, looking vaguely round her. Meredith approached.

"Comfort yourself," he said, very gently, pressing her hand in both of his. "It has been a great shock, but when you get there—he'll be all right!"

"Jacob?"

Her expression, the piteous note in her voice, awoke in him an answering sense of pain. He wondered how it might be between the husband and wife. Yet it was borne in upon him—as upon Lady Henry—that her marriage, however interpreted, had brought with it profound and intimate transformation. A different woman stood before him. And when after a few more words the Duchess swept down upon them, insisting that Julie must rest awhile, Meredith stood looking after the retreating figures, filled with the old bitter sense of human separateness, and the fragmentariness of all human affections. Then he made his farewells to the Duke and Lady Henry and slipped away. He had turned a page in the book of life; and as he walked through Grosvenor Square he applied his mind resolutely to one of the political "causes," with which as a powerful and fighting journalist he was at that moment occupied.

Lady Henry, too, watched Julie's exit from the room.

"So now she supposes herself in love with Jacob?" she thought, with amusement, as she resumed her seat.

"What if Delafield refuses to be made a duke?" said Sir Wilfrid, in her ear.

"It would be a situation new to the Constitution," said Lady Henry, composedly. "I advise you, however, to wait till it occurs!"

The northern express rushed onwards through the night. Rugby, Stafford, Crewe, had been left behind. The Yorkshire valleys and moors began to show themselves in pale ridges and folds under the moon. Julie, wakeful in her corner opposite the little sleeping Duchess, was conscious of an interminable rush of images through a brain that longed for a few unconscious and forgetful moments. She thought of the deferential station-master at Euston; of the fuss attending their arrival on the platform; of the arrangements made for stopping the express at the Yorkshire station where they were to alight.

Faircourt? Was it the great Early-Georgian house of which she had heard Jacob speak,—the vast pile, half barrack, half palace, in which, according to him, no human being could be either happy or at home?

And this was now his—and hers?

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Again the whirl of thoughts swept and danced round her.

A wild hill-country,—in the valleys, the blackness of thick trees, the gleam of rivers, the huge lifeless factories,—and beyond, the high silver edges, the sharp shadows, of the moors. . . . The train slackened, and the little Duchess woke at once.

"Ten minutes to three! Oh, Julie, here we are!"

The dawn was just coldly showing as they alighted. Carriages and servants were waiting, and various persons whose identity and function it was not easy to grasp. One of them, however, at once approached Julie with a privileged air; and she perceived that he was a doctor.

"I am very glad that your Grace has come," he said, as he raised his hat. "The trouble with the Duke is shock, and want of sleep."

Julie looked at him, still bewildered.

"How long has my husband been ill?"

He walked on beside her, describing in as few words as possible the harrowing days preceding the death of the boy, Delafield's attempts to soothe and control the father, the stratagem by which the poor Duke had outwitted them all, and the weary hours of search, through the night, under a drizzling rain, which had resulted, about dawn, in the discovery of the Duke's body in one of the deeper holes of the river.

"When the procession returned to the house—your husband"—the speaker framed the words uncertainly—"had a long fainting-fit. It was probably caused by the exhaustion of the search—many hours without food—and many sleepless nights. We kept him in his room all day. But towards evening he insisted on getting up. The restlessness he shows is itself a sign of shock. I trust, now you are here, you may be able to persuade him to spare himself. Otherwise the consequences might be grave."

The drive to the house lay mainly through a vast park, dotted with stiff and melancholy woods. The morning was cloudy; even the wild roses in the hedges and the daisies in the grass had neither gayety nor color. Soon the house appeared; an immense pile of stone, with a pillared centre, and wings to east and west,—built in a hollow, gray and sunless. The mournful blinds drawn closely down made of it rather a mausoleum for the dead than a home for the living.

At the approach of the carriage, however, doors were thrown open, servants appeared; and on the steps, trembling and heavy-eyed, stood Susan Delafield.

She looked timidly at Julie; and then, as they passed into the great central hall, the two kissed each other with tears.

"He is in his room—waiting for you. The doctors persuaded him not to come down. But he is dressed, and reading and writing. We don't believe he has slept at all for a week."

"Through there," said Susan Delafield, stepping back. "That is the door."

Julie softly opened it, and closed it behind her. Delafield had heard her approach, and was standing by the table, supporting himself upon it. His aspect filled Julie with horror. She ran to him, and threw her arms round him. He sank back into his chair, and she found herself kneeling beside him, murmuring to him, while his head rested upon her shoulder.

"Jacob!—I am here! Oh! I ought to have been here all through. It's terrible—terrible! But, Jacob, you won't suffer so—now I'm here—now we're together—now I love you—Jacob?"

Her voice broke in tears. She put back the hair from his brow, kissing him with a tenderness in which there was a yearning and lovely humility. Then she drew a little away, waiting for him to speak, in an agony.

But for a time he seemed unable to speak. He feebly released himself, as though he could not bear the emotion she offered him, and his eyes closed.

"Jacob, come and lie down!" she said, in terror. "Let me call the doctors."

He shook his head, and a faint pressure from his hand bade her sit beside him.

"I shall be better soon.—Give me time. I'll tell you—"

Then silence again. She sat holding his hand, her eyes fixed upon him. Time passed, she knew not how. Susan came into the room—a small sitting-room in the east wing—to tell her that

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Halftone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

SHE FOUND HERSELF KNEELING BESIDE HIM

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the neighboring bedroom had been prepared for herself. Julie only looked up for an instant with a dumb sign of refusal. A doctor came in, and Delafield made a painful effort to take the few spoonfuls of food and stimulant pressed upon him. Then he buried his face in the side of the arm-chair.

"Please — let us be alone," he said, with a touch of his old peremptoriness; and both Susan and the doctor obeyed.

But it was long before he could collect energy enough to talk. When he did, he made an effort to tell her the story of the boy's death and the father's self-destruction. He told it leaning forward in his chair, his eyes on the ground, his hands loosely joined, his voice broken and labored. Julie listened, gathering from his report an impression of horror, tragic and irremediable, similar to that which had shaken the balance of his own mind. And when he suddenly looked up with the words—"And now *I* am expected to take their place—to profit by their deaths! What rightful law of God or man binds me to accept a life and a responsibility that I loathe!" Julie drew back as though he had struck her. His face, his tone, were not his own,—there was a violence, a threat, in them, addressed as it were specially to *her*. "If it were not for you," his eyes seemed to say—"I could refuse this thing,—which will destroy me, soul and body."

She was silent, her pulses fluttering, and he resumed, speaking like one groping his way:

"I could have done the work, of course—I have done it for five years. I could have looked after the estate and the people. But the money—the paraphernalia—the hordes of servants—the mummery of the life! — Why, Julie, should we be forced into it! What happiness—I ask you!—what happiness—can it bring to either of us?"

And again he looked up, and again it seemed to Julie that his expression was one of animated hostility and antagonism,—antagonism to her, as embodying for the moment all the arguments—of advantage, custom, law—he was, in his own mind, fighting and denying. With a failing heart, she felt herself very far from him. Was there not also something in his attitude—unconsciously—of that old primal antagonism of the man to the woman, of the stronger to the weaker, the more spiritual to the more earthy?

"You think, no doubt," he said, after a pause, "that it is my duty to take this thing?—even if I *could* lay it down?"

"I don't know what I think," she said, hurriedly. "It is very strange, of course—what you say. We ought to discuss it thoroughly. Let me have a little time."

He gave an impatient sigh, then suddenly rose.

"Will you come and look at them?"

She too rose, and put her hand in his.

"Take me where you will."

"It is not horrible," he said, shading his eyes a moment. "They are at peace."

With a feeble step, leaning on her arm, he guided her through the great darkened house. Julie was dimly aware of wide staircases, of galleries, and high halls, of the pictures of past Delafields looking down upon them. The morning was now far advanced. Many persons were at work in the house, but Julie was conscious of them only as distant figures that vanished at their approach. They walked alone, guarded from all intrusion by the awe and sympathy of the unseen human beings around them.

Delafield opened the closed door.

The father and son lay together, side by side,—the boy's face in a very winning repose, which at first sight concealed the traces of his long suffering; the father's also—closed eyes and sternly shut mouth—suggesting, not the despair which had driven him to his death, but rather, as in sombre triumph, the all-forgetting, all-effacing sleep which he had won from death.

They stood a moment,—till Delafield fell on his knees. Julie knelt beside him. She prayed for a while; then she wearied, being indeed worn out with her journey. But Delafield was motionless, and it seemed to Julie that he hardly breathed.

She rose to her feet, and found her eyes for the first time flooded with tears. Never for many weeks had she felt so lonely, or so utterly unhappy. She would have given anything to forget herself in comforting Jacob. But he seemed to have no need of her; no thought of her.

As she vaguely looked round her, she saw that beside the dead man was a table holding some violets,—the only

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flowers in the room,—some photographs, and a few well-worn books. Softly she took up one. It was a copy of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, much noted and underlined. It would have seemed to her sacrilege to look too close; but she presently perceived a letter between its pages, and in the morning light, which now came strongly into the room through a window looking on the garden, she saw plainly that it was written on thin foreign paper, that it was closed, and addressed to her husband.

"Jacob!"

She touched him softly on the shoulder, alarmed by his long immobility.

He looked up; and it appeared to Julie as though he were shaking off with difficulty some abnormal and trancelike state. But he rose, looking at her strangely.

"Jacob!—this is yours."

He took the book abruptly, almost as if she had no right to be holding it. Then, as he saw the letter, the color rushed into his face. He took it, and after a moment's hesitation walked to the window and opened it.

She saw him waver, and ran to his support. But he put out a hand, which checked her.

"It was the last thing he wrote," he said; and then, uncertainly, and without reading any but the first words of the letter, he put it into his pocket.

Julie drew back, humiliated. His gesture said that to a secret so intimate and sacred he did not propose to admit his wife.

They went back silently to the room from which they had come. Sentence after sentence came to Julie's lips, but it seemed useless to say them; and once more, but in a totally new way, she was "afraid" of the man beside her.

She left him shortly after, by his own wish.

"I will lie down, and you—must rest," he said, with decision.

So she bathed and dressed, and presently she allowed the kind, fair-haired Susan to give her food, and pour out her own history of the death-week which she and Jacob had passed through. But in all that was said Julie noticed that Susan spoke of her brother very little, and of his inheritance and present position not at all. And once or twice she noticed a wondering or meditative expression in the girl's charming eyes as they rested on herself, and realized that the sense of mystery, of hushed expectancy, was not confined to her own mind.

When Susan left her at nine o'clock, it was to give a number of necessary orders in the house. The inquest was to be held in the morning, and the whole day would be filled with arrangements for the double funeral. The house would be thronged with officials of all sorts. "Poor Jacob!" said the sister, sighing, as she went away.

But the tragic tumult had not yet begun. The house was still quiet; and Julie was for the first time alone.

She drew up the blinds and stood gazing out upon the park, now flooded with light; at the famous Italian garden beneath the windows, with its fountains and statues; at the wide lake which filled the middle distance, and the hills beyond it, with the plantations and avenues which showed the extension of the park as far as the eye could see.

Julie knew very well what it all implied. Her years with Lady Henry, in connection with her own hidden sense of birth and family, had shown her with sufficient plainness the conditions under which the English noble lives. She *was* actually, at that moment, Duchess of Chudleigh; her strong intelligence faced and appreciated the fact; the social scope and power implied in those three words were all the more vivid to her imagination because of her history and upbringing. She had not grown to maturity *inside*, like Delafield; but as an exile from a life which was yet naturally hers, an exile full sometimes of envy, and the passions of envy.

It had no terrors for her,—quite the contrary,—this high social state. Rather, there were moments when her whole nature reached out to it, in a proud and confident ambition. Nor had she any mystical demurrer to make. The originality which in some ways she richly possessed was not concerned in the least with the upsetting of class distinctions; and as a Catholic she had been taught loyally to accept them.

The minutes passed away. Julie sank

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deeper and deeper into reverie, her head leaning against the side of the window, her hands clasped before her on her black dress. Once or twice she found the tears dropping from her eyes; and once or twice she smiled.

She was not thinking of the tragic circumstances amid which she stood. From that short trance of feeling even the piteous figures of the dead father and son faded away. Warkworth entered into it, but already invested with the passionless and sexless beauty of a world where — whether it be to us poetry or reality — "they neither marry nor are given in marriage." Her warm and living thoughts spent themselves on one theme only—the redressing of a spiritual balance. She was no longer a beggar to her husband; she had the wherewithal to give. She had been the mere recipient, burdened with debts beyond her paying; now!—

And then it was that her smiles came, —tremulous, fugitive, exultant.

A bell rang in the long corridor; and the slight sound recalled her to life and action. She walked towards the door which separated her from the sitting-room where she had left her husband, and opened it, without knocking.

Delafield was sitting at a writing-table in the window. He had apparently been writing; but she found him in a moment of pause, playing absently with the pen he still held.

As she entered he looked up, and it seemed to her that his aspect and his mood had changed. Her sudden and indefinable sense of this made it easier for her to hasten to him, and to hold out her hands to him:—

"Jacob! — you asked me a question just now, and I begged you to give me time. But I am here to answer it. If it would be to your happiness to refuse the Dukedom, refuse it! I will not stand in your way—and I will never reproach you. I suppose"—she made herself smile upon him—"there are ways of doing such a strange thing! You will be much criticised, perhaps much blamed. But if it seems to you right, do it. I'll just stand by you, and help you. Whatever makes you happy shall make me happy,—if only—"

Delafield had risen impetuously and held her by both hands. His breast heaved, and the hurrying of her own breath would now hardly let her speak.

"If only—what?" he said, hoarsely.

She raised her eyes.

"If only, *mon ami*,"—she disengaged one hand, and laid it gently on his shoulder,—"you will give me your trust—and"—her voice dropped—"your love!"

They gazed at each other. Between them, around them, hovered thoughts of the past, of Warkworth, of the gray Channel waves, of the spiritual relation which had grown up between them in Switzerland, mingled with the consciousness of this new, incalculable present,—and of the growth and change in themselves.

"You'd give it all up?" said Delafield, gently, still holding her at arm's-length.

"Yes." She nodded to him, with a smile.

"For me?—for my sake?"

She smiled again. He drew a long breath, and turning to the table behind him, took up a letter which was lying there.

"I want you to read that," he said, holding it out to her.

She drew back, with a little involuntary frown. He understood.

"Dearest!" he cried, pressing her hand passionately, "I have been in the grip of all the powers of death! Read it,—be good to me."

Standing beside him, with his arm round her, she read the melancholy Duke's last words:

"My dear Jacob,—I leave you a heavy task, which I know well is in your eyes a mere burden.—But for my sake,—accept it. The man who runs away has small right to counsel courage. But you know what my struggle has been,—you'll judge me mercifully, if no one else does. There is in you, too, the little bitter drop that spoils us all; but you won't be alone. You have your wife, and you love her. Take my place here,—care for our people,—speak of us sometimes to your children,—and pray for us. I bless you, dear fellow,—the only moments of comfort I have ever known this last year have come from you.—I would live on if I could — but I must, *must* have sleep. . . ."

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Julie dropped the paper. She turned to look at her husband.

"Since I read that," he said, in a low voice, "I have been sitting here alone; or rather—it is my belief—that I have not been alone. But,"—he hesitated,—"it is very difficult for me to speak of that—even to you. At any rate, I have felt the touch — of discipline, of command. My poor cousin deserted. I—it seems," — he drew a long and painful breath,—"must keep to the ranks."

"Let us discuss it," said Julie; and sitting down hand in hand, they talked, quietly and gravely.

Suddenly Delafield turned to her, with renewed emotion.

"I feel already the energy, the honorable ambition you will bring to it.—But still,—you'd have given it up, Julie?—You'd have given it up?"—

Julie chose her words:

"Yes. But now that we are to keep it, will you hate me if, some day—when we are less sad—I get pleasure from it? I sha'n't be able to help it. When we were at La Verna, I felt that you ought to have been born in the thirteenth century,—that you were really meant to wed poverty and follow St. Francis. But now you have got to be horribly, hopelessly rich. And I, all the time, am a worldling—and a modern. What you'll suffer from, I shall perhaps—enjoy!"

The word fell harshly on the darkened room. Delafield shivered, as though he felt the overshadowing dead. Julie impetuously took his hand.

"It will be my part to be a worldling!—for your sake!" she said, her breath wavering. Their eyes met. From her face shone a revelation, a beauty that enwrapped them both. Delafield fell on his knees beside her and laid his head upon her breast. The exquisite gesture with which she folded her arms about him told her inmost thought. At last, he needed her; and the dear knowledge filled and tamed her heart.

THE END.

The Sandman

BY MARIE VAN VORST

THE Sandman comes across the land,
At evening, when the sun is low:
Upon his back, a bag of sand,—
His step is soft and slow.
I never hear his gentle tread,
But when I bend my sleepy head,
"The Sandman's coming!" mother says,
And mother tells the truth, always!

I guess he's old, with silver hair,
He's up so late! He has to go
To lots of children, everywhere,
At evening, when the sun is low.
His cloak is long, and green, and old,
With pretty dreams in every fold—
His shoes are silken, mother says,
And mother tells the truth, always!

He glides across the sunset hill,
To seek each little child, like me:
Our all-day-tired eyes to fill
With sands of sleep, from slumber's sea.
I try my best awake to stay,
But I am tired out with play;
"I'll never see him!" mother says,
And mother tells the truth—always!

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New Longfellow Letters

WITH COMMENT BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON

[Niece of the first Mrs. Longfellow]

PORTLAND young men called the house where Mary Potter's girlhood was spent "the nunnery," because her stern father kept such a strict watch and ward over his three beautiful and motherless daughters. Rumor said that Judge Potter had sown his share of youthful wild oats, and that this was one reason why he was so suspicious of all mankind. Be this as it may, he inspired love as well as fear in his children, and his stern integrity and uncommon strength of character were bequeathed to them. The latter quality supported my aunt Mary in the tragic ending, beyond the sea, of all her happy dreams.

The following letter, hitherto unpublished, was written to Judge Potter by Mr. Longfellow at the time of his engagement:

"BOWDOIN COLLEGE, *Sept. 26, 1830.*

"DEAR SIR,—I regretted that I had not the opportunity of conversing with you before leaving town on Wednesday morning, but the hurry of departure rendered it impossible. I wished to express the grateful acknowledgment I owe you, for the confidence you have reposed in me in placing in my hands the happiness of a daughter, and in part your own. I most ardently hope, my dear sir, that you may never have the slightest occasion to think that your confidence has been misplaced. I certainly believe you never will have: and this belief is founded upon the attachment I feel for Mary, in whom I find the inestimable virtues of a pure heart and guileless disposition —qualities which not only excite an ardent affection, but which tend to make it as durable as it is ardent.

"I think I have formed a just estimate of the excellence of Mary's character. I can say to your ear, what I would not often say to hers—that I have never seen a woman in whom every look, and word, and action seemed to proceed from so gentle and innocent a spirit. Indeed, how much she possesses of all we most admire in the female character!

"On this account I esteem myself highly privileged beyond the common lot in having engaged her affection and secured your approval. I hope to merit both by attention and tenderness to her, and promise myself a life of happiness in the social intercourse of your fireside and the domestic quiet of my own.

"I am, dear sir, most respectfully and affectionately yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

That the admiration was mutual is shown by this extract from a time-stained letter before me, written by the betrothed maiden to her future sister-in-law:

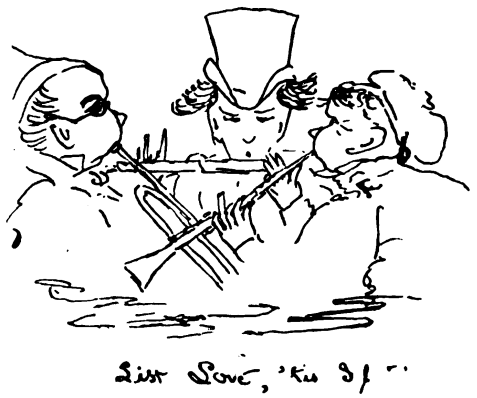
"PORTLAND, *June 20, 1831.*

"Henry is not coming up again until July. Three weeks is a long time for him to be absent this pleasant weather, but I bear his absence with the spirit of a martyr, always having in view the time when I sha'l never be separated from him. The high opinion I had of him before I knew him so well has been increased, and every time we meet I see some new point in his character, for which I love him better, *if possible*, than before. I certainly never imagined that I could find in this world so good and affectionate a person, and one who would love me so much. He answers much better to a being of my imagination than one of real life."

It was hard for me, in my childhood, to believe that the gloom of the great dark parlor, with its mahogany and haircloth furniture, had ever been dispelled by weddings. The shutters were always closed except on the rare occasion when

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a visitor arrived; and on the warmest summer days the air was like that of a cellar. Here hung the portraits of my grandfather in his prime and of his three daughters. My aunt Mary's was considered a failure, and she wrote from Brunswick, "I have had my portrait altered; the eyes are ruined." I once saw



FROM A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY LONGFELLOW

Mr. Longfellow, on one of his periodical visits to Portland, stand for many minutes before this portrait as if trying to make the poor counterfeit presentment recall the vanished face.

I having been named for this unknown aunt, who left the world before my mother was married, many of her belongings descended to me, as her wedding-dress, her ivory card-case, and the rainbow-tinted feather cape which hangs over her arm in the portrait. This beautiful garment was made from the breasts of loons, and was bought by Mr. Longfellow from a wandering sailor in Brunswick.

The grim atmosphere of the old house was very depressing to my youthful imagination. The nights were often harder than the days, on account of strange noises like the rolling of barrels which pervaded the attic — a fearsome place which was entered by a trap-door, and where I never ventured alone. I lay shaking on my little four-post bedstead, distrusting the traditions of rats, and sure that either ghosts or burglars haunted the dwelling. Later, when the house was really invaded by desperate burglars, they were met with the usual family stoicism. My grandfather, faint from dangerous wounds, arose from his bed to pursue the villains, who hastily fled when my gentle but fearless aunt, followed by "old Jane" (the black servant whose slave-mother had been owned by Benedict Arnold), appeared upon the scene.

Recalling this event, I find among my elder aunt's papers the following note from Mr. Longfellow:

"CAMBRIDGE, *Dec. 15, 1856.*

"MY DEAR ELIZA,—I have been greatly shocked to hear of the brutal assault committed upon your father in his bed, and his narrow escape from assassination. I beg you to express to him my deepest sympathy. . . .

"How terrified you must have been to be aroused from your sleep by such a call! . . .

"What are we coming to in this country? We seem to be at the mercy of any bold man who chooses to knock us in the head. We shall have to guard our windows with a grating of iron bars as they do in Spain. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

To return to my aunt Mary, I take the following extracts from her unpublished MS. letters, the earlier ones being written at the age of nineteen:

"BRUNSWICK, *October 5, 1831.*

"And now I presume you will like to have my opinion of my new home. I like it as well as I can upon so short a residence here. The ladies have been very kind and polite to me, and it would be very wrong for me not to be contented and happy with such a husband and so pleasant a home. . . ."

"BRUNSWICK, *December 30.*

"Time passes very rapidly with us, although we have not many amusements here in winter.

"We have dined at five ever since we returned, and all very much prefer it. I find my girl has much more time, and all of us, indeed; it is quite a relief to me, for now I have only to think what we shall have for dinner, instead of dinner and tea."

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The following extract refers to a suggestion of Mr. Longfellow's taking charge of a school at Northampton:

"BRUNSWICK, *February 16, 1834.*

"I hope Henry has given up all hope of going to Northampton. . . . In doing so he sacrifices very much to the wishes of his friends. The poor fellow had set his heart upon it."

Some of these letters have postscripts in Mr. Longfellow's characteristic handwriting, and in one of these to his sister, signed "Harry-Come-Parry," he says:

"I will write George as soon as I collect witticisms enough to fill a letter. Meanwhile you can tell him that the Northampton bubble has burst."

"George" was his brother-in-law, of whom he wrote in "Footsteps of Angels,"

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife.

The following letter from Mr. Longfellow to his betrothed's youngest sister shows the playful side of his nature:

"Here comes Doctor Moses,
So stop all your noses,
For the smell of his clothes is
Not Otter of Roses.

I thought it would not do to let *Old Mose* go to Portland without a letter of introduction to you, so I have given him one. Pray observe the *silver lace of time* on the seams of his coat! Did you ever see such a complete embodiment of a country practitioner? I am sorry, *on your account,* that he has left his saddle-bags behind, for I think that with those he would have been irresistibly ludicrous. To you, little Madge, whose affections are as yet disengaged, he will doubtless appear in all the brilliancy of youthful beauty. What a convenient thing it would be to have a *doctor* in the family!

"Very affectionately your friend and
Obt. Servt., HENRY."

To this mysterious personage Mrs. Longfellow alludes as follows:

"BRUNSWICK, *March, 1834.*

"I understand that he keeps a Circulating Library in addition to his Dr.'s shop and practice. . . ."

"Dr. Mussey and his son took tea with us a few evenings since. Dr. M. took tea from the teapot, and the son took a tumbler of cold water. Dr. Sweetsir took weak tea, as Dr. M. was present, he said; Henry took strong coffee, whereupon the Dr. remarked that he would not look well long if he continued the practice,—twice a day!"

"SUNDAY AFTERNOON, *June, 1834.*

"Henry is very well, and still perseveres in the Graham system. He has not smoked—nor tasted of meat, coffee, tea, etc., since we returned. We . . . make the bread without sifting."

To her sister-in-law:

"BRUNSWICK, *April 6, 1834.*

"The 'town is in a great toss' indeed. There is nothing going on or thought of now but these revivals. . . . There has been much excitement. . . . The students are so much excited that they cannot attend to their studies, and Pres't and most of the Professors are in the same state. One of the students had a fit the other day, and Dr. Mussey told them [the revivalists] if they did not let him alone they would kill him. . . . There is not a single house in town that has not been visited by some of them, excepting this. I believe they think we are among the doomed. . . . The other evening at the meeting of the Fire company Dr. L. motioned that if Prof. Longfellow's house should burn down no one should move to put it out. Peter O'Slender said it was a very unchristian motion. The Dr. got very much excited, and made the motion again; no one would second it. It was reported that it was because Henry is a Unitarian. . . . The true reason was that Henry has not been to any of their meetings. . . . It ended by turning Henry out of the society. . . . In these exciting times you must not be surprised to hear that our house is set on fire. . . . Henry cares nothing about it, of course; but it is making quite a talk. . . . I suppose if Henry saw this he would not let me send it."

We now come to letters written during the European tour, which had such tragic consequences.

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"PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND, SATURDAY, *May 9, 1835.*

"We reached here . . . last evening, 27 days from New York. The Captain calls it 25 days. Our passage was uncommonly rough, even for the season. We had nothing but gales the first week. The waves swept the deck continually.

". . . I think that I made an excellent sailor, and was never in better health. Henry was very sick three weeks; he is now well, but has a perfect horror of another voyage. . . .

"*Wednesday. London, May 13.*—We arrived at the city of Babylon the great late last evening. We found great difficulty in getting rooms. After several hours, Henry found some fine ones in Jermyn Street. . . . We dined at ten o'clock last evening, and breakfasted at one this morning, we ladies at least. Henry was out very early. While the table was still standing N. P. Willis called. In the course of conversation he informed us of the trouble he got himself into by describing his English acquaintance in letters; he did not imagine they would reach here. Lady Blessington sent for him immediately, and wished to know what he meant by showing them up in such style! It was with difficulty he came off without a duel with some of the gentlemen, and they are now at sword's-points with him. He is much improved in personal appearance. . . ."

"SUNDAY EVENING, *May 24, 1835.*

"Attached to the [British] Museum is a noble library. Henry mourns that he cannot live in this vicinity. Last evening Henry went to a delightful party at Mr. Babbage's. Saw Ada Byron and many other Lords and Ladies. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner and Willis were his escorts there. Willis, I assure you, is quite the vogue in the most fashionable society—here; Miss Jane Porter, whom, by-the-way, H. was much pleased with, says she thinks him a man of very fine talents, and a fine specimen of the elegance and ease of American manners. . . .

"There have been two balls at Almacks since our arrival. Willis goes constantly. He is a favored one, for how many even of the nobility are refused admittance there! . . .

"Mrs. Skinner was enthusiastic in her encomiums upon Willis. . . . I wish you to tell George that Mrs. S. said she heard, when Willis first came to Europe, that the Americans had sent him out as a *specimen* of their elegant and polished manners, in order to contradict Mrs. Trollope's remarks!"

"LONDON, *June 4, 1835.*

"I believe I mentioned in my letter to Mrs. L. our visit to Mrs. Carlyle.

"We were all invited to breakfast there on Wednesday last. Henry went and had a delightful time. Last evening at seven we went to dine at Mr. George Bentham's—a nephew of Jeremy's. How little I thought when reading Neal's *Life of Bentham* last winter that I should ever visit that house! He resides in the same house, on the same spot, near Westminster Abbey. It has of course undergone many alterations. We were shown into a handsomely furnished drawing-room, the windows of which overlooked the garden where Jeremy used to *perambulate*. Mr. Bentham, on pointing this garden out to us, remarked that, although his uncle was a very singular man, he hoped we should not believe *all* Neal had written about him. . . .

"Yester' morning we went to the Mint. Mrs. Carlyle gave us a card which was obtained for her by a friend, saying she had kept it till she met with friends who were desirous of going to the Mint, and that we should have no difficulty in gaining admission, as we could easily pass ourselves for Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle and friends. Henry gave it to Frazer, thinking he was the better Scotchman of the two. Immediately on presenting the card to a little, old, spectacled man, the man raised himself on his toes, and peeping into Frazer's face, said, 'Is this your name, sir?' 'Yes, sir.' 'From whom did you obtain this ticket?' 'Mr. Somerville,' was the ready reply. 'Ah— Oh, Mr. Wm. Somerville—all right—very well—please place your names in this book.' With great gravity Frazer wrote, 'Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle,' peeping at the card to see how the name was spelt, and was about resigning his pen,—'Your place of residence, sir?' Poor Frazer thought he never should get off! It was a singular coincidence that the name Somerville, the name that first came to Frazer's

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MARY POTTER LONGFELLOW

The poet's first wife

From a Portrait in the possession of Mrs. Higginson

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lips, happened to be one of the directors, a circumstance which Frazer was wholly ignorant of—not knowing such a person. We were at last admitted, but we were glad enough to get into the fresh air again. The heat was intolerable, the building not nearly as good as our Philadelphia one.

"Henry is a much better traveller than you would imagine. He always makes *his bargain,* as we Yankees say, beforehand, wherever we go; and the moment he pays for anything it is entered in his account-book. We have not lost anything yet, although he has so much baggage to look after. Then he has books to buy for the College, which has occupied much of his time, as he must look over their catalogue of five volumes to see if they have the book already—then all those accounts are kept separate."

"STOCKHOLM, *July 14, 1835.*

"Henry is writing to his father, and in his letter you will find how cheap living is here. Strawberries are just commencing; they are *two* of our *cents* a quart! They have whortleberries, but the Swedes think they are not fit to eat. A week last Sunday we dined at Baron Kantzou's. He is a fine man, and the only instance in Sweden, Mr. Hughes says, of a titled person pursuing a profession. He is one of our bankers. What would the English say to a nobleman being a banker! . . .

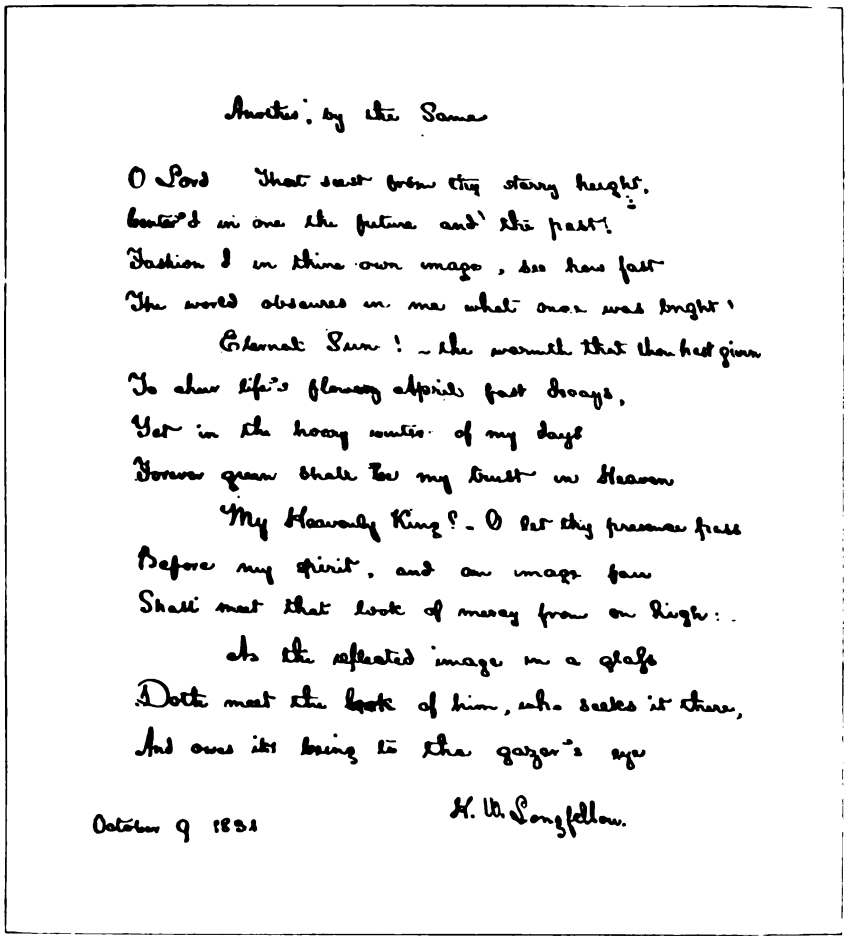
"You have heard of Arfwedson's travel in America. Henry had a letter to the father of the author. He sent us his cards soon after the reception of the letter, and the first of last week called upon us himself. Made many apologies for not having had it in his power to call upon Madam before, etc., but his daughter was married but the day before, and the wedding visits and ceremonies had occupied his time. He is a pleasant old man, and said that they should soon hope to see us at their cottage in the Park. His daughter-in-law is quite unwell, and therefore I presume it is we have not seen her. She is a Philadelphia lady. We have been very much astonished to find she was not at all known here, and Mr. Hughes told us he had never seen her! There appeared to be some mystery about it, and yesterday Mr. Erskine solved that mystery. He says that young Arfwedson was very wild while young, and that several years since he wrote lampoons and satires on some of the first families here! The consequence was he was obliged to leave the town. He went for the first time to America, passed several years there, was married, and returned home last October. His lady has not been noticed at all, and has no acquaintance, out of her husband's family. She has never been seen, excepting at public balls and concerts, and there every one has avoided her. She is said to be very pretty, and speaks nearly all the foreign languages. Mr. and Mrs. Erskine expressed much pity for her, and thought it very wrong that the youthful follies of her husband should be so long remembered against him. They say they believe him now perfectly reformed. While I was writing this I heard a tap on our parlor door, and on rising to open it, saw a tall, handsome young man. I immediately thought it was Arfwedson, and so it proved. His appearance and manners are much in his favor. He speaks English perfectly well, apologized for his wife's not calling, and invited us to dine with his father at the park on Wednesday. . . .

"There is a very singular custom here. When a lady is to be married she is obliged to present herself in a large hall or room, dressed in her bridal dress, with her bridesmaids and groomsmen, and a gentleman on each side of her holding a lighted candle. Then every one goes to see her. It was the very Sunday evening that we were driving in the park that Miss Arfwedson presented herself in public. We unfortunately did not know it, or should certainly have seen her. The house was thronged, the windows all open and crowded with *lookers-in.* What a strange custom! . . . We are to have a French Instructor. What do you think his charge is? Thirty-seven cents an hour—the same if three take as one. So we pay twelve cents a lesson, and he comes one hour every day."

"STOCKHOLM, *July 8, 1835.*
NO. 22 DROLTONINGGATEN (QUEEN ST.!)

". . . The inn at Lidkoping very bad, the floors, as usual, spread with little tufts of pine. Will you believe it? They put pine in their bread, also quan-

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Sonnet. by the Same

O Lord That sent'st from thy starry height,
Hearts'd in one the future and the past!
Fashion'd in thine own image, see here fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! - the warmth that thou hast given
To clear life's gloomy clouds fast decays,
Yet in the snowy winter of my days
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven
My Heavenly King? - O let thy presence press
Before my spirit, and on mine impress
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high:
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him, who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye

October 9 1831 H. W. Longfellow.

FACSIMILE OF SONNET, SUBSEQUENTLY MODIFIED, FROM A FAMILY "EXTRACT-BOOK"

tities of anise-seed! and we could get no other kind of bread between Gothenburg and Stockholm. The pine bread is made hard like wafers. Oh! it is so intolerable! . . .

". . . The streets are so narrow here that they have no sidewalks, and they are all paved with round stones, so that it is perfect misery to walk, and almost as bad to ride. We find Stockholm absolutely deserted. All Sweden is here in winter; in summer no one remains. The gentlemen to whom H. had letters he found gone or just leaving here. He had anticipated great pleasure in meeting here a friend, a Swedish poet, whom he became acquainted with in Rome. He left town a week before we arrived. It was a sad disappointment, as H. had depended upon him to guide and assist him in making preparations for a summer residence. The University is at Upsala. They have a six months' vacation at this season, and all the literati have departed from there. The Professor of Modern Languages is in town now, and gives Henry a lesson in Swedish every day. . . .

"Mr. Hughes says the nobility here are a beggarly set. Their property is all in landed estates; in summer they economize by living in the country; in winter they come up to court, and dash away with their faded embroidery, stars, and ribbons. . . .

"The long evenings are delightful. It seems so strange to go to bed at eleven and yet go before dark. We can see to read and sew till ten. The nights are so light, when there is no moon, that at midnight you can seldom see a star. In winter the sun is above the horizon but five hours. . . .

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"Henry is learning the language very fast. He makes himself understood by the servants, and converses with his Instructor every day."

Here is a postscript by Mr. Longfellow:

"My dear George,—This is a regular *rum* country. Everybody takes a *dram* before sitting down to dinner, and again after dinner. The *clergy* frequent confectioners' shops—drink punch in public coffee-rooms—play cards on Sunday—and smoke cigars in the street. All which things are *contra bonos mores,* and quite scandalous.

"The Swedes are a free-and-easy race, and generally very liberal in their political notions. In everything else they are a century behind most parts of Christendom. They are all half-asleep—want enterprise—and I suppose want *capital* also.

"Living is cheap—books are cheap—newspapers cheap and abundant, and the Opposition press violent. Stockholm is a pleasant, pretty city — though rather dull in summer. The environs beautiful. Hope to hear from you soon.

"Truly yr. friend, H. W. Long^w."

We now resume Mrs. Longfellow's letters:

"Stockholm, *August 8, 1835.*

"We reached Upsala, fifty-four English miles from Stockholm, at five in the evening. We could not get a room at the hotel, and were obliged to take the worst we have encountered, in a peat-roofed house. We all literally 'slept under the sod' that night. . . .

"The village of Osterly is one of the prettiest we have seen in Sweden. The next morning we were at the mines. . . . It was *more* than frightful to look into this horrible depth; it was terrible, awful."

"Amsterdam, *October 15, 1835.*

"Henry is very busy here, and has made some great bargains as to books. He has purchased of the Jews many. Some he has been tempted to take for himself,—for instance, he bought yesterday nine immense volumes, filled, almost, with beautiful engravings, for 80 of our cents a volume! He is also purchasing Dutch books for the college, and taking lessons in Dutch.

"I must not forget to mention Henry's agreeable companions from Copenhagen to Amsterdam. Three young gentlemen—two Swedes and a Frenchman taking the same route as we. . . . I was very much amused with one of their conversations. The Swedes were boasting of the hospitality of their nation. 'Oh yes,' replied the Frenchman, '*barbarous* nations are always hospitable.'

"The most singular-looking beings that we see here are a class of persons called Aussprechers. Their business is, upon the death of any individual, to inform the friends and acquaintance of it. Their number is according to the number and wealth of the person who dies; sometimes you see three, all in black, with low cocked hats, and long crape hanging from them, hurrying through the streets; but more frequently you see a solitary one. To judge by their number, you would think the mortality very great here, for I cannot cast my eye out of the window without seeing several.

"*Oct 19.*—We had hoped to have left here this morning, but Henry could not get his books packed, so we wait till to-morrow."

"Copenhagen, *September 13, 1835.*

"Henry has given up the idea of going to Berlin, and will probably pass the winter in some little town on the Rhine. I hardly know his plans yet, but he wishes to live cheaper than we could in Berlin. . . .

"How often I recall you as I saw you the sad morning that we parted! It could not be otherwise than a very sad parting to us all, for we felt that it was very possible we were saying our last farewell to some dear one. . . ."

Each of these prophetic words is underlined in pencil by Judge Potter, to whom they were written. The sudden ending of this young life has been described elsewhere. Its briefness saddens, till I recall my aunt's successor. Then I remember that although the violet withered, a lily bloomed in its stead.

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Cantator:

A LEGEND OF RYE TOWN RETOLD

BY MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON

I

WHEN Rye, of the Romney Marshes, bore her seal of the three lions and the three galleys proudly, as one limb of the great body of the Cinque Ports, and in the days before the French brought shame to her, or the great arm of the Eastward Drift, sweeping up the Channel, choked her harbor with shingle and mud, so that the sea drew back sulkily on its haunches—in those days there stood upon the landward slope of the sea fortress a holy house, within a holy garden. The patronage of St. Augustine was both its plea for existence and all its dignity. As the sea submerged the lands for two-thirds of the year, so did the penury of the brethren mostly drown their importance.

Poorer grew the Austin Brothers, and older, and their number dwindled till it was left almost solely to a youth dwelling among them, whose name was Cantator, to tend the garden and lead the prayers and make the ointments. Cantator's origin no one knew, for he had come once on a night of autumn storm across the hills from Canterbury with letters of secret value, and (so it was whispered) was detained by old Friar Thomas for reasons never told to the rest of the brethren.

So the youth with the heart of snow went hither and thither, and because of his heavenly voice, which burst forth as he worked, even the most morose of his companions agreed that "Cantator the Singer" must be his name.

Something strange and outlandish there was about him that kept him apart from his fellows, but he was the first to humble himself, to carry and fetch, to hew and wash and scour, to do all the things which, outside the walls, only a scullion or a kitchen-girl would do. He was strong, and his hair lay in a close fringe on his nape—a fringe that strove to curl,—while his eyes were the color that I have heard described as "blue of Normandy." Study and meditation painted his face the color of ivory, with lofty brows, and sweet lines of patience about the mouth. But when he had been chopping logs of old ship-wood for the fire, or carving blocks of Caen stone—for he had great skill of finger—the glow of high blood was in his face, and his hood lay back in careless folds of veritable secular defiance, showing the glory of his youth and manhood.

His fame grew, for he taught himself the lore of all masters of music, from Guido of Arezzo downwards, and hung lovingly over the writings of Franco of Cologne, who lived for counterpoint. And there were the songs also of Adam de la Halle, the Trouvère, in a book which Cantator brought with him from his childhood's days. These things stifled all the worldly sounds that drifted to him over the walls, and he knew not what happened to the right or the left of him, while he sang as he worked, and in the dead of night listened to the plash of summer waves at the base of the rock.

Early in the year old Brother Thomas fell mortally sick, and the number of the company being already reduced to four, the hard work of the little hermitage fell upon Cantator. It was very sweet to escape in the evening from the close cell of the fevered man to the garden. In the thick ivy, white-breasted swifts had come to live. In the elm-trees there were always a twittering and nesting, and in the plat of fruit trees there was a drifting roof of pink and white snow.

Here, one day at sundown, Cantator lifted his arms to the sweetness of it all. The sky was very clear as he gazed into it, and for that day of April it was so warm that the sun seemed to have chased the color from the great roof above him.

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"Arise," murmured Cantator—"arise, Morning Star of Love and Truth, and end this night, that even a wretch, such as I, may know. . . ."

A shining bolt, it seemed, came as the answer, a dazzling sphere of gold, of which the lovely light shone to his very heart and blessed his sight, so that everything showed more soft, more bright, more holy than before. It had touched him; it had brushed his face. Yet, trembling with the consciousness of a miracle, he dared not at first verify it. He closed his eyes, uttered supreme thanksgiving, ere he gazed. There it lay in the orchard shadows—lay even as it had fallen, with a soft decision, like a ready windfall, though it was not yet apple-time. He stooped for it, and found it very light and soft. It flashed as he turned it over and over, for it was cased in tinsel cloth, such as the French wove for robes of state. Evidently it was the plaything of some rich man's child, and the ecstasy in his heart shrivelled painfully as he discovered in the bolt nothing but a corruptible symbol of earth. The rosary of his thoughts was rudely broken. He seized a knife and began to prune the pear shoots of the tree on the wall nearest to him in a kind of forlorn desperation. Suddenly there came the sound of a girl's laugh, and then low chiding whispers.

"Is any one there?" asked a saucy voice on the other side of the wall.

"I—Cantator," he answered, and his knife fell.

There was a consultation, and uncontrollable laughter from some one. Then a soft "Hush!" a gentle cough, and a new voice, dignified and delicate, addressed him.

"We pray you, Cantator, to give us our ball, which has dropped by hazard into your garden."

"Send a serving-man, sister, to the door of the refectory and he shall have it," he answered, all unconscious that he was moved by no sense of etiquette, but only honest curiosity to see the livery of the servant who obeyed this fair voice.

"Nay, throw it over," ejaculated the saucier voice. The tartness in it made him blush for his stupidity.

"Wait, sister," he called, and ran to the ball. "Whither shall I throw?" he asked, once more blind to the fact that to throw at random would have sent him back sooner to his pruning.

"Climb and we will tell thee," commanded the impatient tones again.

Cantator might easily have heard the mistress slap the maid had he not been so goaded by the sharpness and the imperiousness of the speaker. All anger was foreign to him. He climbed quickly to make amends. His eyes were clear, his gaze swept over the daisy-strewn sward that flowed from the foot of the wall to the house of oaken beams which stood between him and the Land Gate at the northern point of the fortress. He saw that the house was of good new wood, stoutly roofed and enwalled and latticed. He still clasped the ball in his amazement, and looked inquiry at the two girls who waited there, the maid in exaggerated confusion, the mistress grave and shy. The lady wore a petticoat of bloom velvet. Her hair was a river of gold, for in her sport she had let fall her net of pearls. She held out her kirtle for the ball and curtsied. Into the velvet lap he flung it, and climbed down again.

II

The days went by in a procession as of merchant princes scattering largesse. April flung her last store of opals upon the two gardens, the pleasaunce of the maid, the orchard, and upon the heaven above them. May followed, less fluttering and self-conscious, with freer gait and treasure of stronger hue, deeper violets and red hawthorn like rubies. Then June, with a steady pace and a swelling song, passed, hanging honors, chained orders of eglantine and woodbine, upon all shoulders. The morns were glorious, but not sweeter than the noons and evenings. Old Brother Thomas had gone, and now that the youth had recovered from his first encounter with Death, he loved the garden more and his cell less. For in the garden, it seemed, the promise of the Fuller Life grazed him more closely. He tended the roses and herbs more constantly. Moreover, he sang more than before, and when he played his little organ he left the windows on the side of the garden towards the Land Gate and the beautiful house of gables open wide. How could he know that under the wall there walked a lady

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in a gray petticoat whose little bodice rose and fell with thoughts which could only be echoed by the morning greeting of the larks of the meadow-lands of Sussex? How could he guess that she stood obstinately at bay when her father, the Mayor, Master Marshe, scolded her for the idle hours she spent in contemplation when other women were hawking or dancing, or receiving gallantries? Some things Cantator did, indeed, hear, such as the noise of a banquet given by Master Marshe to Master William Diggys, of Wittersham, to whom the Mayor desired to give his daughter in marriage. But his eyes could not behold the face of the lady who drew herself up proud and cold when, at the banquet, the would-be bridegroom, his small eyes full of wine and greed, his cruel mouth hidden by his black scrub of beard, and his gorgeous doublet hanging on him like a churl's smock, tried to kiss her. For a moment she had stood so, as if daring him to brave the flame of her eyes, and then she had passed slowly out in a dead silence.

As she stepped out of the house into the breath of the June lilies and found her way to the grass walk beneath the wall by the pale lamps of the tall evening-primroses which fringed the paths, she stopped her ears, so that the low wine-songs of the men in the hall should not drown in her memory the sweeter music that she heard so often. When she unstopped her ears this music came to her over the wall. Hitherto it had soothed and refreshed her. Now it seemed to bring her deeper sorrow, to strengthen her helplessness. The tears rained down her face and her kirtle; she spoke without knowing it. Her cry, "Forbear, forbear, the song is too sweet. It kills!" pierced the drum of music which cloaked Cantator the Singer. He listened.

"Would I were dead, nevertheless," said the delicate voice again.

He wondered. Then he began to sing again—a song which bade all love one another.

"There is a kind of love which begets hate, Cantator," cried the lady, bitterly.

He crept to the wall. "Take courage, sister," he called, softly; "help will come."

"There is no one to help," she said. Then her words came out in a rapid stream. Cantator saw the scene in the banqueting-hall, he beheld the bridegroom-elect, rich of garb and low of birth, his stunted legs, his hoarse, guttural voice, his clumsy seat on horseback. A divine rage came upon the youth.

"What is your name, sister?" he asked.

"Amanda. My mother called me so. But the name is turned to a reproach, for there is no love in the world nor any one that I can love."

"The name is like a song," he answered. The note of his own voice sent warm thrills through him. "I go now to pray for you," he added, "and I know—Amanda—that, so long as you have courage, the answer will come."

"I have courage enough."

"Then God will be with you."

"And with you—until—"

"Until the time—"

"Yes—the time?"

He did not hear the inquiring note in the words, for he moved away in sudden misgiving. Yet the very grass of the orchard enmeshed his feet and held him. He stepped backward.

"And—Amanda—"

The "yes" was so low that, to make sure it was not the brushing of one lily against another, he spoke again:

"Amanda—!"

"Yes—"

"I think it were well—Amanda—if—"

"If—Cantator?"

"If—Amanda!" His lips hung on the name.

"Yes, yes—?"

"Nay, nay, it is nothing—Amanda."

He turned then and strode resolutely away.

Many watches did he keep that night as he lay on his stone shelf, while his brain was like a playhouse lit with the torches of love and sorrow, under the glare of which danced a strange tumult of persons out of the world at which he had glanced. In the afternoon of the next day he stood at the little grated window of the dispensary gazing blankly in front of him. The lay Brother, a new institution, since age overwhelmed Cantator's decrepit comrades, had left the door into the High Street open. Thus the youth chanced upon a gap of color and dazzling movement. The Mayor of

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Rye had called a Guestling or Brotherhood that day, and the great personages he had summoned rode in state after their council. In slow stately file they rode, and the people walked with them in groups, children scattering flowers, citizens and fishermen with their wives in their festival clothes, tanners and smiths, innholders and herring-curers, mariners and cordwainers, and here and there a tender girl clinging to the arm of a bronzed boy.

Cantator closed the door and put the shutter over the window before he turned into the garden. The babel and noise seemed sacrilegious. He put away his sculpturing-tools: he went to his organ, and he set himself to construct a most complex song. But the diamond-shaped notes in his book fell together in confused heaps. He closed his eyes, bewildered, and touched the keys at random. Yet, for all he could do, there hammered in his head two lines from a song of Normandy which he must have heard with the lute in his babyhood. It floated up to his lips; it escaped them; and as he buried his face in his hands for shame the refrain knocked imperiously at his brain and struggled in his throat:

> Belle amie, ne doute point
> Ton amant est ta douleur.

He went to his cell, took pen and brush and wrote in a leather-bound vellum scrip, making scrolls and florcals and finials that were like red tendrils and fruit and flowers. But his heart was a furnace.

III

All day he moved in an ecstasy, with such a light on his face that his fellows wondered. The Trouvère's warning had lost its sinister ring; indeed, he did not remember more than the dear words at the beginning — "Belle Amie! Belle Amie!" He whispered it once, but to himself it seemed that he shouted it with brazen throat. He looked up stealthily from the board at which he ate his thin soup at night. The meal over, Cantator went out. It was not a disordered fancy that led him to detect the rustle of a robe beyond the orchard wall.

"My sister!" he ventured.

"Cantator!" floated back to him.

His heart was a battering-ram under his cassock; fear and joy in him leaped forth to the joy and grief in her voice.

"How is it—sister—Amanda?"

"Very ill; the need is sore."

"Tell me all of it," he commanded.

"In two days I must wed Diggys."

"Heaven forbids it."

"How shall I know that?" she sobbed.

"Because I shall help you."

"But how, dear brother?"

"I will lead you far away."

"You dare not; it is death to you."

"I dare all."

"You cut your life in two. You shall not."

"I go to live. You are my life, and there is Normandy for love and life. Love is rich there and life is true."

A long-drawn sob was the answer.

"Amanda, listen!" he entreated in a fire of impatience. He could not hear her answer; he pressed in his distress against the wall. He was sure that it throbbed between them. He pressed closer and closer. The mortar crumbled. A stone was loose. Hardly knowing what he did, he plucked at it. It fell out, dragging lesser ones with it. The sight inflamed him. Like one half possessed he groped and pulled and plucked amain. When he put his strong shoulder against the weak spot and pushed with all his might he heard a long loose rattle of stones and dust on the other side, and then a panting, sobbing breath. He thrust once more at the tottering corners with superhuman force. One last thud of stones on turf, and through a space as large as a man's two hands he saw Amanda's eyes, blue-ringed and dewy. He put out his hand and gently pulled her by her wimple close to the gap. As he did so he smiled, and the moonlight touched their young heads. Joy came back to her eyes. He put out one hand boldly, drew her face to him, and held the little chin so that he should not lose a fragment of her head and neck.

"Do you trust me?" he said, lowering his face to her.

"Always, Cantator." Her lips were parted. They flowered up to him. But for the moment he put strong control over himself.

"Is there a wharf where boats are?"

"Yes; by the Strand Gate, which leads to the land, to the Kentish hills and the Sussex woods."

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HE SANG AS HE CARVED BLOCKS OF CAEN STONE

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"Neither hills nor woods for us, but only water. It leaves no footmark."

She put out her free hand and laid it shyly on his breast.

"It is our compact, Amanda," he whispered; "therefore have a boat in readiness at the Strand Gate to-morrow night an hour before moonrise. There I will come to you, for Heaven has given you to my hand to love and cherish—if you so will?"

"In your songs I have lived, Cantator; in your heart I would rest unto death."

"The word is 'Belle Amie,'" he whispered. She repeated it after him. He kissed her hands.

When he had watched her safely into her house he put the larger stones stealthily back. The gracious ivy curtain fell over the secret.

IV

So glorious a day had never been born for Rye. The fishing-barques put out to sea with masters and men; the gossips foregathered near the Bochary; in the court-house the buzzing of flies begot somnolence and made the dispensation of justice a tardy matter. Under the thick tufts of mulberry-trees good folk sat in their gardens, or slept for happy weariness, and pretty bare feet of boys and girls dabbled at low tide in the rocky pools below the Baddying's Gate. The very watch at the postern there smiled genially through the veil of heat towards hostile France.

After sundown a slight wind came, and over Winchelsea a cloud floated and gathered others. Rain fell in soft large drops and then desisted. In a starless silence Cantator stepped into the world. His hands were empty; he took nothing with him. On his hand was a ring by which those in Normandy would know him and hail him.

Like a long russet shadow he passed down the alley and along the bank of the Conduit, stopping when his head showed above the low embattlemented wall that fringed it on the land side. Just before he reached the Strand Gate he swung himself over it, dropped on to the slope of muddy shingle, and crept quickly to the spot where the sea-wall which girded the base of the rock sprang sheer from the water. Under this, it might be for some three hundred feet, were, at intervals, semicircular openings or cavelets of a size in which a boat might lie. He looked down as he crept, and saw by his tiny lanthorn the glimmer of a woman's hand on a prow that was scarcely visible beyond the mouth of one of the little arches.

"Belle Amie!"

"Bel Ami!"

Noiselessly the prow emerged, and Cantator dropped into the skiff. The man who sat at the oars gave a vigorous push with both his hands to the arched stone roof above them, and in answer to Amanda's question Cantator pointed across the bay to Winchelsea. The rower took swift long strokes; they shot forward, a black trail on inky waters, into the murk of the night. White wave-crests which they could not see curled voraciously about them; the manes of sea-horses, racing madly by, flicked their cheeks; the wet wind and salt stiffened the apparel of the fugitives. She saw that he wore beneath his cloak a gaberdine of brave stuff like that of a French knight.

They made but little way, though erelong Cantator took an oar and pulled behind the silent boatman.

It was fully an hour before the moon flickered through the driving clouds, fitfully and fearfully lighting up the Udymere bay and the woodlands of Brede. And still they toiled and drifted farther from land.

"A current draws us to sea," cried the lady.

Cantator looked behind him and saw Rye aglare in the lightning. He looked before him and knew the dread in Amanda's eyes. The rower pointed to the menacing seas and shook his head.

"We cannot round the Fairlye point to-night," Cantator whispered to the lady. "Is there a safe landing till the storm is past?" he asked.

The man nodded and pointed to a creek. There, by straining against wind and tide, they arrived, and Cantator signed to the rower to return to Rye on foot and leave the boat beached.

Like sea-birds the two crouched, boy and girl, under the lee of the down where the rock overhung them. The floor of their chamber was dry sand, still warm, when you burrowed into it, from the heat of the midsummer noon.

Soon he spread his cloak on the sand.

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She slept there in rich forgetfulness, in childlike trust. But he looked at her and wondered and loved, and wondered and looked again, sleepless and full of thanksgiving as the storm died and the tide ebbed out and the rain-spout travelled on, leaving only a thin fringe of light rain.

V

Cantator left his lady lying on the cloak and went to the mouth of their cliff bower. He looked stealthily about him, and went to the spot where the skiff was beached. No boat was there. The storm had wrenched at it, the hungry sea had dragged it foot by foot into its lap. Across the marsh he saw the slumbering roof of the oratory of the Black Friars at Winchelsea. He knew no shelter would be there for Amanda and himself. She could not walk to Hastings; she could not live without food till they reached the port, nor could she harbor so near home without disguise. The rain fell softly. But for sore perplexity it would have been music to him, this gentle silver sigh of light drops upon the marsh-grass. But now—!

A long muffled note came with it. It was surely no hunting morning this, and at such a season? Again it came, longer, more hollow, more distinct. He listened impatiently. The plover startled, wheeled overhead, the faint lapping noise of a chapel bell insisted, a shrill cock could be just distinguished. Again he heard the hollow boom. No horn rang a note so sinister, so monotonous. Inspiration came as the sounds grew. In the gray light he saw nothing, for Rye lay cold and dim—but he understood, and became in that moment a man of ice. To the rear of him he could see deep, long flowering rushes and underwood. There was water, deep it might be. He lifted the lady in his arms and strode for the spot. He found a tiny island of reeds in the centre. Wading to his neck and then swimming, he reached it while she clung to him.

"Where is it we go?" she asked, still half drowned in her sleep.

"Only to find a better resting-place," he answered, and dried her feet in his hands. The sun was shining faintly now. The mists rolling seawards showed a thin trail of men and horses coming round the bay from Rye.

Then Cantator prayed as only men in his case pray, without words, without hope, without fear. For in extremity there is neither hope nor fear, but only blindness. Through the reeds at last he saw the thing that froze his tongue—the three gaunt, wide-mouthed hounds, with their noses to the storm-sodden earth, urged forward with cries by the men who rode, among whom was a fellow with a blackish beard and shrivelled legs and long flat feet. Closer they came, the dogs goaded by the men, but running without clue. They halted—and then Cantator thought that they returned to Rye, and held his breath with wild hope. But the deep note broke out afresh, and again he heard the hoofs and cries—and knew that the creek was reached by the sudden clamor of the bloodhounds.

At the margin of the mere the dogs stopped howling.

"A boat! a boat!" cried one.

"The fools have drowned themselves!" raged a stout man on a white horse.

A smile flitted over the face of Diggys. "Whist! Let us see if the love-birds have not found a reed nest," he laughed.

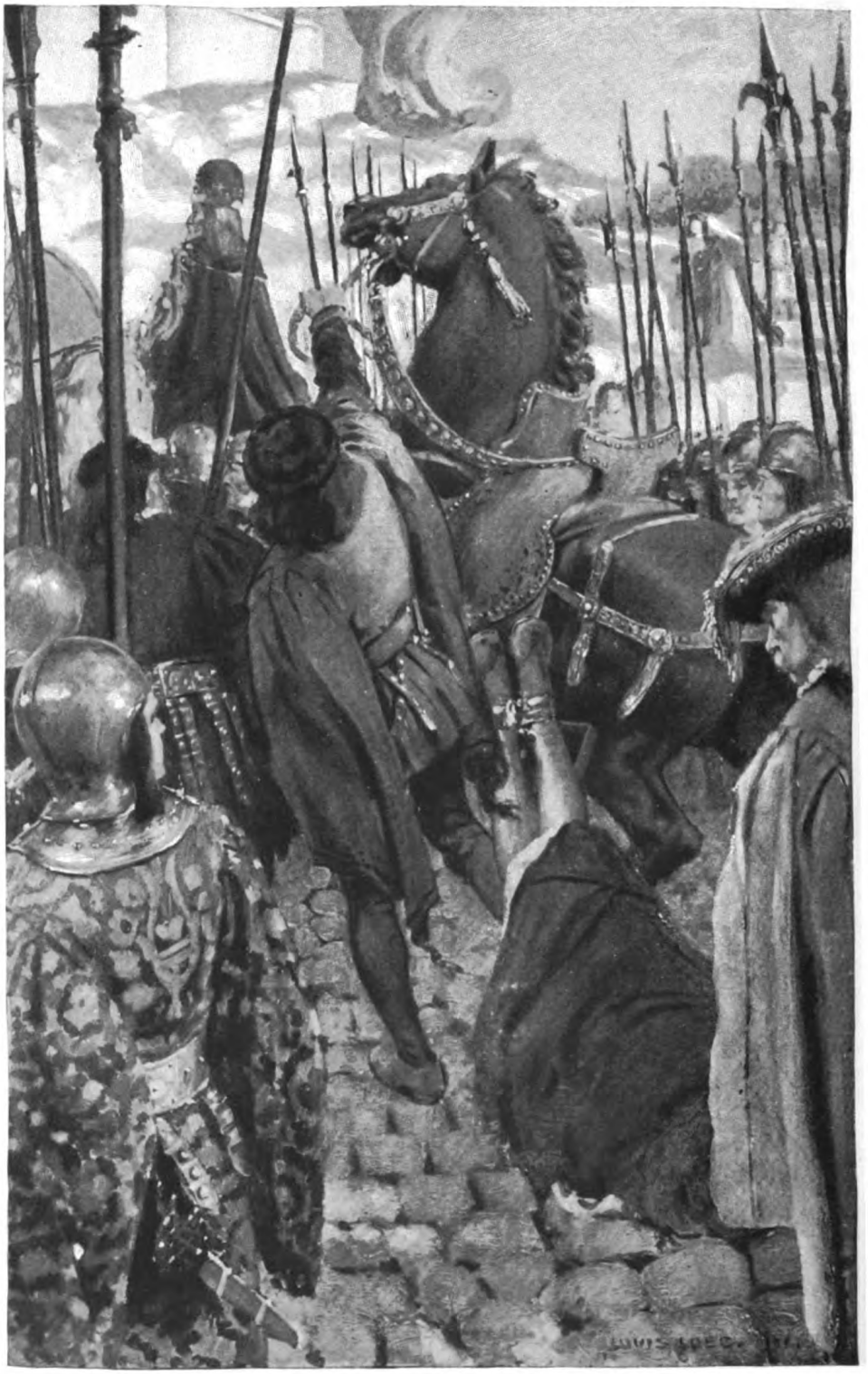
Long ere the hot breath of the hounds was upon his lady's cheek Cantator had risen. Straight and firmly he aimed, and his stilet was crimson as the first dog sank with a yelp. But the second and third were upon him, snapping and growling. A woman's cry curdled the blood of those who listened, Diggys laughing back in answer as he plunged forward on his horse into the mere. Those on the bank watched the encounter curiously.

"Good-morrow to you, brother! A fair summer rain this. I thank you for shielding my bride."

Cantator had swerved and struck swiftly back. There was a cry of hope from the lady; for Diggys, still in the saddle, reeled and fell forward on the pommel, while his horse stumbled. But the success was but a flash in the pan, for others came behind.

As Cantator, springing back to guard his lady, flung his right arm about her, Diggys righted himself, and, swerving aside, cut off the arm at the elbow. Then his adversary saw nothing but the little black-bearded face, heard nothing but the thick, coarse voice flinging insults at Amanda. His bleeding stump Cantator

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A STRANGE PROCESSION MET THE EYES OF CURIOUS RYE THAT DAY

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never heeded. At his full height he stood and challenged the rider, and with his left arm cut upon Diggys's face such a slit that he died like a man for whom the world is a huge jest. And when his enemy fell at his feet, Cantator knew that the end of love and revenge was fulfilled. As he sank at her feet he felt his lady's breath on his lips, and smiled as he swooned.

A strange procession met the eyes of curious Rye that day. Amanda lay across her father's horse, with floating hair and stained kirtle, in the midst of horsemen and footmen; and in the rear, tied to Diggys's empty stirrup, trailed Cantator, his head falling now this way, now that, with the deadly sickness of his wounds, and the whip-cuts of his captors across his face and back. Those who watched were frozen to silence during the passage of the cortège, and afterwards crept to their homes.

Early in the morning of the next day Amanda awoke, moaning, from her trance. She was in her own chamber. In the distance there was the tick-tack of trowel and pick. Its steady, rhythmical note soothed her deliciously. She moved drowsily and pillowed her hand on her cheek. "What o'clock is it?" she asked. "Nay, do not curtain the window. The light gladdens me."

The serving-woman turned away from the window, sobbing tearlessly as her mistress walked to the casement.

"What is the building there?" she asked. "There is John Rootes, the master-mason, and my father, and—ah!"

Turning, she fled as she shrieked down the stair, her long bedgown floating while she sped wild-eyed across the garden to the friary wall. The men there fell back at sight of her. Within a cavity built out from the wall and facing the window of his love stood Cantator, chained upright. His eyes were closed; his lips moved rapidly.

"Bel Ami!" she cried. "It is I, Bel Ami. Do you not know me, Cantator?"

Into his one last look of love the boy put the passion and sacrifice of a lifetime. "My arms," he said, "are maimed and chained; I cannot hold you, my heart; I cannot bend my head. But I suffer for you, and I wait. Farewell."

The girl sprang forward and threw her slight arms about his knees, and again sprang up to kiss his wounds and his battered face. But strong hands held her back as the masons moved forward to their work.

While stone rose upon stone and shut out the gaping onlookers, Cantator seemed to lose himself once more in the garden. And now he did not walk alone, but with a girl whose head was crowned with roses, and she sang and gathered his lilies. His voice burst forth; all the songs of Provence and Normandy could not contain his ecstasy; then, in some strange way, hymns mingled with them, and he felt the bird-song of the girl melt into his, so that they mingled in one great chant of thanksgiving for the beauty of the world, for the splendor of the morning, the graces of the night, the love of men and women. Higher rose the song, till it drowned the noise of the trowel and hammer, and the master-mason's face grew ashy while he worked. As a seal was set upon the last stone the girl fell to the ground laughing.

Some say she died there, picking at the wall with her little, fine hands, and others that she lived on in the house of her father by the Land Gate of Rye for many years, and that while she walked alone, a spectre of a woman in torn clothes, she sang a French love-ditty, to which a voice answered her from the lane by the wall, always with the same refrain: "Ton amant est ta douleur."

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Portrait of Sarah Bache

SARAH, the only daughter of Benjamin Franklin, inherited her father's force of character and sound sense. She visited England with her father, and at once captivated Hoppner, then entering upon his brilliant career as a fashionable portrait-painter, under the protection of the Prince of Wales. Hoppner urged her to sit to him for this portrait, and when it was completed, presented it to her as a mark of esteem. Dr. Franklin allowed his daughter to accept the gift from Hoppner, but in order to make return, gave the painter a commission to paint the portrait of her English husband, Richard Bache.

The vigorous personality and fresh color of Mrs. Bache appealed to the painter, whose portraits always show a strong sense of color, though the treatment of the white scarf and head-dress, while simple and broad, lacks the fluency to be found in some of his later portraits. White is seen to be the dominant note of the portrait, relieved against a dark background, and this white in its handling is mellow and pleasing.

The portrait of Mrs. Bache has remained a family possession ever since it was painted until last year, when it was acquired by the Metropolitan Museum for the Catharine Wolf Collection from the income of the fund left for the purpose of making additions to this collection.

Mr. Wolf has worthily translated the qualities of the original, and while me miss the color of the painter, he has shown us the delight which the painter felt in his work—which, after all, is the very soul and essence of art.

W. STANTON HOWARD

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PORTRAIT OF SARAH BACHE BY HOPPNER

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the original Painting

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The Lie

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE Lie went up to bed with him. Russy didn't want it to, but it crept in through the keyhole,—it must have been the keyhole, for the door was shut the minute Metta's skirt had whisked through. But one thing Russy had to be thankful for,—Metta didn't know it was there in the room. As far as that went, it was a kind-hearted Lie. But after Metta went away,—after she had put out the light and said "Pleasant dreams, Master Russy, an' be sure an' don't roll out,"—*after that!*

Russy snuggled deep down in the pillows and said he would go right to sleep; oh, right straight! He always had before. It made you forget the light was out, and there were queer, creaky night-noises all round your bed,—under it some of 'em; over by the bureau some of 'em; and some of 'em coming creepy, cree-py up the stairs. You dug your head deep down in the pillows, and the next thing you knew you were asleep,—no, awake, and the noises were beautiful day-ones that you liked. You heard roosters crowing, and Mr. Vandervoort's cows calling for breakfast, and, likely as not, some mother-robins singing duets with their husbands. Oh yes, it was a good deal the best way to do, to go right straight to sleep when Metta put the light out.

But to-night it was different, for the Lie was there. You couldn't go to sleep with a Lie in the room. It was worse than creepy creaky noises,—mercy, yes! You'd swap it for those quick enough and not ask a single bit of "boot." You almost *wanted* to hear the noises.

It came across the room. There was no sound, but Russy knew it was coming well enough. He knew when it got up close to the side of the bed. Then it stopped and began to speak. It wasn't "out loud" and it wasn't a whisper, but Russy heard it.

"Move over; I'm coming into bed with you," the Lie said. "I hope you don't think I'm going to sit up all night. Besides, I'm always scared in the dark,—it runs in my family. The Lies are always afraid. They're not good sleepers, either, so let's talk. You begin—or shall I?"

"You," moaned Russy.

"Well, I say, this is great, isn't it! I like this house. I stayed at Barney Toole's last night and it doesn't begin with this. Barney's folks are poor, and there aren't any curtains or carpets or anything,—nor pillows on the bed. I never slept a wink at Barney's. I'm hoping I shall drop off here, after a while. It's a new place, and I'm more likely to in new places. You never slept with one o' my family before, did you?"

"No," Russy groaned. "Oh no, I never before!"

"That's what I thought. I should have been likely to hear of it if you had. I was a little surprised,—I say, what made you have anything to do with me. I was never more surprised in my life! They'd always said: 'Well, you'll never get acquainted with that Russy Rand. He's another kind.' Then you went and shook hands with me!"

"I had to." Russy sat up in bed and stiffened himself for self-defence. "I had to! When Jeffy Vandervoort said that about *Her*,—well, I guess you'd have had to if they said things about your *mother*—"

"I never had one. The Lies have a Father, that's all. Go ahead."

"There isn't anything else,—I just *had* to."

"Tell what you said and what *he* said. Go ahead."

"You know all about—"

"Go ahead!"

Russy rocked himself back and forth in his agony. It was dreadful to have to say it all over again.

"Well, then," doggedly, "Jeffy said *my* mother never did, but his did—oh, always!"

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IT WAS WORSE THAN CREEPY CREAKING NOISES

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"Did what—oh, always?"

Russy clinched his little round fingers till the bones cracked under the soft flesh.

"Kissed him good-night—went up to his room a-purpose to, an'—an'—tucked him in. Oh, always, he said. He said *mine* never did. An' I said—"

"You said—go ahead!"

"I said she did, too,—oh—always," breathed Russy in the awful dark. "I had to. When it's your mother, you have to—"

"I never had one, I told you! How do I know? Go on."

He was driven on relentlessly. He had it all to go through with, and he whispered the rest hurriedly to get it done.

"I said she tucked me in,—came up a-purpose to,—an' always kissed me *twice* (his only does once), an' always—called me—Dear." Russy fell back in a heap on the pillows and sobbed into them.

"My badness!"—anybody but a Lie would have said "my goodness,"—"but you did do it up brown that time, didn't you! But I don't suppose he believed a word of it—you didn't make him believe you, did you?"

"He had to!" cried out Russy, fiercely. "He said I'd never lied to him in my life—"

"Before;—yes, I know."

Russy slipped out of bed and padded over the thick carpet toward the place where the window-seat was in the daytime. But it wasn't there. He put out his hands and hunted desperately for it. Yes, there,—no, that was sharp and hard and hurt you. That must be the edge of the bureau. He tried again, for he must find it,—he must! He would not stay in bed with that Lie another minute. It crowded him,—it tortured him so.

"This is it," thought Russy, and sank down gratefully on the cushions. His bare feet scarcely touched toe-tips to the floor. Here he would stay all night. This was better than—

"I'm coming,—which way are you? Can't you speak up?"

The Lie was coming too! Suddenly an awful thought flashed across Russy's little, weary brain. What if the Lie would *always* come too? What if he could never get away from it? What if it slept with him, walked with him, talked with him, *lived* with him,—oh, always!

But Russy stiffened again with dogged courage. "I had to!" he thought. "I had to,—I had to,—I had to! When he said things about *Her*,—when it's your mother—you have to."

A great time went by, measureless by clock-ticks and aching little heart-beats. It seemed to be weeks and months to Russy. Then he began to feel a slow relief creeping over his misery, and he said to himself the Lie must have "dropped off." There was not a sound of it in the room. It grew so still and beautiful that Russy laughed to himself in his relief. He wanted to leap to his feet and dance about the room, but he thought of the sharp corners and hard edges of things in time. Instead, he nestled among the cushions of the window-seat and laughed on softly. Perhaps it was all over,—perhaps it wasn't asleep, but had gone away—to Barney Toole's, perhaps, where they regularly "put up" Lies,—and would never come back! Russy gasped for joy. Perhaps when you'd never shaken hands with a Lie but once in your life, and that time you *had* to, and you'd borne it, anyway, for what seemed like weeks and months,—perhaps then they went away and left you in peace! Perhaps you'd had punishment enough then.

Very late Russy's mother came up stairs. She was very tired, and her pretty young face in the frame of soft down about her opera-cloak looked a little cross. Russy's father plodded behind more heavily.

"The boy's room, Ellen?—just this once?" he pleaded in her ear. "It will take but a minute."

"You are so tiresome, Carter! Well, if I must— Why, he isn't in the bed!"

The light from the hall streamed in, showing it tumbled and tossed as if two had slept in it. But no one was in it now. The mother's little cry of surprise sharpened to anxiety.

"Where is he, Carter? Why don't you speak? He isn't here in bed, I tell you! Russy isn't here!"

"He has rolled out,—no, he hasn't rolled out. I'll light up—there he is, Ellen! There's the little chap on the window-seat!"

"And the window is open!" she cried, sharply. She darted across to the little

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"THIS IS IT," THOUGHT RUSSY

figure and gathered it up into her arms. She had never been frightened about Russy before. Perhaps it was the fright that brought her to her own.

"He is cold,—his little night-dress is damp!" she said. Then her kisses rained down on the little, sleeping face. In his sleep, Russy felt them, but he thought it was Jeffy's mother kissing Jeffy.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" he murmured. "I don't wonder Jeffy likes it! If my mother kissed *me*— I told Jeffy she did! It was a Lie, but I had to. You have to, when they say things like that about your *mother*. You have to say she kisses you—oh, always! She comes 'way up stairs every night a-purpose to. An' she tucks you in, an' she calls you—*Dear*. It's a Lie an' it 'most kills you, but you have to say it. But it's perfectly awful afterwards." He nestled against the soft down of her cloak and moaned as if in pain. "It's awful afterwards when you have to sleep with the Lie. It's perfectly—aw—ful—"

"Oh, Carter!" the mother broke out, for it was all plain to her. In a flash of agonized understanding the wistful little sleep-story was filled out in every detail. She understood all the tragedy of it.

"Russy! Russy!" She shook him in her eagerness. "Russy, it's my kisses! *I'm* kissing you! It isn't Jeffy's mother, —it's your mother, Russy! Feel them! —don't you feel them on your forehead and your hair and your little red lips? It's your mother kissing *you!*"

Russy opened his eyes.

"Why! Why, so it is!" he said.

"And calling you 'Dear,' Russy! Don't you hear her? Dear boy,—*dear* little boy! You hear her, don't you, Russy—dear?"

"Why, yes!—*why!*"

"And tucking you into bed—like this, —*so!* She's tucking in the blanket now, —and now the little quilt, Russy! That is what mothers are for—I never thought before—oh, I never thought!" She dropped her face beside his on the pillow and fell to kissing him again. He held his face quite still for the sweet, strange baptism. Then suddenly he laughed out happily, wildly.

"Then it isn't a Lie!" he cried, in a delirium of relief and joy. "It's true!"

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The Land of Theocritus

BY WILLIAM SHARP

IF there is no island in the world so famous alike for historical and literary associations and for unequalled beauty as Sicily, there is no part of Sicily so fascinating as that vast region which lies under the dominion of "la Madre Bianca," the White Mother, as the peasants call Etna, perhaps unconsciously reiterating Pindar's epithet for the greatest mountain of southern Europe, named also by him "The Pillar of Heaven"—*Nourisher of the Snow.*

It is a fascination that appeals to the poet and painter, to the student and archæologist, to the lover of the beautiful, and to the ordinary visitor who wanders to the South chiefly for sunshine and the amusement of novel interest.

Even when one has lived many weeks under the shadow of this Queen of Mountains, as Verga, the Sicilian novelist, justly calls the vast upheaval whose base circumference is more than a hundred and fifty miles; which rises two miles skyward in direct uplift from the lava plain; whose head towers above the Ionian and Tyrrhene seas at an elevation of nearly 11,000 feet; whose final precipitous cone is itself a thousand feet in height; whose extreme summit—terrible caldron of smoke and flame—has a circuit of three and a half miles; and on whose flanks a score perilous towns, a hundred perilous villages, grow like stemless lilies or multitudinous lichen—even in so brief a time the visitor gifted in any degree with imagination falls under a spell, the more irresistible as its magic is "in the air," is felt by all, is everywhere a potent force. But when one spends months in Sicily, when one comes one year and returns another and another—above all, for those who reside in southern Sicily for half the year—"Madre Mia" becomes an actual personality, terrible or beautiful, and silently worshipped. The Sicilian peasants are pagans at heart in their regard for Mount Etna. All are sensible of its surpassing beauty, even those who could not put this sentiment into words, or would look upon such expression as idly superfluous, and whose morning and evening or hourly glance at the smoke-tufted summit is akin to that of the sailor at the uncertain way of the wind, or to that of the farmer at the shape and color of the clouds beyond the top of his elms. But there are few Etneans who have not a superstitious regard for the terrible and beautiful mountain—as well they may.

I do not know if the Polyphemus legend still survives, though I have heard that the peasants of Aci Reale, Mascali, Piedimonte, and other communes tell in story and chant in folk-song of the flaming one-eyed demon who guards the fires at the heart of the mountain, but whom weariness overcomes every ten years or so, and the result of whose sudden slumber is an outburst, at the vast cone, of furious flame and boiling floods of lava. Possibly one reason why the name is rarely if ever heard is because of superstition. A friend of the writer asked one of the peasants in his employ if he had ever heard of Polyphemus. "No: it is a name that has bad luck (mal' fortuno)," the man answered, gravely.

At Aci Castello—the picturesque castle-guarded hamlet by the shore, with its fantastic sea-set rocks, the scene of the old myth of the mountain boulders hurled by the enraged Cyclops at the deriding Ulysses—I asked an old neatherd if he had heard of Polyphemus. He shook his head; but whether because the name does not survive in its Greek form, or because my foreign Italian was untranslatable in his Sicilian dialect, I could not say. When I pointed to the rocks, and spoke of the "antico greco Ulisso," he understood, and unleaning from his long staff, pointed with it to the vast white mass of Etna towering above the near shelving terraces of lemon

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THE GREEK THEATRE AT TAORMINA
(From a photograph by the Hon. Nelson Wood)

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and olive, and said, simply, "Il vecchio questo ha fatto"—The Old One up there did that.

It is certain, however, whatever of Greek legend and nomenclature has perished, that many of the pagan Hellenic traditions have survived throughout inland Sicily—corrupt and blent with Carthaginian, Latin, Norman, Saracenic, Iberian, and other strains—and are reflected in the folk-tales and legendary songs and ballads of the unlettered and therefore unforgetting peasants. At Giardini (the ancient Naxos), for example, the patron saint is Santa Venere (Saint Venus): behind Taormina rises the vast and precipitous Sicilian Venusberg, Monte Venere: the crags of Capo San Andrea and Isola Bella are called the Siren's Rocks, and the caverns the "Gallerie degli Greci antichi"; one on Isola San Nicolo is called the "Letto di Olisso," the haven (*lit.* bed) of Ulysses, while the local name for the Aci rocks is (when not simply *Pietri del' Mar)* "Rocche del vecchio Capitano"—*i. e.*, Odysseus. There are two heights at Castrogiovanni (the ancient Enna, or Henna) called "The Sacred Women," whose names ages ago were Demeter and Persephone.

The fascination of the whole Etnean region is threefold. There is the spell of the past. Perhaps no other region of the same extent can vie in this respect with the Sicilian coast from Messina and Taormina to Syracuse and Girgenti, from Porto Empedocle to Palermo, from Cèfalu to where Scylla and Charybdis still watch the tormented waters of the once dreaded strait. The memory is strained with the multitude of reminiscence. A crowd of famous heroes and tyrants, deliverers and oppressors, poets and dramatists and historians, Greeks, Asiatics, Romans, and Normans—from Hiero and Dionysius to King Roger, from Timoleôn to Garibaldi, from Empedocles and Pythagoras and Pindar, Plato and Aeschylus and Theocritus—compel, or rather tyrannize, the imagination. Then there is the magic of omnipresent beauty,—of beauty in ceaseless variety, but stranger, more picturesque, more barbarian, more fantastic, more vividly Southern, than is to be seen elsewhere. Finally there is the fascination of Mount Etna. This is the magnet which attracts everything in Sicily. As one of her poets (Rapisardi) says, "the very lemon boughs of Mascali, the orange branches of Aci, the roses and lilies on the breasts of Catania, rejoice when Etna is serene, shrink and darken when the great Mother frowns." In Sicilian poetry Etna plays as dominant a part as in Japanese painting and poetry "the peerless mountain, Fusiyàma." Allusion to it is the natural culmination of any emotional expression — as when in one of the famous Sicilian novelist Verga's stories a dying peasant is about to confess to a score of crimes, but suddenly, with radiant face, points to the white and terrible splendor of Etna, and sighing, "*La Montagna,*" sinks back and says no more. Let me find room for one characteristic poem by a Sicilian, Giovanni Cesareo—quoting, however, only the first and last Italian stanzas:*

Io nacqui dove il ciel ride sereno
Sopra l' isola bella, occhio de' mari;
Dove si mescon candide,
Scintillando a mattini umidi e chiari,
L' onde del Ionio e l' onde del Tirreno.

. . . . . .

O tu, che sei più bianca dell a spuma,
Vieni: la vela dell' amor ci attende:
I liti azzurri fremono
Odorando; dall' erta il gregge pende.
E l' Etna immane all' orizzonto fuma.

I was born where the radiant sky domes the Beautiful Island, the eye of Ocean: where all lovely lights, by misty morns or clear, forever blend the Ionian and the Tyrrhene waves.

In the sunflood the countrysides quiver with light, murmurous in the white dust of noontide: silent, on the barren rocks, the cactus-fronds sleep, outlined against green mountain-ranges.

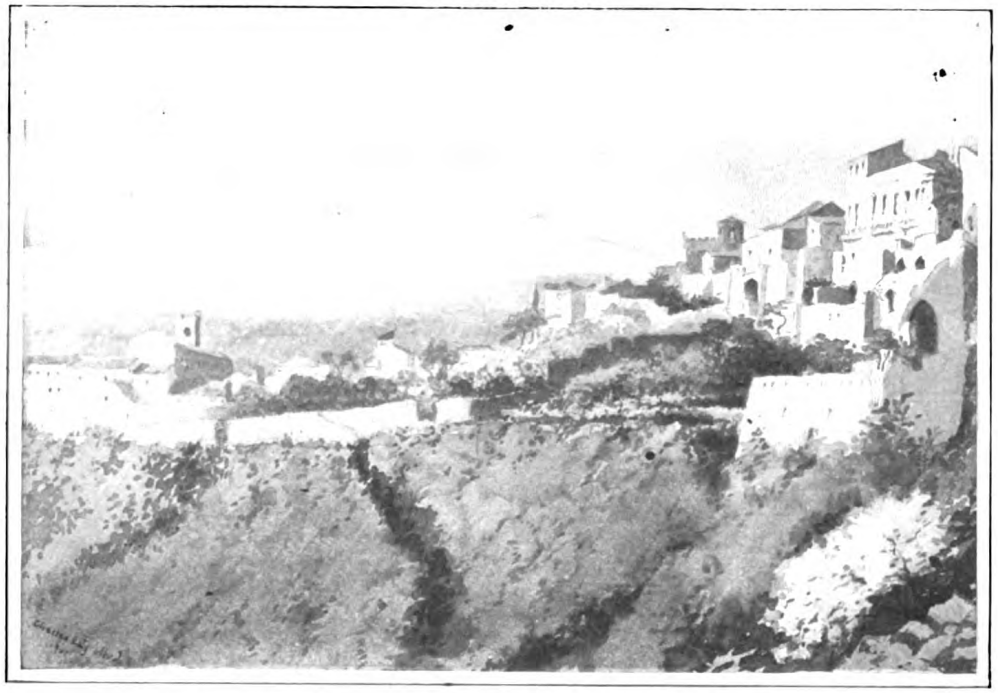
In the enchanted bays, curved crescents of moving light, are mirrored the marble walls of ancient towns; and along the flower-starred slopes one may hear the forlorn sighing of old shores, by forgotten Moorish fragments, in the shadow of the orange-trees.

O Thou, who art whiter than foam of the sea, come! The veil of Love awaits us! The azure shores quiver, fragrant: on the hill-pastures the flocks hang still as flowers: from Etna, leaning vast against the sky, a breath of smoke!

It is interesting to turn from the mod-

* "Occidentali." (Milan: 1887.)

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ETNA, "THE WHITE MOTHER," FROM A TERRACE IN TAORMINA

ern singer to the song of an earlier Sicilian, Theocritus, made perhaps on thyme-clad Hybla, or on an Etnean hill-pasture where once Galatea dreamed of her beloved Acis, or in the shadow of ancient olives, such as those which, near Syracuse, mark the legendary site of the grave of Aeschylos, or as those in that orchard on the way to Euryelos called by a living Syracusan poet the Garden of Plato; or, mayhap, under some such group of vast caruba-trees as those which, between Tauromenion—the Taormina of today—and the Hill of Venus, are still vaguely associated with a vanished marble seat whence Pythagoras dreamed across the Ionian Sea:

DAPHNIS.

Ah, sweetly lows the calf, and sweetly the heifer, sweetly sounds the neatherd with his pipe, and sweetly also I! My bed of leaves is strown by the cool water, and thereon are heaped fair skins from the white calves that were all browsing upon the arbutus. . . .

MENALCAS.

Etna, mother mine, I too dwell in a beautiful cavern in the chamber of the rock, and, lo, all the wealth have I that we behold in dreams; ewes in plenty and she-goats abundant, their fleeces are strown beneath my head and feet.

Or to this, written perhaps by Syracusan waters, or by that beautiful shore where now the picturesque ruined castle of Roger the Norman faces the Scogli de' Ciclopi, as the people often still call the seaward-hurled rocks of the Cyclops Polyphemus, or by the wild lava blocks of the Naxian promontory, where they lie piled beyond the orange groves of Alcantara, the ancient Alcesines:

The halcyons will lull the waves, and lull the deep, and the south wind, and the east that stirs the seaweeds on the higher shores, the halcyons that are dearest to the green-haired mermaids, of all the birds that take their prey from the salt sea. Let all things smile on (my friend) Ageanax sailing to Mytilene, and may he come to a friendly haven. On that day I will go crowned with anise, or with a rosy wreath, or a garland of white violets, and the fine wine of Ptelea I will dip from the bowl as I lie by the fire, while one shall roast beans for me, in the embers. And elbow-deep shall the flowery bed be thickly strewn, with fragrant leaves and with asphodel, and with curled parsley;

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and softly will I drink, toasting Ageanax with lips clinging to the cup, and draining it even to the lees.

At every place on this haunted shore or by these inland hills and valleys of Etna one may hear the voice of Theocritus, whether it be disguised as Daphnis or Menalcas or Thyrsis. "Thyrsis of Etna am I, and this is the voice of Thyrsis . . . . by the great stream of the river Anapus, on the height of Etna, by the sacred water of Acis."

Certainly it ought to be on the lemon-fragrant heights above Aci Reale on the southern slope of Etna, or upon the shore facing the Cyclopean rocks themselves, that one should read the Sixth Idyl, where Daphnis and Damoetas sing of the one-eyed Cyclops and his love for Galatea. And lying there on an afternoon, with the Cyclopean isles rising out of the deep azure calm of one of the few still days of February, one reader of Theocritus realized to the full that the Sicilian poet must have had in mind not Polyphemus, but Etna—the true one-eyed Cyclops of Sicily—when he wrote the close of this idyl; for deep in the blue Ionian sea was outlined beyond the farther rock the vast head of Etna, with his forest beard, his ridges of snow, his one eye browed with snow-white drifted smoke:

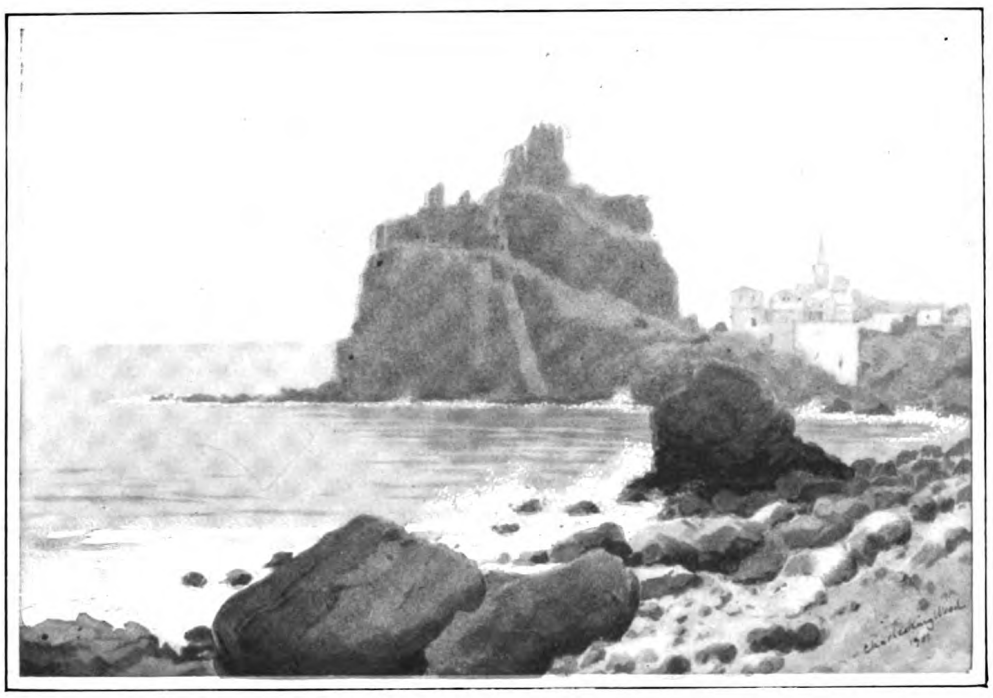
> For, in truth, I am not so hideous as they say! But lately I was looking into the sea, when all was calm: beautiful seemed my beard, beautiful my one eye, and the sea reflected the gleam of my teeth whiter than the Parian stone.

Or, again, high on the southern mountain slope above Belpasso, looking down upon the three azure but perilous meres of Paternò (the ancient Hybla Minor), Biancavilla (where, it is said, a rude Greek dialect informs the corrupt Sicilian-Italian), and Adernò (the ancient Hadranum, with its famous Temple of Hadranos guarded by a thousand hounds, and where the Greek Garibaldi, Timoleôn, received his "sign from heaven") —with, to the north, Brontë between its malarious lake and the wild lands beyond, where, a thousand years ago, the Hellenic chieftain Maniaces and the Norwegian viking Harald Hardradr routed the Saracens; and, to the west, the mountains of ancient Henna, the land of Demeter and Persephone: here, high on this sun-swept slope, where nature's green tides forever struggle to overcome the inferno of black, tormented lava, is, surely, a fit place whereat to re-read with new delight that ever-charming Eleventh Idyl. This is the idyl which Theocritus himself tells us was to comfort the poet-physician Nicias, by reminding him that even Polyphemus (the Theocritan Cyclops, truly a very different being from the Homeric monster) found surcease in song from the pain of love. It was on these slopes that, when young, the amorous Cyclops tended, as a gift for Galatea, eleven crescent-browed fawns. He sang his pain out on the wind of the west, while ignoring his own wisdom: *Milk the ewe that thou hast; why pursue the thing that shuns thee?* After reading this, one of the loveliest of the Theocritan poems, one may turn to a near spring—pure from the days of the ancients, as the peasants say—and drink of the clear water "that for me deep-wooded Etna sends down from the white snow a draught divine!" But if the wild Libeccio or west wind should suddenly arise, or the gray *scirocco* come out



TRINACRIA, THE ANTIQUE SYMBOL OF SICILY

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ACI CASTELLO

Scene of the old myth of the mountain boulders hurled by the enraged Cyclops at the deriding Ulysses

of the southeast, then one, glancing at the terrible head of the great mountain, may quote rather, "He may love, not with apples, not roses, but with fatal frenzy."

The other day I was in a garden amid which a fragmentary part of the ancient Naxian aqueduct lies, and a girl, who had been drawing water at a well, was turning aside, with her amphora poised delicately on her shapely head. I asked her name, which was a grandiloquent one, —Pompilia. In the south, names such as Pompilia, Cæsar, Pompeo, Ottaviano, Venus, etc., abound; at Mola, for example, the hill-crest town that overhangs Taormina, there is a youth called Cæsar Augustus and a muleteer named Timoleone, and at Taormina itself the forename of the mild young hair-dresser is Orestes! But the peculiar Sicilian accent of the dark-eyed water-drawer had for a moment twisted the name in my too ready thought to *Bombyca*. It sufficed, however, to evoke a delightful memory of that charming idyl where the reaper Milon laughingly mocks his comrade Battus, love-worn "because of a slim girl," Bombyca, she who was wont to pipe to the reapers on the farm of one Hippocoon. Perhaps, I thought, this very garden may have been part of Hippocoon's farm; perhaps the old gardener, with his red flap-turned cap, was a descendant of Polybotas, Bombyca's father; and the girl yonder, poising her amphora, Battus's sweetheart herself. She was beautiful enough to suggest the thought, with her great dark eyes gleaming under her yellow-kerchiefed head, and her slender body swaying from the lithe hips as she ascended the little stony terrace that did duty as a road. "They call thee a *gypsy,* gracious Bombyca, and *lean,* and *sunburnt;* 'tis only I that call thee *honey-pale.* Yea, and the violet is swart, and swart the lettered violet, but yet these flowers are chosen the first in garlands. Ah, gracious Bombyca, thy feet are fashioned like carven ivory, thy voice is drowsy sweet, and thy ways, I cannot tell of them."

There are perhaps few more admired lines of Theocritus than those in the idyl addressed to his friend Diophantus, which describe so realistically the toilsome life of two old fishermen. But there are also as vivid lines in the famous first idyl of

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Thyrsis and Daphnis, and, again, in this connection there is a most interesting allusion in the fragment of the Berenice quoted by Athenæus:

> And if any man that hath his livelihood from the salt sea, and whose nets serve him for ploughs, prays for wealth, and luck in fishing, let him sacrifice at midnight, to this goddess, the sacred fish that they call "silver-white," for that it is brightest of sheen of all,—then let the fisher set his nets, and he shall draw them full from the sea—

interesting because the fishermen on the Ionian coast of Sicily still call a fish of the mullet species "argente-bianco," "silver-white." One hot day at the end of January the present writer and two friends rowed round the caverned cliffs of Capo San Andrea, below Taormina, past the Grotto della Sirena, or Cave of Ulysses, where a deep thunder revealed the force of the sea-swell, which in vast azure and green depths surged rhythmically in and out; and as we rounded Isola San Nicolo and came into the purple azure calm and moored to the rocks close by the singular antique sea-wall which connects San Nicolo and the headland of San Andrea (beneath which the Ionian Sea surges with titanic force whenever the scirocco or the mezzogiorno blows, or when the ocean-swell predicts a coming storm—a sea-wall about whose origin and even whose certain purpose no two authorities agree), we saw first a solitary figure, perched in an apparently unscalable and inescapable "coign of vantage," leaning with poised trident intent to spear one of the great *palamiti* (a kind of white salmon which frequents the Ionian waters, and especially near rocky coasts) swimming in the marvellously transparent depths just underneath; and then, as we came into the azure stillness of the little bay, behold, no other than Theocritus's old fisherman himself, or his latter-day lineal descendant at least!

> Beyond, an ancient fisherman and a rock are fashioned, a rugged rock, whereon with might and main the old man drags a great net for his cast, as one that labors stoutly. Thou wouldst say that he is fishing with all the might of his limbs, so big the sinews swell all about his neck, gray-haired though he be, but his strength is as the strength of youth. Now divided but a little space from the sea-worn old man is a vineyard laden well with fire-red clusters, and on the rough wall a little lad watches the vineyard, sitting there.

The ancient fisherman, the rugged rock, the rock-set vineyard, a brown-legged lad sitting singing on the broken wall a popular Sicilian ballad about a villainous hero of the Mafia, one Musulino—and the gray-haired old man struggling "might and main" with the intricacies and dragging weight of a huge net: every feature of the picture is repeated, as though Theocritus had been a Tauromenian, and had viewed this very scene at this very spot,—the spot, it is said, where the Ionian Greeks who were the pioneers of the Hellenic emigrants to Sicily first landed.

Another great though less known poet—a Latin, not a Greek—may have looked often on a like scene; for Cornelius Severus, the panegyrist of Cicero and author of "Etna" (a beautiful Sicilian poem inspired by the Mother Mountain, and long attributed to Virgil—in some still extant editions of whose works, indeed, it appears as authentically the master's), was a native of Taormina, and is, indeed, her chief literary glory, though, strange to say, his memory remains unhonored by any street dedication amid the prolific classical nomenclature which aptly and inaptly distinguishes the ancient hill-town.

Taormina has cause, certainly, to be proud of the imposing record of her great citizens and famous (or infamous) rulers and visitors, from Pythagoras and Pindar to Goethe and Freeman, from Andromachos to Humboldt, from Timoleôn to Garibaldi. "All the world comes to Taormina" is quite as true—to the patriotic Taorminesi—as that all roads lead to Rome. Alas, the ancient Tauromenion is fallen into decay. The once proud city, raised on an older Sikelian town by migrant Ionians from the despoiled city of Naxos far below, is now, both in extent and beauty, but the broken image of its past. From the lava-strewn promontory of Capo Schisò, the site of Naxos,—the shore, now lined with wild mulberry-trees, where was once the long approach to the beautiful Temple of

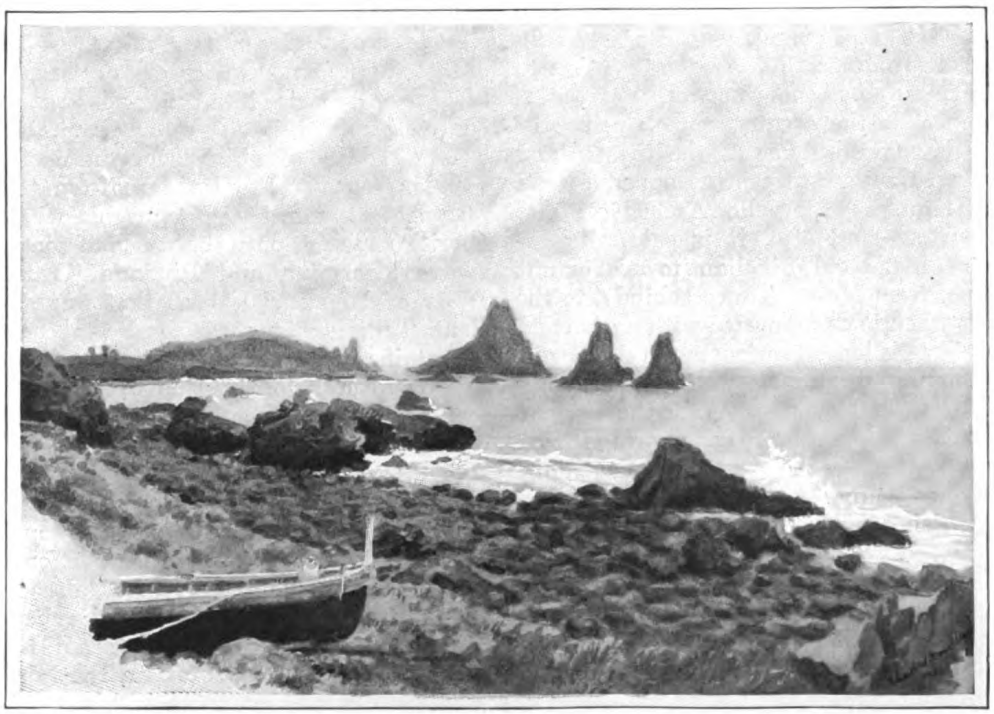
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Apollo Acragêtês,—one may indeed obtain a glimpse of how ancient Tauromenion must have appeared to the Greeks and Carthaginians, Romans and Saracens; for rock and sea and sky do not change, and Taormina is pre-eminently a rock-set and sea-girt and sky-companioned town. The magnificent Theatre, too, crowning its eastern heights, has survived from age to age. Moreover, the greater Greek city overflowed down the eastern and southeastern slopes, and so would not be visible from Naxos.

From Andromachos and Dionysius, the Tyrant of Syracuse who destroyed Naxos, from the infamous Agathocles and the great Timoleôn, to Tyndariôn, who induced Pyrrhus to come to Sicily and to land his Oriental host on the Tauromenion shore; from Pythagoras, the wisest of men, who in the course of his long and extraordinary life, spent in all the known lands of antiquity, visited Taormina and reformed its laws,* to Strabo, the famous peripatetic geographer, and to Diodôrus Siculus, the Pausanias of Sicily; from Pindar to Theocritus, who, according to an erudite if not very authentic Sicilian monographist, "loved well the black kids and singing shepherds and the rare Euganea of Taormina";* from Empedocles —whose traditional rude tower (at a height on Etna of 9600 feet) is still, as the "Torre del Filosofo," shown beyond the last ridges of that terrible Valle del Bove, a vast sombre wilderness which can be entered from the east only, "an abyss some three miles in width, and bounded on three sides by perpendicular cliffs from 2000 to 4000 feet high"—to Cornelius Severus, born in the little hill-town itself, the Latin poet-celebrant of Etna, the younger brother of Virgil, as he is lovingly called by Cesareo, both be-

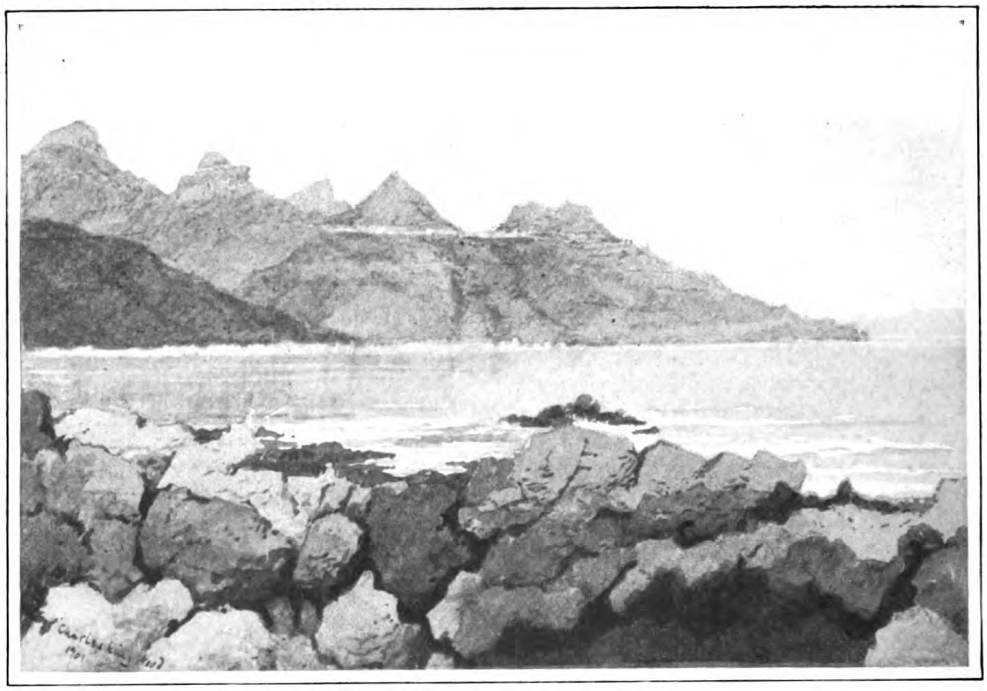
* It was while at Taormina that Pythagoras had the strange psychical experience of knowing himself to be in two places at once (the other was the ancient town in Magna Græcia, now known as Metaponto in Calabria), and here also that with his "subtle music" he cured the madness of a youth who had become frenzied through love (*guarito per forza di musica i furori bestiali di un giovanetto innamorato*, as his erudite Italian biographer relates).

* The famous wine of Taormina, called *Euganea*, was praised by Pliny, and long selected for sacred festivals at Rome.



SEAWARD-HURLED ROCKS OF THE CYCLOPS POLYPHEMUS

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LAVA-STREAM PROMONTORY OF CAPO SCHISO, THE SITE OF NAXOS

cause of his Virgilian music and from his long association with the great master: from the building of the famous Greek Theatre (little of which has survived in the magnificent Roman ruin which is now the universal attraction to Taormina) by Andromachos, whom Plutarch calls the greatest Greek prince of his day (the builder of the theatre and forum, the vast serpentine aqueduct and the temples of Apollo Archagêtês and Dionysus—and also, it is said, the author of the old Sikelian town's extant name, from Mount Tauro behind), to the days when it was crowded with native and foreign Hellenes to witness the dramas of Aeschylus—who may well have "assisted," as the French say, for the ancient Naxos was but a brief coast voyage from Syracuse, where the greatest of tragedians spent so many years, and in a field close by which he met in his old age his strange death,—of Sophocles, and of Euripides. Alas, these great names are now but empty sounds in Sicily. Nowhere survives the spirit which prompted the Syracusans in the moment of their crushing triumph over the Athenian Armada—and, with the ruin of Athens that followed, the passing of the Hellenic dominion of the world—to grant freedom to the few famished captives, among the thousands perishing in the dreadful hollow pits of precipitous quarries, who could recite "scenes" of verses of Euripides.

But there is no end to classical reminiscence, historic interest, and present charm in all this marvellous southern coast of Sicily, of which Taormina is the popular centre. From the roof-top terrace above the antique Naumachia where I write I see not only the whole of picturesque Taormina and Pindar's "Etna, Pillar of Heaven," but all that was ancient Tauromenion; eastward the coast mountains of Messina, the Straits, Calabria from Reggio to Cape Spartivento, forty miles away; and southward Aci Reale, Catania, the long line of Mount Hybla, the promontory of Epipolyæ, and Syracuse—with flooding memories of a hundred familiar names, heroes and poets and historians. Above, Monte Venere, the Hill of Venus, has already a star; flute-notes, like those of the shepherds of Pan, come floating from the lentisk thickets; and I realize that this twentieth-century garment is but a diaphanous robe wherethrough one beholds again the vanished pagan world.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

A FRIEND of the Unreal Editor came into this department, the other day, after a frost from the Real Editor in the Study, which had nipped a tender manuscript in its bloom, and was received by the Unreal Editor with the easy hospitality he is able to show the rejected from a function involving neither power nor responsibility. This has won him the reputation of a kindly nature, all over the country, so that the Disappointed appeal to him everywhere, and try to have him get their things into the magazine under the Real Editor's guard. He always fails, but that does not discourage the Disappointed. They come back with fresh offerings, and they apparently incite others to join them in showering the Unreal Editor with MSS. of every kind and degree, in verse, prose, and that middle species which is beginning to get itself called rhythm. This is the moment when his punishment begins, for he is obliged either to write personally to the Disappointed and the would-be-Disappointed, or silently turn their things in to the Study, where the Real Editor deals with them by printed circular. The heart of the hospitable illusion aches in doing this, but, except in the rarest cases, he does it, for life is short, and the art of the contributor is long.

"Ah!" the Unreal Editor breathed sadly at the sight of the wilted offering in the hands of his friend. "What is it he won't take *now*?"

"Wait till I get my second wind," the victim of unrequited literature answered, dropping into the Easy Chair, from which the illusion had risen; and he sighed pensively, "I felt so sure I had got him, this time." He closed his eyes, and leaned his head back against the uncomfortably carven top of the Easy Chair. It was perhaps his failure to find rest in it that restored him to animation. "It is a little thing," he murmured, "on the decline of the vaudeville."

I

"The decline of the vaudeville?" the Unreal Editor repeated, wrinkling his forehead in grave misgiving. Then, for want of something better, he asked, "Do you think that is a very dignified subject for the magazine?"

"Why, bless my soul!" the rejected one cried, starting somewhat violently forward, "what is your magazine itself but vaudeville, with your contributors all doing their stunts of fiction, or poetry, or travel, or sketches of life, or articles of popular science and sociological interest, and I don't know what all! What are your illustrations but the moving pictures of the kalatechnoscope! Why," he said, with inspiration, "what are you, and your associate there in the Study—"

"My chief, if you please," the Unreal Editor loyally corrected him.

He did not mind. "What are you, I should like to know, but a species of Chasers that come at the end of the show, and help clear the ground for the next month's performance by tiring out the lingering readers?"

"You don't think," the editor suggested, "you're being rather unpleasant?"

His friend laughed harshly, and the editor was glad to see him restored to so much cheerfulness, at any rate. "I think the notion is a pretty good fit, though if you don't like to wear it I don't insist. Why should you object to being likened to those poor fellows who come last on the programme at the vaudeville? Very often they are as good as the others, and sometimes, when I have determined to get my five hours' enjoyment to the last moment before six o'clock, I have had my reward in something unexpectedly delightful in the work of the Chasers. I have got into close human relations with them, I and the half-dozen brave spirits who have stuck it out with me, while the ushers went impatiently about, clacking the seats back, and picking up the programmes and lost articles under them. I have had the same sense of kindly comradery with you and your neighbor, and now and then my patience has been rewarded by you, just as it has been by the Chasers at the vaudeville, and I've said so to people. I've said, 'You're wrong to put down the magazine the way most of you do before you get to those depart-

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ments at the end. Sometimes there are quite good things in them.'"

"Really," said the editor, "you seem to have had these remarks left over from your visit to the Study. I advise you to go back and repeat them. They may cause the editor to revise his opinion of your contribution."

"It's no use my going back. I read finality in your neighbor's eye before I left him, and I feel that no compliment, the most fulsome, would move him. Don't turn me out! I take it all back, about your being a Chaser. You are the first act on the bill for me. I read the magazine like a Chinese book from the back. I always begin with the Easy Chair."

"Ah, now you are talking," the editor said, and he thought it no more than human to ask, "What is it you have been saying about the vaudeville, anyway?"

The rejected one instantly unfolded his manuscript. "I will just read—"

"No, no!" the editor interposed. "Tell me about it—give me the general drift. I never can follow anything read to me."

The other looked incredulous, but he was not master of the situation, and he resigned himself to the secondary pleasure of sketching the paper he would so much rather have read.

"Why, you know what an inveterate vaudeville-goer I have always been?"

The editor nodded. "I know how you are always trying to get me to neglect the masterpieces of our undying modern dramatists, on the legitimate stage, and go with you to see the ridiculous stunts you delight in."

"Well, it comes to the same thing. I am an inveterate vaudeville-goer, for the simple reason that I find better acting in the vaudeville, and better drama, on the whole, than you ever get, or you generally get, on your legitimate stage. I don't know why it is so very legitimate. I have no doubt but the vaudeville, or continuous variety performance, is the older, the more authentic form of histrionic art. Before the Greek dramatists, or the longer-winded Sanskrit playwrights, or the exquisitely conventionalized Chinese and Japanese and Javanese were heard of, it is probable that there were companies of vaudeville artists going about the country and doing the turns that they had invented themselves, and getting and giving the joy that comes of voluntary and original work, just as they are now. And in the palmiest days of the Greek tragedy or the Roman comedy, there were of course variety shows all over Athens and Rome where you could have got twice the amusement for half the money that you would at the regular theatres. While the openly wretched and secretly rebellious actors whom Euripides and Terence had cast for their parts were going through rôles they would never have chosen themselves, the wilding heirs of art at the vaudeville were giving things of their own imagination, which they had worked up from some vague inspiration into a sketch of artistic effect. No manager had foisted upon them his ideals of 'what the people wanted,' none had shaped their performance according to his own notion of histrionics. They had each come to him with his or her little specialty, that would play fifteen or thirty minutes, and had, after trying it before him, had it rejected or accepted in its entirety. Then, author and actor in one, they had each made his or her appeal to the public."

"There were no hers on the stage in those days," the editor interposed.

"No matter," the rejected contributor retorted. "There are now, and that is the important matter. I am coming to the very instant of actuality, to the show which I saw yesterday, and which I should have brought my paper down to mention if it had been accepted." He drew a long breath, and said with a dreamy air of retrospect, "It is all of a charming unity, a tradition unbroken from the dawn of civilization. When I go to a variety show, and drop my ticket into the chopping-box at the door, and fastidiously choose my unreserved seat in the best place I can get, away from interposing posts and persons, and settle down to a long afternoon's delight, I like to fancy myself a far-fetched phantom of the past, who used to do the same thing at Thebes or Nineveh as many thousand years ago as you please. I like to think that I too am an unbroken tradition, and my pleasure will be such as shaped smiles immemorially gone to dust."

The editor made his reflection that this passage was probably out of the rejected

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contribution, but he did not say anything, and his visitor went on.

"And what a lot of pleasure I did get, yesterday, for my fifty cents! There were twelve stunts on the bill, not counting the kalatechnoscope, and I got in before the first was over, so that I had the immediate advantage of seeing a gifted fellow-creature lightly swinging himself between two chairs which had their outer legs balanced on the tops of caraffes full of water, and making no more of the feat than if it were a walk in the Park, or down Fifth Avenue. How I respected that man! What study had gone to the perfection of that act, and the others that he equally made nothing of! He was simply billed as 'Equilibrist,' when his name ought to have been blazoned in letters a foot high if they were in any wise to match his merit. He was followed by 'Twin Sisters,' who, as 'Refined Singers and Dancers,' appeared in sweeping confections of white silk, with deeply drooping, widely spreading white hats, and long-fringed white parasols heaped with artificial roses, and sang a little tropical romance, whose burden was

Únder the bámboo-trée,

brought in at unexpected intervals. They also danced this romance, with languid undulations, and before you could tell how or why, they had disappeared and reappeared in short green skirts, and then shorter white skirts, with steps and stops appropriate to their costumes, but always, I am bound to say, of the refinement promised. I can't tell you in what their refinement consisted, but I am sure it was there, just as I am sure of the humor of the two brothers who next appeared as 'Singing and Dancing Comedians' of the coon type. I know that they sang and they danced, and worked sable pleasantries upon each other with the help of the pianist, who often helps out the dialogue of the stage in vaudeville. They were not so good as the next people, a jealous husband and a pretty wife, who seized every occasion in the slight drama of 'The Singing Lesson,' and turned it to account in giving their favorite airs. I like to have a husband disguise himself as a German maestro, and musically make out why his wife is so zealous in studying with him, and I do not mind in the least having the sketch close without reason: it leaves something to my imagination. Two of 'America's Leading Banjoists' charmed me next, for after all there is nothing like the banjo. If one does not one's self rejoice in its plunking, there are others who do, and that is enough for my altruistic spirit. Besides, it is America's leading instrument, and those who excel upon it appeal to the patriotism which is never really dormant in us. Its close association with color in our civilization seemed to render it the fitting prelude of the next act, which consisted of 'Monologue and Songs' by a divine creature in lampblack, a shirt-waist worn outside his trousers, and an exaggerated development of stomach. What did he say, what did he sing? I don't know; I only know that it rested the soul and brain, that it soothed the conscience, and appeased the hungerings of ambition. Just to sit there and listen to that unalloyed nonsense was better than to 'sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neæra's hair,' or to be the object of a votive dinner, or to be forgiven one's sins; there is no such complete purgation of care as one gets from the real Afro-American when he is unreal, and lures one completely away from life, while professing to give his impressions of it. You, with your brute preferences for literality, will not understand this, and I suppose you would say I ought to have got a purer and higher joy out of the little passage of drama, which followed, and I don't know but I did. It was nothing but the notion of a hapless, half-grown girl, who has run away from the poorhouse for a half-holiday, and brings up in the dooryard of an old farmer of the codger type, who knew her father and mother. She at once sings, one doesn't know why, 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be,' and she takes out of her poor little carpet-bag a rag-doll, and puts it to sleep, with 'By low, baby,' and the old codger puts the other dolls to sleep, nodding his head, and kicking his foot out in time, and he ends by offering that poor thing a home with him. If he had not done it, I do not know how I could have borne it, for my heart was in my throat with pity, and the tears were in my eyes. Good heavens! What

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simple instruments we men are! The falsest note in all Hamlet is in those words of his to Guildenstern: 'You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass. . . . 'S blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?' Guildenstern ought to have said: 'Much, my lord! Here is an actor who has been summering in the country, and has caught a glimpse of pathetic fact commoner than the dust in the road, and has built it up in a bit of drama as artless as a child would fancy, and yet it swells your heart and makes you cry. Your mystery? You have *no* mystery to an honest man. It is only fakes and frauds who do not understand the soul. The simplest willow whistle is an instrument more complex than man.' That is what I should have said in Guildenstern's place if I had had Hamlet with me there at the vaudeville show.

"In the pretty language of the playbill," the contributor went on, "this piece was called 'A Pastoral Playlet,' and I should have been willing to see 'Mandy Hawkins' over again, instead of the 'Seals and Sea Lions,' next placarded at the sides of the curtain immediately lifted on them. Perhaps I have seen too much of seals, but I find the range of their accomplishments limited, and their impatience for fish and lump sugar too frankly greedy before and after each act. Their banjo-playing is of a most casual and irrelevant sort; they ring bells, to be sure; in extreme cases they fire small cannon; and their feat of balancing large and little balls on their noses is beyond praise. But it may be that the difficulties overcome are too obvious in their instances; I find myself holding my breath, and helping them along too strenuously for my comfort. I am always glad when the curtain goes down on them; their mere flumping about the stage makes me unhappy; but they are not so bad, after all, as trained dogs. They were followed by three 'Artistic European Acrobats,' who compensated and consoled me for the seals, by the exquisite ease with which they wrought the impossibilities of their art, in the familiar sack-coats and top-coats of everyday. I really prefer tights and spangles, but I will not refuse impossibilities simply because they are performed, as our diplomats are instructed to appear at European courts, in the ordinary dress of a gentleman; it may even add a poignancy to the pleasure I own so reluctantly.

"There came another pair of 'Singers and Dancers,' and then a 'Trick Cyclist,' but really I cannot stand trick cycling, now that plain cycling, glory be! has so nearly gone out. As soon as the cyclist began to make his wheel rear up on its hind leg and carry him round the stage in that posture, I went away. But I had had enough without counting him, though I left the kalatechnoscope, with its shivering and shimmering unseen. I had had my fill of pleasure, rich and pure, such as I could have got at no legitimate theatre in town, and I came away opulently content."

II

The editor reflected awhile before he remarked: "Then I don't see what you have to complain of or to write of. Where does the decline of the vaudeville come in?"

"Oh," the rejected contributor said, with a laugh, "I forgot that. It's still so good, when compared with the mechanical drama of the legitimate theatre, that I don't know whether I can make out a case against it now. But I think I can, both in quality and quantity, though the decline is most observable in the quantity. There are now only three playhouses in New York where the variety show still flourishes, against six where it flourished a few years ago. Then I always had a place where I could pass an intellectual afternoon with an unfailing change of bill, but now! I think the change began insidiously to steal upon the variety show with the increasing predominance of short plays. Since they were short, I should not have minded them so much, but they were always so bad! Still, I could go out, when they came on, and return for the tramp magician, or the comic musician, who played upon joints of stovepipe and the legs of reception-chairs and the like, and scratched matches on his two days' beard, and smoked a plaintive air on a cigarette. But when the

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'playlets' began following each other in unbroken succession, I did not know what to do. Almost before I was aware of their purpose three of the leading vaudeville houses threw off the mask, and gave plays that took up the whole afternoon; and though they professed to intersperse the acts with what they called 'big vaudeville,' I could not be deceived, and I simply stopped going. When I want to see a four-act play, I will go to the legitimate theatre, and see something that I can smell, too. The influence of the vaudeville has on the whole been so elevating and refining that its audiences cannot stand either the impurity or the imbecility of the fashionable drama. But now the vaudeville itself is beginning to decline in quality as well as quantity."

"Not towards immodesty?"

"No, not so much that. But the fine intellectual superiority of the continuous performance is beginning to suffer contamination from the plays where there are waits between the acts. I spoke just now of the tramp magician, but I see him no longer at the variety houses. The comic musician is of the rarest occurrence; during the whole season I have as yet heard no cornet solo on a revolver or a rolling-pin. The most dangerous acts of the trapeze have been withdrawn. The acrobats still abound, but it is three long years since I looked upon a coon act with real Afro-Americans in it, or saw a citizen of Cincinnati in a fur overcoat keeping a silk hat, an open umbrella and a small wad of paper in the air with one hand. No, the vaudeville is dying. It is true that the conquest of its houses by the full-fledged drama has revived the old-fashioned stock companies in many cases, and has so far worked for good, but it is a doubtful advantage when compared with the loss of the direct inspiration of the artists who created and performed their stunts."

"Delightful word!" the editor dreamily noted. "How did it originate?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's probably a perversion of stint, a task or part, which is also to be found in the dictionary as stent. What does it matter? There is the word, and there is the thing, and both are charming. I approve of the stunt because it is always the stuntist's own. He imagined it, he made it, and he loves it. He seems never to be tired of it, even when it is bad, and when nobody in the house lends him a hand with it. Of course, when it comes to that, it has to go, and he with it. It has to go when it is good, after it has had its day, though I don't see why it should go; for my part there are stunts I could see endlessly over again, and not weary of them. Can you say as much of any play?"

"Gilbert and Sullivan's operas," the editor suggested.

"That is true. But without the music? And even with the music, the public won't have them any longer. I would like to see the stunt fully developed. I should like to have that lovely wilding growth delicately nurtured into drama as limitless and lawless as life itself, owing no allegiance to plot, submitting to no rule or canon, but going gayly on to nothingness as human existence does, full of gleaming lights, and dark with inconsequent glooms, musical, merry, melancholy, mad, but never-ending as the race itself."

"You would like a good deal more than you are ever likely to get," the editor said; and here he thought it was time to bring his visitor to book again. "But about the decline of vaudeville?"

"Well, it isn't grovelling yet in the mire with popular fiction, but it is standing still, and whatever is standing still is going backward, or at least other things are passing it. To hold its own, the vaudeville must grab something more than its own. It must venture into regions yet unexplored. It must seize not only the fleeting moments, but the enduring moments of experience; it should be wise not only to the whims and moods, but the passions, the feelings, the natures of men; for it appeals to a public not sophisticated by mistaken ideals of art, but instantly responsive to representations of life. Nothing is lost upon the vaudeville audience, not the lightest touch, not the airiest shadow of meaning. Compared with the ordinary audience at the legitimate theatres—"

"Then what you wish," the editor suggested, "is to elevate the vaudeville."

The visitor got himself out of the Easy Chair, with something between a groan and a growl. "You mean, to kill it."

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Editor's Study.

It has been our expectation that Miss Mary Johnston's new novel, "Sir Mortimer," would begin in the May number of this Magazine. For ourselves and for our readers we are sorry that this plan cannot be realized. Two-thirds of the manuscript has been in our hands for several months, and Mr. Yohn has made good progress with his illustrations; but the author's illness—due to a physical weakness, in despite of which she has accomplished all her wonderful work in fiction—has interrupted her labors. Only temporarily, we hope, for her own sake and for the sake of American literature. We have seen enough of "Sir Mortimer" to be assured of its extraordinary literary merit and dramatic power. More than in any of her other novels the romance is subjective, psychological. The temporary loss of the story will be made good to our readers by the substitution for it, as soon as possible, of a serial novel of such distinction as to be worthy of its place in the line of noble succession, which includes the names of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy—indeed of nearly every master of English fiction, since the establishment of the Magazine.

I

ANY writer for this Magazine would make a grave mistake should he suppose that we wish to exclude the serious article from its pages, or that we wish to confine the field for this kind of article to science, art, and literature. A careful consideration of the contents of the Magazine for the past year would quite dispel that illusion if it is anywhere entertained. The space which we have given to Professor Ely's articles on typical social experiments—to say nothing of the portrayal of characteristic traits of American life in papers like that of Booth Tarkington on "The Middle West"—shows our favorable disposition toward really valuable contributions of that kind.

There is nothing that we more especially desire than the vitally serious interpretation of life, whether the theme be contemporaneous or retrospective; for, however far away, it is human life that is disclosed, and only needs to be brought near to command general human interest. And in all such disclosures we crave the studies of the profound philosopher. Are we emphatic enough concerning this when we say that to us nothing seems more important than philosophy, if it be not abstruse, but illuminating, interpretative?

The interest awakened by such novel disclosures of nature as were made by Professor Thomson's articles on the cathode and Becquerel rays, great as it is, is not to be compared with that which at once enthralls and liberates us in some new interpretation of our human life, past or present, or some truly philosophic speculation as to what that life is to become on this planet. Nothing appealing to such an interest is excluded from this Magazine. We establish a test of exclusiveness only in our demand that all attempts in this direction shall be vitally serious—that there shall be something beyond the merely obvious in the essay, something more than the merely superficial in the article of travel or the sketch of social life, urban or rural, something more than the mere record in a historical paper.

If, therefore, the eager reader ever misses articles of this high order,—that is, if he would have more of them than he finds in these pages,—it is only because writers do not or cannot meet our requirements. We can only hope that our hunger and thirst for the better thing may stimulate writers to efforts for its production and to deeper observation and insight, so that they may see not merely the static condition, but the dynamic movement, its trend and tendency, whether it be freshly emergent and interesting as a novel development with forward-looking meaning, or something old enough to be established as a trait reflecting historic significance.

When the reader considers the large proportion of space given to stories in the Magazine, let him remember that it is in the best fiction that the deeper currents of our modern life and thought are most interpretatively indicated. A great story, therefore, goes far toward

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giving the reader that kind of satisfaction which is derived from the thoughtful essay and the philosophic article, but it does not displace these. In the first place, all fiction is not of the highest order; and, in the second place, some of the most attractive short stories in the Magazine are limited by their special *motifs* to a narrow field—as in the case of the character-sketch, of the child-study, and of the love-story, when it is a romance in the simplest form. Even in these, however, preference is given by us to the story of deep meaning, though it may not be widely illuminative.

II

Because we do not make a point of publishing, or, rather, do make a point of excluding, articles on timely topics, such as are adequately treated in the daily and weekly papers, it is not to be inferred that the Magazine appeals to any other than the contemporary interest of its readers.

It is not the articles that are timely —with reference to what happens to be happening—but the Magazine itself, in its appeal to the reader's sensibility. We have had a good deal to say about this sensibility of late in the Study, especially laying stress upon the intellectual and spiritual sensibility as being, even more than the emotional, distinctive to man, and in its development gauging the progress of the race in all the higher lines of its advance. From generation to generation, with the widening and deepening of human sensibility, new interests are awakened and old ones intensified; probably what we call the new being only the reawakening or reemergence in some novel aspect of what is everlasting in our nature.

But it is the world that changes with us, not we with the world; the history we are making has its ground in our sensibility—in the impulses and thoughts that register its growth and refinement. The wars that formerly were so easily prompted by momentary resentment have almost wholly disappeared, and from the same deeper culture of our human nature the general life of mankind is less sordid and trivial, having gained also its proper dignity from the keener and stronger feeling which has magnified the importance of the things near and intimate, whose reality has thereby some chance in the balance against the remote and unreal things which a telescopic imagination projects for human apprehension and dismay. We are coming to feel at home in our own dwelling-place. Within our memory there has been a radical transformation of human life—a change not to be accounted for by what is elemental in the emotional nature alone, but mainly by the new feeling of the mind, from its deepened capacity, and of the free spirit.

Literature must keep pace with this culture, the manifestations of which are so varied and so intimate. For ourselves, we conceive the design of this Magazine to have reference mainly to this, and that it is best accomplished by a direct appeal to the sensibility of cultivated readers. Thousands of events are happening from time to time—tragedies of every description, battles, shipwrecks, epidemics, natural cataclysms, and other disasters, the coronation or the death of kings, the demises of the great in every field of activity, social functions, gatherings of conventions of all sorts, art exhibitions, great expositions, musical and dramatic performances, exciting fluctuations of the market, and sometimes great financial panics—and these events are interesting to all readers. Some of them might demand attention in these pages were they not fully treated by the newspapers. It is the good fortune of the Magazine to be also relieved of the elaborate discussion of political and other social movements, of current art and literature, and, in a general way, of science—of anything, indeed, in a general way—by the great reviews and special magazines. We are thus enabled to confine ourselves to the direct appeal—direct as distinguished from one dependent upon argument, or, in other words, direct as leading to an impression rather than to an inference.

The review or the special magazine may, of course, make the direct appeal—does so inevitably when the contributions are from writers of the highest literary power. Macaulay's essays (originally contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*) conveyed impressions of men and events as immediately, almost as picturesquely, as if he had been a painter, and far more

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interpretatively. The popular magazine does not generalize as freely as does the review, and does not specialize in dealing with themes belonging to particular fields—art, science, literature, etc.—to the same extent as do periodicals confined exclusively to these several fields.

The main point in the indication of the scope of a magazine devoted to the interests of the large body of cultivated readers is that it must immediately and fully meet the sensibility of those readers in all its varied demands. This is the timeliness of the Magazine.

III

A man or an event is not any more interesting to our readers because he or it is separated from them by the lapse of exactly a century, or two or three centuries. We would rather select our subjects independently of this consummate secularity; otherwise articles upon them are likely to be looked upon as merely occasional, and to be taken as a matter of course. It will generally be assumed that the appearance in these pages of Mr. Janvier's series of articles on "The Dutch Founding of New York" is due to the fact that this year is the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the concession of municipal government to New Amsterdam. This coincidence was not even thought of by us. It is the recent political history of the city that gives piquancy to the old Dutch record. But the main consideration in our view is that these articles are at once good history, illuminative and entertaining, and good literature.

Often the lapse of time eliminates prejudices, liberating our judgment of men and things, and giving a just perspective to our view—juster even when it is not foreshortened by personal reminiscence. De Quincey had an almost supreme admiration for Wordsworth, but, having known him personally, he inevitably remembered things which blurred the vision of his enshrined idol. For a long time the personality of Emerson was presented to our view only by those who personally had known him, who had walked and talked with him. Now the time has come for the measure of his thought by a new generation. The fact that in a few weeks just a hundred years will have passed since his birth is not important, though the good roundness of a century has a punctuating effect which arrests attention.

An unlooked-for timeliness sometimes befalls a magazine article. One of the best New England writers of the last generation wrote a story for the Magazine, prompted by some effect produced on her quick imagination by a disastrous flood following the breaking of a reservoir in the Berkshires. It was a good story apart from its occasion, and it was not hurried to the press; indeed, a dozen years or more passed before it saw the light. Then, as if to give it its own proper setting, the greater tragedy of the Johnstown disaster occurred within a few days of its publication. It is within the fresh memory of our readers that a contribution by Gérôme, the distinguished French painter, though written without any attempt to do so, served to clear up decisively a question which the painter had himself raised, in the interval between writing and publication, as to the alteration of one of his pictures by the American buyer—a question which had become an agitating one in the world of art. It is a fact not so well remembered, and yet one invested with almost superstitious awe at the time, that about a score of years ago the appearance in the Magazine of the portrait of an eminent living person was often followed by that person's unexpected death. It began with the publication of Wagner's portrait; and for several years this fatal sequence attracted attention. Of course it was merely a coincidence—probably to be rationally accounted for by the fact that at that particular period the personages of greatest interest to the public were men whose work had been accomplished, and whose salutation seemed always to suggest valediction. It would seem, then, that though magazine contributions may not be born timely, from conscious conception, some achieve timeliness, and some have timeliness thrust upon them.

The conduct of a magazine does not proceed according to fixed rules; it follows a principle which is as flexible as it is dominant. Lawbreaking is sometimes an essential part of the process of lawmaking.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Misunderstanding

BY CORVELL HARRISON

THE clock across the hall struck two. Billy Travers slid down off the billiard table, yawned, and moved toward the door.

"Don't go," said the man in the armchair by the fire. "I was just going to tell you a story."

Billy stood irresolute. "If it's a story of the West," he said, "I'll be hanged if I want to hear it; you—"

"There's no local color about it," answered the other man.

"I want to go to bed," sighed Billy. "But I'll listen. Go ahead."

The other man began:

"There was, once upon a time, a girl who was about to be married. We will assume that her *fiancé* engaged some of her attention, and the rest of it was given so entirely to her trousseau that she found she had not one spare moment wherein to acknowledge the julep-spoons and tea-strainers which came pouring in upon her. So she summoned to her side a friend of whose devotion and orthography she entertained no doubts, and said: 'You promised to help me if you could; I want you to thank these people for the things they have sent. Just say to each that I'll use her lovely present every day, and always think of the giver when I do. Make the writing look as much like mine as you can, and remember that I call all the girls by their first names, and almost all the men.'"

"I see the plot," interposed Billy; "she didn't put a Mr. to your name."

"There was a man," continued the storyteller, "who had indulged in a bit of sentiment with the prospective bride before he went out West. So, on receipt of her wedding invitation, he bought her a little gift; and finding at the jeweller's that he had no carte de visite with him, he wrote upon a blank card, 'With all the good wishes of Francis Marston,' and, below it, his address.

"A week later he received a note which ran something like this: 'Your fish-set, *dearest Francis*, is a *gem*. When you're a bride yourself, you will know how nice it is to be remembered by one's friends at such a time. I wish you *could* see my trousseau. I have a pink soie de Japon and a white peau de Cynge which are *perfect*, and my hats are *all* from Paris.

"'With lots of love and thanks, Blanche.' The note was directed, of course, to Miss Francis Marston."

"The plot thickens," murmured Billy. "I suspect that the young lady did not know that only a male Francis is spelt with an i."

"Well, the man's curiosity was aroused," went on the other man, "and he wrote to Blanche for an explanation. After a considerable time it came. 'She had been *so* busy; would he forgive her? Her dear friend Courtenay Wentworth had written the note.' Now in the breast pocket of a certain blue coat of the man's was a picture of two girls, on the back of which was written, 'Blanche and Courtenay.' The face which was not Blanche's was a strikingly beautiful one, and although the man had not deemed it profitable to ask any questions concerning it at the time when it was given to him, he had not infrequently caught himself studying it attentively. He extracted it now from the pocket of the blue coat, and after a careful survey of its eyes and mouth, he wrote to Blanche again. He would like, he said, to thank 'her dear friend Courtenay Wentworth' for the note,—which was a very nice note, indeed. Would Blanche send him the address? Blanche did send him the address, with no comment whatsoever, and, smiling a little at the jealousy of women, he sat down to write to Miss Wentworth."

"Did he tell her he was a man?" asked Billy. "Because—"

"Certainly not. He told her, in fact, that he was a girl,—one whose health had necessitated her coming West, where she found herself often very lonely and homesick.

"He thanked her for the note," continued the other man, "and said that he had often heard Blanche speak of her. He had, in fact, he said, a picture which Blanche had given him of 'Courtenay' and herself, so that her face, also, was not unfamiliar.

"And then he said that since Miss Wentworth had been kind enough to write to him once, he wondered if she would be good enough to send him a few details of Blanche's wedding. He was *so* interested, he said. And then he added that he was hers, very sincerely, Francis Marston. The Francis he was careful to spell with an e.

"Well, an answer came very shortly, and while he did not perfectly understand the description of the bridemaids' dresses, nor

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HE SAT FOR HOURS WITH HER PICTURE BEFORE HIM

take any very considerable interest in Blanche's pre-nuptial emotions, the charming naïveté, the bright girlishness of the letter hinted at a character so entirely in keeping with Miss Wentworth's face that he—that is, he—began—to—"

"Exactly," said Billy. "Go on."

"He acknowledged the letter, of course," the other man resumed, "and with the acknowledgment he sent some pictures of Pikes Peak at sunrise, which he hoped might be of interest to Miss Wentworth. They proved of great interest to Miss Wentworth, and after saying so, she confided that it had given her much pleasure to brighten, for ever so short a time, Miss Marston's exile from the East, and if there were any other items about friends in New York which Miss Marston would care to hear, she would be *so* glad to send them to her."

"What a kind heart she had," murmured Billy. "I dare say she had been crossed in love."

"Well, after that it was plain sailing. She not only answered his letters, but she answered promptly and at length, and because her own were so kind, and sympathetic, and sweet, and clever, he came gradually to consider them the principal things in his life. He learned from her letters that she was

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forced by her family to lead a worldly life, and, rather than disappoint or hurt them, she would attend a tiresome round of dinners and balls, while she yearned with her whole heart to be of some use in the world.

"He used to sit for hours in the evening with her picture before him," went on the man, "wondering how she would look saying certain things. And he used to imagine her dressed in certain dresses. He was sure that she wore gray—soft, clinging gray—with a lot of little ruffles at the bottom of the skirt, and some white things on the waist. And in the evening he was convinced she wore black.



"THIS ROOM IS ENGAGED"

"At last the man got a letter saying Miss Wentworth's mother was very ill, and Miss Wentworth was beside herself with grief. Then he knew that Miss Marston must die, since it was clearly impossible for her to be as sympathetic, in Denver, as Mr. Marston could be in New York. So he wrote to Miss Wentworth, saying he was coming East, and hoping that her mother's illness would not prevent her from seeing one whose heart ached to express its sympathy. Miss Wentworth replied that her mother's illness would only prevent her from receiving Miss Marston in her own house, but if Miss Marston would lunch with her at the Astoria she would certainly not neglect this chance of meeting her.

"Well, the man packed his suit-case, and went to New York. He had planned a great many speeches about his being a man, and her being good enough to forgive him, but when he stood before the door of the private parlor to which he had been shown, he felt suddenly that his sack-suit was an insult which no words of his could excuse.

"He tried to imagine how a person would feel who, expecting to meet a rather slim, haughty girl, found herself confronted by a rather big, humble man. He tried also to remember that his letters had always been discreet and ladylike, and that it was all her fault, anyway; and when he found that he could do none of these things, he lifted the curtains and went in.

"In the centre of the room, facing the door, stood a man.

"'This room is engaged,' he said, quickly.

"'I understood,' said the man who was not Miss Marston, somewhat taken aback, 'that it was engaged by — by — a lady.'

"'To a certain extent it is,' answered the other man. 'It is engaged by a Miss Courtenay Wentworth.'

"Then the man who was not Miss Marston began dimly to guess at things.

"'If you are her brother,' he said, 'and she's found out I'm a man, and is angry, won't you say so at once, please?'

"'I am nobody's brother,' said the man who was not Miss Wentworth. '*My* name happens to be Courtenay Wentworth. What are you talking about?'

"And when, after a long, long pause, the man told him, he flew into a violent passion. He said that he had never been a girl in all his life, but because he wrote a note for a girl somebody had taken him for one, and had written him letters which were so clever and brave and cheery that he had allowed himself to fall in love with her.

"He said he was very much in love with her indeed, and if she had never existed, he had been made a fool of, and he defied anybody to say that he hadn't. He didn't seem to see that there was quite another side to the question,—to realize what irreparable harm his distorted sense of humor had done. Indeed, he did not mention that he was sorry for pretending to be a girl with a sad, sweet mouth, and soft, clinging gray dresses, when he was in reality a man with a hard rasping voice and a very red neck indeed."



"ARE YOU HER BROTHER?"

"And the picture?" asked Billy.

"Was the picture of a girl named Courtenay Biggs, who had nothing whatever to do with the case."

The other man stood up.

"Billy," he said, "you may laugh. You are laughing now. But the girl who wrote those letters is the only girl I ever loved. I can see her now coming toward me—"

"With a neck which is very red indeed, and wearing a sack-coat," murmured Billy.

But the other man, gazing into space, did not seem to hear him.

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SPENDING THE TIME

SAID clever Timmie Timkins, as he passed his father's shop,
"If time is really money, what a wealthy man is Pop!
I think I'll go and ask him for a little pocket-money,
So I can spend a clock or two,—now wouldn't that be funny!"

Judicial Simplicity

IN the early days of Minnesota a man named Johnson was elected justice of the peace in a little town. He pretended to no judicial attainments, and was elevated to the place solely because he was the oldest man in the community.

The first case which came before him was that of a man charged with stealing a calf. Justice Johnson was conscious of his legal inexperience, so as much as possible to avoid the scrutiny of the public he put down the hearing for the next morning at seven o'clock. This was so early that when the time arrived the prosecuting attorney was not on hand, and his Honor faced only the sheriff and the prisoner and his lawyer.

"Gentlemen, you will please come to order," said the court, thumping on the table with his fist.

The lawyer arose and said:

"Your Honor, I represent the prisoner in the case. This is the hour at which the court was announced to open, and as the prosecuting attorney is not present, as he ought to be, I desire to make a motion that the prisoner be discharged."

The judge fidgeted about a moment and then said:

"Gentlemen, it is moved that the prisoner be discharged."

The lawyer nudged his client vigorously with his elbow.

"I second the motion," blurted out the prisoner.

"Gentlemen, you have heard the motion," said the court. "As many of you as are in favor of it signify by saying 'aye.'"

"Aye," called the lawyer and prisoner.

"Contrary - minded, 'no.'"

"No," shouted the sheriff.

"The 'ayes' have it. The prisoner is discharged. A motion to adjourn is in order."

The lawyer responded with the motion, the prisoner with the second, and Justice Johnson's first term of court was a thing of the past.

Misunderstood

"DID you have a pleasant time at Sunday-school?" asked Betty's mother.

"No," said the child.

"Why, what was the matter?"

"Jesus wasn't there."

"Yes, dear, He must have been, He is always there."

"He wasn't to-day," insisted Betty, "for the teacher got up and said,

"'Jesus is calling to-day,' and then we just sang and came home."

A Sonnet in X

EMBLEM of things that puzzle and perplex,
Of quantities unknown,—the kinds that mix
The algebra for youthful brains of six,
As well as those that minds of wisdom vex;
Convenient symbol for the gentle sex,
The hidden sense of sentences prolix,
And other mysteries we try to fix
Some meaning to, O wonder-letter X!

Type of the treasure in Pandora's box,
Of anything that needs a mental ax,
Or eyes more sharp than those of any lynx,
Or scent more keen than that of any fox!
Image of all obscurities that tax
The wits of man! Strange riddle of the Sphinx!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

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A POSTGRADUATE COURSE

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The Trick Man

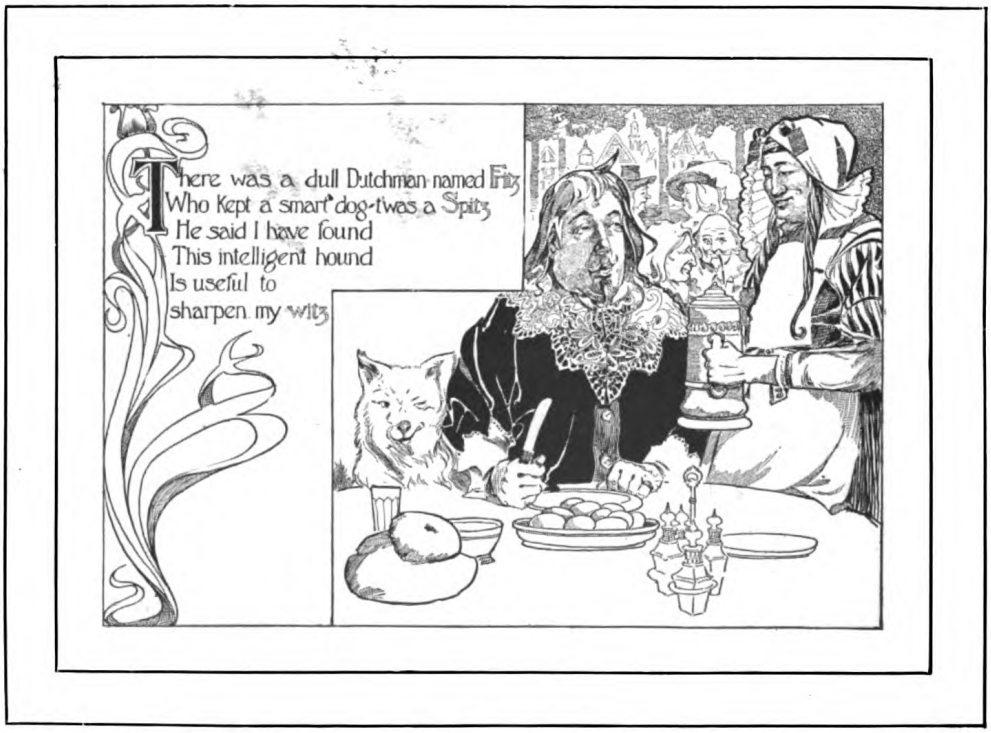
BY VICTOR A. HERMANN

EF we pas' down wheh de trick man stay
We run wid all our might;
Foh de blac'snake ghahd his house by day
En de whippo'will by night.
De blue-tail lizahd cuhl up in de do'
Fum sun-up cleh to dew;
En a lean blac' cat rise up fum de flo'
En hiss lak a snake et you.
"Sis-s! sis-s! sis-s!" det ol' cat say,—
Cross yo' fingehs en keep away.

My mammy say when de glow-wuhms glow
En de wohl am still es a mouse,
Det big chains rattle in de ol' sycomo'
In bac' ob de trick man's house.
Den red smoke roll fum de chimly clay
En de ebilist spirits prowl,
En ol' Satan cum (so mammy say)
On de wings ob a great blac' owl,
"Hoot! hoot! hoot!" det ol' owl say,—
De trick man's home, yo' betteh stay 'way.

De trick man sit en mumble to hisself
When de swamps am white wid fog;
He fills dem jahs on de chimbly shelf
Fum a pot on de ol' bac'log.
What's in de pot? Nobody kin tell,
'Ceptin' de ol' trick man;
En he take it along en he cast det spell
When dahkness fall obeh de lan'.
"Woo-o! woo-o! woo-o!" de night win' howl,—
Now am de time det de trick man prowl.

He scoop sum moul' fum de grabeyahd groun'
When de midnight bells do ring;
En he stih it roun' en roun' en roun'
Wid de tip ob a blac' owl's wing.
He seal it in a pouch ob dried snake-skin,
En he tie it wid a red cotton rag;
He cum to yo' spring en he drop it in,
En yo's tricked fum de trick man's bag.
"'Sh! 'sh! 'sh!" yo' betteh not stay,
De trick man's cummin', cummin' dis way.



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By Mozart

THE average compositor has a most intense dislike for contractions, and rarely puts one in his pages when it can be avoided. When he and the reporter disagree as to the meaning of some abbreviation the result is sometimes amusing.

A good example of this occurred recently in a Southern city, where a popular touring orchestra was giving a Sunday-night concert. Naturally their selections were principally of a sacred character. Next morning the *Daily* —— announced:

"The second part opened with a splendid rendition of the 'Overture from the Twelfth Massachusetts, by Mozart.'"



A REMINDER

"Why is the string on your finger, Professor?"

PROFESSOR. *"Let—me—see. Aha! I have it! It is to remind me that if I should lose this umbrella, I am to purchase another."*

Not Human

A PROMINENT physician of Philadelphia was standing in front of one of the monkey-cages in the monkey-house in Fairmount Park a short time ago. Looking about, he saw an old negro watching the curious antics of the animals.

The physician, hoping to gain some information on the Darwinian theory, said, "Uncle, they seem almost human, don't they?"

The old negro, with a most disgusted look on his face, replied: "Human? Dey ain't no moah human dan I is." C. M. B.

How He Knew

LITTLE Tommie had a number of pet chickens, but found it very difficult to tell which were hens and which roosters. There was one "frizzly" that specially puzzled him. One day, however, it gave utterance to an unmistakable "crow." Tommie rushed into the parlor, where his mother was entertaining visitors, and, almost breathless with excitement, exclaimed:

"Mamma, you know that little frizzly hen? Well, she's a rooster!"

Thoughts

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

OH, why do we look so old and worn?
Because we must work, you know,
So hard, so terribly hard, to keep
Our clothes from looking so!

BLUE BLOOD

He may have "neither wit nor words."
He needs them not, for he,
In cases of emergency
Can climb his Family Tree! C. Y. G.

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Due to the Cloth

GENERAL CHAFFEE was at one time during the civil war stationed at Jackson, Mississippi. While there he contracted yellow fever. Now it is said the gallant young captain feared not shot nor shell, but had a desperate fear of "yellow jack." He insisted that a clergyman be sent for at once, as he knew that he would die. In a short while the young clergyman in charge of the parish arrived, and began to read, as requested, the "Prayers for the Dying." Some soldiers just outside the door became somewhat boisterous, and an oath or two **was** heard in the sick-room. Captain Chaffee raised up and said, indignantly: "Tell those fellows to be quiet there. I'll be d——d if they shall cuss in the presence of the minister!" Mr. C—— with difficulty finished the prayers; but he had hope of the captain's recovery. B.

Reproved

TEACHER *(to a boy who is gazing in mirror at himself)*. "Why do you look at yourself, John, in the glass? You do not consider yourself good-looking, I hope?"

PUPIL. "Certainly I do, ma'am; I'm as good-looking as the Lord, for the Lord made me in His own image." L. M. G.

A Landscape

A TEACHER of the primary grade acting upon the approved method of drawing thought from the child, asked if any little girl in the drawing class could give her a definition for a landscape, or tell just what kind of a picture was formed in the mind when that word was used. Quickly up fluttered little Frieda's hand, and she was invited to the platform to tell the class about it. With pride and dignity she responded—"A landscape is a—a little piece of outdoors."

Ballad of Anticipation

SOME day the poems I shall sign
Will knock R. Browning's fame askew:
The pictures I shall paint will shine
Among the famous medalled few;
I haven't done them yet, but who
Can hurry Art with bribe or threat?
Some day my dreams will all come true—
And some day I shall kiss Jeannette!

Some day I'll own a copper-mine,
A mansion on the Avenue,
A motor, and a yacht; in fine,
I shall not have a thing to do
Except to watch my cash accrue
And let the other fellow fret;
Then I shall have more time to woo,
And some day I shall kiss Jeannette!

Some day in Paris I shall dine,
Of Venice have a private view,
And buy a castle on the Rhine;
The Tyrol I shall wander through.
The sun shall shine, the sky be blue,
The sorry past I shall forget;
The Golden Girl I shall pursue,
And some day I shall kiss Jeannette.

Cupid, I may miss one or two
Good things on which my heart is set,
But this, at least, I swear to you—
That some day I shall kiss Jeannette!

FRANK ROE BATCHELDER.



THE DIMINUTIVE "K"

TEACHER. "*An Indian woman is called a squaw. Now tell me what an Indian baby is called?*"
LITTLE MARY JANE. "*Please, ma'am, a squawk!*"

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Illustration for "In Ursula's Garden"

See page 909

HER LOVERS THREE PRAISED HER

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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"King John"

CRITICAL COMMENT BY JOSEPH KNIGHT

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

WITHOUT being absolutely unique, the position occupied by *King John* among the historical plays of Shakespeare is distinct and noteworthy. Animated, it may be supposed, by a design to depict in dramatic shape the history of England during those reigns with which, in view of national sympathies and queenly prejudices, it was judicious or safe to deal, Shakespeare began, in imitation of and partly, it is held, in association with Christopher Marlowe, the series of historical plays which occupied ten years of his life, and bridged over in a sense the period in which he concerned himself with comedies and with

> Such sights as youthful poets dream
> On summer-eves by haunted stream,

and that in which he dealt with the deepest mysteries of passion and the gravest problems of existence. Exact evidence of the date of many of the plays is not forthcoming, and though for a century and a half the best critical intellect has occupied itself with the production of testimony, internal and external, of circumstances of composition and production, much has to be taken on trust, and more remains conjecture. By the decision of authorities not yet displaced it has to be assumed that the earliest of the historical plays is to be assigned to 1594. As to the share of Shakespeare in Marlowe's *Edward III.* on which Mr. Fleay insists, which had previously been advanced by Capell and Halliwell-Phillipps, which wins the acceptance of Dr. Brandes and is scouted by Mr. Swinburne, as on other points of asserted collaboration by Shakespeare, it is inexpedient and superfluous to dwell when dealing with a single drama the authorship of which is undisputed. *Richard III.*, in a sense the final play of the historical series, since, apart from the question of authorship, *Henry VIII.* comes into another category, is supposed to be the first in order of composition, and is followed, with no long interval, by *Richard II.* The three parts of *Henry VI.* are, in fact, anterior, belonging to 1592. Shakespeare's share in them is, however, neither large nor absolutely defined, and the opinion generally accepted is that it did not extend beyond revision and additions.

King John is assigned by Dr. Sidney Lee to 1594, and by Mr. Fleay to 1596, the latter date winning the more general acceptance. One certainty, and one alone, exists. It is mentioned for the first time in the *Palladis Tamia* of

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Francis Meres, a work entered in the *Stationers' Register* September 7, 1598, and is accordingly earlier than that date. The chief reason for the ascription to 1596 of *King John* is that in that year Shakespeare's son Hamnet, on whom many hopes are naturally believed to have been built, expired. In the parish register of Stratford-on-Avon appears, under the year 1596, the following entry: "August 11. Hamnet, filius William Shakespeare." Having been born on February 2, 1585, Hamnet Shakespeare was a little over eleven and a half years old. Seeking to make the most of the few exact dates to be found in Shakespearian chronology, commentators have arrived at the conclusion that this calamity in Shakespeare's life is responsible for his choice of a subject, and that the father drew, in dealing with the character of Arthur of Bretagne, upon his recollections of his son, and found in the character of Constance a vehicle for the utterance of his own sufferings and regrets. The conjecture is plausible enough, and in the case of a lesser man might have ample justification. Where, it might be asked, but in personal sufferings could a writer find expressions so poignant and so pathetic as the answer of Constance to the rebuke of King Philip, beginning:

> Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form; [etc.].

No less pertinently, however, it may be asked, whence but from personal knowledge and experience did Shakespeare draw his insight into the ambitious, turbulent, defeated, and despairing soul of Lady Macbeth, the tortured heart of Othello, and the flickering brain of Lear? Whence, indeed, came the inspiration that made him the greatest of creators and the most dramatic of poets? It is unduly to limit his powers and perceptions, and to reduce him to the level of those of his age over whom, great as they are, he towers, to assume such antecedent experience to be indispensable.

In the present case neither the *post hoc* nor the *propter hoc* is to be denied. In favor of the theory that Shakespeare was animated by his loss to deal with the fate of Arthur it may be advanced that he abandoned the all but completed record of the wars of York and Lancaster, with which until that time in his historical plays he had alone concerned himself, and transferred his attention to an earlier epoch, with which he had shown no intention to deal. Those are not wanting who hold that the introduction of Arthur into a play already written was an afterthought,—an idea which is at once improbable and unproven. When some years later *Henry VIII.* was added to the historic plays, the motives to its inclusion are, as says Dr. Brandes, inscribed, in invisible writing on every page, "Written to order."

In the case of *King John* it is fair to conjecture—nothing more than conjecture being available—that the intention was to enlarge the scheme of the historic chronicles.

It is possible even to conceive that the character of the bastard Philip Faulconbridge, afterwards Sir Richard Plantagenet, is drawn from a sketch intended for his father, Richard Cœur de Lion.

Dismissing all theory and supposition, there remains the fact with which we are fronted, that a previous play on the same subject, afterwards to be erroneously or fraudulently ascribed to Shakespeare, was in existence and had been acted with success. The title of this work, which is in two parts, and of the original edition of which only one copy is known to be in existence, is, "*The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discouerie of King Richard Cordelions Base Sonne (vulgaly* [*sic*] *named, The Bastard Fawconbridge); also the death of King Iohn at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London. Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop on the backeside of the Royall Exchange.* 1591." This work, reprinted in 1611, and therein assigned to W. Sh. for the purpose of deluding the purchaser into the belief it was Shakespeare's—proving incidentally that the name of the dramatist was

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ACT II.: SCENE I. BEFORE THE WALLS OF ANGIER

ELINOR: "*Come to thy grandam, child*"

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already one "with which to conjure,"—covers precisely the same ground as that of Shakespeare. The second part of this has a separate title—"The Second part of the troublesome Raigne of King *John, conteining the death* of Arthur Plantaginet, the landing of Lewes, and the poysoning of King John at Swinstead *Abbey*," etc.

On this piece Shakespeare seized, departing from it widely as regards language, omitting much of the rather rancorous Protestantism with which it is charged, and informing it with passion and poetry, of which it has not a trace. The story is closely followed. In one or two places Shakespeare seems to have borne in mind the very language of his predecessor. In the quarrel between Queen Elinor and Constance the former says, in *The Troublesome Raigne,*

I can inferre a Will,
That barres the way he [Arthur] vrgeth by discent,

to which Constance replies:

A Will indeede, a crabbed Womans will,
Wherein the Diuell is an ouerseer,
And proud dame Elinor sole Executresse.

In Shakespeare the words are:

Thou unadvisèd scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

From the dying speeches of King John, Shakespeare seems to have borrowed a little. The famous termination,

Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true,

is, in the earlier version,

If Englands Peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor Pope, nor Fraunce, nor Spaine can doo us wrong.

The dragging in of Spain so soon after the defeat of the Armada shows in what spirit the earlier play, to which Shakespeare contributed not a line, is written. For the rest we have doubly rimed lines, of a kind not easily paralleled in the Tudor drama.

A Friar thus says:

Oh I am undun, faire Alice the Nun
Hath tooke up her rest in the Abbot's chest.
Sancte benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.
Fie Alice, confession will not salue this transgression.

Faulconbridge is described by Chatillon, called Chattilion, as—

A Bastard of the King's deceast,
A hardy wildehead, tough and venturous.

Arthur is, in *The Troublesome Raigne,* older than he appears in *King John.* His disputation with Hubert is totally devoid of pathos. In seeking the author of the work, which has been curiously and one might almost think maliciously ascribed to Marlowe, it should be noted that, in addition to the fact that much of it is written in rime, the author also vigorously cultivates alliteration. The second of the following lines addressed by Hubert to Arthur constitutes a remarkable instance of the use of this real or supposed grace of style:

Patience, yong Lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmfull and harsh, hath horror to be heard.

So slight as to be scarcely perceptible is Shakespeare's obligation, as regards language, to the anonymous author of *The Troublesome Raigne.* So far as regards story, however, he has adhered so closely that he has dispensed with his customary reference to Holinshed, direct obligation to whom is scarcely to be traced.

It would not be worth while to dwell upon a work which no serious student has ever ascribed to Shakespeare, and with which none but a tradesman anxious to vend an unsaleable book would associate the dramatist's name. Better, however, than a play of superior merit, this volume shows Shakespeare's method of workmanship. It is scarcely fantastic to say that Shakespeare solved the great problem of the transmutation of metals, in pursuit of which the alchemist wasted his substance and his life. Keeping virtually to the fable as he found it, he turned the lead into gold. There are those, Gervinus and Mr. Frederick S. Boas among them, who find in *The Troublesome Raigne* some merit. In spite of the fact that a fresh edition, also ascribed to Shakespeare, appeared in 1622, the year

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KING JOHN

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before Shakespeare's play saw the light in the first folio, it is, in fact, very poor stuff.

Next to what Mr. Swinburne has called "the supreme and sovereign trilogy of *King Henry IV.* and *King Henry V.*" stands among Shakespeare's historical plays *King John.* With actors it has scarcely been a favorite, and no record of its performance before February 26, 1737, survives. Eight years later Cibber produced at Covent Garden his *Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John,* perhaps the most infamous of his adaptations from Shakespeare. This had, however, the effect of stimulating curiosity concerning the subject, and raising the original into the nearest approach to vogue it ever obtained on the stage. In the closet the case has been different, and the sorrows and death of Prince Arthur have probably extorted more tears than any of the "sad stories of the deaths of kings," with which the Tudor drama abounds. It contains, in addition to many subordinate pictures drawn with a firm hand, four characters of the highest order. These are, of course, Constance, Arthur, King John himself, and the bastard Faulconbridge. Mr. Swinburne, the one critic with unfailing inspiration and insight, says that, as Katharine is the crowning blossom of *King Henry VIII.,* Constance is "the jewel of *King John.*"

This is as true as it is beautifully said, and it loses none of its truth when Constance is contemplated from the acting standpoint. So judged, she is perhaps the most intensely dramatic of all Shakespeare's gallery of mourning queens. Among the sillinesses that have been uttered concerning Shakespeare, one of the best known and most futile is the assertion that he killed Mercutio for fear that Mercutio might otherwise kill him. With slightly less absurdity it might be maintained that he killed Constance because the white heat of passion which she reaches in her early scenes, and the agonies of suffering to which she is subsequently a prey, could neither be enhanced nor sustained. Such passion as she exposes does indeed kill. Not at all the kind of "grief that will not speak" is that of Constance. Her woes are clamorous as her sorrow is "proud." All the same, they whisper the o'erfraught heart and bid it break. Her opening words in the third act,

> Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
> False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends! [etc.],

surpass in emotional vigor and intensity almost any others assigned to a woman in Shakespeare, and seem to defy the utmost power of the actress. No artist has accordingly risen to the height of them, though almost all the greatest have essayed the part. Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Siddons went nearest. The latter records that while the negotiations for peace were being carried on she never omitted to place herself, with Arthur in her hands, "to hear the march when, upon the reconciliation of England and France, the combined armies enter the gates of Angiers to ratify the contract of marriage . . . . because the sickening sounds of that march would usually cause the bitter tears of rage, disappointment, betrayed confidence, baffled ambition, and, above all, the agonizing feelings of maternal affection to gush into *her* eyes." Words were not the medium in which Mrs. Siddons worked, otherwise this very declaration, designed to show how thoroughly she entered into the part, might be taken to prove only how incompetent she was to grasp it.

John is a finely drawn and powerfully contrived character, but this worst of the Angevin kings is too infirm in purpose, and in every way too pitiful and despicable to form a fitting centre of action. His dying scene is intensely dramatic, and the passages in which he opens his mind to Hubert de Burgh concerning the murder of Arthur constitute the most marvellous psychological study in the range of the drama. The greatest actors who have essayed the part have often hesitated between it and Faulconbridge; and Garrick, whose stature seemed prohibitive of his playing the descendant of Richard I. when he substituted that character for King John, was greatly exercised how to find exponents for the other personages by the side of whom he would show, and chose for the Robert Faulconbridge an actor named Simpson, whose favorite rôle was the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet.* A

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ACT IV. SCENE III. THE CASTLE WALLS

ARTHUR: "*The wall is high; and yet will I leap down*

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diminution of sympathy and fervor is to be expected when John, who has uttered to Cardinal Pandulph the memorable vaunt,

> That no Italian priest
> Shall tithe or toll in our dominions,

afterwards surrenders into his hand the circle of his glory,—otherwise his crown. Of all Shakespeare's kings, he is, moreover, the only one who is hopelessly abject. The one thing that can be urged in his favor is that Faulconbridge retains his devotion, which may be to the crown to which by birth he is so near rather than to its wearer, and also seems to believe that John may still

> Away; and glister like the god of war.

For John's shortcomings Faulconbridge makes ample amends. In no other character in Shakespeare is the turbulent, buoyant, and martial spirit of Englishmen so finely and fully illustrated, and in none do the reckless daring and devilry of the most loyal and patriotic of warriors find so passionate and vehement utterance. It needs no tearing of the lion's skin from the shoulders of the recreant Austria to prove the bastard of royal race. What is almost regal responsibility lights his brows from the moment he is trusted with the control of John's battle. In spite of his temporary acquiescence in John's instructions to murder Arthur, Hubert speaks on every occasion like a brave man, whom the exalted rank of noblemen, such as Salisbury, Norfolk, and Pembroke, cannot cow.

Every speech assigned him shows firm resolve, unalterable courage, and overpowering patriotism. To him, too, is assigned the closing speech, perhaps the most characteristically national utterance in the play.

There remains the character of Prince Arthur. Shakespeare has presented him as some years younger than his real age, adding thus to the pathos of what are perhaps the most harrowing scenes he has written. Never was any appeal so melting, so irresistible, as the words he addresses to Hubert. Criticism, principally of the German school, has dwelt upon the frivolous inquiry whether Arthur was capable of responding with adequate warmth to the frenzied devotion and adoration of Constance, as though the heartrending words of the prince upon his capture by his uncle did not place the fact beyond question,—

> O, this will make my mother die with grief.

Other criticism or exegesis has shown how far the action of the play casts a light upon feudal custom in England, and one Danish writer of intelligence holds rather prosaically that "Arthur's entreaties to the rugged Hubert to spare his eyes must have represented in Shakespeare's thought the prayers of his little Hamnet to be suffered still to see the light of day, or rather Shakespeare's appeal to Death to spare the child, prayers and appeals which were all in vain."

The English earls, Pandulph, the French King, and the Dauphin are drawn with a firm hand, and the mourning queens recall naturally those in *Richard III.* A keen debate has been maintained as to the share which ambition has in the defeat of Constance. This imports no more than does the question how far in *King John* Shakespeare appealed to the Protestant sympathies of his own time. The spirit by which *King John* is animated is distinctly Protestant. So free is it from the rancor which pervades *The Troublesome Raigne* that some excuse seems furnished for the opinion, more than once expressed, that Shakespeare gives proof of Catholic leanings.

What, however, is regarded as Catholicism may probably be accepted as indifferentism — a sort of "a plague on both your houses." The style in the versification has much in common with that of *Richard.* There are many rimed passages. Full mastery had not been acquired of the blank verse, the highest poetic medium of which the English language is capable, and the separate lines are, as a rule, perfect and self-contained. This is specially noticeable in the address of the men of Angiers concerning the proposed marriage between the Dauphin and Blanch of Spain.

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The King o' Dreams

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

"And I ha' made me a man o' dreams,
To be my king," said she.
—*The King o' Dreams.*

I EXPECT that after a very long time —several years, probably — I shall come to realize that I am again a sane, ordinary, real girl in a real and ordinary world, but just now I cannot feel it that way at all. I cannot believe that the things about me are in the least normal or even tangible, and that I am not moving in a queer and rather foolish dream.

Everything is so absurd. I should not be surprised if the furniture began at any moment to dance, or deliberately to wheel about as it used to in the hospital. Ah well! as I said before, probably I shall one day come back to the world with my feet firm on the ground again.

They tell me that it was only a little more than a year I was in that dreadful hospital. But it seems a lifetime to me, looking backward, — a lifetime of white walls, and a white bed, and a white light that brightened and faded regularly each month—I mean each day.

Such marvellous things happened there! Very remarkable animals came out from somewhere and played about on the wall, or sat on the foot of my bed, singing to me. Sometimes they were part animal and part human, but very beautifully colored, and they were all most friendly—unless I sang too; then they were annoyed. Also, there was one animal which, toward the end, used to come quite regularly to sit on the foot of the bed, and it was I. But I did not care for me as much as for the others, because I never sang, and because I was not so beautifully colored.

I remember that I was sorry when they all went away and never came back, even though the pain behind my eyes went too, for then there was nothing to do but lie there in the white bed and weep bitterly to think that when I became well I should have to bathe and dress every single day of my life. It was almost too much to bear.

And now I am well, they say, and I have come to my home, they say. *This* my home,—this great, dark, still house with the acres of trees and gardens about it? I am a stranger in it. I had a father, it seems, ages ago, to share it with me, but they have told me very gently that he died of the fever which nearly killed me. His picture hangs in the great hall at the end of a long row of others, like it, though in strange clothes, but I do not recognize the man. I should say that I never knew him. He is not my notion of a proper father at all. He is dark and lowering and stern, with a great beard. I prefer them with a very pink skin and thin white hair and a white mustache, and very, very courtly old-school manners. Now if only I had a father like that!

There are servants about the place, whom, I am told, I should remember, but, dear me! they are perfect strangers. There is one rather dear old woman who acts as my maid, and weeps over me, and calls me her lamb. She is forever begging me to remember things or people or happenings out of that old life, and sometimes I pretend that I can remember them, just to please her. Of course I cannot recall anything, except, as I said before, a very few trifling disconnected matters that are quite distinct in my mind. When you walk through a thin fog the things immediately behind you are quite distinct. A little farther back you lose details but see looming masses. Behind that still there is only a white blank. My year of fever is a thin fog. I wonder if it will ever lift. Somehow I seem not to care much. This new world, unreal and dreamlike though it is, gives me entertainment enough. . . .

It is a month now that I have been here, and Jemima—she is the rather dear

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old person who is my maid—says that I grow stronger and more beautiful every day. Of course the latter adjective is quite absurd. I can never have been beautiful at any time, for my hair is no particular color at all, just streaked brown and yellow, and my eyes are much too big for me, and my nose turns up a little at the end. Oh no! I can never have been even pretty, because, you see, all those things are permanent faults. They're not just the results of illness, like my thin arms and neck and my pale cheeks. I am sorry, I think, for I should like to be beautiful.

Alas, it grows dull here! Dear old Dr. Chrystie wants me to have my cousin Adèle come for a visit, wants me to see some of the neighbors, to take a little trip to New York, but I will have none of it. I do not know just why, but I dread it. I am lonely, but I will not have people about. Perhaps it is because I cannot yet feel that I am in an actual world, that I cannot shake off this strange dream sense, that I walk still in a maze. After all, if I am lonely, it is not a terrible loneliness. There is the big library with its thousands of books. I live in there with the book people. I have been reading some old French tales of love and chivalry. They walk closest with my mood nowadays. I wonder if there remains such love in the world—love that will suffer and sacrifice, love like Aucassin's and Nicolette's. Probably not. Oh, but if there is! if a man could lay such a love as that in a girl's hands, how she must guard it, hold it to her breast, thrill with it, pray over it! Love is a very wonderful thing.

I said that I lived in the great library, but also I take long walks among the trees. It seems that my estate is very broad. One may walk for an hour and never reach its borders, save at one spot, down below the Italian garden, where a neighbor's property thrusts a long wedge of land into mine.

And I write letters sometimes to my cousin Adèle, who begs me to visit her in Washington, and tells me about the dances and the teas and things that fill her time, and seem to me so stupid. Then there are the dressmakers who come from New York with great boxes of beautiful things, and pull me about and torture me with trying them on. I expect it is worth while. If one is not pretty, one can at least have pretty clothes.

So my loneliness is a mitigated one. I think I am moderately happy with my books and my walks and my clothes; still—I wish my father were here. I want a father. My mother died when I was born, so that I have never known what a mother's care is; but my father—yes, I want a father.

I have had the most wonderful idea! It came to me the other evening as I walked in the great hall where the armor and the portraits hang. I was looking at my father's picture and thinking how different he must have been from my ideal, when the thought came to me, swift as a blow: "Why not pretend a father? Why not make one up, just as I should like him to be?" I think I laughed aloud for sheer delight. It would be so easy and so simple.

Why not a make-believe father? He would be to me as tangible as old Jemima, who is but a gray shade; as articulate as Hobbs, the butler, who slips in and out like a grayer phantom. Yes, I laughed aloud for sheer delight, and, full of my beautiful plan, I ran to the study and called Jemima.

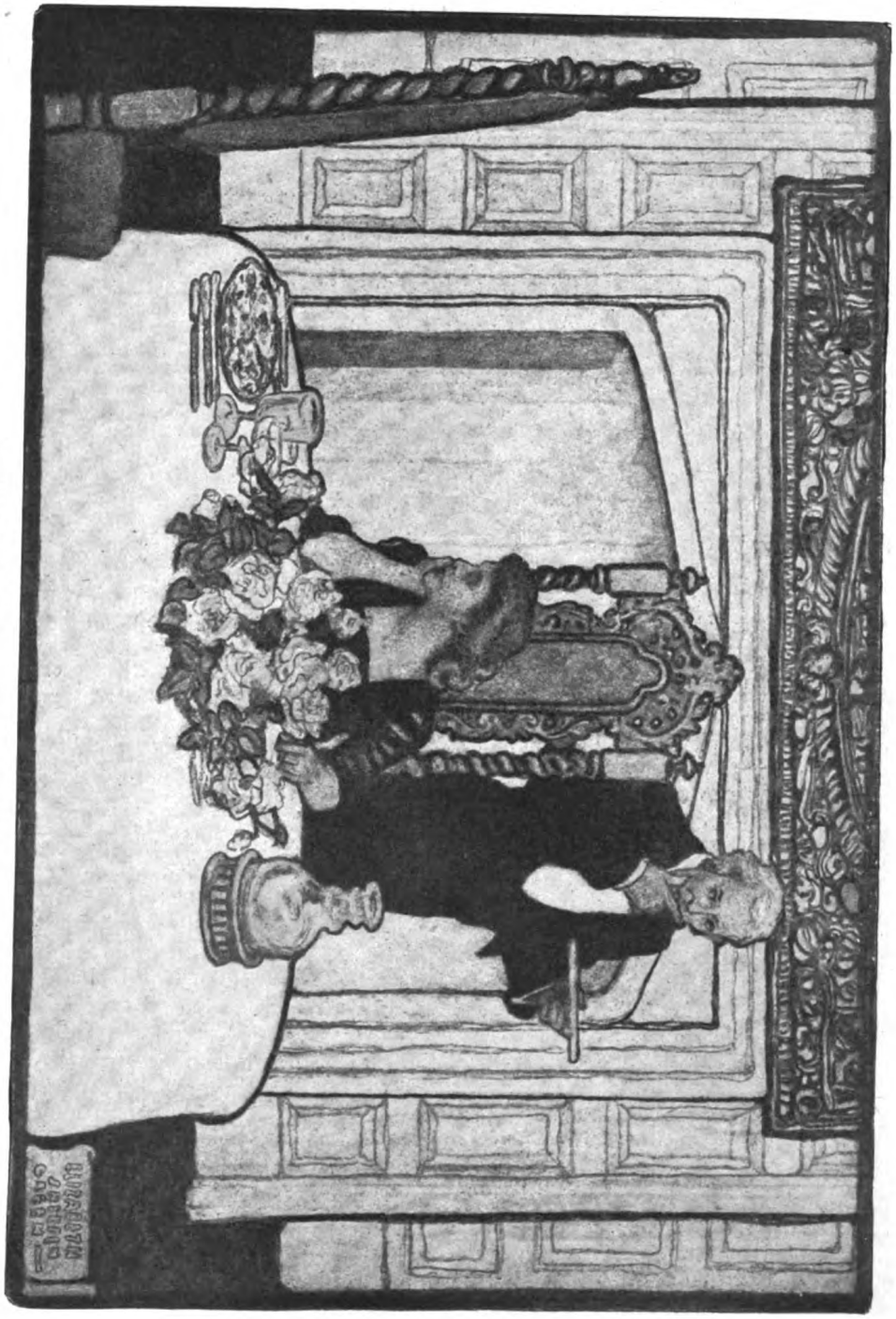
At first she opened her mouth and stared. Then she looked at me very strangely, and her poor old lips began to twitch and her eyes to fill, and she wept, calling me her poor lamb many times. It was long before I could make her understand that I was quite serious and sane about it all, and that hereafter my father was to be considered an existing member of the household.

Jemima left the room, shaking her head sadly, to give Hobbs instructions as to the new state of affairs—in the matter of another place at table and the like. I think she prayed about me that night, poor old dear! but I went to my bed full of a happy excitement and lay awake for hours.

Hobbs was in the breakfast-room when I came down the next morning. He broke a dish when I asked him if my father had been down ahead of me.

Then, just as I was sitting, He came in from the study. He was such a beautiful old man! He was tall and gaunt

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IT WAS NEARLY THE DEATH OF HOBBS

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and stooped—oh, the littlest bit in the world! He had a hooked nose, and great shaggy eyebrows, and the eyes under them were blue and very kind, though sad sometimes, for thinking of my mother. He had a white mustache, and his hair was brushed forward at the sides over his ears. I ran to him and kissed him good-morning, and he took up one of my hands in his, with his little whimsical smile, and kissed it most gallantly. I have *such* a beautiful father! It was nearly the death of Hobbs, for he had to take father's coffee over to him, and ask him how he liked his eggs done; but he has since come on most surprisingly. He even holds father's chair for him now, and pushes it under him just at the right moment. So now there is no more loneliness.

It is only a week since those last words were written, but already — oh, I suppose I am an ungrateful little cat—I am lonely again. Not exactly lonely, perhaps, but there remains in me some want that not even my beautiful old father can fill; an empty chamber whose door not even he can open.

I have been reading my old French love-tales over again; not aloud to father, but quite to myself when father is shut up with his tiresome affairs. I wonder again if there remains such love in the world. Probably not. I wonder. Last night I lay awake for hours thinking of it and thrilling to the thought. I have never—to my knowledge—loved any man, but I think a girl may feel, in some dim prophetic fashion, the thrill of love, the leap of heart which answers another heart's leaping, the ecstasy of surrender. It is the shadow that life casts before it, faint across the mind. And, lying there wide-eyed in the dark, I tried to picture what this gray life of mine might be, turned to rose and gold, glorified by the crown that is one day set upon every life —so my books say. I tried to picture what he must be like, the king who should see my face, in passing, and turn to me, forgetting the others, and look in my eyes, telling me that I was the princess whom he had gone seeking all his life. He would be tall, I said, tall and straight like father, but he would have no mustache, only close-cropped hair, and a lean square face a little stern and drawn, with great grave eyes and straight brows. He must smile with his eyes when I am with him, and his voice must go lower and deeper, and he must be tender as strong men are—infinitely tender.

Such a man my king must be, and, oh, I could be his slave!—starve for him, suffer for him, die for him, if I might see his eyes before I died, and hear his voice.

I tried to fancy how he might come to me, to see how much to be desired I was above other women. Of course he could not come,—really, that is, in the flesh. I must call him to me out of my own world as I called my father. It would never do to have him in the house. Father would not approve, and I was certain that Jemima would give notice. I could not go out of my broad lands to meet him. Then, all at once, I thought of the wedge of land which is thrust into mine down below the Italian gardens. That was the place. I should find him there. He would be my neighbor, and we would meet quite by accident, each on our own territory.

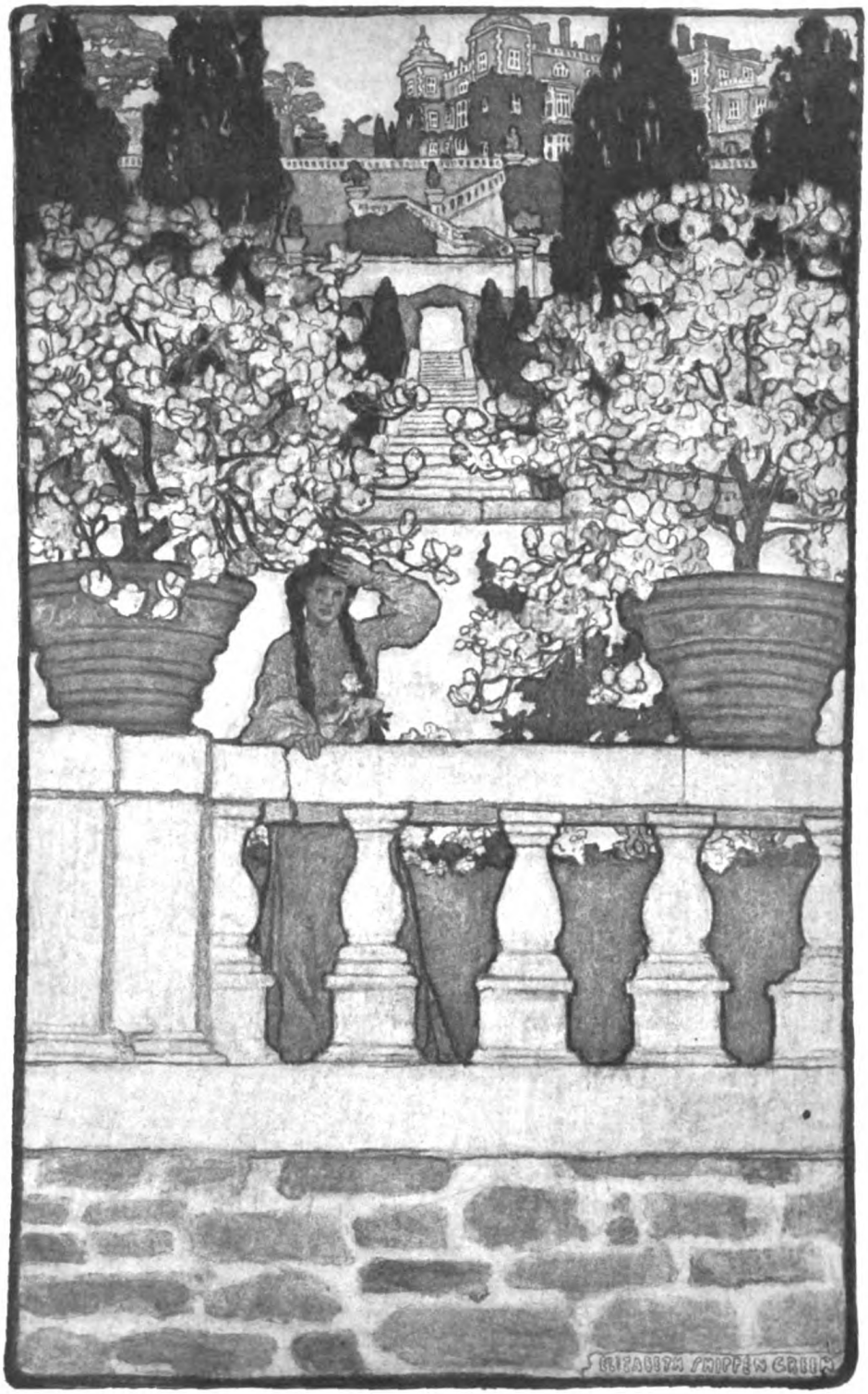
It happened this morning quite as I had planned. Father left me after breakfast to shut himself up in his study over some papers, and I went down through the fir-trees which stand about the house, down across the farther sloping lawn to the foot of the Italian garden. The terrace there is bordered by magnolias set in marble jars. They make an arbor quite hidden from the grounds above. There is a broad balustrade of marble. Leaning upon this, one looks directly down upon the wedge of turf a fathom below. It is a balcony for a Juliet.

Then I waited, leaning upon the balustrade, and I think my heart beat fast. It was a gray day, but warm and sweet, and the clouds were breaking. At one moment they parted and a shaft of sunlight came and fell across my face and hair. I wear my hair in two great hanging braids, since there is no one to see, save Jemima and Hobbs and the gardeners—and, of course, father.

"Oh, now, now!" I whispered, for I knew that my poor beauty, which, alas! is no beauty at all, must be glorified in that sudden flash of gold.

And he came.

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THE TERRACE THERE IS BORDERED WITH MAGNOLIAS

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He was as I had made him, tall and thin and broad, lean-cheeked, square-jawed, with gray still eyes. I think that for an instant, though it was I who had fashioned him, I suffered a little shock that he should be in riding-breeches and a jacket, instead of doublet and hose. Somehow I had associated him with those ancient lovers of my books. Ah, he was very beautiful! Does it all sound mad, fantastic, foolish, that I should speak of this man, who was but the creature of my fancy, as having breath and substance? Alas! all my world, by some strange trick of that fever, is a world of shades and phantoms. Among them all, the beings I create are the most real. To me they have more breath and substance than the others.

When he raised his eyes and saw me, his hand shook a little, and he stood very still, lips parted, eyes upon mine for a long time. It seemed as if he did not breathe.

I do not know how long we might have stood so. It was the fading of the ray of sunshine from my face and hair that moved us. He made a sudden gesture, my king, catching his breath, as the light went. It was as if he would have caught and held it there longer. Then I spoke.

"The sunlight may not last forever, sir," I said. But he never stirred his eyes from mine.

"Oh, madam!" said he, "you bear sunlight with you." And he took another quick breath. "You are the most beautiful thing in all God's world," he said, in a half-whisper, and my silly heart began to throb, for I had not meant him to say that—not so soon. It was almost as if he were a real man, independent of me, speaking from his own mind—so far this strange creating fancy of mine outruns my consciousness.

"Will you tell me who you are?" said my king, after we had been another long time silent. And I lifted my face from the hands that had been hiding it.

"Does it matter?" I asked.

"No," said he, quite gravely. "No, it does not matter. Still — are you Madelon Hope?"

"Yes," said I. "They tell me that I am Madelon Hope. I suppose it is true."

He looked at me a moment, a bit strangely, as Jemima sometimes does.

"I have heard of you," he said at last. "I think I saw you once, a long time ago. I am your neighbor here. I did not know that you were—were returned." It had seemed to me best that he should be my neighbor, since then it would be quite natural for us to meet.

"I do not remember," said I. "I suppose I should know about you, but there are so many things that I have forgotten. I have been ill."

"Yes," said he, very gently — "yes, I—know."

The clouds overhead parted for a moment and the same flood of gold came down across my hair and face. And at once my king fell silent again, gazing at me with widened eyes and drawn lips. Somewhere I have seen that look painted upon the face of Galahad of Arthur's Court, upturned to the Holy Vision.

It was as I would have him look, my king, but somehow it made me uneasy—flushed my cheeks so that I could not meet his eyes.

"I am not beautiful," said I, resentfully. "It is the sunlight on my hair."

"Oh, madam!" said he again, "you are the most beautiful thing in all God's world. I had not thought that anything so beautiful could live."

And my cheeks went crimson again, and I hid my face in my arms over the marble balustrade.

But there came steps on the path above the terrace, and voices. It was only two under-gardeners bringing water, but I would not have even their eyes profane my love-making.

"Ah, you must go!" I cried to my king. "Some one is coming. You must not be seen—" He whom only my eyes might ever see, alas! "I—shall be here to-morrow," I whispered. "Oh, come to-morrow!" And I pulled a little white rose from the cluster at my breast and dropped it to him. He was holding it with both hands against his lips when I turned away from the balustrade and went up through the gardens toward the lonely house, into my great room of books, and sank down in one of the leather chairs there, pressing my hands over my eyes. I was all aquiver from head to foot with an exquisite new thrill. Loneliness? There was no more of it, nor dulness, nor

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ennui. The door of the empty chamber in my heart swung wide and closed again—and it was no longer empty. I counted the hours till to-morrow morning, and my heart jumped at what the morning would bear. Oh, a life without love in it is such a gray thing!

This afternoon dear old Dr. Chrystie drove out from the village. He comes every few days. He kissed me on the cheek and pumped my two hands up and down in his funny hearty way. And he cried out that something had made me a new woman all at once. I had to laugh aloud at that. It was so true, and the old dear knew so little about it!

"Why, God bless my soul!" he shouted. "You're as red and as brown as a farmer's wench. What have you been doing to yourself, eh?" He took me by the shoulders and turned me about before a long mirror. "Look there," said he; "look at yourself. God bless me, you're developing into a tearing little beauty! Look!"

Of course I am no beauty. That is absurd. But I clung to him in the silliest fashion, begging him to say if he really and truly thought I was pretty, till he burst into one of his great roars of laughter and kissed me on the other cheek.

"You'll do," he cried, nodding at me. "You'll do. No one will ever have occasion to call you ugly. I'd like to know what has made you pick up so fast, though."

So then I told him about father, and about how we two got on so beautifully together, and about what an old darling father was—I could not bring myself to speak of the other. I think he was not pleased, though I cannot see why. He looked at me very strangely, and hemmed and hawed a great deal, and he walked up and down the room for quite a long time with his hands clasped under his coat tails, scowling.

Then at last he asked me if I would promise to do something for him, and when I foolishly agreed he told me to invite my cousin Adèle to come and spend a week.

"You need the companionship of another young girl," he said. "That's better than this—this pretending of yours. Get your cousin here as soon as ever you can."

So, since I promised, I suppose I must write to Adèle. I hope she cannot come; or, if she comes, I hope she will not stay long.

My cousin Adèle is here, and I am quite in despair. It is more dreadful even than I had feared. There is nothing quiet about Adèle. She wants always to be doing something violent,—riding or driving or making excursions to the near-by villages. Her last notion is that I shall have a house party. A house party!

Upon the subject of father we have nearly quarrelled. Adèle positively refuses to sit at the table while—as she puts it—an invisible spook is being fed things which he never eats, and put questions which he does not answer. Poor father has taken to having his meals in his study. I go there, whenever I've the chance, to have a quiet talk with him.

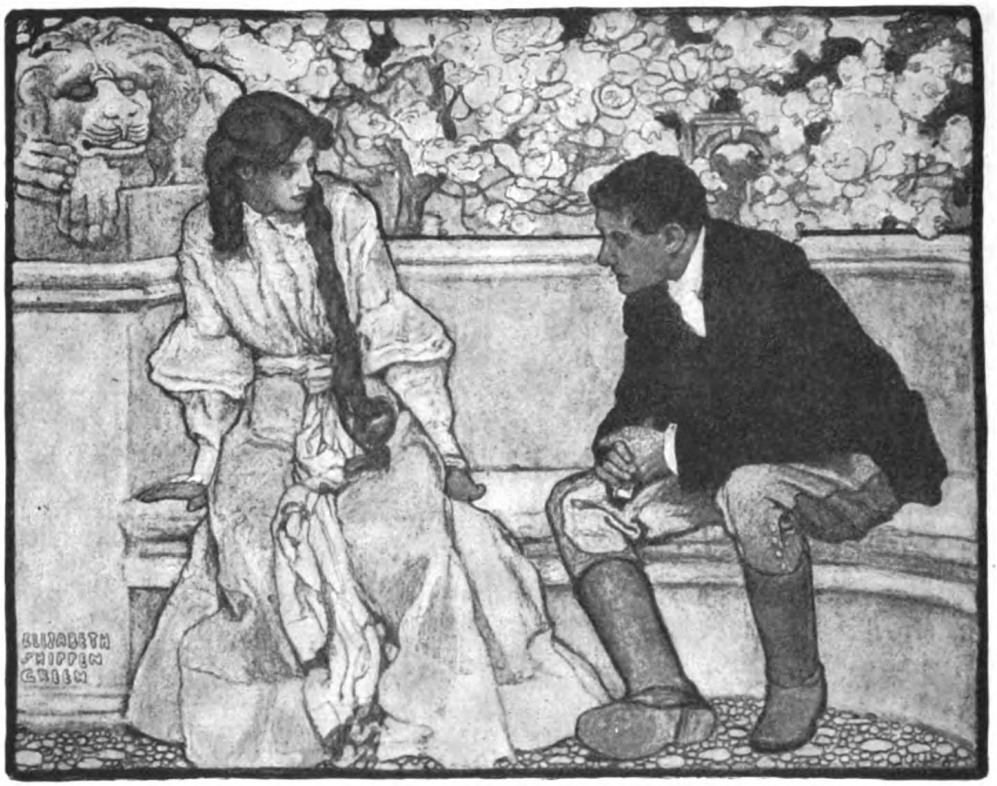
But the worst of all is the dreadful trouble to which I am put to see my king. It was cruel that Adèle should have had to come just now. I have to steal away from her on all sorts of silly pretexts. I have even lied contemptibly once or twice, but the lies are light on my conscience. I would do much more to see him. Ah, there is no other such king alive! He never disappoints me. He never becomes, even for an instant, cheap or dull or commonplace, as other men must sometimes be—as he must have been were he a king in the flesh. No, I am very glad he is what he is.

And yet—why, sometimes I fall into fits of most dreadful depression over it, depression so very black that it smothers me, crushes me. He has shown me what a man might be—one man out of many, many millions. He has wakened my whole soul, stirred the very depths of my being, set me a-shaking with knowledge of life's possibilities. And I shall never reach those possibilities, for he is but a shade, a phantom, a strange figment of my strange fancy. How will it all end?

In spite of Adèle I have met him every day, usually in the morning, as at first, but sometimes at any hour I could manage. Once it was at night by moonlight. I shall never forget his face with the moon upon it.

At first we talked as best we might, I

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IT SET MY HEART TO THROBBING WHEN I MET HIS EYES

leaning upon my balustrade, he from the turf below, but of late he has taken to mounting the wall so that we may be nearer. Ah, the trembling his nearness sets me to, and the silly beating of my silly heart! But I will not let him touch me. Once he would have taken my hand, but I drew away swiftly. Somehow I dread finding him a fleshless phantom—phantom though I know him to be. He is so real to me! No man could be more so, his voice, his eyes, the magnetism of his presence. To see his hand upon mine and feel no touch, to put out an arm and see it pass through him, would be a genuine shock. I am trying to save myself the pain, playing my pitiful part as if I did not know.

I had no thought that it should come to this. I wished to love because my life was dull. How should I have known what love was? How should I know that it was an agony of starvation, a fierce, great trembling ecstasy which is never content, but always longing? I am happier than any one who ever lived, I think, and more miserable. To have awakened this thing in me, and for a dream, a shade!

I have told my king all about it, how I made him, to fill an empty life, and how real he has come to be, till he is quite beyond my swaying, till he says things before they have consciously come into my mind at all, does things that are not of my planning. I have told him about father and about my cousin Adèle, and about those years—which they tell me were but one year—in the hospital, when the very remarkable animals came out of the wall and sang to me.

He has been very tender and sympathetic, infinitely dear about it all. At first, for just an instant, when I told him how I had created him out of my strange fancy, I was afraid he would disappoint me, for it was quite evident that he was trying hard not to laugh. Afterward, though, he was very lovely about it.

I must speak of something strange which happened to-day. I came up to the house, late in the morning, from an hour with my king, and ran upon

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Adèle in the morning-room. She asked me where I had been all alone, and then suddenly began to sniff.

"You have tobacco smoke about you," she said, suspiciously. "Do you smoke cigarettes?" I think my heart quite stopped beating for an instant from pure shock, and my face must have gone white, for I saw Adèle's eyes widen. Cigarettes! I never smoked one in my life. *But my king had been smoking his pipe!* He asked me if he might, and I gave him permission.

I remember making some absurd excuse to Adèle and escaping to my own room, and there I sat for an hour or more, holding a bursting head between my hands, and whispering again and again, with lips I could not control, that it was all a mistake, that Adèle was joking.

Then at last, when I was quite worn out and half hysterical, I went down and found Adèle, and told her the whole thing, about my king, and how I had come to make him, and how I had come to love him, and all. At first she laughed, then she scolded me a bit, and finally took to tears and hysterics, saying that I was a lunatic, that the whole house whispered of ghosts, and she would not remain in it another night. So she left, bags and boxes, this afternoon. And I am glad to be rid of her.

So we had a quiet, peaceful dinner together, father and I. But I do not know what has come over me. I suppose I am upset nervously, but father seems not quite so satisfactory to me, not quite so real and convincing. He seems almost —absurd. Of course that will be my nerves, though.

I have come up-stairs here to go to bed, but my eyes will not close. I have crouched on the floor by the window for hours looking over the moonlit gardens to the terrace—*our* terrace, his and mine.

Oh, my king, my king! what will be the end of it?

The end has come, so suddenly that I am left gasping, bewildered. Ah, no, no, not the end! the beginning—the beginning of everything, and it is more wonderful than may be said. But let me, if I can, tell it as it occurred.

This morning after breakfast I went down across the lawns and through the Italian garden to my terrace—*our* terrace. I was, somehow, in no mood for love-making; I would rather have wept —and I suppose that is very silly and like a girl—but I could not have stopped away.

He was waiting for me on the turf below the balustrade, and he climbed up and sat near me. It set my heart to its old throbbing when I met his eyes, but I turned, a bit impatiently, aside, and would not look at him.

"My cousin Adèle has gone," I said. "I told her about — *you*, and she had hysterics, and said I was a lunatic, and went away."

"I am glad," said my king.

"I expect," said I, "that what she said was true. Ah, why can't I be like other people? Why must I walk among shades, make phantoms out of my brain to love me? Adèle was right: I must be a sort of lunatic. Oh, my king, my king!" I cried, and held out my arms to him, sobbing. "How will it all end—this pretence, this agony?"

Then my king stood up before me, and a little flush came over his face, and a certain light to his steady eyes.

"Like this, Madelon," he said. "Like this!" And put out his arms and took me into them. And I screamed once and fainted quite away.

When light and sense at last came back to me I was lying half on the ground, half in my king's arms. He knelt on one knee beside me so that my shoulders were upon his other knee, and his face was bent over mine. I could feel his breath.

"Real!" I said in a little whisper, and I know that I trembled very violently from head to foot. "Real! no dream at all? no phantom?"

He laid his face down beside mine, and I think he laughed, but there was a catch in his laughter.

"Oh, very real, my queen!" said he.

But I turned my face against his breast with a little sob, for my gray world of shadows was lifting and floating away about me like a thin fog when the sun rises, and my feet were firm at last on the good earth, and my king was no king of dreams at all, but a wonderful, living, breathing man who loved me—and I was very tired and happy.

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REINDEER - RIDERS

A Strange People of the North

BY WALDEMAR BOGORAS

Of the American Museum of Natural History

IN March of 1901 we were in the heart of Ear Mountains, some three hundred miles from the shore of Bering Sea, in northeastern Siberia. This country is wholly uninhabited, and was never before visited by white men. In olden times the mountains served as a barrier between the Chukchee and the Koryak, the two main native tribes of this territory, who carried on continuous warfare against each other.

It was the ninth month of my second journey to northeastern Asia, undertaken in behalf of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History of New York.

From Vladivostok I took the government steamer which once a year carries the post and provisions to Mariinsky Post, the most remote of all Russian settlements on the shores of Bering Sea. Then the real journey began. I left my wife and two Cossacks at Mariinsky Post to look after the collections, while I started off with the other Cossack to visit the native villages and camps of the surrounding countries one after another.

In summer we travelled in a skin boat along the rocky shores of the Pacific Ocean. Early in the fall we drove with dog-sledges across the flat tundra to the Okhotsk Sea, and then to the middle Kamchatka, covering about two thousand miles through the deep snow and bitter cold. I could not stay long in the same place, because I had but a twelvemonth for field-work before the arrival of the next steamer, and the territory I wanted to cover was twice as large as the whole German Empire, and had a population of

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twenty thousand, scattered in small clusters at distances several days' journey apart, and with no practicable roads.

We carried but few provisions, living chiefly on native food—dried fish, frozen raw meat, or seal blubber. Half the nights we slept in the open, creeping into sleeping-bags of thick wolfskin and burrowing into the snow.

On the very eve of the new year and century we were caught in a severe snowstorm, together with a few native companions, on the highest point of a mountain trail in northern Kamchatka, and the whole party were obliged to sit huddled together on the snow for thirty-six hours, our only shelter a piece of tarpaulin. The moss-pastures of the tundra were covered with a thick crust of hard-frozen snow, and the reindeer were perishing for want of fodder. Farther to the south whole villages were stricken with influenza, and people were dying every day.

The last tribe we visited were the Kerek, who live on the seashore between Capes Anannon and Barykoff. They are exceedingly poor, and are rapidly dying out from long-continued famine.

The country is poor even in fuel, for all the driftwood is carried away by the current. For this reason, instead of burning their dead on funeral pyres, as do the neighboring tribes, the Kerek throw them into the sea from high cliffs, exhorting them by incantations to go away and never to return. On the north side of the mountains which surround the Kerek villages lay the first camps of the Reindeer Chukchee, which stretch far away to the Arctic Sea for hundreds and hundreds of miles. I wanted to find some of these camps, and to proceed along their line to Mariinsky Post, but the Kerek refused to act as guides; and indeed they were no good for that purpose.

After some hesitation, I resolved to try the method of the Cossack invaders of former times, who usually followed the rivers up stream, crossed the mountains on the watershed, and then descending along other rivers, reached the opposite shore. Thus, after a few days among the Kerek, our party started northwards, and struggled on its way up the river Hatirkan and its tributaries, through intricate passes actually similar in their sinuosities to ear passages,—which are hinted at in the name of the mountains. The journey proved to be longer than we had expected. The mountains were bare of vegetation. The passes were filled with snow, and on either side towered precipitous walls of rugged gray stone. For several days we did not see even a raven or a polar owl, which are found almost everywhere on the northern tundra. Everything around was desolate and as still as death.

At last we climbed to a high plateau and reached the watershed. Our dogs were so fagged out that we could hardly proceed. We had all the time to walk on snow-shoes by the side of the sledges and help the team along. Again and again the dogs would fall down, sinking into a kind of trance, and it took considerable effort to rouse them from their stupor. Usually we would simply lift each dog in turn from the ground and put it on its feet. Then each man would drag his team along by means of a long



A RICH TRADER OF AN ASIATIC TRIBE

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strap, till the dogs would mechanically recover the use of their legs.

On the nineteenth day of our journey we descended into the valley of the Large River, which flows northward towards Anadyr Bay. A few hours afterwards we discovered some old traces of reindeer-sledges, nearly covered by the drifting snow. Our half-dead dogs began to sniff the air, and even tried to run. All of a sudden, at the bend of the road, we saw a large camp upon the steep bank overhanging the river.

Two hours later half a score of bucks were slaughtered in honor of our arrival. The dogs, having eaten their fill of warm meat, lay on the ground, sleeping like logs after their painful journey. A large clean hide was spread in the middle of the foremost tent and loaded with frozen meat pounded fine and mixed with tallow, raw kidneys cut in thin slices, bone marrow, and other dainties of the Chukchee bill of fare. We sat on thick skins and feasted, surrounded by the whole population of the camp.

Here lay the outposts of the Chukchee, who occupy the whole northeastern corner of Asia. They display a marked difference from the tribes of the mainland of Asia, and their customs and beliefs bear a strong resemblance both to the American Eskimo and to the Indians of the northwestern shore.

The Chukchee are a fierce, warlike tribe. Two centuries ago, in wars with Cossack invaders, they held their ground to the last. When taken captive, they would end their own lives; and women would kill their children and burn themselves in their tents rather than fall into the hands of the victors. At last, in the middle of the eighteenth century, large bodies of Chukchee warriors twice succeeded in heavily defeating strong Cossack parties, whose chiefs were killed, or taken captive and afterwards slowly tortured to death. Then the Russian government, tired with useless wars, ordered hostilities to cease; and since that time the Chukchee reindeer-breeders have lived unmolested in the middle of their desolate barren tundra.



A NATIVE CARRYING HIS CRIPPLED UNCLE

Much of their fierceness, however, is still retained at the present time. Murders are frequent, and they are followed by continual acts of blood-revenge, unless the relatives of the first murderer speedily dispose of him themselves, and thus remove the cause of strife. Cases of suicide are hardly less numerous, because even very young people are quite reckless of their own lives, and

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CHUKCHEE CHILDREN

when thwarted in their purpose will destroy themselves from anger or spite, jealousy or unassuaged desire. Persons suffering from some incurable illness, and especially old men and women weakened with age, often proclaim their wish to be killed by their nearest relatives. Then the sons or the nephews, who otherwise are kind and dutiful to their elders, feel themselves bound to comply, however unwillingly, with the request. No retraction is permissible, since such an announcement is considered as a promise of human sacrifice to the evil spirits. If taken back, the revenge of the spirits on the whole family will be incurred.

I know of a case where a man, after a violent quarrel with his five sons, announced aloud his wish to die. The next morning he thought better of it and retracted his words; but—so I was informed in all seriousness—the revengeful spirits shortly afterwards inflicted the hoof-disease on his herd, and took away three of his sons, one after another.

Usually, however, the man who has proclaimed his wish to die remains firm until the end. I met, in 1895, at the Anui fair in the Kolyma country, a man by the name of Katik, who said that he wanted to get rid of the troubles of this world. He had no apparent illness, but his zest for life had completely vanished, and he intended to start for the land of his forefathers. He was as eager for death as if it meant for him a pleasant journey to a distant but very interesting country. The vicinity of the Russian fort was no place for the fulfilment of his wish, so he had to delay it for a couple of months; but when next I met Katik's wife, early in the fall, she was already a widow. She told me the details of her husband's death in a very simple way. He was strangled with a lasso. She held his head in her lap, and two of his sons pulled the ends of the rope. Katik's wife told me also that he was cheerful to the last, and even joked the very moment his face was being covered with the hood of the death-coat to prevent those present from seeing his last struggle.

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More frequently, however, a long knife is used at a "voluntary death." The man wishing to die bares his breast, and himself points the knife to the right place against his heart. The executioner has only to push the knife forward.

In some families a violent death by voluntary request descends by heredity from generation to generation, and a natural end is considered a disgrace to the memory of the deceased.

One of the attendants I had with me for two years while in the Kolyma country belonged to a family with a tradition of this kind. He was a man of fifty, and his father and elder brother had already followed in the way of their ancestors. One time, when stricken with a violent fever, instead of taking the medicine that I gave him, he inquired anxiously if I were sure that he would recover at all. Otherwise he felt bound to send for his son and ask for the last stroke.

Ideas of death, however, were very far from the camp of Kaka. It was spring, the best season of the year in that country, and the people used every pretext to arrange for feasting and sports.

News of our coming had spread through the neighboring camps like wildfire, and the next morning about a hundred men and women were upon us, eager to gaze on the strange faces, perhaps to taste of the white men's provisions, and to take every advantage of the occasion to have a good time and make merry. The middle-aged people had a reindeer-race for a distance of five miles, which lasted an incredibly short time. The younger men and the girls formed in two large groups, and each had a foot-race over the deep snow, which had been scraped and loosened by the sharp hoofs of the racing reindeer. Wrestlers bared themselves to the waist, and rubbed their bodies with damp snow until they glowed all over and were reeking with perspiration. Then they grappled in twos, pair after pair, and tumbled on snow quite unconcernedly, till one of the parties was forced to yield and stepped back into the ranks.

Women were even more eager wrestlers than men. They began the match in their underclothes; but very soon everything was torn to shreds and they were pounding each other on the ground, scratching and biting like cats, so that the crowd had to separate them.

Meanwhile I tried to induce some old men to relate stories, many of which are similar, even in details, to the Indian tales of the opposite shore.

"You came from unknown countries," argued the oldest of them, Kuwat, who had lame feet, and was carried around on the shoulders of one of his grandnephews, "so you must know many curious things. Exchange is fair, and guests should be the beginners."

I told them about the mammoth's younger cousin (elephant), who still walks on the earth, and is even tamed by men and put into harness. They did not object to the mammoth's cousin, but insisted that those who tamed him must be spirits, and not mortals. When I told them that some of those people have black skins and occasionally relish a bit of human flesh, it fully corroborated their first opinion.

Then I tried to give them an idea of the wonders of civilization. I told them that our tents are made of iron, and that we put ten houses one on top of another, so that the whole looks as high as the neighboring hill, and gives shelter to as many people as all the camps between the Arctic and the Pacific shore. They listened with astonishment and wanted to know more. But when I explained that our land is all cut up into square lots and sold at high prices, and that a man can lose his way not only in the open country, but also among the houses, in the midst of large crowds hurrying in all directions, their mistrust broke out openly, and my part as a story-teller was finished then and there.

After supper a séance of magic began, which accompanies every big feast of this tribe. The low, square sleeping-room was crammed full with people. The heat was so intense that the natives stripped naked; and their bodies, shining with sweat, jostled against each other on the slightest motion. The shaman, who also was nearly naked, sat in the right-hand corner—left free for the performance. The light was put out, and the shaman began to chant, beating his drum with such force that in a few minutes we were half stunned by the deafening din, and utterly lost the

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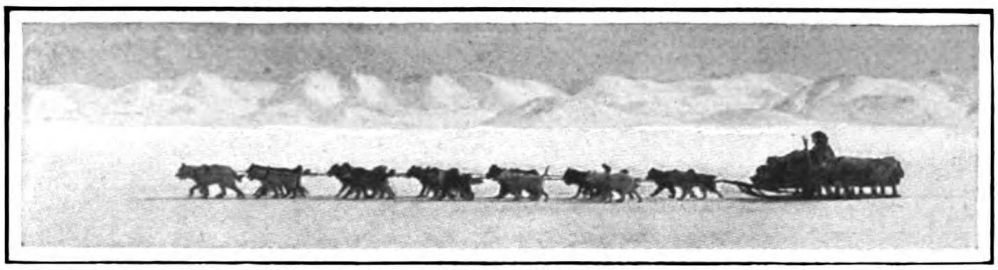
location both of the drum and of the singing voice. Then began the ventriloquistic part. The spirits would call from a height above in a distant voice, which would gradually come nearer; another voice would answer from the opposite side; then a dialogue would ensue, ending in violent abuse; and invisible adversaries would rush into the room, pursuing each other, diving underground, and flying back into the height above. It was a volley of mad cries, though of course no two were ever uttered at the same time. All the while the shaman beat his drum without interruption, to show that he had nothing to do with the voices.



A CHUKCHEE GIRL

In due time came the tricks, which were surprisingly similar to those performed by spiritualistic mediums. An invisible hand suddenly drew out the large skin lying in the middle of the room, loaded with remnants of supper, and all the knives and plates flew about in the dark. The skin walls of the sleeping-room were suddenly lifted over our heads, and the white rays of the moon slipped in for a moment. Somebody spilled icy water all around the room. Somebody scratched against the skins from without, as if asking for entrance. The listeners were frightened, and tried to lie flat, as far as the space would allow. A lasso was deftly thrown across the narrow space, and the running noose fell over my shoulders. I tried to catch it; but it wriggled through my fingers like a live snake, and vanished just as swiftly. Suddenly the shaman stopped drumming, and the last ringing note of his song wailed brokenly and then was silent.

The mistress struck a match and lighted the lamp. Hastily she snatched a shawl and threw it over the shaman's head. He was in a trance, and to look at his face might bring misfortune. His soul was wandering beyond the limits of the universe, but the body had to sleep it out for a couple of hours. After that he would awaken, and tell the people of the sights he had seen during his magic flight. And as he slept all the rest of us leaned back and closed our eyes.



BY DOG-SLEDGE OVER THE SNOW

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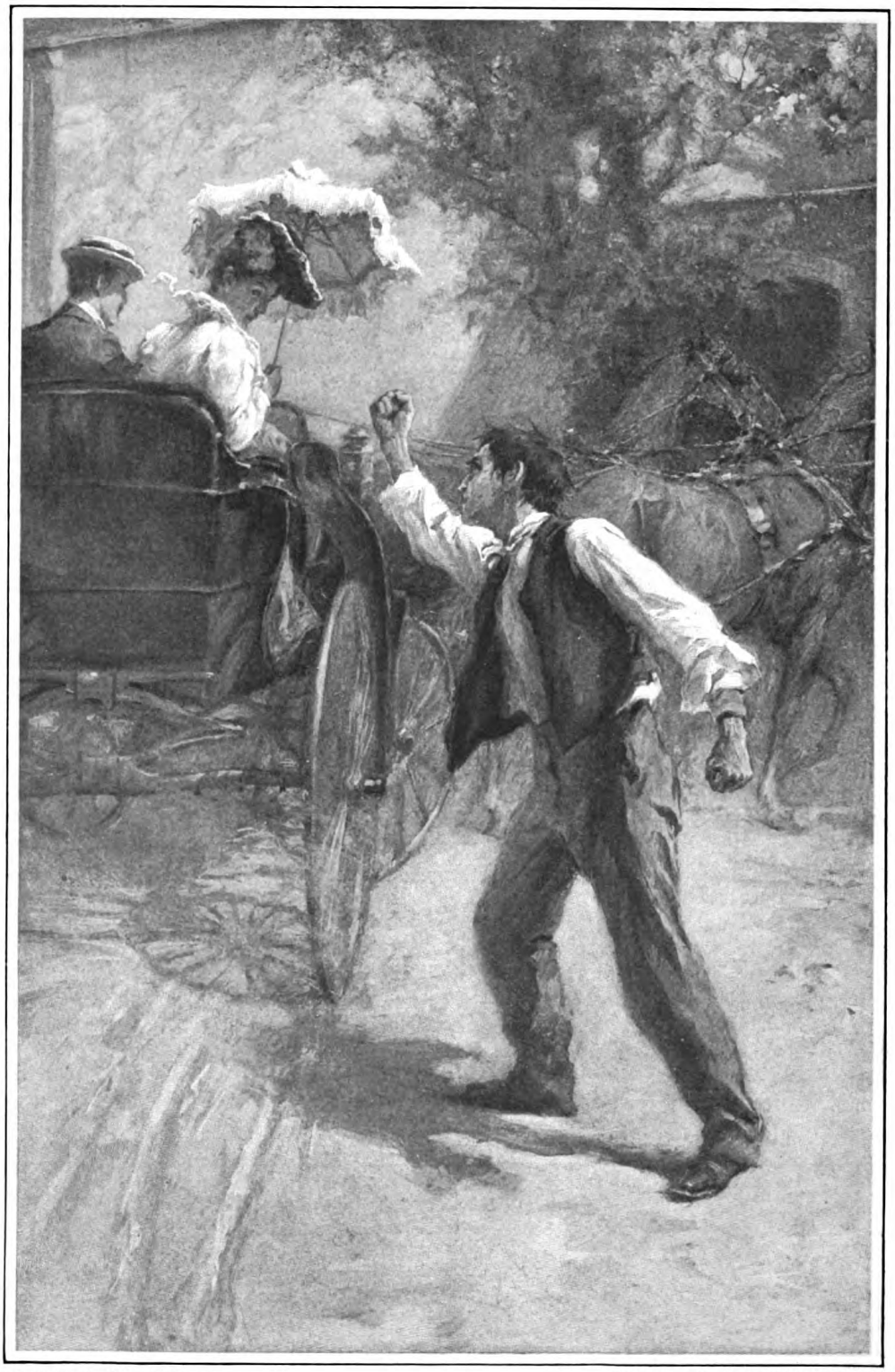


Illustration for "The Brothers" — Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

DAVE WAS LEFT GLARING AFTER THEM

[See page 857

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The Brothers

BY OCTAVE THANET

THE heat was stifling; such heat as will sometimes make a summer in the Middle West as unendurable as one in the tropics; heat airless, irritating; not ceasing, only mitigating, when the blazing sun sinks beneath the blood-red horizon. David Hardy's house stood on the hill. The street, which it abutted, cleft the hills and made straight for the river. It was a noisy, dusty, brick-paved street, filled with provision-shops and saloons of the humbler sort. Generally the farmers' wagons rattled over it the twelve hours through; but to-day not a wagon crawled into the glare, and the only horse to be seen lay in the middle of the road, the flies buzzing over his stiff nostrils, and would never strain his lean flanks for a whip again.

Dave Hardy saw the creature. He flung a queer look downward as he turned to mount the steps to his own yard. For months—ever since the carpenters began on the house, only finished that spring—Dave had never set his foot on those steps without pausing to fill his eye with the look of his own home. It was a pretty little house, in a yard which not only had both a flower-garden in front and a vegetable-garden in the rear, but owned several sightly oak-trees. Often he had used to stand, his hands in his pockets, admiring the house, and smiling, broadly. To-day he did not smile. Behind the windows up-stairs, Dave's young Massachusetts wife, stricken with a baffling affection of the heart, fought for breath and tried to be patient. Now he had come back from a long, long tramp for work; for, two weeks before, he had been laid off at Benner's Wagon Works; and work was not easy to find that summer of 1896. His feet were sore; his whole body from head to heel was aching; his heart, perhaps, ached the hardest of all. He cast a darkened eye on the dead horse, a horse that he had seen many times.

"Well, old whitey, they've killed you at last, have they?" he muttered, "and you haven't got a soul, so there's no making up on the other side for here. It don't look just fair, does it?" With a weary shrug of his shoulders he turned and went up the walk. At the house door he wiped the dust from his shoes, and mechanically flicked his shoulders before he stole noiselessly up the stairs. The door of his wife's chamber stood wide open. He could see the stiff blue cotton skirts and the red, kind hands of their neighbor Mrs. Dawson; she was fanning Annie. It was only the oval of his wife's pale cheek and her black braids crushed into the pillow which were visible where he stood. Coming from the glare outside, the room seemed dim and cool, and the white curtain in the window fluttered as Mrs. Dawson's hand moved. The heliotrope and rose-geranium, in the vase on the white table, cast a delicate shadow on the pillow.

"Ain't it sweet and dainty?—just like Annie," the young husband thought, fondly; "and she's down further in the pillows, too—that's an awful good sign; she ain't so troubled to breathe."

The sick girl stirred and sighed. "Oh, I had such a sweet dream, Mrs. Dawson."

"Well, now, ain't that grand!" cried Mrs. Dawson's hearty voice.

"I dreamed I was home—on the Cape, you know; and I could see the sea and smell it. It was sweeter than flowers. And so cool—I was so happy. But please don't tell Dave I dreamed of the sea; he's trying his best to get me there; you won't, will you, Mrs. Dawson?"

The man, stealing off on tiptoe, clenched his hands; his face worked.

"Land sakes! no, dearie, I won't. You lay still, and go to sleep again."

"I've got to get higher up, please; I didn't need to be so high up when I was dreaming of the sea. Did you ever see the sea, Mrs. Dawson?"

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Dave carried his heavy heart downstairs. His mother was sitting on the kitchen porch shelling peas. She looked up and told him there was dinner waiting for him on the table. He shook his head; then his eyes fell to her hands. He uttered a kind of groan. "You've been out washing again!" he cried.

"Now, Davy," remonstrated his mother, "it's not a bit hard at Standish, and them frills and pretty things is jest to my liking; and do lemme help a little, son."

She was a tall woman, who had been handsome in her youth before the sea stole her husband and her two boys and she had fled from it with David, her youngest; she was comely still, and her eyes were full of courage. But they dimmed as they looked on her son, who had his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. "Davy," she said, "have you tried to raise money on the house sence I said I'd be willin'?"

"It ain't all paid for; there's 'bout a hundred and fifty owing the Building Company; I couldn't give a first mortgage. Besides, nobody will lend money; I can't raise a cent till after election."

The mother was silent. Her hands, which had the withered cleanliness of the wash-tub, clasped and unclasped each other, as her eyes wandered to the dusty, glaring street and the sick sunshine.

"She'd get well if I only could get her to the sea," said Dave, in a perfectly quiet voice; then, as if something had snapped in his soul, he broke down all at once, sobbing, while the tears ran down his cheeks: "Oh, my God! it's hard, it's *hard!* To see her going that way—by inches—choking and suffering—when the sea would save her. Just a little money! To have to have her die just because I haven't got a little money!"

"Hush, son; she'll hear you! The winders are all open!"

David strangled his sobs; he rolled off the door-step on to the grass, burrowing his face into the sod, his shoulders heaving. It was more terrible to his mother to see his struggle for self-control than his unrestrained grief. But in a minute she straightened her shoulders and spoke almost cheerfully. "I went out to-day, son," said she; "things don't sell very well, but I raised ten dollars, and I got five saved up unbeknown. You got twenty in the bank—"

"Mother, mother!" cried the young man, sitting up, "what did you sell? Not father's watch; not your wedding-ring—"

"Hush, son. I can git 'em back with paying a bit more if they ain't sold; and things ain't selling. Davy, I don't gredge nothin' on earth to Annie; she's a reel daughter to me. Now, you listen. We can git enough for her to go; but there ain't enough for two goin', else I'd gladly go with her; yet it ain't to be thought of her goin' alone. Now, here's my notion: You know your boss's wife, Mrs. Benner; she's a reel kind, pleasant young lady, they all do say; and she's kinder sickly, so she's goin' to the seashore next Friday—"

"Well, you don't expect me to ask Benner's wife to take care of Annie?" he interrupted, grimly.

"Don't you be hasty, son. Lemme finish. Won't she have her hired girl along to take care of her; and couldn't the girl jest have a kinder eye on Annie? I know her girl; she's a reel nice girl. It would be lonesome for Annie, but your uncle Jo could meet her in Boston; he's out of work, but he could take Annie up to the Cape if we give him the two dollars and seventy cents fare, I guess; and Liza Ann Whitlow would look after her at the Cape; we could manage to pay—"

"It ain't that; it's the asking Mrs. Benner—"

"And why not? I guess I ain't overly fond of being under obligations to folks any more'n you be. You worked for Benner faithful five years, willin' to stay overtime and never grumblin'; and you was the only man stayed by him in '94; yet ain't he laid you off—"

"The other men had families. He'd a right to pick the men he'd keep. And maybe I wasn't so particular as I'd ought to be. I was so *awful* worried 'bout Annie!"

"You didn't slight your work; I know that; you never slighted in your life. You always did your sheer. And you're the patientest boy—"

Dave shook his head with a bitter smile: "You don't know, ma; there's times I could be as crazy and raging as Fred Neely; but I try to hold myself down and be fair. Say, don't you think

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Annie seems a mite easier this afternoon?"

"I dun'no' but she doos. Davy, I think you'd oughter speak to Mrs. Benner, onless you could borry the money for me to go from Mr. Standish. That's another thing I've been thinking—if you could git a job there, you could pay him back by degrees—"

"He hasn't jobs to go round."

"But they was talking in the kitchin to-day, how a cousin of one of the girls at Standish, he'd broke his arm; he was in the paint— For the land sake, Dave, why you puttin' on your hat? You ain't goin' out again?"

The answer was muffled by the thud of his feet as he ran across the grass: "Why didn't you tell me that, first thing? I won't lose a chance by not asking!" and in a moment his figure was dwindling down the hill.

So fast he ran that he almost ran into Fred Neely, who approached from the opposite direction.

"What's your rush?" called Neely, catching at his arm.

"There's a loose job in the paint-shop at Standish, and I'm after it."

"You bet it 'll be nailed before you git across the river. Williams has a waiting-list of his pets. And Standish ain't home; gone to Chicago. To raise money, they say. Banks won't lend here."

"Well, the vice-president, young Van Orden, ain't gone—"

Neely burst into a furious gush of oaths: Van Orden would rather poor folks would starve than not; he hadn't nothin' but meanness inside his sleek, cursed little carcass; he was a cold-blooded, dirty, cruel— Here Dave muttered excuses and broke loose.

Neely cursed him for a pusillanimous, cringing idiot. "A body jest wastes his breath and arguemunts talking to him," he grunted; "he ain't the sense to understand; he don't even listen." But there Neely's vanity played him false; Dave heard, he comprehended, and he had moments of a more frenzied revolt than the socialist's, when all the beliefs and the hopes of his life seemed to reel into chaos; but he set his teeth, saying, "I ain't going to be unfair, if I am under the wheels!"

He said something like this as he panted down the hill and across the bridge. There remained a long walk down the riverside road to the Standish Wagon Works. Not only long, but hideously hot. The brick pavement scorched through his worn shoes. More than once he leaned against the fence in a long, shadeless stretch, to gasp for breath in the breathless heat. When he reached the works he was sore spent, but he assumed the jaunty indifference of mien which a self-respecting workman considers the brand of his station as a skilled artisan.

"Come for that striping job?" said the superintendent, who knew Dave by sight. "It's been gone two hours."

"Oh, I ain't particular to do striping," returned Dave, airily, while he leaned against the desk to keep from toppling over, he was so faint: "I'm a carriage-painter, I am. I can do any kind of finishing-gear finish, body paint, anything you want; but I'm willing to do anything: I'd rough in, rather than loaf round any longer."

"Well, look round after election and we may have something." He added, with the jocular touch which Americans give and take for sympathy, "I guess you've heard that before."

"Not more'n ten times to-day," returned Dave, forcing a grin. He felt better for the foolish words, and retired with a hearty air, as if every step on his blistered soles did not make him wince.

He sat down in the court to rest himself a minute. The court of Standish's factory was the fruitful source of wit and wonder. Even his own men joked about the canna-beds and the trumpet-vines, the oleander-trees and the big fountain in the centre. "Are we a factory or are we an insane asylum?" was the superintendent's caustic inquiry, and Williams of the paint-shop opined that they were "'most as fixed up as the new jail." Nevertheless, that awful summer, the court and the fountain won their way; and Standish was justified. To-day the fountain splashed into the basin with a cool tinkle, and the grass was moist and richly green under the mulberry-trees. But inside the buildings—especially inside the foundry flooded with blood-red light, for they were casting—the air steamed and vibrated like the air of a furnace.

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A carriage was drawn up in the shadiest corner of the court. The spirited horses stood quietly, not seeming to need the stiff watch of the coachman. There was a lady on the back seat; and Van Orden, the vice-president of the company, stood, one foot on the fender, chatting with her while she sipped lemonade out of a tall glass full of cracked ice. Presently she handed him the glass, which he gave to the coachman to carry away; and he himself got into the carriage beside her, holding the reins loosely over the front seat. Dave recognized the horses and the lady before he caught a glimpse of Benner's tall figure at the office window. Benner must be over on business; his wife was waiting for him; here was Dave's opportunity. He did not know how to take it. He was proud and shy, with the double pride and shyness of a New-Englander and a working-man. The woman in the carriage seemed to belong to another world. To Dave it appeared an equipage of splendid luxury. Mrs. Benner's dainty organdy, the lace and chiffon which were like a cloud about her, and the rings sparkling on her white hands, which held her gloves instead of wearing them, were the very pomp of wealth. The soft languor of her manner, her faint smile, her slow, gentle, clean-cut speech, belonged with all the rest. "She talks kinder like Annie; and she looks like Annie, too," thought Dave, forlornly; "but Annie'd be prettier'n her if she could only have her clothes."

For the first time in his life he knew the cruel goad of envy. The two young people before him looked so cool, so prosperous, so happy.

But in reality the two cool, prosperous young people were hardly less unhappy than Dave himself.

Steven van Orden was alone with the only woman whom he had ever wanted for his wife; and it was the first time during four years that he was alone with her—at least so far alone as to be out of ear-shot of others. He remembered the last time, four years ago; perhaps she remembered it as well, since it was memorable for his having shown her his heart and his life before he asked her to share them. She spoke first. "Steve," she said. They had grown up together from childhood, and she had always called him by his Christian name; but the custom had been disused since her marriage; he had not thought the old name spoken in the old way would affect him so much.

"Yes, Doris," he answered, quietly.

"I want to thank you about Jack. He feels so grateful. It would have broken him all up to have been expelled; I know you saved him. And it was only boyish folly—"

"Of course it was. Jack's all right; he'll run straight," Steve interrupted, quickly. "The head master understands."

"You are so good, Steve. Why do you never let people see how kind and generous you are? Why do you make them discover you, like the north pole?"

"I'll put up guide-posts in future."

"Steve, did you think it was strange I asked you to help me? I know it must have seemed so; but Mr. Benner was anxious about business; and Jack and he —no doubt Jack tried him, but they don't quite understand each other; and Jack admires you so—"

Steven turned eyes of such irrepressible emotion on his own diminutive arms that she broke off with a blush. "He does," she cried then, with a sudden animation, "more than anybody in the world. You are so silly just because you are not a giant!"

"Well, there is considerable leeway between a giant and a dwarf," said Steve. "I admit I'm sensitive about my size. Sensitive? I'm humiliated every day of my life. It began when I was a wee chap in kilts, and a big bully a year younger turned me over his knee and paddled me. I fought that fellow four times before he left our neighborhood; and got soundly thrashed each time. I never did get even with him. It's gone on the same way ever since. The very men at the works despise me because I'm not a big fellow like Miles. Even you—but this is bally rot; let's talk about Jack. I want you to rest easy about him."

"I shall if you will promise me something."

"Of course, Doris."

She did not answer at once, looking away from him to the water and the golden motes spangling the still, hot air. Then, not turning her head, she explained: "I want you to promise you will al-

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ways be kind to Jack and look after him if anything happens to me—"

"Nothing is going to happen to you," snapped he; but he noted the blue shadows under her eye, the thinner contour of her averted cheek, the indefinable listlessness into which her soft repose of manner was sunken. "Doris," he begged, "don't talk in this morbid way; don't fall into such a way of thinking; get a brace on you. All you need is the sea air; but you must help! *Determine* to get well!"

"I'm too tired, Steve. I can't."

The man's heart shrivelled within him. And it was at precisely this moment poor Dave Hardy's conscience must needs flog him across the court. His face was haggard and scarlet with the sun; his blistered feet would not carry him steadily; no doubt his features wore an unnatural excitement: Van Orden's squalid suspicion was not so strange. To complete the irony of the moment, Steve caught sight of Benner beckoning imperiously, and the poignant irritation which so often accompanies mental as well as physical torment slashed his tense nerves. He turned at Dave's mumbled words (which neither of the two in the surrey understood; nor did either of them catch Mrs. Benner's name, far less that the disordered-looking creature would speak to her), saying coldly: "If you have any business here, go to the office. This is a private entrance. Get out of the way, please."

"I want to see—I want to ask—"

The dust clamped Dave's dry throat; he was left gasping, his bloodshot eyes glaring at the surrey as it flashed round the court.

The embers of the sunset were smouldering in the west before Dave crawled up his own steps. His mother, who had been watching for him, came out to meet him; and when he saw her face he did not need to be told.

"Oh, son, I wish it was me! But it was all in a minnit; she didn't suffer any. She'll never have to suffer any more."

Late that evening Steven van Orden sat at his writing-table, under an electric fan, thinking; and as it happened, thinking of David Hardy. Somehow, through her maids, the story of the homesick Massachusetts girl, pining for the salt-marshes and the sea, had drifted to Paula Standish. Steve's half-sister. Paula did not have a hospitable imagination, wherefore she was not easily moved; but a loneliness and a longing, so like her own, touched her. She told the story to her brother, whom it affected far more deeply, although he maintained his careless air as usual; but in truth Steve's indifference was like a mask which the player ties on, and knots in tying so that he cannot take it off. "I wonder," concluded Paula, in rather a shamefaced way, "if it would do any harm if I were to lend—"

"Best not, sis,"—he caught the word off her tongue, quickly. "A man like that is sensitive. I'll see he gets money enough to take his wife to the Cape, and gets a job there if he wants it."

Not for a second did he connect Hardy with the man who had reeled up to Mrs. Benner's carriage; indeed, he had forgotten an incident which had hardly penetrated the tumult of his thought. Now he wrote a check; but directly tore it across; instead he slipped some bank-notes in an envelope. "Then he'd have to thank me; he'd *hate* that!" he muttered. "I would in his place." The shyness which was part of Steven van Orden's temperament sided with the working-man who must be grateful in words for aid which he would never have begged. Moreover, he felt an irresistible impulse of sympathy. The man's case was so like his own, since each of them turned despairingly to the sea as the last helper for the woman whom he loved. "Oh, I know how he feels," he cried. "He's my brother in pain, sure enough; I'll help him, too; but he's not so infernally handcuffed as I am." He found a plain sheet of paper, with neither crest nor monogram, and wrote:

"To David Hardy:—This money is from a friend of yours who is in the same kind of trouble. Please let me help you just as you would help me if I needed money in a like case. You can repay it by giving it to some good man who needs it, when you are able. Don't get discouraged. Take your wife East; and stay with her while she needs you. Maybe I can do

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something for you there. More people than you know are well-wishers of yours. A man can't be so faithful to his duty and so good a fellow as you and not have it noticed. YOUR FRIEND."

He read the note over, only half satisfied with it; he was withstanding a hankering to say something kinder, something that would show his sympathy with the other man's dreadful anxiety; but his mind was too stiff. "Oh, I guess he'll know I'm sorry," he sighed at last. "I hope his wife will get well." Then he smiled dryly. "It will be a long while before he suspects me," said Steven.

Summer is not always terrible in the Middle West; often there comes a summer when the abundant rains jewel the hillsides, and the city boulevards are less beautiful than the untended greenery of the country roads. Then the days are temperate, and "under the wide and starry sky" the electric lights paint the foliage and greensward, and the brilliant summer frocks on the piazzas or in the open cars which flash along the streets. Animation and gayety are on every hand. Neighbors call greetings across their lawns. Music throbs and swells from the little parks, and the liquid ripple of the piano or the delicate twitter of the mandolin penetrates the plash of the hose on the cement walks.

Such a summer came to Fairport the year after Annie Hardy died. One August night Dave was sitting on his piazza as the sun set. His face had changed; it had grown thinner and sadder; a film of dark ice seemed to veil the light of eyes that had been used to look kindly at every man. He watched the splendid skies, drearily thinking how Annie loved the setting of the sun. To-night, the sunset was an arresting pageant. Far to the west, the sky was a dim lilac brightening above the horizon into an exquisite turquoise; thence the golden flames had rolled to the northwest; there the space behind the maples and bur-oaks was a wonderful sea of yellow fire, from which boiled up a wreathing, rosy smoke; to the north, beyond the trees and an open field which glowed like an emerald, lay vast zones of yellow and rose smeared with faint bars of greenish tints; and to the east, a great, placid, ruby radiance of unearthly splendor and peace.

Mrs. Hardy sat in a rocking-chair near her son. She looked at him wistfully for a long while before she spoke. "I'd a letter from the Cape to-day, Davy."

It was not motion but its cessation which told her that Dave was listening; the hand removing his pipe from his lips paused in mid-air; his face stiffened.

"Liza Ann Whitlow wrote; said her mother got the money all right, and she kerried the flowers like you said. She said the graves looked real green and pretty, and the rose-bushes had bloomed all summer. She said the sea was so ca'm and sparklin' that day she most felt Annie could see it."

"At least I did take her back to the sea," said Dave; "that man with the same kind of trouble, he helped me to the only thing was any comfort."

"You never got any clue who it was, son?"

Dave shook his head; he laid the pipe down on the floor of the porch—he was sitting on the steps. He clasped his hands over his knee; on the little finger of the left hand was the circle of gold which had been Annie's wedding-ring. "I wish I knew. I've the money all ready in the bank to pay."

"You ain't never mistrusted it might be Mr. Benner?"

"No, I never suspected Benner. He ain't that kind."

"But he was in the same kind of trouble," urged Mrs. Hardy; "his wife going to the seashore. And she died there, poor thing, the very next month; he must have knowed how sick she was and—"

But Dave's harsh laugh cut the sentence off as with a knife-stroke: "I tell you Benner ain't that kind; he never notices his men; I don't suppose he ever knew I had a wife—or cared. I'd as soon suspect Steve van Orden." And softly, under his breath, he cursed the conceited little popinjay.

"Van Orden's never reely done you any harm, son; yet you can't bear to hear his name spoke."

"Harm?" repeated Dave. "Perhaps you mightn't think so. He represents his whole arrogant, insolent class, who think

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we were born to work for them, and don't care enough about us even to hate us. Well, I can hate him; and the old man will find it's not so easy sledding if he has to pull him. It would open Standish's eyes a whole lot if he knew what opposition there's cooking to his and Van Orden's pretty arbitration plans—"

"You ain't opposin' them, air you, son?"

"I just am, ma. If Van Orden wants voluntary arbitration that's enough to convince me the men don't want it. He's no friend of organized labor; and he can't pull wool over my eyes. I can see just how nice and smooth it would make things for this new combine to have no danger of strikes for the next five years; mills running while the delegates talk, arbitration board to decide if they don't agree. Oh, it's very nice-looking; and Standish would be elected president without trouble then."

"But Standish is a good man."

"Maybe; but he's Van Orden's brother-in-law."

"Well, son, there was one man, and a stranger man, too, was like a reel brother to you—"

"I know it, mother, and I never forget it. There ain't nothing on earth I wouldn't do for that man. He could have my life for the asking. It wasn't only what he did; there was the way he did it; he was sorry for me; he knew what it was. It wasn't pretend, it was understand with him. I've thought of him every single night and hoped he got out of *his* trouble all right. If I could only see him—" He broke off, short, flushing at his own frankness; he had not said a word of this which he was always thinking, in the whole year. His mother stole a glance at his bowed black curls, yearning to comfort him, not knowing how to speak, for she came of a silent race as well as he. She looked nervously down the street for counsel, and—caught her breath. "Good land, Davy!" she exclaimed, "if that ain't Mr. Van Orden; and he's stoppin' his hoss at our gate!"

David gave a furtive attention to the yellow-wheeled runabout and the slim young man who was tying the big gray mare to the post: in spite of his sullen disclaimer—"Let him stop; what's he want here?"

It was Mrs. Hardy who welcomed the visitor, half-way down the walk, covering up Dave's coldness with a flutter of cordiality. Dave could do no less than rise stiffly and say, "Good-evening."

"Lovely evening, isn't it?" returned Van Orden, lifting his hat to Mrs. Hardy, and smiling all around. "I've come to have a little talk with you, Mr. Hardy; can you give me ten minutes?"

"Won't you set down," said Dave, not relaxing; while Mrs. Hardy, after a second's fumbling in her brain for some sufficiently polite formula of excuse, and finding none ready, slipped away, with an apologetic smile. Safe behind the newcomer's back she signalled to David to follow, that she might warn him to be peaceable; but he did not see the beckoning finger; and presently, hearing Van Orden's smooth opening sentences, and noting Dave's grave attention, she felt reassured and departed to compound lemonade.

Yet David's apparent courtesy covered a volcano. As Van Orden explained the proposed plan of voluntary arbitration, lucidly, moderately, really with a kind of businesslike eloquence, his hearer caught only half of his words; his look, the poise of his head, the motion of his hands pulling off his gloves, the very parting of a lock of hair on his forehead, were recalling too vividly one terrible moment. He listened to the end, not interrupting. And he felt a ferocious gloating as he saw how the listener was embarrassed by this impassive, unresponsive attention.

"That's how we stand," concluded Van Orden; "how does it strike you?"

"It strikes me that it is a good thing—for the employers," said Dave, "but it will kill the unions; and I guess we need the unions more'n we need arbitration."

"But we recognize the unions fully; we virtually take them into partnership. We offer to collect the dues; it's an alliance instead of warfare, that's what it is; and it puts the sensible fellows on top instead of the hotheads, who are always egging on a strike whenever there is a little money in the treasury."

"That's the way it seems; it might be if we could trust the employers, but we can't; there'll be no strikes, and how long do you think men are going

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to belong to a union they don't need for a strike?"

"There are plenty of other things for the unions besides strikes; the United States government doesn't disband because a war is over. How about old-age pensions, and life-insurance, and building associations, and social work—why, there's a world of things for the unions to do, that will need more organizers and officers than they have instead of less. Look here, Mr. Hardy, I've brought some letters"—he pulled an envelope out of his pocket: "I can write things down a lot better than I can talk them. Will you just glance over these letters? One is a copy of the letter I sent to Harry Leroy, the president of the Labor Council; it quotes from letters we have had from labor leaders about this scheme; and the other is Leroy's reply; you'll see he has confidence in us as well as the scheme."

Dave let the neat envelope dangle from his hand; he detected Van Orden's eagerness under his mask of calm, and he felt a cruel thrill of triumph.

"A year ago," said he, leisurely, tasting the bitter flavor of his own mocking, "I'd have considered this a wonderful scheme; I'd have run my feet off for you and worn my tongue out then, and my fists, too, if you'd wanted them, though I was a peaceful fellow!"

"If a year ago, why not now?"

"I've changed. I've found out we ain't human beings to you folks—we're just the hands. We can suffer and scream and die; it don't make you turn a hair; it's only when we are big enough and mad enough to kick and grab at your pocket-books that you begin to be anxious to content us. You talk soft till you can tie our legs and arms; then when we've lost our organization you'll have your own way with us. Until then you'll have to be at some expense buying arbitrators, but that's cheaper than paying higher wages. I know I may as well go to the office after this; but I won't go back on my convictions for my job."

"I'm not asking you"—Steve smiled, although with an effort. "And drop that nonsense about the office; we want you whether you think as we do or not; we know you're honest. But read what Leroy says."

Dave nodded; he opened the first letter carelessly; but with the first glance his countenance changed. He muttered an apology and darted into the house. The shades were up in the windows; and when the light sprang into the room Steve could not help seeing him as he stood under it, the copy of the letter to Leroy in one shaking hand, in the other a single sheet of paper; and the face peering over them ghastly. The letter to Leroy was a typewritten copy; but on the margin he had written some trivial direction to the typewriter; so trivial that he had forgotten it was there; but there it was, his own writing, signed by his own initials; and in Hardy's other hand, creased and worn with unfolding and folding, he saw his own note of a year ago. Steve flushed dark red with self-disgust. "Now he'll be fancying I wanted him to find out just to get a handle on him!" he fumed. But his abashment was lost in wonder as he perceived the effect of the discovery. There was no question the man was suffering horribly; but why? He might presumably have been disconcerted, but this was veritable torment. Now *why*? He pondered while Dave left the room for the room adjoining. Through the door he could see a segment of a dining-table, and Mrs. Hardy's tall figure bending over a tray covered with clean linen and dazzling with glasses; he could hear her kind voice: "Oh, Dave, he ain't gone yet? I got some lemonade all ready—you don't think he'd mind a glass? it's so refreshin'. I ain't made it overly sweet, but I put the sugar-bowl on."

He heard Dave's answer, given very gently: "Wait a minnit, mother; we're talking." Then he walked instinctively to the farther end of the piazza, where he could neither see nor hear, and looked sombrely at the fading skies. There he stood when Dave came back, a narrow yellow slip fluttering between his fingers. He was pale, and his jaw was set. He tendered back the envelope which he took from his pocket with his empty hand. He said, in a level voice: "I've read the letters. I guess you made your point. Anyhow, though you're the man I'd like best to fight in the world, I can't fight you. There's another thing I didn't know till I saw the writing on that copy—was it you sent me that money last year?"

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"Yes," said Steven, "but I didn't mean you should know—"

"I understand that," interrupted Dave, "but I found it out. I've had it ready for a good while. I saved up from the minute I got a job at Standish's. There's the money and ten per cent. interest." He held out the yellow slip.

Steve did not lift his palm. "Wait a minute," he said—just as Dave had said to his mother. "You say you would rather fight me than any man on earth; yet you are the last man on earth that I would fight. Why do you want to fight *me*?"

"I will tell you," said Dave; "maybe then you'll see why I don't talk of being grateful." He told him, briefly and calmly, with scarcely an adjective in his bald sentences; but as the subdued voice passed on the words, his blazing eyes drove into the listener's quiet gaze as a mob with torches may plunge into a peaceful street of dwelling asleep in the moonlight. The gaze lost its tranquillity in the same wise as the street would awake to the riotous flare. Steve frowned; his eyes wavered, fell; he turned away. In fact he was bewildered. Strange as it may seem, he had never connected the Dave Hardy whom he knew, whom he had helped in a score of hidden ways, with the reeling intruder who had lurched into his field of vision and out of it before he had time to mark him. He was a man of very quick perceptions; and he divined in a flash how terrible was the blow which he had dealt to a helpless man. "No wonder he hates me," he thought. For the first time in his life he felt a poignant remorse. Yet even that was swept away by another and a more clinging emotion; he felt the strangest passion of pity for the man whose soul was bare to him. It was not only pity griped him, it was a sense of kinship. So, even so, humiliated, furious, thwarted in its purest as well as its deepest love and longing, his own spirit had faced an insolent and cruel world. He spoke almost without knowing what he said. "Didn't you have an infernal time?" said he.

"Just that," said Dave; "but it's worse now."

"Why?"

"I had a friend then. Or I thought I had. When I got that letter it was like a hand held out to a drowning man. I can't *tell* how I felt 'bout that man who said he had a trouble like mine; he helped me to the only thing could be a comfort for me: I took my wife to the sea, and she's buried there. And I swore, every day of my life since, if the time ever came I could help that man, I'd help him if it cost—anything; right or wrong, I'd help him, or anybody belonging to him, for what he'd done for me. I used to read that letter every day, though I knew every word of it by heart. I wanted the sight of his writing; it was like seeing his face—a little like that. But my friend's gone now. He's worse than gone: he never was. I've got nothing left. I ain't got even the right to hate *you;* for, afterwards, you were kinder sorry you'd hurt me, like you'd be sorry for a dog you'd kicked when he wasn't doing any harm to you, and 'ud toss him a bone; so you tossed me a bone; but you wouldn't be bothered with me round, so you kept it from me. So I've lost 'em both." He ended with a queer laugh, that he instanly explained: "I'm laughing because just then I remembered how I used to go the limit, off in the woods where nobody hear me being crazy, abusing you to myself."

Steve laughed too, the same short, mirthless laugh, a kind of salute to the irony of the situation. And Dave stared at him, inwardly amazed at the way he had been impelled to free his soul to this man, whom of all others he hated.

"There's one thing," said Steve, "you're mistaken about; I didn't know who you were, that day. I never knew you were the man until this very evening, never suspected for a second. I was excited and in—in trouble, myself; and I didn't notice as I ought. The fact is, you had been in the sun and your face was pretty red; I didn't hear a word you said, and I thought you didn't walk straight—"

"And you thought I was in liquor and would disturb the lady? I never was drunk in my life. And you didn't hear?"

"Not a word. Mrs.—the lady wanted me to stop and see what you wanted; but I was afraid if you weren't yourself— I did go back after a while; but you'd gone."

Dave drew a long, deep sigh. "That

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was it," he murmured, deep in thought; "that's different." He was not offended by Steve's explanation; indeed, it appeared to him the one valid excuse which could have been offered; but his mind was in a whirl. He could not adapt his attitude to the new circumstances; he stood with knitted brow; and the other watched him. Mrs. Hardy jingled to the door with her tray; a single glance assured her the moment for hospitable refreshment was not come.

Steve looked moodily at Dave's profile, dark against the red northern glow. He was pondering what sort of atonement he could offer the man whom he had greatly helped and most grievously hurt. He knew no mere surface healing of apologies was what he ought to give. No, they must stand on an equal ground, and he must return a confidence as intimate as he had received. But it was Dave who opened the way. He said, evidently speaking out of groping and troubled thought, "In your letter you talked about being in the same kind of trouble as me—".

"I was. Do you suppose you're the only man that has lost the woman he loved? The only woman I ever wanted to marry was going to the sea; it was her only chance. She wouldn't marry me; she married another man; but she was the one woman in the world for me, and always will be. I saw her for the last time that day. She never came back."

"I'm awful sorry," said Dave, humbly. In a second he added in an undertone, "You're worse off than me."

"In more ways than that," said Steve.

"How can you be any other way than that? a rich, handsome young fellow like you."

"Well, I might be several inches taller," said Steve, with a bitter smile. "There are harder things to bear than not having money, Dave."

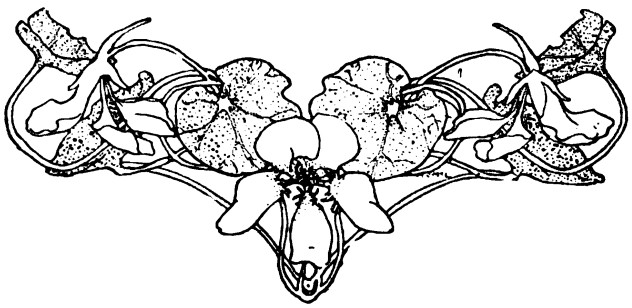
Dave looked at him; he took in his delicate beauty, his slight frame, his little hands; he remembered Neely's vulgar brags and jeers: "I had him licked, if that Don Macdonald hadn't stuck his d—— oar in; I could lick the stuffing out of him with my left hand." But the little dandy was full of sand: he had hit Fred in a minute. It must be terrible to be so little. Dave's heart swelled with a strange medley of compassion and protection and rage—but the rage was all turned on Neely. "Just let him say any more before me; I'll show him what a real licking is!" he vowed.

"Dave," said Steve, "I'd like you to take that back about losing your friend; I am needing a good friend as well as you. Couldn't we make a fresh start?"

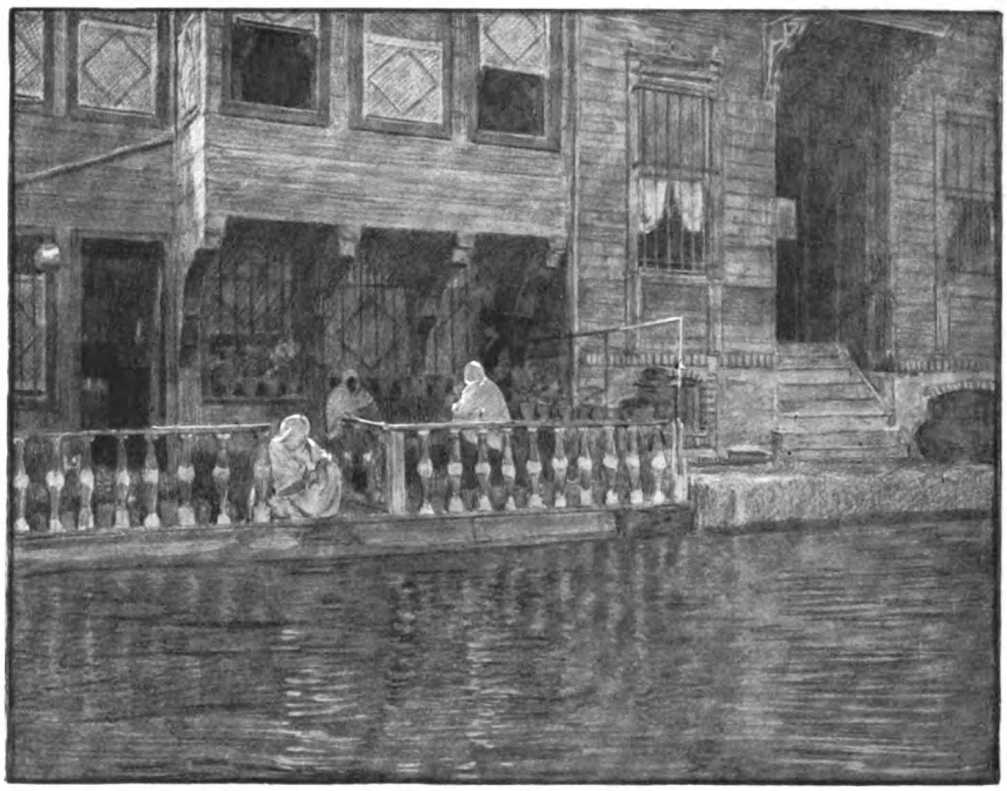
He held out his hand; and Dave took it, saying in a voice that wasn't quite steady: "I don't want to start fresh about the friend you was; you're just like I thought. Say! when I found out, and I wanted to tear that letter, I couldn't do it; it had been too big a help to me when I was away down; I couldn't touch it harsh. I'm awful glad I didn't."

And then Mrs. Hardy appeared. She was too wise to notice the difference in her son's bearing to his guest; only, after he had gone, and Dave had come back from the hitching-post, where he had untied the gray mare and had stood watching the yellow wheels spin down the hill, she ventured a mild remark that young Mr. Van Orden seemed a real fine-appearing man.

"He's 'bout as nice a man as I ever knew," said David. "Maybe I wouldn't said so yesterday, because I didn't know him. But no brother could have been kinder to me. I know that now."



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IT LIES BETWEEN THE WATER AND THE SKY

Constantinople: an Impression

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

WATER, camels, sand; then broader water, boats, a little station, with a veiled woman standing in a doorway; then more water and sandy grass, a few trees; then waste-land, a long line of bullocks ploughing; then, between the railway and the water, a cluster of colored houses, mostly of wood; then trees, more waste-land, a little bay, with hills beyond; then fields, more clusters of mean houses, ploughed land, and water; at last, the wall, with its gaps and towers; a graveyard, gardens; then, between roofs and walls, the long curve of Constantinople. A dense smell, dogs, houses; then an actual seashore, with men wading barelegged in the water, and boats coming in laden with melons; then streets of houses, with fragments of turreted walls, two birds on every turret; side streets, cutting deeply between two lines of low red roofs; faces of many colors, strange clothes; then, over the roofs, but close, the water, houses, domes, minarets of the city, in a flash, veiled suddenly by the walls of the station, fastened about one.

II

At the end of my first day in Constantinople I find myself bewildered, as if I had lost my way in my own brain. I seem to have been blown through a whirlwind, out of which I can clutch nothing tangible. I recall the drive from the station, near midday, through dense, moving, red-capped crowds, an angry

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mob, as it seemed, surging about one, each going his own way, heedlessly and violently. I tried to catch every detail, as it changed before me; to fix my attention and my memory upon a fluid spectacle. The timbers of the bridge creaked and pitched under me; these unintelligible figures came towards me, passed, went on their way; and beyond them, on both sides of me, lay the water, a knotted forest of masts along the quays, from which caiques glided outwards; in front, tier above tier, Galata, the tower, the new town, Pera. Walking back in the afternoon, down unpaved cataracts of streets, across the torrent of the bridge, I found myself again in Stamboul. I remember lifting a chain to pass under one of the gateways into the Bazar; the negro woman wrapped in a bright green mantle who squatted there, only her black face visible; the droning voice of a beggar reciting the Koran; and then the narrow lanes, hung with frippery, the dirty mountainous paths under painted arches, crossing one another in a jungle of gaudy hedges. Then I can remember only a confused mingling of *hamals*, bent double under mountainous weights; the tall black hats and cassocks of Armenian priests, the plaited turbans of Arabs, the thin black crape over the faces of veiled women, hooded in dominoes; and, everywhere, the dogs, lying in the roads and on the pavements, meek, sickly creatures, like poor relations, only asking not to be trodden on.



THE BOATS SEEM TO CRAWL

To walk, in Constantinople, is like a fierce and active struggle. One should look at once before, behind, and underneath one's feet; before, behind, and underneath one's feet some danger or disgust is always threatening. I never walked up the steep road which leads from the bridge to Pera without the feeling that I was fighting my way through a hostile city. A horn blows furiously, and a black man runs up the hill, clearing the way before the dashing and struggling horses of the tram. At the same moment a cab drives at full speed down the hill, and the horses set their feet on the pavement. In front of you a man balances slices of offal on a long pole

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THE DOGS ARE THE MASTERS HERE

across his shoulder; they dangle before and behind; he swings cheerfully with his burden through the crowd. A Kurd, stooping under a weight higher than himself, follows, step by step, behind you. Your feet slip in slushy mud, and catch on the cobbles or in the gaps of the road. A dog with a red wound behind his ear, and a long strip of mangy skin on his back, lies asleep in the middle of the pavement. You step into the road to avoid the dogs and the *hamals,* and wheels and horses are upon you. You step back into the midst of the dogs and the *hamals;* as you stand aside for a moment, a beggar with a handless arm rounded into a stump, a woman with her face eaten away in the cavity of the hood which she draws back before you, appears suddenly, filling what had seemed the only alley of escape. The sun soaks down into the narrow street; the smell of the mud rises up into your nostrils, mingled with those unknown smells which, in Constantinople, seem to ooze upwards out of the ground, and steam outwards from every door and window, and pour out of every alley, and rise like a cloud out of the breath and sweat and foulness of the people.

Cross either of the bridges, and you must look not less carefully to your feet. The old bridge hangs by a thread; it was broken in two, and has never been mended, only patched; in the middle, where it is some inches narrower, an iron-plated barge supports it. It sways, creaks, catches your feet, seems at every moment about to fall abroad into the water, which you see through the holes in its planks. The railing is held together by iron wire; the ends of the beams hang out ragged and broken over the water. The Grand Pont is more solidly based, but it is made of rough planks set together in irregular lengths and at uneven levels, nailed roughly, the nails standing up out of the planks. It is always in course of making; planks lie about in the road, waiting for use; men are working above great gaps, through which you see the water. As

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wheels rattle over it, the planks leap up under your feet; you can scarcely set foot on a plank that is not quivering. On each side is a narrow sidewalk, slightly raised, and clamped at the edge with iron. A cross-current drives at you as you walk along it; people are crowding up and down from the steamboats of the Bosporus and the Golden Horn, which have their quays moored to the right and left of the bridge. Wheels are upon you from every side; there is no rule of the road; every one fights his own way through for himself.



THE MAN BY YOUR SIDE MAY BE A SPY

The main street of Constantinople is the Grande Rue de Péra. I went into it first at night; there were but few shops open, a few men sitting on their chairs outside the cafés, a few passers. Heaps of refuse lay in the gutters; dogs nosed into the refuse, dogs lay asleep in all the holes and jags of the pavement. As I passed, a strange dog was being led in leash through their midst, and a howling began which was caught up and continued along the street; dog after dog got up slowly and began to bark; there was a dense, uninterrupted noise, which I soon came to know as the unresting, inarticulate voice of the city.

Earlier in the evening, at the six-o'clock promenade, the Grande Rue de Péra is filled with people. There are a few Turks sitting at the cafés, tranquilly, with their cigarettes, watching the passers; poor men sit at the street corners, sweating and idle; *hamals* pass, staggering under burdens, grape-sellers weighed down with deep hampers of grapes; tawdry shops are open, with dark young men lounging in the doorways; the red fez passes, with the distrustful, disdainful, anxious eyes under it; but for the most part, in this crush and tangle of races, each elbowing the other in the slime of the street and against the shoulder of the trotting tram-horse, it is the European that one sees, —the Levantine, the Greek, the Armenian; women and girls, dark, with profound eyes and empty faces, tightened into their smart dresses, walking slowly, cynically, with their free, hard, roving eyes;

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young girls with superb hair and finely cut mouths, and neat, small, firm figures; men with handsome, deceitful faces, odiously regular and lustrous; a slow, steady passing, uncomfortable and continuous.

III

Stamboul, seen from the old bridge at evening, goes up like a mountain to the domes and lances of the Suleimanié. It lies with its feet in the water, like Venice; out of the water rise brown masts and spars, with furled sails, the lines fitting together into exquisite patterns; and this great, dim, colored mass, in which certain dull reds, grays, and faint blues catch the eye, harmonizes into a kind of various brown, like some rich veined wood. It is set, like Rome, on seven hills, each with its mosque, tower, or monumental ruin; at Seraglio Point it steps into the Sea of Marmora, at the mouth of the Bosporus, looking across at Asia; it stands between water and water, with the Sea of Marmora at its back, and the Golden Horn at its feet. Every conquest which has swept over it has left a ruin or a monument on its heights. Santa Sophia and the Mosque of Ahmed stand where the Hippodrome once stood; the Burnt Column, its porphyry cracked and hooped and darkened, stands, still upright, where Constantine set it; the broken aqueduct of Valens still stretches across the city to Eyoub; the Mosque of Suleiman and the Mosque of Mohammed crown the two hills where the two conquerors built them; and you can follow the walls on the same track which Constantine followed when he planned the city which was to rule the East.

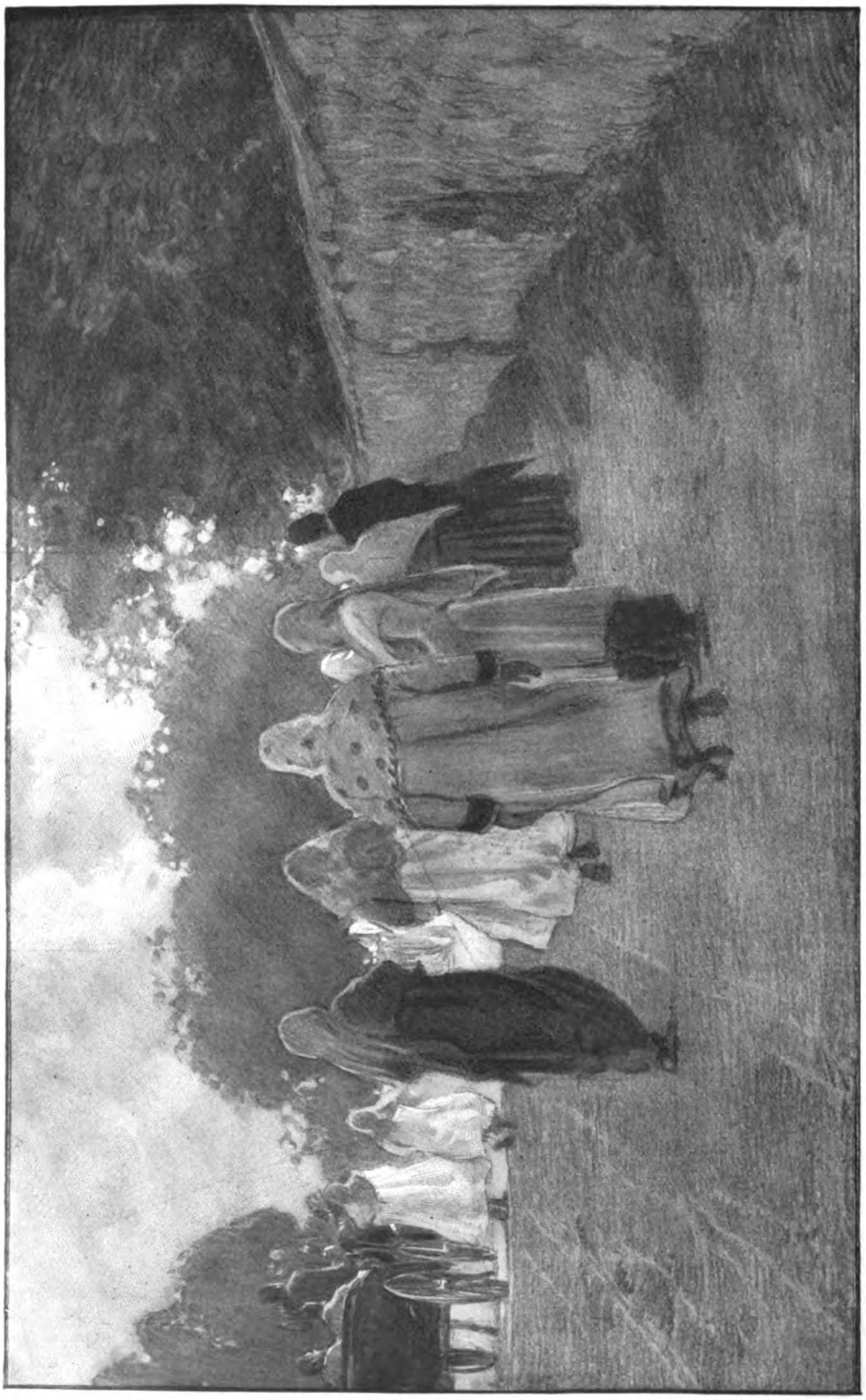
The streets of Stamboul climb and zigzag; to walk in them is to crawl like a maggot in rotting cheese. A tram runs along one winding road, distracting it with a little civilization. Away from the tram line, and even along part of it, Stamboul is Eastern; the Thousand and One Nights are not yet over. The Bazar lies in its midst, a centre of leisurely and vehement life; around the Bazar there are streets of shops, in which men live and work according to their trades: I remember best the street of the shoemakers and the street of the workers in iron. Markets spread outwards and downwards, and level with the quays there are more populous streets of shops, in which men make wooden and iron things for the ships, and clothes for those who come and go in the ships, and there is always a quayside bustle, smell, and filth; fierce men shouldering along, and sore dogs, and men with red scarves round their heads sitting on stools, smoking cigarettes, and drinking coffee out of tiny cups. Through openings between the sheds and houses you can see ships being loaded, mended, and painted; caiques wait to take passengers across, and the passengers sit in the caiques with umbrellas over their heads.

As you climb from either bridge and turn this way and that among side streets, you pass into silence and a disturbing emptiness of life. The houses are all blind, the doors fast, the windows grated over with wooden gratings which reach two-thirds up the window, above which an unwashed blind hangs awry. The houses are made of unpainted wood; they are flat, or the second story is set cornerwise on the first; and they are put together like cupboards, often very neatly, sometimes with a little carving around the panels of the door. They are all made on much the same pattern, the door usually in the left-hand corner, the windows set with studied irregularity, each square or oblong; they have the air of dolls' houses. No one seems to go in or out, not a blind quivers, not a glimmer is seen through the wooden grating; rarely a sound comes through. Life is hidden away there secretly, at watch perhaps behind the grating; barred in, as if into a convent or a prison. Close to them, around a corner, or at their feet, life boils and bubbles; there is fierce color, gesture, though little noise, among people who walk and move gravely. As a stranger passes, all eyes turn on him, with that doubtful, not hostile, but ready to be hostile, look which I have come to know so well.

IV

Water flows through the city, purifying it; light floods it, making it over again hourly. It lies between the water and the sky, in a great, luxurious abandonment to the light. Seen from the Bosporus at sunset, Stamboul rises like

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THEY PASS ALONG, SHROUDED FROM HEAD TO FEET

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a great cloud, silhouetted against pure gold, and no more substantial than a cloud; its edges are cut into a pattern of domes and minarets and cypresses, above luminous banks of cloud; it hangs there, lifted and burning, wholly a part of the sky. Around the point of the Seraglio there is pure sea, with sails and islands; on the right, naked from the sunset, the walls and square window-holes of Pera, rising up solidly out of the land.

Sunrise, as I see it from the height of Pera, brings out all the colors of Stamboul, like water washing over veined marble. The whole city, washed by the light, whitens and reddens; every window grows distinct, and the balcony of every minaret. On the water the boats seem to crawl over steel-blue oil. A few thin spires of smoke rise slowly, forming into clouds of sombre fleece above the minarets. The light seems to draw a curtain back slowly over Kassim Pasha; below, the cypresses and half of the valley are still cold.

Every morning I find a new aspect in the water of the Golden Horn, and in the walls and domes and minarets and cypresses of Stamboul, and along the bare desert line of the horizon, and in the green and brown of the valley and hillside from Kassim Pasha to the white sprinkled stones of the Jews' cemetery and the sky. The cypresses below my windows, in the Little Field of the Dead, in whose midst I am living, have their different textures, as the light smooths them to velvet or sharpens the points of their branches.

In the heat of the day, as I sit on a tomb in the Little Field of the Dead, I watch the winding dusty road, with the strings of horses and donkeys, carrying burdens across their backs, roped together in long tinkling lines; men with burdens who sit down among the graves to smoke a cigarette; veiled women, who pass, shrouded from head to feet in their *feredjés*, like the dominoes of some players in a masquerade. There is a dense, windless heat; not even the dust is alive enough to move.

On a day of wind, crossing the bridge from Stamboul about sunset, all is changed. The water, darkened by the wind, heaves into little waves, the waves of the sea, and the bridge rocks under one's feet. Sailing-boats are anchored in the harbor; as the steamers go out and come in, the thick smoke from their funnels blackens the air. I watch the barges and their difficult passage under the bridge, the rush for the sails as they pass under; farther out, the small boats rowing hard against the tide, the rushing six-oared caiques, the little leaning sails, the foam behind the steamers; the whole unquiet water, clouded sky, and the pale gold crescent above the minarets. Beyond the bridge there is a sudden peace —still water, motionless shadows from the stacked masts against the shore: as I go on my way, Pera, rising like a mountain.

At night, as I look from my windows over Kassim Pasha, I never tire of that dull, soft coloring, green and brown, in which the brown of roofs and walls is hardly more than a shading of the green of the trees. There is the lovely curve of the hollow, with its small, square, flat houses of wood; and above, a sharp line of blue-black cypresses on the spine of the hill; then the long desert plain, with its sandy road, shutting in the horizon. Mists thicken over the valley, and wipe out its colors before the lights begin to glimmer out of it. Below, under my windows, are the cypresses of the Little Field of the Dead, vast, motionless, different every night. Last night each stood clear, tall, apart; to-night they huddle together in the mist, and seem to shudder. The sunset was brief, and the water has grown dull, like slate. Stamboul fades to a level mass of smoky purple, out of which a few minarets rise black against a gray sky with bands of orange fire. Last night, after a golden sunset, a fog of rusty iron came down, and hung poised over the jagged level of the hill. The whole mass of Stamboul was like black smoke; the water dim gray, a little flushed, and then like pure light, lucid, transparent, every ship and every boat sharply outlined in black on its surface; the boats seemed to crawl like flies on a lighted pane.

V

I was standing on the bridge one morning, looking down into the water, exquisitely blue, in which the minnows

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darted like little emerald snakes. Caiques slid past, almost as swiftly as the minnows; boats with tall brown masts, all leaning one way, stood in order against the quay; the sunlight poured down softly, enveloping the land and water. I was saying to myself, in a kind of dreamy peace and contentment, How beautiful! when, looking down at my side, close to the parapet of the bridge, almost between me and the water, I saw a little girl lying on the ground; she had drawn up her skirt in order that she might show that one of her legs was severely injured.

In that contrast all Constantinople is summed up; and it is that contrast, largely, which makes it so disturbing, alluring, so violent and seductive at once in its appeal. It is, as the East is to the West, a kaleidoscope; but you must be prepared for the sudden shaking of the colors, and it will be well if you can look at the picture merely as a picture. Wherever you go you will hear the clank of a sword; an officer, a *zaptié*, passes you; everywhere there are soldiers prowling, and the soldier here is the scum of the streets, with a ragged uniform as his license to do as he pleases. There are soldiers on guard at every street corner, and outside every public building, in their sentry-boxes of rotten wood, propped up on stones. The man who stops by your side, as you look over the side of the bridge, may be a spy; the merchant from whom you buy in the bazar may be told by the police that he is not to sell you books or manuscripts. One day I saw that a part of the parapet of the bridge had gone; a rope was tied across in its place, and people were looking curiously down into the water. Next day the parapet was in its place again. I asked what had happened. The parapet had given way, fifteen or twenty people had gone over. "Were they drowned?" I asked. I was told not to inquire. The bridge, it was known, wanted mending; no one would mend it; an accident was a kind of natural criticism; nothing must be said about it.

Almost every morning I pass the Sublime Porte. It is a covered doorway of wood and stucco, with a frieze of green lettering, to which the pigeons often add a living frieze with their smooth bodies. Dust and stones are heaped about the Sublime Porte; grass grows between the stones of the court-yard, which rises inside like a mound, paved with cobbles. A fortune-telling woman squats in an angle of the pavement opposite, a negress, with her beads and charms laid out on a little carpet; the black face thrusts forward out of a veil tightened about it.

One morning, not far from the Sublime Porte, I met a company of gypsies. Pots and pans, bedding, all their goods, were piled on the backs of donkeys; a black chicken was tied on the top.

Just afterwards, near Santa Sophia, I met two Kurds, with red handkerchiefs about their heads, and red girdles, who dragged two big bears after them at the end of long ropes. They had long poles in their hands, and two tambourines, on which they beat. The bears shuffled uneasily through the midst of the dogs, turning nervously at every bark. They had none of that strange aloofness which I noticed in the three camels, roped together, which passed me the other day in one of the streets of Pera. The dogs barked frantically around them, but the yellow beasts, with their craning necks and flat snakes'-heads, lounged on indifferently, putting down their large soft-padded feet with a delicate choice of the road.

And the dogs, who are, in a sense, the masters here, have lost the sense of human relationship. Kindness restores it to them; surprise quickens their gratitude. For the most part they are left alone, and they have made laws for themselves, and taken up their own quarters. They live hardly better than the beggars; they are diseased from birth, and they lie in the streets, as the beggars lie in the streets, with all their sores, sometimes pitied a little, foul, pitiable things. With night they waken into some hideous uneasiness; and their howling, as it comes up through a silence only broken by the tapping of the *bekjé's* iron staff, is like a sound of loud wind or water far off, waxing and waning, continually going on, and at times, as it comes across the water from Stamboul, like a sound of strings scraped and plucked savagely by an orchestra of stringed instruments.

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The Woman of the People

BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

MORE than half the people in the world are laborers. They have no money; they would starve if they did not work. Psychologically, they are practically and morally unknown to those of us who do not toil with our hands for a living. It is not during a brief visit to a tenement-house, it is not in a moment's outburst of generosity, it is not at a charity meeting, of a working-girl's club, however close may be the intercourse on these occasions, that the laborer's point of view can be realized, that the advantages and disadvantages of his position are made clear to his friends of fortune. To know something of these advantages and these disadvantages it is necessary to experience them. This for part of a winter and all of one spring I did, and if the notes which follow have any value it is because the truth in them was taken at its source. I lived, suffered, existed, as a factory girl; I shared in full her obligations, persisting in the effort until the first monstrous physical fatigue had subsided, until the first indiscriminate pity had ceased to be blinding, until I as one of them could judge my companions as individuals.

The observations I was able to make, the conclusions I draw, however incomplete, are offered here as a document prepared by probably the only woman of education who has stayed for so long a time as a laborer among laborers.

The working-women of the people in America I divide into four categories, considering in turn the problems of each and the circumstances that have determined their position. These four categories are the servant, the charwoman, the woman of a generation ago, and the factory girl. Generally speaking, the industrial aristocrat is the factory girl; the older woman has a rôle in the home only; and the units of a second order are the charwoman and the servant.

Since time immemorial it has been a tradition that certain things should not be given in exchange for money: honor, for example, virtue, hospitality, and liberty. The social grade of the servant is determined by the sacrifice of this last-mentioned privilege — she has sold her liberty.

When I first arrived in the Western city where my career as factory girl began, I was offered a place as servant. I could live in a comfortable home, have a room to myself, be materially protected, and receive for services rendered in the household fourteen dollars a month. At the factory, where I decided to apply, I could make from the first only seventy cents a day; my board, lodging, car fare, and washing amounted to fifteen dollars and forty cents a month; the balance left in my pocket at the end of thirty days was five dollars and sixty cents, instead of fourteen dollars. During the first week of prostrating fatigue, when it seemed as though, for lack of physical force, the whole experiment must prove a failure, I grew to look upon the situation of a servant in a well-disposed family as the most luxurious and desirable a working-woman could hold. To be provided for, to have a bed with sheets, clean food, and the possibility of sitting down occasionally, would, it seemed to me, more than compensate for attendant conveniences.

My chance came before long to prove the relative bitterness of moral and physical suffering. I was one day sent as scullery-maid to the factory kitchen; I had a free hot dinner in addition to my pay; I was through work at five instead of six; instead of being ten hours on my feet, I could sit or stand or move about as I pleased. But the nature of the occupation provided put me, in my own estimation, on an inferior grade. In the factory rooms we were busy for an anonymous master, who would become

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possessor of the objects our hands were fashioning, the new, clean things we were helping to create, and which, once finished, would pass from us never to return again.

In the kitchen I was occupied with humanity's *débris*. When I arrived in the morning there were over a thousand dishes clean on the closet shelves. By one o'clock they were all dirtied. The superior employees had eaten or drunk and left their slops and scraps for us to dispose of. Among these superior employees there was not one who would do the work we were doing, whereas we would have taken their places gladly had we been capable of it. We washed and wiped their thousand dishes and set them away to be dirtied again the following day.

From my own experience as a kitchen-maid, I resume in a word my conclusions regarding the servant class. In America, where freedom is any man's to claim, the servant must of necessity be an inferior human being. Added to the futile nature of the servant's duties, there is a complete sacrifice of independence to which only the inferior will submit. No law regulates the number of hours a servant shall work; the will of a master passes before any requirements for existence as an individual. The servant belongs in the category with those who have abandoned or who ignore an ideal, who prefer relative material ease to relative moral freedom.

The second category, the woman who is neither a servant nor a factory girl, is in an altogether different plane. Whether she be a day scrubber, a washer and ironer, or a sweat-shop-hand, her point of departure is an ideal of some sort: she is working for a child, for a sick or good-for-nothing husband, some one weaker than she is who depends on her; she is working for a home, for the feeling of dignity she could not define, but which comes with liberty; the chance to offer hospitality to a neighbor, the owning of a door which she can shut upon what she calls her "own," if it be only misery and destitution. She could make more as a servant, but she would not live "out"—out of her home,—she would not abandon the blue, shrivelled baby nor the drunken husband, because they are her share of ideal in the world. They are all she knows of heart's content.

There is no place for justice in our judgments of this woman of the people; it is compassion she awakens, mercy and tenderness; her lot is hard enough to merit all the charity we can afford to offer. No slightest effort is lost, I am convinced, after what I have seen, which brings her even for a moment a glimpse of beauty and ease. How many restless society women would find consolation for their troubles if they knew the joy and hubbub in a tenement over a few flowers brought in by a lady from outside. "When you've got somethin' pretty to look at," one of these tenement women said to me, "you feels much more like working."

The third category in the division I make, the older women, the mothers of grown families, have some of the charm that reminiscence lends to everything. They are already far enough in the past, sufficiently a part of conditions that can never be reproduced, to have about them the touch of romance in which the imagination envelops all our yesterdays. The differences between this type of woman and the working-girl of to-day are determined wholly by the invention of machinery. The starting of the factories in America created multiple tasks not requiring the strength or judgment of a man, needing no technical training, and providing fair wages for services rendered. At the same time the machines turned out so cheaply the materials it had been woman's work to prepare at home, that it was no longer an economy for her to be a producer; she was without occupation at the moment when the factories opened to her the chances of becoming a wage-earner. She embraced the chance, not only in the cases where it was necessary for her to make money, but in every case where her American energy rendered unbearable idleness in the parental household which sheltered her, but where she found no outlet for her forces. It is the revolution of conditions by machinery which has made the breach between generations, which has taken the women from their homes, denaturalized the nature of their occupations, unsettled them in their destiny as women. The older woman should be studied. She is the

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friendly companion of man, his consolation; the younger woman is his rival, his torment.

I met, in the divers places where I boarded as a factory hand, a great many old couples. There existed between them invariably the sort of understanding which can arise only when the woman in marriage identifies herself with the home, accepts the protection of the man, materially and morally, and offers in return the devotion, the tenderness, that is recompense enough. To be happy is to be in harmony with one's destiny. The older woman I speak of, and her contemporaries, I found always in harmony with their destinies. The factory girl, who is not actually obliged to work from necessity, I found in discord with what fate willed every woman to be,—that is, an economic dependent, the physical inferior of man, a wife, a mother.

In our class, where brute force counts for nothing, it may seem reasonable to talk about the equality of man and woman; but when you work side by side in the factories with men and women, the crude truth about the woman question manifests itself. According to the feminist's idea *freedom* for a woman means the chance to do what men do. Given this chance to come in direct competition with man, let us suppose she takes advantage of it in the mechanical industries. An effort sustained, as man sustains it, in the employments of a man at a factory would, except perhaps in an exceptional case which proves the rule, result in exhaustion and death.

It is the woman's own physical inferiority which places this restraint upon her freedom of choice. There remain open to her innumerable tasks which can be accomplished by young boys, young girls, and in some cases by children. She is placed with those members of the race whose natural weakness demands at least partial protection. No assuming of responsibilities, no demonstration of ability on her part, can emancipate her from this level to which her physical make-up has irrevocably relegated her. The boy, as soon as he is *strong enough*, abandons this group, and goes into a class with men who are better paid because they have more force than women. And in mechanical labor it is force that counts: certain enterprises will not employ even men over forty years old, or those who cannot pass a physical examination.

Thus we are obliged to admit that women, even those accustomed to a primitive exercise of their strength, must, for physical reasons, rank among the partially protected members of society; must, so long as they compete with men, form a second order of the industrial unit. And the same protection without which the child, the boy, and the woman would perish in the struggle, inevitably takes from them their independence as a class.

Now, a second condition, peculiar to America, complicates still further the problem for the woman. There is with us a class unlike any other in any country—a, so to speak, leisure class among the poor—a leisure class of women only. The material prosperity of the country is such that the laboring fathers can often afford to support their daughters wholly or in part. These daughters, owing to the reasons we have given above, find insufficient occupation to keep them contented at home. The parental purse does not provide enough for them to indulge certain tastes they have for dress and amusement. There is a slight distance placed between mother and daughter by the superior education of the latter. She knows that the justice of American society accords to any woman the position she is able to attain. These things she turns over and over in her brain; she feels that an opportunity alone is lacking for her to be something more than a farmer's daughter or a laborer's daughter; she longs to be free to express herself, to be surrounded by what represents her sentiments better than the homely interior where she was brought up; she wants independence in choosing friends that will be more "her sort" than the plain people who come to see her parents. Little by little, without any one of these reasons having formulated itself in her mind, she makes the decision to leave home, to go into a factory, to supplement a home allowance, perhaps even to earn by herself enough to make a life of her own according to her aspirations and understanding.

It is the factory which to-day engulfs the vast number of girls in the position

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I describe. There they find employment, contemporaries of both sexes with interests like to their own; and in order to have these, and for lack of something better to do, they become slaves to mechanical labor, to the brutalizing work which can be done by the hands without the co-operation of the intelligence, work which aims to bear as little mark as possible of the person who does it. When the one thousand one hundred and sixty-six dozen shirts we turned out every week at the knitting-mills were done, the only gray garments that bore any individuality and trace of the human were those which the beginners had treated according to their own interpretation of how a shirt should be finished. They lay in a heap by themselves, waiting Monday morning, to be begun over again, and over, until they should look as though a machine had made them.

The factory girl of the type I name here is her own worst enemy; she is sacrificing herself, she is sacrificing the woman who works for bread, she is sacrificing the home and all that goes with it, she is sacrificing her womanhood, she is an enemy to society.

At the house where I boarded in Western New York there were eight girls. They had a wide circle of acquaintances who came often to see them, and we all participated in the socials and village festivities. Not one of the girls whom I met was working from absolute necessity. They paid their own board, to be sure, but this amounted to only to two dollars and seventy-five cents a week; three dollars with washing; and the least any one made was five dollars and forty cents in six days. The girl who taught me made forty-two dollars a month, and she "lived home." They had no obligations to meet when their own daily expenses were covered; the balance of their earnings they could dispose of as they wished; they received from their parents presents of all kinds, varying in value from a gold watch and chain to a chocolate cake.

However, among the thousand hands at the mill, there was one group of women who labored for their daily bread. Any casual visitor could have seen at a glance that they belonged in a category apart. They were all over thirty; some were fifty and white-haired. In the factory they had as their work the most ungracious, the least paid of all the fifteen operations through which a shirt must pass from start to finish. To make one dollar they must inspect two hundred dozen garments. My own comrades worked gayly, hurrying or taking their ease as pleasure or the desire for extra pin-money allured them from one hour to another.

The breadwinners were goaded: they had the look of those whom life has showed only its grave side; the harassed expression of those whose needs, together with the needs of those dependent on them, accumulate faster than they can be met; the resigned attitude of those who have long ago proved that, struggle as they may, they will only in the end wear themselves out against the iron barrier which poverty and inability create. Their very anxieties, their insufficient nourishment, ill-dispose them for work; their age and its incumbent responsibilities are depressing. If, at forty, they have a position in the factory, it is evidently either because they have no one to support them or because they must support others. Their rivals in the factory are of their own sex—girls whose very independence and youth make them desirable, whose material well-being gives them energy and courage. It is a case of the amateur's yacht, on pleasure bent, taking all the wind with her full free sails from the tiny freight-ship struggling to make for port. If we could induce the pleasure-boat to change its course, the smaller vessel would gain a wonderful headway.

Through circumstances, through the rapid change in conditions, through the possibilities offered by machine labor for earning "good money" without knowing a trade, we have a native type created, a woman who would rather eat cake all by herself than share a piece of bread with her family,—a *déclassé* whose tastes for luxury isolate her from her fellow-beings; a hybrid. It is direction only that she needs; the very faults that make her an egoist would become qualities if properly applied; the desire to progress, the wish to be something better than her parents, which now take the form of vanity, would be a power when coupled with the energy and adaptability she shows; and the restlessness that torments her because she is out of harmony with her

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destiny becomes, when we see it given a proper outlet, the strength of the American nation.

For all of us whom the happiness of this unknown class, the poor, may concern, there is work to undertake.

Among the women of the people in the factories, we have, on one side, the breadwinner; on the other, the girl who works for freedom and fine clothes. They do not pull together; they must be separated before the younger of the team has crushed the older. The woman who labors for her daily bread must be in a class among women who are working with the same austerity of purpose; and the young native American girl must be promoted, through her own effort and ours, to a superior level of industry, where not only she will cease to be a rival of man to her own detriment, and of woman to the detriment of her sex, but where she will supplant mechanical activity devoid of thought by hand-work which requires the co-operation of mind and taste. We must make, with this ready material, a class of *industrial art workers,* who will raise the æsthetic standard of the country, leave free the breadwinners on a footing of equality, and who themselves will revert to the duties of womanhood, wifehood, motherhood, when they consent to take up work which can be accomplished in the home, which does not demand physical strength, and which could not be done by men.

O Summer Moon

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

O MOURNFUL golden summer Moon,
Where are the nights that thou hast known?
Where are Love's vanished roses strewn?

Once pale Acantha's pensive tune,
So long ago, to thee was blown;
O mournful golden summer Moon!

And Hero, sorrowing all too soon,
To thee her passion once did moan;
Where are Love's vanished roses strewn?

Once Sappho some dear night in June
Sang all her love to thee alone,
O mournful golden summer Moon!

And once did sea-born Venus swoon
In tender love O times unknown!
Where are Love's vanished roses strewn?

But gone is each sad kisses' boon;
And all those lips—are now as stone!
Where are Love's vanished roses strewn,
O mournful golden summer Moon?

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Torre Ananias

BY ARTHUR COLTON

CAPTAIN BUCKINGHAM was led to tell this story of the Tower of Ananias by the contemplation of the lighthouse that stands on the southern bluffs of that island not far from the entrance of Long Island Sound. In front ran past the isleless length of the Atlantic. The telegraph-wires of the signal-station hummed in the sea-wind overhead:

I

There's a long promontory, he said, that the coasters see on the west coast of South America near the Line, with a square white tower on a bit of high rock at the head of it. The promontory is called Mituas, and the point Punta Ananias; it may be because some one ran aground on the sand-bar off the end and thought it deceitful. And some people say the tower was built as an outlook against pirates long ago; but I judge the facts are everybody has forgotten who built it or what he did it for. It's a light-house now. If a man doesn't mind a curve in his view and a few pin-head islands, there's nothing particular to interrupt his view half round the world. The Andes make a jagged line on the east, and ten of them are volcanoes. These snow mountains and two or three ocean currents got together and arranged it with the equator that one part of the year should be a good deal like another, and all the months behave respectfully, and the Tower of Ananias have a breeze. It's a spectacular position with a picked climate.

When I was about twenty I was some reckless and generally cheerful. I was on a trader round the Horn, and I fell sick of the scurvy. It's a disease not so common now, but it used to act as if all the bad salt pork you'd eaten were coming out through the skin, till you looked like a Stilton cheese, and what you wanted was to be fed on vegetables and put ashore so as to get the bilge-water dried out. Probably that wouldn't be possible, and you'd be sewed up in canvas, and resemble an exclamation point, and be dropped overboard to punctuate the end of the story. There were two men dropped over that way coming up the coast, and when we sighted Punta Ananias I told the Captain he'd have another burial.

Those were rough days at sea. I've seen Captain Rickhart hit a man so he slid ten feet after he struck the deck; and yet Rickhart was a decent man. He says, "I ain't no fancy for that," and takes a look at me. "You won't last to Panama." I thought he was just giving his candid opinion. I didn't suppose he'd haul in, for only four of us were down, and two of them were not bad; only one, named Craney, was bad. But the thing must have been on Rickhart's nerves, for he anchored overnight and sent Craney and me to the lighthouse in a boat, and said the mate was to buy what truck he could see, and I was to be knocked on the head by the Dago in the lighthouse, whoever he was, for the sake of my kit and because I was a nuisance. That was very decent of him, and it's how I came to know the Tower of Ananias.

Then we got under the lee of the tower, and saw the keeper stalking down the rocks, a tall, lean man, with a long mustache and narrow gray beard, black cloak and black sombrero. I heard Craney say, "Here's the King of Castile coming to Buck's funeral. Blamed if he ain't a whole hearse!" and I felt more cheerful.

"Without doubt," said the keeper, grave, deep, and solemn, being asked about the fruit; and regarding sick boarders, he broke out sharply: "Since when has my house— I ask your pardon; you are strange to me. No more. The gentlemen will do me the honor to be my guests."

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Nobody appeared to have anything to say to that, but he looked too lean to recommend his board. His Spanish was not the kind I was used to. It was neither West Coast nor Mexican. I judge it was just Spanish.

So they left us in canvas hammocks in the Tower of Ananias. It was three stories high, the top story open seaward with its lantern and tin reflectors. The darkness came as its habit is in the tropics, a blaze of color in the west, then the dark like a lamp blown out. I could see the stars through the square seaward windows of the tower, and heard the keeper go softly up the stairs, and I went to sleep with a banana in one hand and an orange in the other, limp and contented. When morning came, and I pulled myself up weakly to look through the square window, and saw the old ship making sail, it occurred to me I was pretty young and some sick, with no money to speak of and far from home. I rubbed my eyes and looked around.

The door and the stairway filled one side of the room. There were two wooden benches and a pile of earthen and tin ware on one of them. The hammocks hung between the windows, and in one of them lay Jock Craney, looking something like mouldy cheese; he had yellow hair naturally, and eyebrows and complexion the same, and he was some spotted at the time. His face was of a melancholy cast, which was deceitful, for enterprise and hopefulness were his nature. His mind kept him restless. He was on his way to California for the gold-mining, and Ananias was no more in his programme than in mine. But he was equally broke, only he talked better Mexican Spanish. Beyond the door was a banana-tree with ten-foot leaves, and a little black monkey loping round under it sort of indifferent. Beyond the tree came the thick woods, with black caves opening in spots between the trunks and leaves. A woman came out of it with a



"HERE'S THE KING OF CASTILE"

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basket on her head, up the path to the tower. The monkey yelped and went up the banana-tree. "Dios!" she cried, at the door, and put down the basket and ran. The keeper came down the stone stairs and ran silently after her. The little black monkey dropped from his tree and loped after the keeper, and the forest swallowed them all. A sea-breeze was blowing into the tower, and below I could hear the long surf pound and splash. Jock Craney slept as innocent as if he'd been fresh cheese, and I felt more cheerful than ever.



THE KEEPER RAN SILENTLY AFTER HER

But when the keeper came back with the woman, who appeared to be a scared Indian and screeched some, he remarked that her name was Juliaca, and she would see to our comfort, but otherwise had no culture! Craney woke up and took a non-committal look at things.

"I have already," the keeper said, solemnly, "the advantage of your honorable names. My own is Gaspero Raphael de Avila y Mituas." He so stated it and went up the stairs. Craney dropped one leg out of his hammock, and he says, very thoughtful:

"Well, I always had hard luck. Pa's name was Injury, and ma's Misfortune. They named me Jock and chucked me." Juliaca knocked her head on the floor and screeched, but at that time I didn't see what for. She appeared to think the keeper was displeased.

It was a bit monotonous lying in the tower, seeing only now and then the black-cloaked keeper, stiff, silent, solemnly polite. By-and-by we began to crawl out and lie in the seaward shadow, and sometimes under the banana-tree, where the little black monkey loped around very melancholy. But we grew better after a week. Juliaca gossiped, and told us the keeper was a magician, master of winds, and probably the bestower of rain and sunshine. Certainly his light in the tower was connected underground with one of the volcanoes, so that he could tap different grades of earthquakes, graded as "motors, tremblorits, and tremblors," according to size.

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"For, see!" she whispered, "at night there is the red smoke of the mountain —all night. There is the light in the tower—all night. There is Himself in the tower—all night—all day. He speaks not. Is it not so? The ground shivers. He says nothing. He does the great magic. Ah-h-h! The magic!"

Craney grew so well and restless that he began strolling, and finally went down the path that Juliaca came by; for she said there was a village, and, beyond, other villages and cocoa plantations, fishermen along the shore, many people, though only footpaths ran through the woods. Juliaca's gossip lacked variety, and the little black monkey took no interest in me at all. It appeared to me things were unnaturally dull. I went to the tower and called. The keeper answered, and I went up and hoped I wasn't in his way. The middle story was like the one below, except for a table, chair, bed, and a few plain articles.

"On the contrary, sir," he said, "if you will do me the honor to precede," and motioned to the stair leading to the lantern story, which was roofed, but open on all sides, and along the seaward wall was a stone bench.

II

Now and then, as a man lives along, something or some one comes and gives him a new notion of things. At first it surprises him, then he thinks there might be something in it, then maybe he gets so waterlogged and cosmopolitan as to admit an oyster's notion of things might be as reasonable as his. But as near as I could come to it, the keeper was a Spaniard of a run-down family,—at least one branch of it was run down to him. It was old and uncommonly proud, and had different kinds of decorative names. It began with being legendary; then it seemed to have a deal of trouble with the Moors, and got rich with the results of trouble; then it owned some of this section of the New World, including twenty or thirty thousand natives in the property. That was the story of the family. But what they had they spent or lost or had confiscated, till there was nothing much but the story. Now here's what surprised me. For his race, and the thought of it, was in his bones, same as the sea is in mine, and maybe more. For instance, it seems to me I'm a good deal more to the point than my ancestors, on account of being alive. I don't much know who they were. I'm a separate island, with maybe a few other islands close by, continental connections with old times sort of submerged.

That's the average American way of looking at it, and he wants to be a credit to himself. But the keeper's notion was to be a credit to all the grandfathers he could find between the fall of the Roman Empire and the Conquest of Peru. Those of the last hundred years or so he wasn't so particular about, but if they'd been dead long enough he'd do anything on earth to satisfy them. I didn't seem to surround the idea so as to find it reasonable, but I got so far as to see it was a large order, that somehow there was a kind of handsomeness in it.

For a while he listened to my gabbling and said nothing. Then he began and went off like a bottle of beer that's been corked overlong. From what he said, I gathered the facts just stated. "The stream goes dry," he said slowly at last. "Therefore I came from Spain. What do I know of the new laws of the colonists, their republic? These lands are to my race in me, from the point to the bay, and north twenty leagues; so runs the charter; so witnesses my name, Mituas, given and decreed by Charles, the king and emperor, to Juan de Avila y Mituas, the friend of Francisco Pizarro, who was an upstart indeed, but a valiant man. They say to me: 'There is a lighthouse on Punta Ananias. For the keeping of the light is paid this much. Sir, be pleased in this manner to occupy your estate.' What do I care for their mockery? Is the buzz of these insects heard in Spain? Good, then! I wait for my end. But to hear an Avila mocked at in Spain I could not endure. You do not understand. It is natural. You were so kind as to tell me of your life—believe me, a most interesting account,—a courtesy which has tempted me to fatigue you in this manner."

I thought his yarn a sight more interesting than mine, and said so, and he looked sort of blank, as if he didn't see how you could get the stories of an Avila and a Yankee seaman near enough

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together to compare them, any more than you could compare a dozen eggs with a parallel of latitude. But his good manners stayed by him. He said he appreciated my saying so, and then was silent, sitting on his end of the stone bench and looking grimly at the sea.

The fact is, so long as a man thinks a heap more of something besides himself than he does of himself, there's a good deal of latitude as to what that thing is. Maybe it's his children and the folks that are coming after him; maybe the folks that went before him; maybe it's his country, or a picture he's painting, or a machine he has invented, or a ship and the folks aboard he's responsible for, or the copper image of one of his gods. So long as he stands to stake his life on it, I don't know as I'm prepared to sniff at him.

"Well," I said, finally, "I've got nothing to speak of—no money, no relations,—but I'd hate to give up the idea of seeing Long Island Sound again, and the town of Guilford."

"Your hope is a possession most excellent," he answered, very quiet. "I shall not see again my Madrid, nor those vineyards of Arragon." By-and-by, as the keeper seemed too melancholy to be sociable, I went back to the banana-tree. Juliaca came and went. She said Craney had gone inland. He didn't come back that night, and not till the late afternoon of the next day. Then he came out of the black woods, strolling along, and sat down under the banana-tree, and acted as if he had something on his mind. The black monkey sat there too, and acted as if he had something on his mind. I told Craney about the keeper, and laid out my theory about his having a handsome point of view, but one that needed property to keep cheerful with. Craney was thoughtful.

"H-m! property! Buck," he says at last, "this is the remarkablest community I ever got to. I guess the old man told you right so far as he knew. I guess he applied for four hundred square miles of ancestral estate and they told him he could have the lighthouse job. That's right. But see here. He don't really know what his job is. Lighthouse-keeper! My galluses and garters! he's the tin god of ten or fifteen thousand Injuns and half-breeds. I've been holding camp-meetings with them. Why, he's sitting on a liquid gold mine that's aching to run. Well, I'll tell you. I went from here to Juliaca's village, it's on the shore, and some of those are fishermen, and I talked with them. Then I got a donkey and rode over by plantations where they raise cocoa, which appears to be a red cucumber full of beans, and growing on an apple-tree. They dry it and take it in boat-loads up a bay about forty miles, and get from five cents a pound upwards. I talked with them. Then I met an old priest, who was fat and slow, a good-hearted man, but uncommon peaceable. I went in a sail-boat with him 'way up the coast to his house, and spent the night. He said the Injuns of this neighborhood were more'n half heathen in their minds, but he was too old and settled down now, and couldn't help it. It didn't appear to trouble him much. He wondered if Señor de Avila knew he was that gruesome and popular, and then he mooned along, talking sort of wandering and peaceable, till near midnight. The Injuns don't think his credit with the gods and the elements amounts to much, anyway. This morning I crossed to the north shore and saw more villages and plantations, and came back to Juliaca's village in a sort of catamaran rigged with a sprit-sail. Buck, this is a business opening, and when it comes to business I'm right there. And look here. The old man's notions, as he put 'em to you, are a good thing. I didn't know how he'd take it, but I guess we can fix it. You see, this section,—Padre Filippo says it used to belong to that family more or less, but the titles were called off when the country set up for itself, and whether they'd collected rent up to that time he didn't know. He thought they hadn't regular or much. But the section's grown pretty well-to-do lately on account of the cocoa trade, and I gather what the Injuns pay on it now is about ordinary taxes.

"Now, if the Injuns pay the old man a sort of blackmail to get him to moderate his earthquakes, and he calls it his proper rents, why, I say, a rose by any other name 'll smell as sweet, supposing the commission for collecting is the same. That's the idea. All he's got to do is to

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CRANEY ATTACKED THE SUBJECT LIKE A DRUMMER SELLING A BILL OF GOODS

stay in his tower, or naturally look like a cross between the devil and a prophet when he does show himself, same as usual, and leave us to work his tribute. It's pretty much what his tenth grandfather did. I guess it 'll be mostly dried cocoa beans. The shed where the old man keeps his oil will do for a warehouse."

I says, "What's all this, anyway?"

"Oh," he says, easily, "you'll see it's reasonable by-and-by. Why not? Why, Buck, the campaign's begun already. Some of the stuff is coming in to-morrow. Buck, you've no notion how they cottoned to the idea. I says to 'em this way. 'Course,' I says, 'I'm a stranger, but it stands to reason the Don won't shake anybody out of bed nights that does his best to please him. Sure, he'd be reasonable. But here he's lived on the little end of this country now going on ten years, and what have you done? Nothing! Here he's been switching fire back and forth from the Andes, corking up one volcano and letting out another, and yet he ain't split a single plantation into ribbons so far. Has he, now? No. Well, ain't it astonishing? Why, he must have this whole territory riddled with pipe connections. Boys, I don't see how you can be so reckless,' I says, 'and ungrateful. How long do you expect him to look out for folks that don't appear to care whether they blow up or not? First you know, he'll get disgusted and turn the whole section into cinders. He must have been mighty cautious as it is. Shook you up a little now and then. Nothing to what he's liable to do. Suffering saints!' I says, 'can't you take a hint? What do you suppose he means when the ground wrinkles under your feet? Do you want him to pitch you all into the sea before you get his idea?' They said, they'd thought of that before. Fact is, they surprised me. I think they must have some ancestral ideas of their own, so it comes natural to 'em to pay for their weather. Tell 'em they've got to bribe an earthquake, and they say, 'All right.' Queer, ain't it? 'Well,' I says, 'tell you what I'll do. I'll arrange it with the Don.' Buck,

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you've no notion how they cottoned to the idea, they're that scared of him. I guess they'll put up various amounts. They didn't understand a percentage. But maybe the details will be complicated. Let's go see the Don."

The keeper was in his lantern story, looking out over the sea and brooding. Craney attacked the subject like a drummer selling a bill of goods, but the keeper didn't seem to understand. "Why," said Craney, "you see, these people have a sort of mysterious reverence for you. Maybe you have an idea of the reason." The keeper bowed, and said it was probable that the peasantry were not unaware of his rank.

"Now, your ancestors employed agents, didn't they? Yes. Maybe they got about half the proceeds and the agents stole the rest." The keeper looked surprised, but thought that was probable too.

"Exactly. Now, we're offering, as a business proposition, to collect on the same antique terms, only we give you an honest and itemized account this time. What do you say?"

"Señor Craney," said the keeper, slowly, "are you asking me if I accept the acknowledgment of my right? Is it necessary? I do not understand a business proposition. I do not understand how the peasants have arrived suddenly, as you state, at this conviction of their obligations."

"Just so," said Craney, easily. "That comes of having a capable agent. I talked to them and they saw reason. To be candid, though, the idea seems to have been growing on them for some years."

The keeper looked at me, and I was studying different sides of Craney's scheme. I began: "It might mean Guilford for me and the vineyards of Arragon for you. All the same—"

He started and muttered, "Yes, the vineyards of Arragon! My Madrid!" and dropped his head.

Craney winked and we went down.

III

I suppose Francisco Pizarro was surprised when he found he'd conquered Peru with only a few objections. People have been surprised ever since that he didn't have more trouble.

The fact is, if we had any trouble in this matter it was only Craney that had it from the start, and he appeared to enjoy himself. He was off most of the time, pattering around on his shaggy gray donkey and looking ridiculous. He left me to take in and stow away those bags of cocoa beans. I used to sit in front of the shed, which was close to the shore, and smoke, and admire the course of events. About once a week Craney would come down the coast in a big clumsy catboat, and we'd take a load up to the town called Corazon,—a considerable town forty miles off, where were French and Spanish agencies in the cocoa trade.

Every day a cautious, stringy-haired Injun, with a loaded donkey, would come trotting out of the woods to the shed, or maybe several of them at odd times. They all acted shy and kept as far from the Torre Ananias as the space allowed. Sometimes they wouldn't say anything, except to state that this bag came from such and such plantations, and to hope Himself would take note of it; and then they'd look pleased and peaceful to have it all written down neatly; but generally they'd want the item read out, and then they'd nod and smile and trot away contented. Sometimes they'd hope Himself was feeling good on the whole. It didn't seem to strike any of them that the keeper's position, as they understood it, wasn't all right and reasonable.

But generally I sat in front of the shed and admired the course of events, and speculated on the primitive mind and how the civilized was given to playing it low on the primitive. I seemed to get around part of their point of view after a while and see it was reasonable. For note this, that when they got it fixed that the keeper was somehow mixed up in the earthquakes—and that was a fixture before we came—it makes no difference if they'd felt little motors every few days all their lives, and trembloritos and tremblors not infrequent—I say it makes no difference. As a specimen of executive authority even a motor earthquake is too much. They happen in that neighborhood every now and then, maybe once a week, and you grow used to them, but still, they're vivid. You get it once fixed in your mind that some one in the light-

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house is amusing himself fingering the bowels of the earth, that he's doing it when the earth jerks under you and your house walls creak and sway, and you'll give something to keep him amiable—there's no real doubt about it. Granted the belief, the rest of it was reasonable.

But then, what made it appear to them that the keeper was so inside his reasonable rights to be bothering them that way? They surely seemed to think no less of him for it, but more. They thought he was fine. That puzzled me, and I studied it, till I seemed to get glimpses of the primitive mind that were surprising.

Finally, how did the case stand with Craney and me? But as often as that troubled me, I had only to go up to the lantern story and hear the keeper talk about Madrid and the vineyards of Arragon, the pathetic longing creeping out under his pride, and then I felt better. He'd have held out stiffly enough to the end, only for this prospect of going back respectably to his country. But it made him happier, and I says to myself: "Shucks! The Indins are happy over it, and the keeper's happier, and I'm born and bred a sinner anyhow, and Craney can look after his own conscience. Fact is, he ain't got any." It made me feel partly virtuous to keep saying to myself that Craney had no conscience at all. Maybe he hadn't, but I never knew another man to make a business asset out of earthquakes, and it must be he was clever. He was a man that looked out for business all the time, and for a while he was the busiest man in South America.

I remember there were a number of heavy shocks, about the time when the eastern Mituas districts were picking the trees, and some of the Indins were mad about it. But they had a big harvest. They brought cocoa beans in caravans and boat-loads for a while, and said it was many years since they'd had such a harvest or such a tremblor, and Himself was a very extraordinary magician.

So the time went by. I heard in Corazon one day that Captain Rickhart had put into port down at Lima on his back voyage and inquired some for us, but that was a month before.

Craney had a contract offered by the French agencies and had to buy up most of the North Mituas cocoa crop to fill it.

One day we sat together in front of the shed. He was laying out different plans and schemes. He said this tribute business was getting dull, and there wasn't much chance for enterprise in it now. The Indins were terrible set in their ideas. He had a number of schemes. One of them for putting up a supply store in Corazon, running accounts there on the crops. But I didn't take to it; I was no storekeeper, but a sailor, and getting nervous at that to be at sea again.

It was hot by the shed, and we were going up to the banana-tree, when we saw a large catboat coasting down to the point, and by the hang of her sail it was Padre Filippo's.

The Padre was aboard, and the two Indins that sailed for him, and two men besides, one in a cocked hat and uniform. So they came ashore, Padre Filippo chuckling and shaking his fat finger at Craney.

"Ah, Señorito, little rogue!" he says. "Alas! what behavior!" And he chuckled and patted Craney on the arm.

The official was sociable too. He accepted a cigarette, and explained there had been a complaint lodged with the authorities against the keeper, that he'd been drawing illicit gains from the peasantry. In fact, Padre Filippo had complained. The Padre laughed again.

"Why," said Craney, "I know something about that."

"Truly, I think so!" chuckled the Padre.

"And if they've a mind to present him with a bag of beans now and then, whose business is it?"

"The alcalde's," says the official, very calm. "It's not mine. I have but to take him before the alcalde, and here is the keeper of the lighthouse who takes his place. In candor I add that I think Señor de Avila does not return. It is no affair of mine."

"Why," I says, "he'll never condescend to go before your alcalde! An alcalde! Why, an alcalde's too small to be seen."

"Chut, chut!" says the Padre. "Speak in reverence of authorities, my son. You are both little rogues."

"He'll resign!"

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'AH, SEÑORITO, LITTLE ROGUE!" HE SAYS. "ALAS! WHAT BEHAVIOR!"

"It is possible," said the official.

Craney lay on his back and whistled a bit, then he says to the official: "I'm thinking the keeper wouldn't mind resigning, supposing my friend Buckingham here went up and talked him over. He might go back to Spain, maybe. Maybe you don't know just the nature of his popularity in this section, but I tell you this, he could make you plenty of trouble. You've got an idea he's going to be arrested and jailed and blackguarded by an alcalde. No, he isn't, or else these Mituas people of his will know why. Now Padre Filippo here, he'd always rather things were done peacefully."

"Surely," says the Padre, "surely."

"You'd better let us arrange it. Besides, in that case it might interest you—say, ten dollars' worth of interest."

"Fifteen," says the other, very calm. "It is no affair of mine."

Then I went up to the Torre Ananias, up to the lantern story where the keeper was looking over the sea and brooding.

"Señor," I says, "why don't you go to Arragon and buy some vineyards?"

"True," he said, quietly, "why not? But you have some reason for so speaking, for suggesting."

"Why—yes. It's not the fault of the people on the estate, of course. But there's a government somewhere around here, you know, and they're getting officious—and it can't be helped. You don't want a squabble over this lighthouse. No. Why not buy some vineyards in Arragon? You can afford it now. Why not? The officials want to interfere with you. Why not get up and walk away?"

He stood up and wrapped his cloak around him, and said, "I will go."

There surely was something grand and simple about the keeper. He flung his cloak around him and started down stairs for Spain.

And we sailed for Corazon in the Padre's catboat and left the new keeper in the tower. And though since I've seen the Torre Ananias sometimes in passing at sea, I never but once have landed on the point. That was when I came some days after to gather a few things left behind.

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It was evening. There were great bonfires burning in the open space by the banana-tree and a crowd of figures around it, but all this was hidden when the sail-boat drew under the bluffs. I stepped ashore and went into the shed, and some one rose in the darkness and clung to me, and I dragged him out into the starlight. It was the new keeper.

"Señor!" he gasped. "Do not go up! They drove me with sticks and stones that I fled to the water. They are mad! Hear them! They mourn for Señor de Avila. They build a great fire and they sing thus in no Christian language. Come away in your boat, for they are mad."

So it seemed to me they'd better be left to themselves. We drew out again from under the bluffs and caught the breeze and stood away. The shouting and the wailing chant kept on, and the fire shone after us, a long red path on the water.

I don't know any more of the Tower of Ananias. I took ship for San Francisco, and bought a share in a schooner there and went to Hong-kong. But Craney stayed at Corazon in the cocoa trade, and grew rather rich after a while. He had a handsome house there years ago and was married to a Mituas Spanish girl, and was very popular with the Mituas Indians. He bought cocoa, too, for export up in the valleys and as far north as Quito, and had contracts with the French agencies, and ran a supply store near the docks. I never heard that he dealt in magicians. He got to admitting it was too risky, anyway, not legitimate, too much like gambling in stocks. The fact is, I guess he never found another magician.

The Mituas people were pretty sore about losing the keeper, who went to Lima, meaning to go to Spain, and never knew he'd been supernatural. Craney told me once he'd heard the keeper died on the voyage and was dropped overboard to punctuate the end of his story,—only no name was given, and he suspected it wasn't he, but some other aristocracy.

Well, I hope it wasn't. I'd rather think that the keeper saw his Madrid again, and bought a vineyard or two, and died at last like a Spanish gentleman in Arragon.

Lydia

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

LYDIA is gone this many a year,
Yet when the lilacs stir,
In the old gardens far or near,
The house is full of her.

They climb the twisted chamber stair;
Her picture haunts the room;
On the carved shelf beneath it there,
They heap the purple bloom.

A ghost so long has Lydia been,
Her cloak upon the wall,
Broidered, and gilt, and faded green,
Seems not her cloak at all.

The book, the box on mantel laid,
The shells in a pale row,
Are those of some dim little maid,
A thousand years ago.

And yet the house is full of her;
She goes and comes again;
And longings thrill, and memories stir,
Like lilacs in the rain.

Out in their yards the neighbors walk,
Among the blossoms tall;
Of Anne, of Phyllis, do they talk,
Of Lydia not at all.

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FIG. 1.—GREAT NEBULA IN THE CONSTELLATION OF ORION

Photographing the Nebulæ with Reflecting Telescopes

BY G. W. RITCHEY

Instructor in Practical Astronomy and Superintendent of Instrument Construction at the Yerkes Observatory

PHOTOGRAPHY has been seriously used in astronomy for only about twenty years, although some important pioneer work in photographing the moon was done forty years ago by Draper, and a little later by Rutherford and De la Rue. The results already obtained in this work appear remarkable, when we consider that the photographic method of astronomical observation is only now emerging from its experimental stage. By the photographic method I of course mean that in which we obtain the sharpest possible photographs of the heavenly bodies, and then study and measure these photographs.

It would be a great mistake to assert, as some enthusiastic writers on the subject have recently done, that photography has superseded, or will speedily super-

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sede, the older, visual method of observation in all kinds of astronomical work. Each method has its own important fields of usefulness; each supplements and stimulates the other; and while photography has limited or defined the field of usefulness of the visual method, and will probably do so more and more, the latter is still superior in many important kinds of work, and promises to remain so for years to come.

To distinguish briefly between the kinds of work for which the two methods are best adapted, I would say that, in general, it is in the study of the brighter celestial objects—the sun, the moon, the planets, and the double stars—that the visual method is superior. This is because, in the case of objects in which there is an abundance of light, we can see *smaller* details directly in the telescope than we can photograph. We can see more minute details of the sun-spots, smaller craters on the moon, finer markings on the surfaces of the planets, and we can separate closer double stars, with a visual telescope of a given size, than we can photograph with a telescope of the same size which is constructed for photography.

But even in the cases of the sun and moon photography affords some important advantages. A single illustration will suffice. We can now obtain, with the most powerful telescopes, photographs of the moon which show literally innumerable details of the surface of that strange world,—mountains, craters, clefts, ridges,—countless objects, the delineation of which by the old method of drawing would require months or years; and yet these photographs of the moon are obtained with exposures of less than one second. We can readily appreciate how much more reliable and accurate such photographs are than any drawings can be.

But it is in the study of *faint* celestial objects—those which are so far removed in space that their light appears extremely feeble — that photography has made the most marvellous revelations and has yielded the most important results. It is now easy to obtain, with comparatively small telescopes constructed for the purpose, photographs of stars, nebulæ, and other objects which are so far from us, and so faint, that no trace of them whatever can be seen with the greatest visual telescopes, such as those at the Yerkes and Lick observatories.

The action of light on the photographic plate is cumulative in its effect — the longer the light acts, the more intense is the resulting photograph. We use the same kinds of very rapid photographic plates which are used in making so-called instantaneous photographs by daylight. These plates are often exposed for many hours at the focus of a powerful telescope in obtaining photographs of extremely faint stars and nebulæ. By means of these long exposures pho-

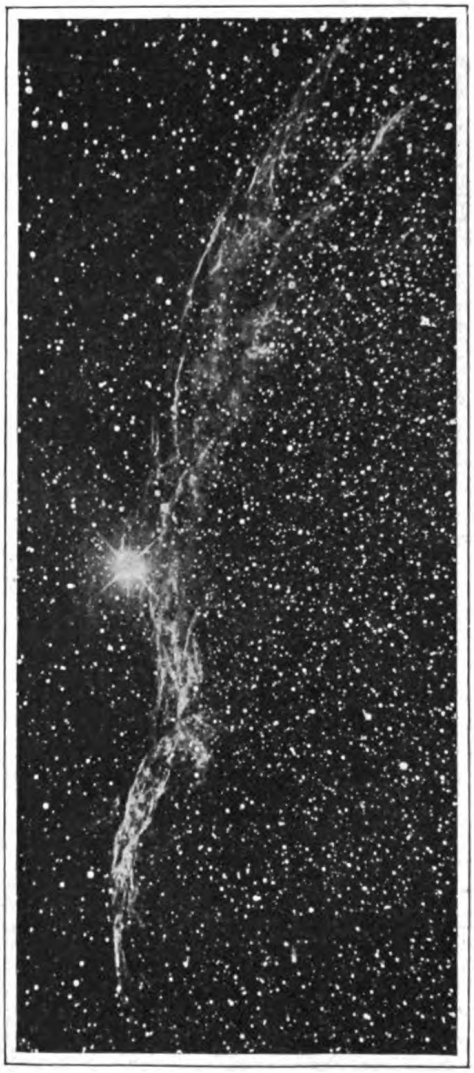


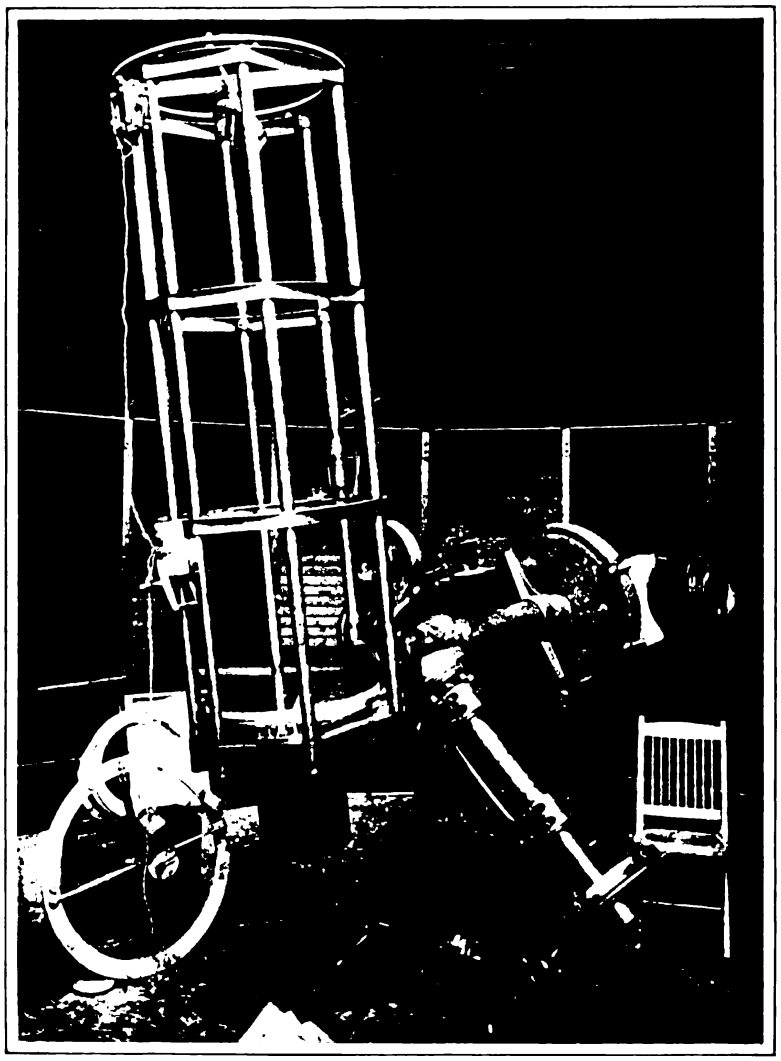
FIG. 2.—GREAT FILAMENTOUS NEBULA IN THE MILKY WAY, IN THE CONSTELLATION OF CYGNUS

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tography not only depicts the fainter celestial objects already known, with a distinctness and accuracy which are impossible in visual observations, but it reveals depths of the universe which are beyond the reach of our investigation by any other means.

A striking illustration of this was afforded in the case of the nebula which was discovered nearly two years ago around the New Star in Perseus. This nebula was regarded with the greatest interest by astronomers and scientists, not only because it encircled that remarkable object, the New Star, but also because it afforded the first instance in the entire history of astronomy of a nebula changing in form. This object was so faint that it was never seen with any telescope; no trace of even the brighter condensations of it could be seen with the great Yerkes refractor; yet we were able to obtain photographs of it with a comparatively small telescope, the two-foot reflector, which showed distinctly the complicated form of the nebula, and revealed the changes which were taking place in its form.

Another illustration may be given here. Most of my readers know of that largest and most celebrated of all telescopes, which was constructed about sixty years ago by Lord Rosse, at Parsonstown, Ireland. It is a reflecting telescope, with its mirror, or speculum, six feet in diameter, and with a focal length of fifty-four feet. This great instrument was used by Lord Rosse and his assistants in the study of the nebulæ, visually; many important discoveries were made with it, chiefly of spiral nebulæ. It is now possible to construct a modern reflecting telescope one foot in diameter and six feet long which will give us photographs of those same nebulæ far more distinct and brilliant than the views which Lord Rosse and his assistants obtained, and far more accurate than the elab-



THE TWO-FOOT REFLECTING TELESCOPE OF THE YERKES OBSERVATORY

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orate drawings which they made and published.

Photographic telescopes are of two great classes, refractors and reflectors. Each kind possesses certain advantages. Refractors, although somewhat more expensive, and although subject to very serious inherent difficulties, have been much more extensively used, partly because this kind of telescope has been developed to a very high degree of refinement; its peculiar difficulties are thoroughly understood. The reflecting telescope, on the other hand, has not been highly developed until very recently; the difficulties and peculiarities incident to it have not been thoroughly understood; at any rate, it is certain that these difficulties, many of which can now be readily overcome, have not been successfully met in the past. The large reflecting telescopes of the past have been, without exception, extremely crude instruments, both optically and mechanically.



FIG. 3.—SPIRAL NEBULA IN THE CONSTELLATION OF CANES VENATICI

On the preceding page is shown the two-foot reflecting telescope of the Yerkes Observatory. This instrument is of only moderate size. It was constructed in the instrument-shops of the observatory. The optical parts were made by the writer. This is probably the first reflecting telescope ever made in which both the optical and mechanical parts are finished with the same degree of refinement of workmanship which is given in the case of the best modern refractors.

There is no lens of any kind in such a telescope as this, except a very small one which forms a part of the guiding apparatus. Instead of the great lens or objective of the refracting telescope, a concave mirror or speculum is used; this can be seen in the illustration at the bottom of the skeleton framework which constitutes the tube of the telescope. This concave mirror is of glass; it is twenty-four inches in diameter, is three inches thick, and weighs about one hundred pounds. Its front surface is ground and polished with extreme accuracy to the form of a paraboloid; no errors of form greater than two or three millionths of an inch can be allowed.

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This concave front surface is silvered in a chemical bath, and is then lightly burnished with chamois-skin and the finest rouge. An exquisitely brilliant reflecting surface is thus produced. The rays of light from a celestial object come down through the tube, which is open at the upper end, strike the concave mirror, and are by it reflected to a focus above, instead of being refracted to a focus by a lens. A small flat mirror is mounted diagonally at the centre of the tube near the upper end; this receives the cone of rays proceeding from the concave mirror, and reflects these rays to one side of the tube, where the focus or image is formed at the eyepiece or upon the photographic plate. The guiding apparatus which carries the sensitive plate can be seen in the illustration near the upper end of the tube, at the left.



FIG. 4.—SPIRAL NEBULA IN THE CONSTELLATION OF URSA MAJOR

It will be seen that this is the well-known Newtonian form of reflecting telescope. This instrument is similar in principle to those used in astronomical photography by the English astronomers Common, Roberts, and Wilson, and by the late Professor Keeler of the Lick Observatory.

This form of telescope has been improved and developed during the past twenty years, notably by Dr. Common, the prominent English astronomer and engineer. The writer has been engaged at this problem for eighteen years, and during the past seven years has been able to carry out, on a fairly large scale, at the Yerkes Observatory, his plans for the improvement of the reflecting telescope, both optically and mechanically. We now know that in order to perform well, either for visual observations or for photography, this type of telescope must be made with the greatest refinement. Not only must the reflecting mirrors or specula be very perfect in form; they must be extremely rigid; they must be supported in their cells in such a manner that they cannot bend of their own weight; this support must be such as to define the position of the mirrors rigorously with respect to the tube and the axes of the telescope. All of the mechanical parts of the instrument must be extremely rigid, in order that the optical

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FIG. 5.—GREAT SPIRAL NEBULA IN THE CONSTELLATION OF THE TRIANGLE

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FIG. 6.—GREAT SPIRAL NEBULA IN THE CONSTELLATION OF ANDROMEDA

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parts may remain in perfect adjustment during the long exposures which are necessary in photography.

Effective means of securing these conditions have now been found. Marked improvements have been made in the optical work, especially in the methods of testing and figuring, or shaping, the optical surfaces. Most important improvements have been made also in the driving mechanism by which the telescope is made to follow the apparent motion of the heavenly bodies; and in the guiding mechanism, by which the observer watches continually throughout the exposure of the photograph, and is able to introduce, with the greatest accuracy and delicacy, any corrections to the movement of the telescope which he sees are necessary.

Before describing the photographs I wish to call attention briefly to several vital points of superiority which reflecting telescopes possess in astronomical photography, when compared with refractors. The importance of these advantages becomes more and more marked as larger telescopes of the two kinds are compared.

First. The reflector is perfectly achromatic; rays of light of all wave-lengths or colors are reflected to one and the same focus. All large refracting telescopes are very seriously imperfect in this respect. I think that the degree of the importance, in photography, of the perfect achromatism of the reflector, in giving great speed as well as great sharpness, has never until now been fully appreciated.

Second. A much larger percentage of the incident light, particularly of the blue rays, which are most efficient in photography, is reflected from the silver surfaces of the mirrors of a large reflecting telescope than is transmitted by a large lens.

Third. A reflecting telescope of a given aperture can be made much shorter than a refractor of the same diameter; thus great concentration or intensity of light at the focus is secured; this is of much importance in photographing very faint objects.

Taking these three factors together, we are able to account for the extraordinary efficiency and rapidity of action of the reflecting telescope in astronomical photography.

The photographs of nebulæ which accompany this article were obtained by the writer with the two-foot reflector. Fig 1, showing the great nebula in Orion, is from a negative which was exposed for just one hour. Even with this comparatively short exposure faint extensions of the nebula, and much structure and detail in the moderately bright parts are shown which cannot be detected visually with any telescope. This is one of the most remarkable of the nebulæ, on account of its great size and brightness; it lacks, however, the spiral or annular form which characterizes so many of these enormous masses of glowing vapor which shine in the depths of space, far away among the stars. The nebulæ are of profound interest and importance in astronomy, for it is generally believed that from these chaotic masses suns and worlds are gradually developed, through slow changes requiring countless ages for their consummation.

Fig. 2 is a photograph of one of the great nebulæ in the Milky Way, in the constellation of Cygnus. This object passes nearly overhead, in our latitude, on summer nights. It is one of the finest examples of filamentous nebulæ. The wonderfully complicated structure and the great extensions shown in the upper part of the illustration can be detected only by means of photography. Innumerable faint stars of the Milky Way are shown in the photograph.

More than fifty years ago Lord Rosse discovered, visually, with the aid of his great reflector, that a few of the nebulæ are of spiral form, resembling gigantic whirlpools. This is regarded as conclusive evidence that these masses of vapor are in rotation,—a most important point in connection with the theory of the development of the nebulæ into revolving solar systems like our own. By means of photographs obtained with a reflecting telescope, the late Professor Keeler was able to prove that not a few, but the great majority, of the nebulæ are of spiral form,—a fact of profound significance in this great question. Figs. 3 and 4 are from my recent negatives of two of the most interesting of the spiral nebulæ. It is impossible to see

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such photographs as these without believing that these objects are in rotation. We see the intricate structure and details of these nebulæ incomparably better in the photographs than they have ever been seen directly with any telescope.

The photograph of the great spiral nebula Messier 33 (Fig. 5) was obtained with an exposure of four hours. This is an extremely large and faint object; the spiral character of the brighter central parts was discovered visually by Lord Rosse. The photograph distinctly shows that the outer curved wisps or branches of this spiral consist of great numbers of nebulous stars or starlike condensations. There can be no doubt of the physical connection between the nebulosity and these streams of minute stars; this object therefore affords what is apparently an example of a spiral nebula actually condensing into stars.

The most magnificent object of this class yet photographed is the great nebula in Andromeda (Fig. 6). This stupendous object undoubtedly fills a region of space incomparably greater than that occupied by the entire solar system. It is so large that it is visible to the unaided eye as an indistinct hazy spot among the stars. It has been studied visually for two centuries, by many skilful observers, and with telescopes of all sizes; yet its spiral character was never even suspected until it was photographed in 1888 by Roberts with a reflecting telescope. Much more complicated structure and detail are shown in the illustration, which is from one of the writer's recent negatives obtained with an exposure of four hours, than are shown in the earlier photographs. No better illustration of the importance of photography in the study of these faint objects could be afforded; for the wealth of detail and the amazing spiral structure so brilliantly shown in the photograph are far too faint to be detected visually even with the greatest modern telescopes.

I have often been asked whether any such great advances in observational astronomy may be expected during the next two decades, for example, as have been made by the aid of photography in the past twenty years. In attempting to answer this question very briefly I would refer only to the lines of work with which I am most familiar, namely, astronomical photography and instrument construction; and I would repeat what I said at the beginning of this article, that the photographic method of observation is only now emerging from its experimental stage. We are only beginning to appreciate the possibilities of this method, not only in depicting the fainter celestial objects with a distinctness and accuracy impossible by visual methods, but also in revealing depths of the universe which are beyond the reach of our investigation by any other means. This is largely because we are only beginning to appreciate the possibilities of the reflecting telescope, with its very high efficiency in photography, and to develop this form of telescope to any high degree of refinement and perfection.

No *great* reflecting telescope now exists, and this is equivalent to saying that no great photographic telescope now exists which will compare in size, cost, and refinement of workmanship with the superb visual refractors of the Yerkes and the Lick observatories. That such a great reflector could now be constructed, with all of the refinement, and more than the refinement, of the two-foot reflector or the forty-inch refractor, there can be not the slightest doubt.

In the optical shop of the Yerkes Observatory is the nearly finished mirror for a reflecting telescope of five feet aperture. Two years' work has already been done upon this glass by the writer. The rough disk for this mirror was cast at the glass-works of St.-Gobain, near Paris. It is five feet in diameter, is eight inches thick, and weighs a ton. No serious difficulties have been encountered in making this mirror, and there can be not the slightest doubt that an eight-foot mirror could now be made which would be as perfect in all respects as the mirror of the two-foot reflector which we are now using in photography. The French makers of the rough disks of glass have recently expressed their readiness to undertake for us a ten-foot disk, one foot thick, which they think would be as homogeneous, as well annealed, and as perfect in all respects as the five-foot disk.

I do not advocate mere bigness. In order that the improvement in the pho-

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tographs obtained with a great reflecting telescope shall be proportional to the increase of size, all parts of the instrument must be made with the utmost care and skill; with all of the perfection made possible by modern engineering and mechanical methods and by the latest improvements in glass-making and in optical work.

Some idea of the compactness, the rigidity, and the economy of construction possible in the mounting of a great reflector can be gained when I state that the tube of a reflector of eight feet aperture would be less than forty feet long,—twenty-three feet shorter than the tube of the forty-inch Yerkes refractor; and that the diameter of the dome required for such a great reflector would be eighty feet,—ten feet less than that of the dome of the forty-inch refractor. The cost of an eight-foot reflector, constructed with the greatest economy and simplicity, and yet with the utmost refinement, for use in photography, together with the cost of the dome, would be little, if any, greater than that of the Yerkes refractor with its dome.

Judging from the results obtained with the two-foot instrument, an eight-foot reflector, if used in a climate where atmospheric conditions are fine, would photograph stars which are fifty times fainter than the faintest stars which can be seen with the largest modern refractors. This means that such a reflector would enable us to penetrate seven times farther into space than can now be done with the greatest visual telescopes, and therefore that such an instrument would reveal to us a universe seven times seven times seven—more than three hundred —times greater than the universe which is revealed by the most powerful modern refractors.

Such a great reflector would give us photographs of the nebulæ of about five times the scale of the photographs obtained with the two-foot reflector; the delicate structure and minute details of these wonderful objects would be shown proportionately better, provided that the instrument were used in a suitable climate. I know of no opportunity which has ever been presented in the entire history of astronomy greater than that which now awaits us in the construction of a large modern reflector and its use in astronomical photography. We are accustomed to think of the construction of such a great telescope as an enormous undertaking; and yet the cost of an eight-foot reflector would be about one-twentieth that of a great modern office-building or a modern battle-ship. How insignificant does even such a telescope appear when we think of the inconceivable depths of space which we are trying to penetrate; of the great works of the Creator which we are trying to study; of the problem of the development, the evolution, of suns and worlds which we are endeavoring to solve.

Song

BY HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS

AH, love was sweeter than the breath of flowers
Across the sea, from lands beyond our sight,
And swifter than the footsteps of the hours
That bear our souls in slumber to the light.

Ah, love was cruel as the lurking thorn!
I plucked the rose, impatient of delay,
I plucked the rose, and now I stand forlorn,
The fragrant petals scattered in the way!

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Intermezzo

A MONOLOGUE

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

SCENE: *A private parlor at a fashionable watering-place hotel. Enter, from without,* Mrs. Archibald Graham. *She is dressed in a light costume, wears hat and veil, and carries a parasol. She goes quickly to window, and stands there looking out.*

He is actually driving off.

[*Retiring suddenly.*

What if he should look up and see me!

[*Looking out again.*

But of course he didn't look. There he is turning the corner—he is gone!

[*She turns around.*

I can't believe it.

[*She turns again to the window.*

But it is really so—no doubt about it.

[*She walks away slowly, drawing off her gloves.*

He might have taken the ten-millionth part of a second for one glance—just to make sure that I was still alive.

[*She takes off her hat and veil.*

Of course I shouldn't have let him see me; I should think not—after the way he acted just now. To think that Archie Graham could have been such a horrid, disagreeable old bear! It's dreadful to be so disappointed in anybody.

[*She crosses to table and sits down, fanning herself languidly.*



IT WAS DISTINCTLY HIS PLACE TO GIVE IN

I'm tired to death, too.

[*She starts up in vexation.*

There! I forgot, after all, to inquire at the office for the letters. How stupid of me! But I can ring; or, better still, telephone.

[*She goes to telephone and rings.*

Fortunately the Alhambra is a model hotel and possesses every possible convenience. [*The bell rings.*

Yes; this is Parlor X. Is there any mail for Miss Brown? What's that?

[*Speaking slowly and distinctly.*

Miss Eunice Crowinshield Brown—that's plain enough, isn't it? Nothing! Why, that's very strange. You are sure, now—

[*She suddenly drops the receiver and begins to ring vigorously.*

I beg your pardon—Mrs. Archibald Graham, I should have said. Send them up? Yes; if you will be so kind. Thank you very much.

[*She drops the telephone receiver and sinks into a chair.*

I shall never be able to look that clerk in the face again. I could feel that he was just bursting with laughter. And of course he'll go and tell everybody. It's perfectly horrid,—it just is. Why, I'd been making Archie give it out everywhere that we have been married for

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seven years. He even took the trouble to paste old luggage-labels on all our boxes and hand-bags. It's all Archie's fault, for if I hadn't been so upset I couldn't have done anything so—so ridiculous.

[*She draws out a folded handkerchief and puts it to her eyes. A shower of rice follows, and she jumps up angrily.*

Shall we never get rid of that hateful rice!

[*She stamps her foot impatiently, and more rice falls to the floor.*

It's all through my hair and clothes, and you can get enough for a pudding at any time by simply putting your hand into one of Archie's ninety-seven pockets. If ever I get a chance to pay up Belle and those other girls—

[*A knock is heard at the outer door.*

Yes; come in. Oh, is the door locked?

[*She goes to door, opens it and returns with a letter.*

From Mama.

[*She tears open the envelope, and reads rapidly.*

The precious mother! And dear, dear "Roselands"!

[*She drops the letter into her lap, and puts the handkerchief again to her eyes.*

Happiness! My happiness! If she but knew—the blessed mother—

[*She rises, and walks restlessly up and down, twisting her handkerchief between her fingers. Then looking at her watch.*

Only three o'clock! How am I ever to get through this awful afternoon? Oh, I simply must let myself out to somebody—to the mother.

[*She snatches up a writing-pad and a pencil, and begins to write.*

"My very, very dearest—"

[*She stops and bites the pencil, with a frown.*

It was only this morning that I wrote her a ten-page letter, in which I described every single brick in this wretched place. There's absolutely nothing to write about, unless I speak of the—of the misunderstanding. [*A little pause.*] And I can't do that—just yet.

[*She tears the note into little pieces and throws them away.*

Well, I hope he's satisfied with that—just about the same thing as *forbidding* me to write to my own mother. It's unbearable, and I won't stand it. I won't! I won't! I won't!

[*She sits at table and picks up a book.*



COME IN

"Property of the Hotel Alhambra." So they even provide literature at this extremely modern hostelry. How kind!

[*She begins to read.*

Anything is welcome that will help me to forget myself for a little while.

[*She lets the book fall into her lap.*

"Their Wedding Journey!" Really, it's no use; I simply *can't* get away from that dreadful book. We had three copies given us as wedding presents, and this is the fourth hotel where I've found it lying on the centre-table of our apartments. It looks as though people were beginning to suspect us in spite of the luggage-labels.

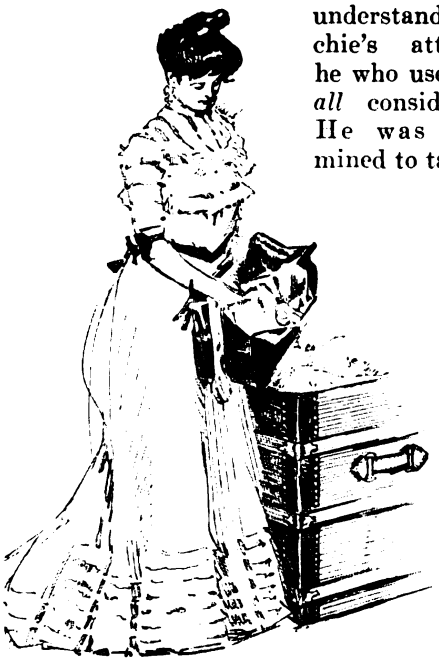
[*The book slips to the floor.*

"Their Wedding Journey"—I wonder if it was so great a failure as ours. Of course we made a gigantic mistake in ever getting married at all, but I didn't realize it until after luncheon to-day.

[*She rises, and walks across the room.*

Even now it's impossible for me to

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I CAN CATCH IT IF I HURRY

understand Archie's attitude—he who used to be *all* consideration. He was determined to take that hot, stupid drive around the lake, although I preferred to sit quietly under the trees and listen to the band—a Wagner programme, too. And yet he insisted—even the mention of my headache made not the smallest difference.

[*She sinks into a chair.*

Not that I really cared about the music or having my own way, but to discover such odious selfishness in my own husband! It was such a shock.

[*She puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*

I have every right to be frightfully angry with Archie, and it was distinctly his place to give in. But he wouldn't, and I couldn't, and that ended it.

[*A short pause.*

After all, it was principally my own fault. I know that I behaved like a little beast—and oh, if he would only come back and let me tell him so. I'd give the world—

[*A knock is heard at the outer door.*

It can't be Archie returned already!

[*The knock is repeated.*

But it is—I know his knock.

[*Aloud.*

Come in.

[*She picks up the fallen book, and pretends to be reading diligently. The outer door opens and closes slowly. She glances up indifferently, speaking over her shoulder.*

Oh, it's you! Would you mind closing the door tight? [*The door is shut.*

Thank you.

[*She resumes her reading. Looking up.*

I beg your pardon — my headache? Oh, it's quite gone, thank you. And your drive? You must have gone at a terrific rate to get back so soon. What, really! You never even started? How extraordinary, and after making such a point about it, too. [*She turns a page.*] Don't talk to me again about a woman's inconsistency; [*she turns another page*] there never lived a man yet who could rightfully look a weathercock in the face.

[*She resumes her book.*

You don't mind if I go on reading?

[*A pause; she lays the book down.*

Really, Archie, you are beginning to get on my nerves; sitting up there and staring at me without a word. What is it now?

Oh, the band is still playing, and you thought that I might care to go down? You are very good, but I am afraid that my headache is returning, while my book is really most interesting.

[*She reads; then looks up sharply.*

I should think that you might be able to move about in this big room without continually bumping into my chair.

[*With an impatient fling of her head.*

And don't touch my hair, please—you know I can't bear *that.*

[*She resumes her book. Looking up.*

You are exactly in my light. Thank you.

[*She reads. The door leading to the interior apartment opens and closes. She suddenly starts, and reverses the book that she has been holding.*

Upside down all the time, and I never noticed it! But of course he must have seen when he was leaning over my shoulder. How perfectly horrid of him!

[*She throws the book on the floor.*

I do think that Archie Graham is the stupidest man that ever lived; yes, [*she rises*] just the very stupidest.

[*She walks up and down the room.*

Couldn't he see? Couldn't he understand? Perhaps he expected me to get

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down and crawl on my hands and knees to beg his lordship's pardon. Perhaps!

[*She looks over at the inner door.*

You foolish Archie! In another minute I should have been doing that very thing. But now—

[*She resumes her restless walk.*

After all, he did come back on purpose to make up, and I wouldn't give him the chance. Poor old Archie! he looked dreadfully cut up, and I *was* horrid, and that's the truth.

[*She approaches the inner door.*

I wonder what he's doing now—he certainly can't be more miserable than I am. Sitting in there, I dare say, with his head in his hands, and wishing that he knew how to cry. I've a good mind to steal in quietly behind him and just smother to death that ugly, hateful old quarrel about nothing at all. And I will.

[*She cautiously opens the inner door and enters, reappearing immediately.*

I can never forgive him, — never! Asleep on the lounge, if you please. Asleep! Oh, my head is spinning like a top; the room is an oven.

[*She hurriedly throws open both windows.*

There's a train that leaves at four o'clock, and it is now half after three. I can catch it if I hurry.

[*She picks up a hand-bag and begins to stuff it with articles of clothing taken at random from one of the trunks.*

If this could only be a warning to the other girls. There's Nelly Winthrop, going to be married this very week. If she could but see, if she could but know.

[*With a determined gesture.*

Henceforth my life shall be devoted to the task of pointing out to others the rocks upon which my own happiness has foundered. There! that's finished.

[*She seizes the pad of paper, and writes rapidly. Reading aloud.*

"I have gone home to 'Roselands' and my mother. My resolution is irrevocable, and there is no need for any more words. E. B. G."

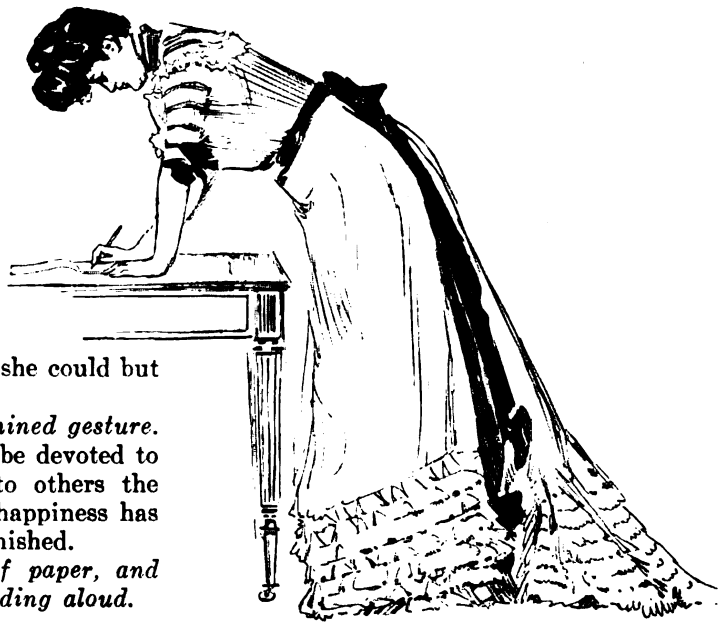
[*She sits gazing thoughtfully into vacancy for a moment or two. Then seizing her pen once more.*

"P. S.—I forgive you freely for all the suffering you have caused me. Thank Heaven that we have come to realize our awful mistake—better to face its consequences at once. Perhaps I expected too much of you; it is even possible that you were disappointed in me. Each of us has asked far more than the other was willing to give. But it is useless to reopen the discussion—nothing can come of it but added pain and bitterness. Do not attempt to follow me. I leave by the four train, changing at Rockbridge for the Boston sleeper. EUNICE."

[*Again she meditates, and again she writes.*

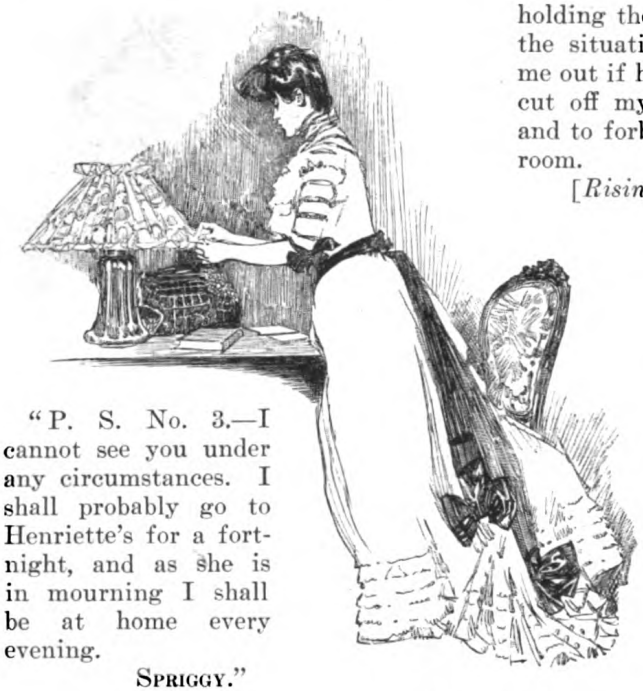
"P. S. No. 2.—I must ask you not to write to me. It would be entirely useless, and the post-office address for 'Roselands' is no longer Manchester, but Wilmington. E."

[*She hesitates; then writes rapidly.*



"I HAVE GONE HOME"

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"P. S. No. 3.—I cannot see you under any circumstances. I shall probably go to Henriette's for a fortnight, and as she is in mourning I shall be at home every evening.

SPRIGGY."

THERE!

[*She pins the note to the lamp-shade.*

There!

[*She proceeds to put on her hat and veil.*

It seems like some awful nightmare—how can I ever go through with it!

[*With a sudden start.*

Heavens! What if he should wake up and find me still here! His very presence would suffocate me at this moment. Oh, let me hurry! Where are my gloves?

[*She catches up her bag and a lot of miscellaneous things, including a man's hat and light overcoat, and runs to the outer door.*

It is over! Life and love!

[*She exits by outer door. Re-enters after half a minute's interval. She places her armful of belongings on the sofa and removes her hat, veil, and gloves.*

It just occurred to me that I hadn't any money. Actually not a penny, and we don't have an account with the railway company. It would be ridiculous if it wasn't so truly and really awful.

[*She folds her hands in an attitude of resignation.*

Nothing to be done except to surrender as gracefully as possible. With Archie's holding the purse-strings, he is master of the situation—quite so. He can starve me out if he likes—nothing easier than to cut off my credit with the head waiter and to forbid the sending of meals to my room.

[*Rising, with passionate suddenness.*

Oh, I can't make a jest of it, even by way of deceiving myself. The worst has happened, and Archie and I are separated forever. Yes; separated by an impassable chasm, and yet there is but the thickness of a door between us.

[*Walking up and down.*

A prisoner in my own room! Oh, these hateful walls! I'm like the starling in the story—"I can't get out! I can't get out!"

[*An interval of silence, and then she springs abruptly to her feet.*

I am certain that I heard him moving about—I can't meet him again, I simply *can't*. And all for the want of a few miserable



IT IS OVER! LIFE AND LOVE!

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THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN IT

dollars. At this moment I would do anything to obtain them. *Anything.* Ah!

[*She walks to the sofa and picks up the overcoat.*

I saw Archie put something in the inside pocket of this coat yesterday morning—something that looked like a wallet.

[*She hesitates an instant, and then plunging her hand in the pocket, she brings to view a well-stuffed wallet.*

There must be thousands of dollars in it, for it is just packed. Fifty dollars would be enough for me, and I can leave him my I. O. U. for the amount, with my jewelry for security. My engagement ring would be a particularly appropriate pledge under the circumstances.

[*About to open the wallet, she turns quickly, runs forward, and throws the pocket-book out of the window at back.*

In another minute I should have been a thief! A thief! [*A pause.*] Oh, my goodness!

[*She turns and rushes again to window.*

Have I taken leave of my senses altogether! Fifty dollars would have been bad enough, but now it's all gone—we are beggars!

[*She leans out of window, looking down into street.*

I can't see anything of it. Of course the first passer-by has picked it up and carried it off.

[*She comes forward quickly.*

I must keep my head now, or something dreadful will certainly happen. Unfortunately we don't know a soul in the place. [*With increased excitement.*

It will be frightfully inconvenient for Archie to have to explain to the hotel people! They're always perfectly horrid when you don't pay your bill.

[*She rises.*

And ours must be tremendous, with all those rides and drives, and dozens of other extras. Oh, I do wish we had been more economical.

[*A knock is heard at the outer door. Joyfully.*

It *was* an honest person; he has come to return the wallet!

[*She runs to the outer door, opens it, and receives an envelope. She tears it open.*

No; it's the bill. [*Reading.*

One hundred and eight dollars and forty-seven cents. How horrid that forty-seven cents sounds—just like a department store. [*With forced calmness.*

Well, this is the end, of course, and the police should arrive in about fifteen minutes. Perhaps there'll be a little item among the police news in to-morrow morning's paper—something like this:

"Arrived, at the Central Police Station, Mr. Archibald Graham, of New York, and Mrs. Graham. Boston and Providence papers please copy."

[*The telephone-bell rings.*

They're here already.

[*With sudden determination.*

But they sha'n't have Archie. It wasn't his fault at all, and I shall just tell them so.

[*She approaches the telephone. In a very weak and shaking voice.*



OF ALL RIDICULOUS THINGS

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I wonder if it hurts—to be arrested.

[*The bell rings again.*

Yes; this is Parlor X. Mr. Graham? What do you want of him? Why, yes; a package did fall out of the window a moment ago. And a little boy picked it up and brought it into the office! How perfectly dear of him, and so honest too! Won't you please open the wallet and give him a hundred-dollar bill out of the money? What's that! No money in it! Then *don't* give him a hundred dollars—send for a policeman— What do you say? Oh, nonsense! It must be somebody else's wallet. Mr. Graham's name? Oh, well, send it up and let me see for myself.

[*She hangs up the receiver.*

They are the very stupidest people in the world, the clerks in that office—just perfectly hopeless.

[*She goes to the outer door, and stands waiting for a moment or two while the hall-boy is supposed to be coming up-stairs. Suddenly she runs out, reappearing immediately with the wallet in her hand. She opens it.*

Of all ridiculous things!

[*She takes a package of old letters from the wallet and examines them.*

Stuffing his wallet with a lot of my old love-letters! No wonder the little boy was honest enough to bring *them* back. And they weren't worth a hundred dollars either.

[*With a long breath of relief.*

So Archie's money is safe in his pocket after all; or rather it was never in any danger. Is this what they call a useful lesson for me? I suppose so.

[*She turns the bundle of letters over in her hand.*

I didn't know that Archie was so sentimental. The idea! But really it was nice of him—very nice.

[*She starts, and looks around.*

I certainly heard him walking about; he is coming out.

[*With a swift glance about the room.*

Not even a screen to get behind. Very well, Mr. Archibald Graham, I'll just take a leaf out of your own book. Voilà!

[*She pulls the sofa into the middle of the room, puts the wallet back into the coat pocket, makes the overcoat into a pillow, throws herself down, and pretends to sleep. A short interval. She moves slightly, smiles, and opens her eyes. In a sleepy voice.*

"And so the enchantment came to an end forever, for once that Caramel had kissed the sleeping princess—"

[*She sits up, rubbing her eyes, and yawning prettily.*

What curious dreams one has these hot afternoons.

[*She leans back, at the same time looking slightly behind her and extending her hand.*

Mon ami!

[*A little pause; still looking backward and upward as though speaking to some one.*

My hair? But I don't mind its being rumpled up—that is, when you do it.

[*She jumps up quickly and goes towards the inner door.*

Still, if I am going to appear in public, I had better put it in some kind of order. Going where? Why, you dear old stupid, aren't we to take that beautiful drive around the lake this afternoon? We arranged it all hours ago. It won't take me a minute— Oh!

[*She takes the note from the lamp-shade and tears it up.*

Nothing, nothing. Just the libretto of an intermezzo, which isn't going to be played, after all. It wasn't amusing, you see. Pouf!

[*She blows the torn bits of paper from her hand.*

So there it goes.

[*With an elaborate curtsy.*

Tout de suite, m'sieu mon mari.

[***Exit by inner door.***

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Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1903

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

WHEN Emerson was born, in Boston, on the twenty-fifth day of May, one hundred years ago, the country was provincial in culture, taste, and attitude; it had separated from the Old World on political grounds, but its spiritual fortunes were bound up in the fortunes of the older societies; it sat at the feet of Europe, and its intellectual life was essentially derivative. To Emerson more than to any other single person or force was due the spiritual emancipation of the new nation. He first interpreted the growing democratic community, not only to the world, but to itself, by defining its fundamental conception of the place and value of the individual man, by developing its consciousness of historical unity with the older races at the same time that he declared its spiritual independence, by showing in his own life and thought and speech how the culture of the race, accumulated with infinite toil, self-denial, and self-expression, could be held and used with unfettered freedom and entire self-reliance.

There must have come to many who heard the address on "The American Scholar," delivered in Cambridge on the last day of August, 1837, a sense of something great and prophetic; Lowell described it as "an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent." The address was not only an epitome of Emerson's view of life; it was a quiet, well-poised, but perfectly articulate, declaration of intellectual independence. It is the second great formal document in the history of the emancipation of the American people. It announced the moment when "the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. . . . We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. . . . A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all souls."

When these words were spoken the spirit of the new nation was already stirring and striving. Irving had written *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, and other more characteristic books, Cooper had published *The Spy* and several of the Leatherstocking Tales, Poe had touched a new chord in prose and verse; Bryant had given the world *Thanatopsis* and a group of nature lyrics; Hawthorne had written *Twice-Told Tales;* but it was Emerson, in this memorable address, who not only laid bare the tap-root of the democratic order in society,—its recognition of the divine in every human soul,—but who saw and said that new men had arrived, with new thoughts and a new need to express them.

Emerson's active life fell within the period of sectional development and feeling. Provincial America, with its hands at work in the New but its thoughts still centred in the Old World, slowly gave place to sectional America, with its fresh and crude sense of strength, its emphasis of interest on local growth and power, its sharp definition of local interests. Emerson's sympathies and personal associations were inevitably colored by the conditions of time; but his thought escaped their limitation. A man of the purest and highest New England blood and breeding, at a time when men were New-Englanders, New-Yorkers, Virginians, or South-Carolinians, Emerson was

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an American in the range and freedom of his thought; a man of national instincts and outlook in an epoch of sectional divisions and antagonisms. The depth and fulness of national feeling he could not compass, because no man can adequately express that which does not exist; but he discerned the coming unity of the sections, and predicted the nation in almost every characteristic utterance.

When the war between the sections ended, Emerson was in the serene maturity of a nature so harmonious that it seemed to share the unconscious growth of the world about him, but his work was substantially finished; he had delivered his message. The echoes of the sectional strife were slowly dying, the fires of sectional antagonism slowly sinking, during his beautiful old age; the nation which he foretold was swiftly forming itself, and was already putting its hand to colossal works with an energy which has disturbed men of less penetration of spiritual insight than he. At the end of a century since he was born in one of the capitals of provincial America, how stands the account of the new nation with him? Does his work bear the limitation of the period in which it was produced, or does it so habitually relate itself to universal experience and to fundamental truth that it remains an interpretation of a later and vaster life, a law of growth in the turbulence and confusion of an epoch of expansion?

The key to an age is to be found, not in its activities, but in its thought; the significance of activities resides, not in their mass and magnitude, but in their disclosure of aim and spirit. In attempting to measure Emerson's relation to the wider horizon of the twentieth century, and to indicate his vital and necessary rather than incidental and individual relation to the nation, it is fortunate that his own life was so entirely detached from the working life of his people; that he lived and died in an atmosphere of such serenity that it is possible to realize not only his thought, but his complete expression of it, with entire distinctness. No man of letters has ever left a cleaner record; in his case there are no moral problems to distract attention from his thought and his art; no contradictions between aim and action to confuse the judgment. A more harmonious nature has rarely appeared, and, perhaps, in literature at least, no man has so happily unified his vision and his task. It is not difficult to point out his limitations of thought and experience; but the man was all of one piece, to quote a pithy colloquialism. At the end of a century from his birth he stands, in the clear air of Concord, as distinct from base to summit as Monadnock or Wachusett, which stood always in his view.

And although he spoke freely of the matters that were uppermost in the mind of his own time, he was so bent on finding the unity of power and purpose behind the urgencies of spirit and the diversities of thought that there is no need in his case, as there is in Carlyle's, to separate what was universal and permanent in his work from what was shaped and colored by the emotion or interest of the hour. His serene detachment, his steady determination to feed the light rather than the heat of his age, cost him something of the powerful personal influence which Carlyle exerted on his contemporaries, but has made it easier for posterity to understand and estimate him. There is less of the accidental and more of the universal in his work than in the work of any other writer of his period; he used the language of his time, and drew upon it freely for illustration, but he was a purely spiritual force. In this fact lies the secret of his escape from the limitations of sectional America, and his immense and permanent service and significance of the nation in its full, if not its final, development.

More distinctly than any other man who has appeared among us, Emerson affirmed the presence of the divine in every human being, the direct and personal relation between each man and the Infinite, the authority of individual insight, the dignity of the individual soul; and this is, in a true sense, not only the basal idea, but the religion of democracy.

Emerson's thought had very wide horizons, and touched all forms of human activity; he united in rare degree the ripeness and repose of the historic races with the fresh interest, the quick enthusiasm, of a people whose history was still to be made. The equilibrium between the sobriety of long experience and the

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eager faith which has not yet fully tested the resources of life, gave his spirit a beautiful poise, and he is one of the few great thinkers and writers in whom the wisdom of youth survives and dominates the knowledge of age. His deeply meditative spirit, the vein of mysticism which ran through his intellectual rather than his emotional life, his penetrating insight into the spiritual realities behind the shifting appearances of the world, drew him to the religious thought of the Farther East, the background of the historic life of the race. No one has more clearly and compactly stated the difference in temper between the Eastern mind and the Western than did he in the essay on Plato: "The country of unity, of immovable institutions, the seat of a philosophy delighting in abstractions, of men faithful in doctrine and in practice to the idea of a deaf, unimplorable, immense fate, is Asia; and it realizes this faith in the social institutions of caste. On the other side, the genius of Europe is active and creative: it resists caste by culture; its philosophy was a discipline; it is a land of arts, inventions, trade, freedom. . . . Plato came to join, and by contact to enhance, the energy of each." It may be added that Plato carried the evolution of thought a step farther; building on the basis of the unity of all the manifestations of life, he passed on to its realization of itself in the individual consciousness, to that diversity which marks the higher stages of evolution, to freedom and immortality based on that free but responsible putting forth of personal energy and husbanding of personal experience which we call character. In Emerson the enduring element in each of these views of life is preserved; in him, as in Plato, the two poles of thought are always visible. He holds both conceptions in their historical order: first the perception of unity and the sense of fate, then the realization of diversity and the sense of freedom. But he does not concern himself to make every utterance square with his fundamental view; he was too deeply and, at times, too exclusively the poet, to give his work the formal consistency of the logician. He would have prefaced the essay on "Self-Reliance," which is an extreme application of Western ideas to individual life, with the poem "Brahma," which is a bit of the oldest Orientalism in poetic form, and taken it for granted that his reader would stand in no need of the mechanical aid of note or comment to reconcile the two. It was quite of a piece with Emerson's spiritual valuation of the human spirit, and the beautiful respect which he always paid his kind, that he took his reader's cooperation for granted; he never explained, because he assumed that those who were drawn to him would bring to his page the divination of an imagination like his own in kind, if not in degree.

These two conceptions of life are in antagonism only when they are placed on a parity of time; taken in the order of their development they fall into line, not only with the facts of experience, but with the needs of the soul.

What was significant in Emerson's thought as, in a sense, marking the point of departure in the spiritual life of the New World, was its full acceptance of what had been secured by the historic past, with unfettered freedom in dealing with the present and confident expectation that the future had still larger truth to disclose. There was nothing revolutionary in Emerson, but the radicalism of democracy found in him free, frank, and harmonious expression. No man of a new age ever bore himself more reverently toward the past age; there was not a touch of the brusqueness of the reformer, the crudeness of the radical, the passion of the advocate, in him; he accepted truth from every quarter, he saw good in everything, but he saw also that the race was only at the beginning of goodness and truth.

This delightful air of self-possession without a touch of self-assertion was characteristic of Emerson, and had its roots deep in his nature. He had great respect for dignities and powers and authority, but he looked at them, with level eyes, on a basis of entire equality, and was never diverted from a true valuation by the show of things or overawed by a splendor which rested on any unreality. In *Representative Men,* one of his most characteristic books, this reverence for spiritual achievement, combined with indifference to the accidents of birth and station, and the quiet use of

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the right of one human soul to interrogate another on equal terms, is strikingly illustrated. The privilege and joy of the scholar's life always evoked a lyrical delight in Emerson, and in enumerating the functions of the scholar his prose often rose into the region of eloquence: "The scholar is the favorite of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men." But no man who has held the rich accumulations of knowledge in his keeping kept them more resolutely in their place and in relation to their uses. Emerson kept the faith of scholarship with glad-hearted fidelity, but he had no patience with its superstitions. He was as free with it as with all other tools and instruments made for man's use. The old books, which have given laws to the mind and lighted the ways of the spirit as with fire from heaven, are to be devoutly pondered and carried in one's heart, but to-day speaks with as much authority as that in which Job talked with his friends and the Iliad was recited to listening throngs. "Each age must write its own books, or, rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this. . . . Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books." When a book is accepted as a final authority it becomes a tyrant, and men must again affirm their freedom.

Emerson's quiet but resolute assertion of the right of every age to select its teachers, and of every man to go straight to the sources of truth, seemed to Hermann Grimm profoundly significant. He speaks with a sense of oppression of the immense accumulation of knowledge, the heritage of decades of centuries, under which the mind of the Old World staggers. "Our best powers barely suffice," he says, "to enable us to glance over what has been already accomplished. It would be hailed as a blessing if some one could convince us that the heritage of our ancestors is to be set aside, that untrammelled we may press on to the goal before us." And he saw that this was precisely the service which the poet and thinker of the New World was doing in a reverent spirit but with a perfectly free mind. Emerson estimated at their full value the accumulations of knowledge which lay in the vaults of Europe, but he was resolute that his own people should make their own intellectual and spiritual fortunes; that they should be not only heirs of the past, but producers of present wealth. They were not to feel too heavily the weight of history; they were not to respect too deeply the authority of tradition; they were to see, feel, think, and act for themselves; they were to "enjoy an original relation to the universe. . . . The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship."

This attitude of Emerson was the logical outcome of his estimate of the individual soul, of the supreme importance he attached to man as man; the active, working, creative spirit behind all forms of civilization. Behind the wealth of the world of every kind he was concerned only with the producer; for the chief significance of wealth is the kind and quality of the genius which created it, and its value lies in the uses to which it can be put by that genius. Rank, privilege, position, interest him because they are the symbols of achievement, past or present. They are pictorial, symbolical, historical; but they are, at the best, only the insignia of the man. In the presence of the most venerable and transcendent work of his hand man is still master, creator, divining spirit; he alone is sacred and immortal. When Emerson, who faced the sphinx, the Parthenon, the greatest library, the congress of kings, with perfect composure, looks at the human soul, he is filled with reverence, and a lyric cry rushes to his lips: "The great Pan of old, who was clothed in a leopard-skin to signify the beautiful variety of things, and the firmament, his coat of stars, was but the representative of thee, O rich and various Man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain the geometry of the City of God; in thy heart the bower of love and the realms of right and wrong."

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This is the fundamental attitude of democracy, not as a form of political or social order, but as a view of man's place and authority in the world; a recognition of his spiritual significance; the consummation of the long process of history in the complete emancipation of the individual spirit, with full freedom to choose for itself its manner of life and the type of its development. This interpretation of Emerson's central thought does not ally him with the political creed of his time and place; it allies him with the historic movement which came to clear consciousness in his work and which found its earliest institutional expression, on a great scale, in the New World. He is the incarnation and the exponent of democracy as a spiritual force, but democracy as a political order still lags far behind him.

Nature, written in the seclusion of the Old Manse at Concord, was the first fruitage of the unfettered freedom which he sought and found when he exchanged the pulpit for the Lyceum platform, and remains the most beautiful and complete disclosure of his thought. Sixty-seven years have not dispelled the mystery and charm that make it enigmatical to many readers, but have kept it from profane hands to this day. It is a key to the spiritual meaning of Nature which can be turned only by the imagination; it is a poet's gospel in eight chapters. Appearing at the moment when the tide of scientific activity was steadily rising, it outruns the ultimate goal of the knowledge of fact and form, however comprehensive and searching. It does not conflict with a movement in which Emerson rejoiced; it penetrates below the region of its activity, and rests securely on the ultimate foundations. It stands serenely in a place by itself; it uses no machinery of investigation, employs no instruments of observation, is worked out without the aid of logical formulæ, fortifies itself with no arguments, contains no reference to authorities, and is without foot-notes. It is a piece of pure divination; it has been contradicted, confuted, travestied, parodied; but its serenity, its beauty, the sense of mystery and worship which pervades it, persuade men of imagination and insight of its essential truth.

What is significant, for the purpose of this comment, is not whether its conception of Nature as a series of images "in the firmament of the soul" is true or false, but its exaltation of man as cooperating, by the laws of his mind, with the Infinite in the creation of the universe. The Hebrew poet saw Nature as the vesture of God, the garment which veiled but did not conceal the splendor of the Almighty; Emerson found in man the key to Nature, and discerned in Nature the vast symbolism of the soul, the order of its discipline, the provision for its education, the language for its expression, the prophecy of an ultimate harmony between a purified soul and an external order from which all that is unclean, inimical, diseased, and unlovely has vanished. This interpretation of Nature, with its lofty faith, its profound insight, its lyrical eloquence, is, in reality, a poetic interpretation of man; a recognition not only of the divine in every man, but of the potentiality of deity in every man; it proclaims man, in a sense, the creator of Nature.

The greatness with which Emerson invested the human spirit was reflected not only in his own bearing, but in his whole dealing with knowledge and art, and in his own style. In diverting attention from the trappings and insignia of public and social distinction, and fastening it upon the spirit behind the accidents or incidents of life, he discarded the conventions and traditions of the art of writing, and spoke from his heart with perfect simplicity and directness. His style seems obscure and elusive to those only who are not in sympathy with his point of view; for few writers demand more of their readers than Emerson. Whatever the faults of his style—and they are really faults of his thought,—it is entirely free from pretension, artifice, rhetorical device; it is absolutely frank and sincere. Placing so high a valuation on man, Emerson held that there was nothing too good or sacred for men. He had as little regard for arbitrary intellectual classifications as for arbitrary social distinctions. He held to the doctrine of community ownership in knowledge and thought. Plato might be the idol of the elect, but he was, above all, the possession of the plain people. Trans-

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late a few technical words here and there into the vernacular, and the really great is as comprehensible by the unlettered as by the aristocracy of scholarship; for it is vital, not technical, excellence and power which make men great. Go to the expert for facts, he seemed to be always saying, but think your own thoughts and reach your own conclusions.

In the historic meeting at Stonehenge, Carlyle challenged Emerson to define the American idea. It was characteristic of Emerson that he made no enumeration of mechanical or political gains or losses as the result of the new ordering of society in this country; he spoke "neither of Presidents nor cabinet ministers, nor of such as would make of America another Europe"; on the contrary, in the shadow of the ancient circle on Salisbury Plain, and in the presence of the most relentless and scornful preacher of the need of governing men by force, he unfolded his dream of a coming brotherhood of men, predicted the "bankruptcy of the vulgar musket-worship," planted himself on "the law of love and justice alone," declared that "we play the game with immense advantage," and that no skill or activity can long compete with the prodigious advantages of this country in the hands of the English race. Surrounded by the ripe beauty of England and sensitive to the appeal of her great traditions, he wrote: "There, in that great sloven continent, in high Alleghany pastures, in the sea-wide, sky-skirted prairie, still sleeps and murmurs and hides the great mother, long since driven away from the trim hedgerows and overcultivated garden of England. . . . Here is the home of man,—here is the promise of a more excellent social state than history has recorded."

At Stonehenge, it appears in the light of recent history, Emerson was a prophet. Born in the provincial period, speaking his word and doing his work in the sectional period, he foresaw, foretold, and prepared the way for the massing of the forces of a divided people in the potency, the majesty, and the unity of the nation. If he did not express the passion and volume of the national feeling, he defined the national ideals. To him America meant something more than a continuation and repetition of Old World experience; it meant a spiritual conception of man as an original, creative force; a recognition, in the structure of society, of the divine in man which makes it safe to trust him; the practice of a higher morality in international dealing, based on the kinship of man with man under all forms of government; the largest freedom for self-expression to men of all races and classes.

In the account of the nation with this beautiful and prophetic spirit it is clear there is still a great indebtedness to be discharged; for time has revealed with increasing distinctness the service of one of whom an eminent Frenchman has said: "America has exalted him because she saw herself in him, and he was her conscience." Concerning the quality and rank of his work there is general agreement; he has survived the reaction which follows the death of a writer of original and individual force; the defects of his prose, the limitations of his verse, are clear enough; but the depth of his insight, the lift of his thought, the freshness of his spirit, the felicity of his speech and its penetration, the wholeness and symmetry of his life: these are far beyond the region of questioning. He explained America to herself in terms of the spiritual life, he set man in his true place in the New World, he has kept the conscience of the nation and established for all time the doctrine that the success or failure of the new society shall be measured by its service in the emancipation of the soul, the exaltation of man.

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In Ursula's Garden

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

I

HER three lovers had praised her with many canzonets and sonnets on that May morning, as they sat in the rose-garden at Longaville, and the sun-steeped leaves made a tempered, aromatic shade about them. Afterwards they had drawn grass-blades to decide who should accompany the Lady Ursula to the summer pavilion, that she might fetch her viol and sing them a song of love; and in the sylvan lottery chance had favored the Earl of Pevensey.

Left to themselves, the Marquis of Falmouth and Master Kit Mervale regarded one another irresolutely for a moment, like strange curs uncertain whether to fraternize or to fly at one another's throat. Then Master Mervale lay down in the young grass, stretched himself, twirled his thin black mustachios, and chuckled in perfect, luxurious content.

"Decidedly," said he, "your Grace is past master in the art of wooing; no university in the world would refuse you a degree."

The Marquis frowned. He was a great bluff man, with wheat-colored hair, and was somewhat slow-witted. After a little, he found the quizzical, boyish face that mocked him irresistible, and laughed, and unbent from the dignified reserve he had firmly intended to maintain. "Master Mervale," he said, "I will be frank with you, for you appear a lad of good bearing, as lads go, barring a trifle of affectation and a certain squeamishness in speech. When I seek my way to a woman's heart, I am as any other explorer venturing into a strange country; as he takes with him beads and mirrors to placate the inhabitants, so do I fetch with me sonnets and such-like gewgaws to please her fancies; only when I find a glut of them left by previous adventurers must I pay my way with pure gold. And truth, Master Mervale, is a jewel."

Master Mervale raised his eyebrows. "Truth?" he queried, gently.

"It would surely be indelicate," suggested the Marquis, "to allow even truth to appear quite unclothed in the presence of a lady?" He smiled and took a short turn on the grass. "Look you, Master Mervale," said he, narrowing his pale blue eyes to mere slits, "I have, somehow, a great disposition to confidence come upon me. Frankly, my passion for the Lady Ursula burns somewhat more mildly than that which Antony bore the Egyptian; it is less a fire whereby to consume kingdoms than a candle wherewith to light a contented home; and quite frankly, I mean to have her. The estates lie convenient, the families are of equal rank, her father is agreed, and she has a sufficiency of beauty; there are, in short, no obstacles to our union save you and my lord of Pevensey, and these, I confess, I do not fear. I can wait, Master Mervale. Oh, I am patient, Master Mervale, but, I own, I cannot brook denial. It is I, or no one. By Saint Gregory! I wear steel at my side, Master Mervale, that will serve for other purposes save that of opening oysters!" So he blustered in the spring sunlight, and frowned darkly as Master Mervale, after a hopeless attempt at gravity, lay flat upon his back and crowed like a cock in irrepressible laughter.

"Your patience shames Job the Patriarch," said he, when he had ended and wiped away his tears; "yet, it seems to me, my lord, you do not consider one thing. I grant you, his Grace of Pevensey and I are your equals neither in estate nor reputation; still, setting modesty aside, is it not possible the Lady Ursula may come, in time, to love one of us?"

"Setting common sense aside," said the Marquis, stiffly, "it is possible she may be smitten with a tertian fever. Let us hope, however, that she may escape both contagions."

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"There was a cousin of the Lady Ursula's—a Mistress Katherine Beaufort—"

"Death of my life!" His Grace wheeled about, scowled, and then tapped sharply upon the palm of one hand with the nail-bitten fingers of the other. "Ay," said he, slowly, "there was."

"She loved you?" murmured Master Mervale, smiling gently.

"God help me!" groaned the Marquis; "we loved one another! I know not how you came by your information, nor do I ask. Yet 'tis ill opening an old wound. I loved her; let that suffice." With a set face, he turned away for a moment and gazed toward the slender parapets of Longaville, half hidden by pale foliage and very white against the rain-washed sky; then groaned, and glared angrily into the lad's upturned countenance. "You talk of love," he said, hoarsely; "a love compounded equally of youthful imagination, a liking for fantastic phrases and a disposition for caterwauling i' the moonlight. Ah, lad, lad!—if you but knew! That is not love; to love is to go mad like a star-struck moth, and then to strive in vain to forget, and to eat one's heart out in the loneliness, and to hunger—hunger—" The Marquis spread out his hands helplessly, and then, with a quick, impatient gesture, swept back the mass of wheat-colored hair that fell about his face. "Ah, Master Mervale," he sighed, "'tis the greatest thing in the world!"

"Yet," said Master Mervale, with courteous interest, "you did not marry?"

"Marry!" His Grace snarled toward the sun and laughed, shortly. "Look you, Master Mervale, I know not how far y'are acquainted with the business. 'Twas in Cornwall yonder years since; I was but a lad, and she a wench—ah, such a wench, with tender blue eyes, and a faint, sweet voice that could deny me nothing! God does not fashion her like every day." The Marquis paced the grass impatiently, gnawing his lip and debating with himself in a stifled, unnatural tone. "Marry? Her family was good, but their deserts outranked their fortunes; their crest was not the topmost feather in Fortune's cap, you understand; somewhat sunken i' the world, Master Mervale. And I? My father—God rest his bones!—was a cold, hard man, and my two elder brothers—Holy Virgin, pray for them!—loved me none too well. I was the cadet then: Heaven helps them that help themselves, says my father, and I haven't a penny for you. My way was yet to make in the world; to saddle myself with a penniless wench—even a wench whose voice set a man's heart hammering at his ribs—was folly, Master Mervale. Utter, improvident, shiftless, bedlamite folly, lad!"

"H'm!" Master Mervale cleared his throat, twirled his mustachios, and smiled indolently at some unspoken thought. "Was it?" he queried, after an interval of meditation.

"Ah!" cried the Marquis, in a sudden gust of anger; "I dare say, as your smirking hints, 'twas the coward's part not to snap fingers at fate and fathers and dare all! I did not. We parted—in what fashion matters not,—and I set forth to seek my fortune. 'Twas a brave world then, Master Mervale, for all the tears that were scarce dried on my cheeks! A world where the heavens were as blue as a certain woman's eyes, and wherein a likely lad might see far countries, and beard the Mussulman in his mosque, and fetch home—though he might never love her, you understand—an Emir's daughter as his wife—

> "With more gay gold about her middle
> Than would buy half Northumberlee."

His voice died away for a moment, and he sighed, a little wistfully; then he shrugged his shoulders. "Well!" said he; "I fought in Flanders somewhat—in Spain—what matter where? Then, at last, sickened in Amsterdam three years ago, where a messenger comes to haul me out of bed as future Marquis of Falmouth. One brother slain in a duel, Master Mervale; one killed in Wyatt's Rebellion; and my father dying of old age, and—Heaven rest his soul!—not over-anxious to meet his Maker. There you have it, Master Mervale—a right merry whimsey of Fate's—I a marquis, my own master, fit mate for any woman in the kingdom, and Kate—my Kate—vanished!"

"Vanished?" The lad echoed the word, with wide eyes.

"Vanished in the night five years ago, and no sign nor rumor of her since! Gone

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to seek me abroad, no doubt, poor wench! Dead, dead, beyond question, Master Mervale!" The Marquis swallowed, and rubbed his lips with the back of his hand. "Ah, well!" said he; "'tis an old sorrow!"

The male animal shaken by some strong emotion is to his brothers an embarrassing rather than a pathetic sight. Master Mervale, lowering his eyes discreetly, rooted up several tufts of grass before he spoke. Then, "My lord, you have known of love," said he, very slowly; "have you no kindliness for an unhappy lover who has been one of us? My lord of Pevensey, I think, loves the Lady Ursula, at least as much as you ever loved this Mistress Katherine; of my own adoration I do not speak, save to say I will wed no woman if it be not she. Her father favors you, for you are a match in a thousand; but you do not love her. It matters little to you, my lord, whom she may wed; to us it signifies a life's happiness. Will not the memory of that Cornish lass—the memory of moonlit nights, and of those sweet, vain aspirations and foiled day-dreams that in boyhood waked your blood even to that brave folly which now possesses us—will not the memory of these things soften you, my lord?"

But his Grace of Falmouth was by this time half regretful of his recent outburst, and somewhat inclined to regard his companion as a dangerously plausible young fellow who had very unwarrantably wormed himself into his confidence. His heavy jaw shut like a trap. "By St. Gregory!" said he; "may I fry in hell a thousand years if I do! What I have told you of is past, Master Mervale; a wise man does not cry over spilt milk."

"You are adamant?" sighed the boy.

"The nether millstone," said the Marquis, smiling grimly, "is in comparison but a pillow of down."

"Yet—yet the milk was sweet, your Grace?" the boy suggested, with a faint answering smile.

"Sweet!" The Marquis's voice shook in a deep thrill of speech.

"And if the choice lay between Ursula and Katherine?"

"Oh, fool!—oh, pink-cheeked, utter ignorant fool!" the Marquis groaned. "Said I not you knew nothing of love?"

"Heigho!" Master Mervale put aside all glum-faced discussion, with a little yawn, and sprang to his feet. "Then we can but hope that somewhere, somehow, Mistress Katherine yet lives and in her own good time may reappear. And speaking of reappearances—surely the Lady Ursula is strangely tardy in making hers?"

The Marquis's jealousy when it slumbered slept but lightly. "Let us join them," he said, shortly, and started through the gardens with quick, stiff strides.

II

They went westward through the gardens toward the summer pavilion, and came presently to a close-shaven lawn, where the summer pavilion stood beside the brook that widened into an artificial pond, spread with lily-pads and fringed with lustreless rushes. Here the Lady Ursula sat with the Earl of Pevensey beneath a burgeoning maple-tree. Such rays as sifted through into their cool retreat lay like splotches of wine upon the ground, and there the taller grass-blades turned to needles of thin silver; one palpitating beam, more daring than the rest, slanted straight toward the little head of the Lady Ursula, converting her hair into a veritable halo of misty gold that appeared strangely out of place in its present position. She seemed a Bassarid who had somehow fallen heir to an aureole; for, to speak truth, there was naught else of the saint about her. At least, there is no record of any saint in the calendar who ever looked with laughing gray-green eyes upon her lover and mocked at the fervor and trepidation of his speech. This the Lady Ursula now did; and, manifestly, enjoyed the doing of it.

After a little, the Earl of Pevensey took up the viol that lay beside them and sang to her in the clear morning. He was sunbrowned and very comely, and his great black eyes were tender as he sang.

Sang he:

"Mistress mine, the spring about us
Seems to mock at us and flout us
That so coldly do delay:
When the very birds are mating,
Prythee, why should we be waiting—
We that might be wed to-day?

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"*Life is short*, the wise men tell us;—
Even those dusty, musty fellows
That have done with life—alas!
Do the bones of Aristotle
Never hunger for a bottle,
Youth and some frank Grecian lass?

"Ah, I warrant you;—and Zeno
Would not reason, could he know
One more chance to live and love:
For, at best, the merry May-time
Is a very fleeting play-time;—
Why, then, waste an hour thereof?

"Thus, I demonstrate by reason
Youth's for love, and spring's the season
For the garnering of our bliss;
Wisdom is but long-faced folly;
Cry *a fig for melancholy!*
Seal the bargain with a kiss."

When he had ended, the Earl of Pevensey laughed and looked up into her face with a long, hungry gaze; and the Lady Ursula laughed likewise and spoke kindly to him, though the distance was too great for the eavesdroppers to overhear. Then, after a little, the Lady Ursula bent forward out of the shade of the maple into the sun, and the sunlight fell upon her golden head and glowed in the depths of her hair, as she kissed him, tenderly and without haste, full upon the lips.

III

The Marquis of Falmouth caught Master Mervale's arm in a grip that made the boy wince. His look was murderous, as he turned in the shadow of a white-lilac bush and spoke carefully through sharp breaths that shook his great body.

"There are," said he, "certain matters I must discuss with my lord of Pevensey shortly. I desire you, Master Mervale, to fetch him to the spot where we parted last, that we may finish our debate, quietly and undisturbed. Else— Go, lad, and fetch him!"

For a moment, the boy faced his pale, half-shut eyes that were like coals smouldering behind a veil of gray ash. Then he shrugged his shoulders, sauntered forward, and doffed his cap to the Lady Ursula. There followed much laughter among them, many explanations from Master Mervale, and yet more laughter from the lady and the Earl. The Marquis ground his big white teeth as he listened, and wondered angrily over the cause of their mirth.

"Splendor of God!" growled the Marquis; then he heaved a sigh of relief, as the Earl of Pevensey raised his hands lightly toward heaven, laughed once more, and plunged into the thicket. His Grace of Falmouth laughed in turn, though not very pleasantly. Afterwards he loosened his sword in the scabbard and turned back to seek their rendezvous in the shadowed place where they had made sonnets to the Lady Ursula.

IV

For some ten minutes the Marquis strode proudly through the maze, pondering on his injuries and on certain thrusts that human skill could not parry. In a quarter of an hour he was lost in a wilderness of trim box-hedges that confronted him stiffly at every turn and branched off in innumerable gravelled alleys that led nowhither.

"Death of my life!" said the Marquis. He retraced his steps impatiently; cast his cap upon the ground in seething desperation; turned in a totally different direction, and in five minutes trod upon his discarded head-gear.

"Holy Gregory!" said the Marquis. He meditated for a moment, then caught up his sword close to his side and plunged into the nearest hedge. After a little he came out, with a scratched face and a scant breath, into another alley. As the crow flies, he went through the maze of Longaville, leaving in his rear desolation and snapped box-twigs. He came out of the ruin behind the white-lilac bush where he had stood and heard the Earl of Pevensey sing to the Lady Ursula and had seen what followed.

The Marquis wiped his brow. Then he looked out over the lawn and breathed heavily. The Lady Ursula still sat beneath the maple, and beside her was Master Mervale, whose arm was about her waist. Her arm was about his neck, and she listened as he talked eagerly and with many gestures. Then they both laughed and kissed one another.

"Splendor of God!" groaned the Marquis. He wiped his brow once more, with a shaking hand, as he crouched behind the white-lilac bush. "Why, 'tis a very

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THEY WENT WESTWARD TOWARD THE SUMMER PAVILION

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Semiramis!" he gasped. "Oh, holy Gregory! Yet I must be quiet—quiet as a sucking lamb, that I may strike as a roaring lion afterwards! Is this your innocence, Mistress Ursula, that cannot bide the spoken name of a spade? Oh, splendor of God!"

Thus he raged behind the white-lilac bush while they laughed and kissed in the sunlight. After a little, they parted. The Lady Ursula, still laughing, lifted the branches of the thicket behind them and disappeared in the path which the Earl of Pevensey had taken. Master Mervale, kissing his hand and laughing yet more loudly, lounged toward the entrance of the maze, where, as he approached it, a white-lilac bush quivered angrily, and the Marquis of Falmouth confronted him, with an ashy countenance and working lips.

V

"I have heard, Master Mervale," said the Marquis, gently, "that love is blind?"

The boy stared at the white face, that had before his eyes masked its blind, terrible rage with a crooked smile. It was as though a tiger-cat, crouched for the fatal spring, had suddenly relaxed the tension of its lithe body and had paused to trifle with its prey. "'Tis an ancient fable, my lord," said he, smiling, and made as though to pass.

"Indeed," said the Marquis, courteously, but without yielding an inch, "'tis a very reassuring one; for," he continued, meditatively, "were the eyes of all lovers suddenly opened, Master Mervale, I suspect it would prove a red hour for the world. There would be both tempers and reputations lost, Master Mervale; there would be sword-thrusts; there would be corpses, Master Mervale."

"Doubtless, my lord," said the lad, striving to jest and have done; "for the flesh is frail, and the tender heart of woman cannot abide suffering in a man. The sex is very pitiful, my lord."

"Yet, Master Mervale," pursued the Marquis, equably, but without smiling, "there be lovers in the world that have eyes?"

"Doubtless, my lord," said the boy.

"There also be women in the world, Master Mervale," suggested his Grace of Falmouth, still following out an apparently absorbing train of thought, "that are but whitened sepulchres—very fair without, but worms and corruption within?"

"Doubtless, my lord."

"There also be swords in the world, Master Mervale?" purred the Marquis. He touched his own slightly, as he spoke.

"My lord—" cried the boy, with a gasp.

"Now, swords have many uses, Master Mervale," his Grace of Falmouth continued, half idly. "With a sword one may pick a cork from a bottle; with a sword one may toast cheese about the Michaelmas fire; with a sword one may spit a man, Master Mervale—ay, even an ambling, pink-faced, lisping lad that cannot boo at a goose, Master Mervale. And I have no inclination just now for either wine or toasted cheese, Master Mervale." His tone was wistfully apologetic, as one lamenting some woful deficiency in himself.

"I do not understand you, my lord," said the boy, in a thin, trembling voice.

"Indeed, I think we understand each other perfectly," said the Marquis. "For I have been very frank with you, and I have watched you from behind this bush for a half-hour."

The boy raised his hand as though to speak.

"Look you, Master Mervale," the Marquis said, frankly, "you and my lord of Pevensey and I be brave fellows; we need a wide world to bustle in. Now, the thought has come to me that this narrow continent of ours is scarce commodious enough for all three. There be purgatory and heaven, and yet another place, Master Mervale; why, then, crowd one another?"

"My lord," said the boy, dully, "I do not understand you."

"Holy Gregory!" scoffed the Marquis; "surely my meaning is plain enough! 'tis to kill you first, and my lord of Pevensey afterwards! Y'are phœnixes, Master Mervale; y'are too good for this world. Longaville is not fit to be trodden under your feet; and therefore 'tis my intent you should leave Longaville feet first. Draw, Master Mervale!" cried the Marquis, his light hair falling about his flushed, handsome face, as he laughed joyously and flashed his sword in the spring sunshine.

The boy sprang back, with an inarticu-

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late cry; then gulped some dignity into himself and spoke. "My lord," said he, "I admit that from your standpoint some explanation is necessary."

"You may render it to my heir, Master Mervale," cried the Marquis, impatiently, "who will doubtless accord it such credence as it merits. For my part, having two duels on my hands to-day, I have no time to listen to romances." He placed himself on guard; but Master Mervale stood with chattering teeth and irresolute, groping hands, and made no effort to draw. "Oh, the block! the curd-faced cheat!" cried the Marquis. "Will nothing move you?" With his left hand he struck at the boy.

Thereupon Master Mervale gasped, and turning with a great sob, ran through the gardens. The Marquis laughed discordantly; then he followed him, taking big leaps as he ran and flourishing his sword. "Oh, the coward!" he shouted; "oh, the unutterable coward! Oh, you paltry rabbit!"

So they came to the bank of the artificial pond. Master Mervale swerved as the Marquis pounced upon him with a grim oath; his foot caught in the root of a great willow, and he splashed into ten feet of still water, that splurged like quicksilver in the sunlight.

"Oh, Saint Gregory!" the Marquis cried, and clasped his sides in noisy mirth; "was there no other way to cool your courage? Paddle out and be flogged, Master Hare-heels!" he called to the boy, who had come to the surface and was swimming aimlessly down the bank. "Now, I have heard," said the Marquis, as he walked beside him, "that water swells a man—"

The Marquis started as Master Mervale grounded on a shallow and rose, dripping, knee-deep among the lily-pads. "Oh, splendor of God!" cried the Marquis, in a shaking voice.

Master Mervale had risen from his bath almost clean-shaven; only one-half of his mustachios clung to his upper lip, and as he rubbed the water from his eyes, even this fell, a little sodden mass, upon a broken lily-pad.

"Oh, splendor of God!" groaned the Marquis. He splashed noisily into the pond. "Oh, Kate, Kate!" he cried, his arm about Master Mervale. "Oh, blind, blind, blind! O heart's dearest!—O rose of all the world! Oh, my dear, my dear!" he sobbed, brokenly.

Master Mervale broke from him and waded to dry land. "My lord—" he began, demurely.

"My lady wife—" said his Grace of Falmouth, with a glad, tremulous smile. He paused suddenly and passed his hand over his brow. "And yet I do not understand," said he. "Y'are dead; y'are buried. It was a frightened boy I struck." He spread out his arms, in a quick mad gesture. "O world! O sun! O stars!" he cried; "she is come back to me from the grave! O little world! little world! I think I could crush you in my hands!"

"Meanwhile," suggested Master Mervale, after an interval, "it is I that you are crushing." He sighed—though not very deeply—and continued, with a slight hiatus: "They would have wedded me to Lucius Rossmore, and I could not—I could not—"

"That skinflint! that palsied goat!" cried the Marquis.

"He was wealthy," said Master Mervale, throwing out his hands wearily. Then he sighed once more. "There seemed only you—only you in all the world. A man might come to you in those far-off countries; a woman might not. I fled by night, my lord, by the aid of a waiting-woman; became a man by the aid of a tailor; and set out to find you by the aid of such impudence as I might muster. But I could not. I followed you through Flanders, Italy, Spain—always just too late; always finding the bird flown, the nest yet warm. Then I heard you were suddenly become Marquis of Falmouth; then I gave up the quest, my lord."

"I would suggest," said the Marquis, "that my name is Stephen;—but why?"

"Stephen Allonby, my lord," said Master Mervale, sadly, "was not Marquis of Falmouth; as Marquis of Falmouth, you might look to mate with any woman short of the Queen."

"To tell you a secret," the Marquis whispered, "I look to mate with one beside whom the Queen—not to speak treason — is but a lean-faced, yellow piece of affectation. I aim higher than royalty, heart's dearest—to her by whom empresses are but common trulls."

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"OH, KATE, KATE!" HE CRIED

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"And Ursula?" asked Master Mervale, gently.

"Holy Gregory!" cried the Marquis, with a gasp—"I had forgot! Poor wench, poor wench! I must withdraw my suit warily—warily, yet kindly, you understand. Poor wench!—well, after all," he suggested, hopefully, "there is yet Pevensey."

"Oh, Stephen! Stephen!" Master Mervale murmured, and then laughed as though he would never have done; "there was never any other but Pevensey! Why, Ursula knows all—knows there was never so much manhood in Master Mervale's disposition as might not be picked up on the point of a pin! Why, she is my cousin, Stephen—my cousin and good friend, to whom I came at once on reaching England, to find you, favored by her father, pestering her with your suit, and the poor girl well-nigh at her wits' end because she might not have Pevensey. So," said Master Mervale, "we put our heads together, Stephen, as you see."

"Indeed," said his Grace of Falmouth, slowly, "it would seem that you two wenches have, between you, concocted a very pleasant comedy."

"It was not all a comedy," sighed Master Mervale—"not all a comedy, Stephen, until to-day when you told Master Mervale the story of Katherine Beaufort. For I did not know—I did not know—"

"And now?" queried his Grace of Falmouth.

"H'm!" cried Master Mervale, tossing his head. "You are very unreasonable in anger! you are a veritable Turk! you struck me!"

The Marquis rose and bowed low to his former adversary. "Master Mervale," said he, "I hereby tender you my unreserved apologies for the affront I have put upon you. I protest I was vastly mistaken in your disposition, and hold you as valorous a gentleman as was ever made by a tailor's art; and you are at liberty to bestow as many kisses and caresses upon the Lady Ursula as you may elect, reserving, however, a reasonable sufficiency for one that shall be nameless. Are we friends, Master Mervale?"

Master Mervale rested his head upon the shoulder of his Grace of Falmouth, and sighing happily, laughed a low, gentle laugh that was vibrant with content. "No; not—not exactly friends, Stephen," said Master Mervale.

The Passer-by

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS

I PASSED a house one summer day,—
The busy street in sunshine lay:
I heard a song, so sweet and gay,
Like that of some bright maid at play;
I smiled as I went on my way.

And when upon that summer day,
The sombre street in shadow lay,
I heard a moan, a sob, a cry,
My soul was sad in sympathy;
I wept as I went on my way.

A smile, a tear that summer day,
And what their meaning, who shall say?
For some were bright and some were gay,
And some in darkest shadow lay;
The world, unheeding, went its way.

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The Mechanism of the Brain

BY CARL SNYDER

THE idea of a chemistry of the living body, of bones and muscles and secreting glands, is not new. It was Lavoisier, for example, who showed that the work of the lungs, in taking up oxygen and giving off carbonic acid, is a simple chemical process, like the burning of coal in the grate or the rusting of iron. And the butchers of the French Revolution had stilled the workings of his splendid brain before the eighteenth century closed.

The chemistry of the mind is more recent. It was about a half-century ago that a reflective German, gathering together the scant results of his day, formulated his famous aphorism:

"Ohne Phosphor, keine Gedanke,"—without phosphorus, no thought.

That was not the beginning of the endeavor to find out how we think. The anatomists had been busy for a half-century before. And they have been still more industrious since. Thanks to them, we have now a marvellous picture of the minute structure of the brain and the nerves. They can follow more or less definitely the path of every exterior sensation, whether it be one of sight or sound or touch. They can trace even the course of the twinge of pain that comes, say, when an unprotected toe meets with a mislaid tack, and they can follow more or less the resulting stimulus that makes you cry out, Oh!—or something else. And the experimental psychologist of the day will time this and every other mental process to the fraction of a second.

Nevertheless, we are as yet only just beginning to see the whole of the picture,—it may take another quarter or half century before we shall "see it clearly and see it whole," as the late Matthew Arnold was wont to say. Meanwhile it is curious to note that the daring guess of Moleschott, of a half-century ago, might still serve fairly well to describe what we know of the chemistry of the brain:

"Ohne Phosphor, keine Gedanke."

This is not the way a physiologist of to-day would phrase it, exactly. The patient investigator is shy of a pat phrase, that, after all, tells little. Still, it is a matter of some interest to know that there is a substance, as chemically definable, let us say, as cheese or anthracite coal, which does our thinking. The physical basis of thought and sensation is the brain and the nerves. And the vital part of the brain and the nerves seems to be a highly phosphorized fat, and without the phosphorus this fat does not seem to think.

The world of science was a long time accepting the notion of a living substance, a chemically analyzable basis of life. Huxley's celebrated "protoplasm" lecture did much to reconcile men's minds to this materialistic conception. But it has been a great deal harder to bring man to conceive a *thinking* substance,—a form of matter, like salt or sugar or gunpowder, whose business it is to feel and think and dream. To many the notion is uncanny.

The conclusion, however, seems inevitable. So far as we know, the processes of thought and consciousness are associated only with a special form of living substance, a particular kind of Huxley's "protoplasm." And protoplasm is a more or less definite substance that can be, and has been, analyzed in the chemist's tube. It is made up, in varying proportions, of the water we drink, the oxygen and nitrogen of the air we breathe, the carbon of the food we eat. Add a trace of mineral salts, the salts of iron and others, a little sulphur and phosphorus, and the list of elements is complete. The analysis is difficult,—not yet, perhaps, absolutely exact. But the main facts are clear.

In worms and other lowly types we begin to find the different parts of the animal connected by thin threads of a highly

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sensitive substance which conveys a stimulus much more swiftly than the rest of the body. They are nerves. When two or three nerves meet at a common point, we have a little bunch or bulb of nervous substance called a ganglion. It is usually found near the end which answers to the head. Other ganglia appear as we rise in the scale, but always the one near the head is the largest, and it acts as a common centre for all the others. It is the beginning of the brain.

From this to the brain of a Helmholtz or a Shakespeare is but a steady and uninterrupted development, through fish and bird and beast, to the highly endowed ape, and thence, by insensible gradations, to the finest type of civilized men. It is apparently merely an increase in the number and arrangement of the concerting units of ganglia and connecting nerves. And in this orderly evolution there is no break, no link missing anywhere.

Whether it be the brain cell of a glowworm, or one trembling with the harmonies of *Tristan und Isolde,* the stuff it is made of is much the same; it is a difference of structure, apparently, rather than of material. And the chemical difference between a brain or nerve cell and that of the muscles or the skin seems reducible mainly to a difference in the proportion of two substances, water and phosphorus. Lean beef, for example, is from 70 to 80 per cent. water; the brain is from 90 to 95 per cent. water. And a brain or nerve cell may contain from five to ten times as much phosphorus as, let us say, the cells of the liver or the heart. The actual quantity is of course extremely small,—by weight but a fraction of one per cent.

About three pounds, avoirdupois, of this very complex phosphorized stuff make up an average human brain. There is a lot more of it distributed down one's spinal column; and little plexuses all over the body, wherever a group of muscles are to be moved; and others still, the sensory or feeling nerves, which are everywhere. It is hard to find a cubical half-inch outside the bones where they are not.

All told, the nervous substance, which for the sake of making its functions clear I have called the matter which thinks, forms a not inconsiderable portion of the body outside of the bony skeleton. It is made up of distinct and *separated* units, for the most part extremely minute, though some attain a length of two or three feet. These units, for lack of a more misleading name, are called cells. The "cells" which run from the small of your back down into your toes, and wiggle the same, or inform you when a member of the family is stubbed, are the longest. Those of the brain are mostly so small as to tax the powers of the microscope; their average length would be measured in thousandths of an inch. There have been many attempts to get at their actual number; it is certainly large. Computations for the brain alone range from 600 millions upwards. One, due, I think, to Waldeyer, sets the total number of brain cells (average) at 1600 millions. This would mean a brain population exceeding the known population of the earth.

Of course the number varies enormously, for the size and weight of the normal brain vary greatly. The size of the brains of comparatively few distinguished men is known, and most published figures are worthless. The list given below is authoritative, and speaks for itself. The sizes are given in cubic centimetres:

Average human brain, 1400 ccm. (49 oz. av.)

Dr. Dollinger	1207	Agassiz	1512
Harless	1238	Thackeray	1644
Gambetta	1294	Schiller	1781
Liebig	1352	Cuvier	1829
Birchoff	1452	Türgenieff	2012
Broca	1485	Byron	2238
Gauss	1492		

It will be seen that Byron, who was commonly supposed to have a small head, is highest in the list; and whatever may be thought of his poetry, certainly he was a man of rather mediocre intellectual attainments, as poets generally are; while Baron Liebig, who possessed one of the best-equipped brains of the first half-century, was below the average. So, too, there is but a slight difference in the average size of the male and female brain, though the general inferiority of the latter was evident enough up to the latter part of the nineteenth century. Directions for measuring the size of your own brain, if you are interested, will be found in any good encyclopædia,

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or would doubtless be supplied by the distinguished Professor Wilder of Cornell. As the brain is so nearly all water, it is evident that the figures for size, in cubic centimetres, express very nearly the weight in grams, and this may be very quickly reduced to ounces and pounds of our antiquated system.

In general, the size and weight of the brain vary directly with the size and weight of the body. It is obvious that a big body will need a big brain to run it right, for nine-tenths of nervous activity, or "mental" action, is devoted to the promotion and control of the muscles. A little man with a big head, then, is apt to possess more of what we call brains than a big man with a relatively small head.

But there seems another anatomical characteristic of far more importance than size. That is the appearance of the brain surface—the cortex, or rind. The brain of a savage or an idiot is rather smooth. That of a highly developed man or woman is creased and folded in an extraordinary way,—thrown into convolutions, as the neurologists say. And so it seems as if "brains" are a matter of area or brain *surface,* for the effect of the folding and creasing is to afford more area in a given space. In the matter of brain anatomy it is the superficial man, then, who is the great man. And in general the more folds and kinks he has, the greater will he be.

But it is not until we penetrate into the finer structure of the brain that we begin to catch a glimpse of the mechanism of brain action. Countless attempts had been made to unveil this complicated structure, but it was not until an Italian, Professor Golgi, took up the matter, about twenty years ago, that any real progress was made. Professor Golgi found that the inner substance of the nerves, the nervous substance *par excellence,* was extremely avid of certain salts of silver; so that if a piece of brain or a nerve be soaked in a solution of these salts, the inner parts would be stained a vivid black.

The revelations of this simple method, since extended in various ways, have been of the deepest interest. Speaking broadly, a nerve resembles nothing so much as a vigorous tree, with a big tap-root, and a short fat trunk crowned with a wonderful arborescence. And if you take a bit of brain and soak it in the staining solution, then harden it, cut it into extremely thin slices—say, a few hundredths of an inch thick,—and put the thin bit under a powerful microscope, the picture you get is like a cross-section of an immense forest. The trees are crowded together, and roots and the myriad branches interlace in apparently inextricable confusion. Yet, as the methods grew more and more delicate, so that microscopes of greater power could be used, it was seen that this confusion is only apparent. The nerves do branch in a bewildering way, but there seems to be plenty of room; and just now the patient, persevering students of brain anatomy are divided into two warring camps over the question as to whether the nerves *ever* touch one another at all. The matter is important, as shedding light on the means by which a nerve wave, what we call a sensation or an impulse, travels. An impulse going up or down a single nerve follows a simple path. If, for example, you step upon the point of a tack, you get a sharp sensation of pain, and there is an answering jerk of your foot off the ground, and perhaps an exclamation. It is comparatively easy to find the nerve which carries the pain wave, and trace it, say, as far as the lower end of your spine. There it enters the network of nerves which make up the spinal ganglia.

From here an automatic response is sent back over another nerve, a motor nerve, or rather a set of them, which contracts the muscles of your leg and foot violently, and pulls them up, away from the tack. This is what is called simple reflex action, and with it your brain has nothing to do. Meanwhile the pain wave, entering the ganglion, has set other nerves, which also enter the ganglion, into action, and the impulse goes travelling up to the brain, and it is only when it reaches the brain rind, or cortex, that you become conscious of the hubbub down in your foot.

It is as if there had been a smash-up on a railroad, and the nearest station, being notified, had sent back what help it could, and meanwhile forwarded to headquarters an account of the smash.

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The remarkable thing is that the message to headquarters does not go through on a direct wire, but through a chain of them, apparently linked together. This shows why the question as to whether there is actual contact between one nerve and another is so important. If there is no actual contact, how does the nerve wave travel from one to another, as it surely does? And if there is contact, how does an impulse ever stop, as it surely seems to do?

M. Jules Soury, of the Sorbonne, has suggested a solution of all the conflicting ideas such questions raise by supposing that both sides may have a part of the truth. In other words, he believes that in some cases there is contact, or continuity, and that in others there is a leap. And from this he draws a possible conclusion that is of extreme interest. He suggests that in the case of unconscious nervous or cerebral action (by far the greater part of the nervous activity), there is contact; that we become aware of what is going on only when the continuity is broken; that *the leap is consciousness.*

Such a view would throw back the seat of the "divine faculty" from the nerves to the thin water-and-jelly-like substance in which they are immersed. Or, supposing that this especial colloid cannot be fixed upon as the seat of the highest powers of man, they might be thrown upon that extraordinary and rather hypothetical ether, of which physicists talk so much and know so little.

Whatever be the way the nerve wave travels, it is certain that something travels, and that that something is what we call an impulse or a wave. For the rate of its travelling can be accurately timed, and, by an ingenious process, Professor Richet of Paris believes that he can measure its amplitude, as you can the waves of sound or light.

"Quick as thought" does not mean much. A light wave would travel seven times around the equator in a second; and the speed of electricity, unretarded, is the same. The nerve wave makes only about a hundred feet a second.

And now we come to the very marrow of the question: What is this wave or impulse? What is thought?

Up to a year ago the best answer that could be made was this: A nerve may be stimulated by an electric current, and muscles set in action; and conversely a nerve in action is always accompanied by an electrical disturbance,—slight, it is true, but strong enough to be measured with accuracy. In an unprejudiced mind the inference was easy. As there is no nerve action without the evident presence of electricity, it seems probable that nerve action, thought, and consciousness, and what in our present ignorance we call electricity, are one and the same.

This view gained heavy re-enforcements a year ago from some brilliant experiments of Professor Albert P. Mathews, who had been working on nerve stimulation with Professor Jacques Loeb in the University of Chicago. Professor Loeb, and others, had shown that in certain salt solutions an excised heart could be kept beating for hours; further, that a piece of ordinary frog's muscle, for example, dipped in the same solutions, would beat rhythmically, like a heart. All of these curious manifestations could be varied—the rhythmical play hastened, retarded, or stopped simply by changing the quantity of salts in the solution, or by adding different salts. A pinch of one salt, like a potassium salt, would hinder the effect of another, such as ordinary table salt (sodium chloride).

Professor Mathews took a step farther. Instead of cutting away the nerves from the muscles, he left them joined at one end, merely separating the nerve enough to let the end of it hang in a cup of salt solution, while the frog's legs were suspended on a frame. The rhythmical beat began in a short time, just as if the muscles themselves were in the salt bath. Plainly the nerve carried the stimulus, and, so far as any mortal could see, the stimulus was the same as that which makes a live frog's muscles contract when it jumps. Whence came this stimulus?

The only solutions which give this effect are those capable of generating a current of electricity. A succession of electrical impulses, from a dynamo, for example, will make the frog's legs twitch rhythmically, just as do these electrical solutions. If we cut out all needless assumptions or suppositions whatever, then we shall say that the electric current from a machine, and the nervous dis-

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turbance generated by the salt solution, are identical. And as the twitch aroused by dipping the end of the nerve in a salt bath is exactly the same as occurs when the frog is alive, then we must say that a nerve current, or nerve wave, is electrical in character. If this frightens no one, then we may add that the excitation which moves the legs of a frog, and that which winks your eye or twirls your flying fingers over the piano keys, are absolutely the same, and are due to the same cause.

And now for the final plunge into what Huxley satirically called the dank morasses of materialism. You are seated at the piano; the reflection of a jumble of dots on the page of music falls upon the retina of your eye; their position, size, and shape are telegraphed to your brain, from which comes a series of orders to arms and fingers: you are playing a Chopin Nocturne. Provided you have spent months or years in patient and often painful practice, you can do all this, and be talking to a friend at the same time, hardly conscious either of the action of your hands or of the glowing melody being thus mechanically produced.

But between this astonishing achievement and the beginning there have been countless hours where every crook of a finger and every twisty note was a matter of the most laborious consciousness. This we call thought. In terms of brain physiology, it is the stimulation of a chain of brain cells either by nerve currents from other cells of the brain or from without the brain,—as, for example, from the retina. Whatever thought, or consciousness, may be in itself, it can be defined in physical terms as the stimulation of a relatively wide area of the brain—that is to say, the simultaneous activity of a large number of brain cells. The action becomes unconscious when the area or number is lessened.

This stimulation of a wide area can be effected only by means of nerve connections between the different cells. These connections are known as association fibres, and are easily discernible by the microscope. Their number is immense. Many cells have scores and even hundreds, and as the cells are numbered by hundreds of millions, it is easy to see that they reach to an unthinkable sum.

It is by means of these association fibres that we have what is called association of ideas. Clever people evidently are well provided with association fibres. Where these fibres are lacking there will be no stimulation of a wide area, and *therefore no consciousness.* This is the case of the lower forms of life, and in new-born animals, including babies. In all of these the anatomical demonstration is perfectly clear. To ascribe consciousness, in the ordinary sense, to worms, oysters, or new-born children has apparently little foundation. In the case of conscious action becoming automatic and unconscious, as in learning the piano, learning to write, etc., we may infer that constant use (stimulation) tends to establish a direct path, which the nerve wave will follow exclusively, rather than spread out over a wide area, as when the resistance of all the paths was more or less equal.

Be this as it may, the especial thing to note is that the currents or waves which stimulate the cells of the brain differ no whit from those which set jumping the dead muscles of the hind legs of a dead frog. In the one case, as in the other, it is caused by, or rather *is,* a variation of electric potential.

There are some to whom new definitions are distasteful. To define the highest faculties of the human mind in terms of what they contemptuously term brute force is, to some persons, a reprehensible proceeding, calling for opprobrium. So when Huxley defined life in terms of water, ammonia, and salt, forty years ago, unpleasant things were said. To rid himself of the epithet of "crass materialist" he had recourse to the subtleties of the good Bishop Berkeley.

For this there is no need now. In a recent book, *The Response of Matter,* the distinguished physicist of Calcutta, J. Chunder Bose, has done much to strike down the last distinction between living matter and dead. Just as there is no longer a "missing link" in the chain of Darwinian evolution, so there is no longer a dividing-line between plant and animal, between mineral and vegetable, between the animate and the inanimate. In some obscure degree all matter lives.

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An Idealist

BY NETTA SYRETT

THE girls raised their heads from the long desk over which they were stooping and looked with mild curiosity upon the newcomer.

The class was a small one. It contained only six girls, candidates for the Higher Local Examination of the University of Cambridge. Margaret Ferris was the newly appointed lecturer, and as the door closed she looked eagerly towards her pupils, who in their turn, though more languidly, repaid her scrutiny.

Teacher and taught were in curious contrast. On the girls' faces, the anæmic faces of city-bred, still growing women, there was written in some cases listlessness, in others anxiety and a certain businesslike strenuousness. On none was there the indefinable, fresh, gay look of youth. Most of them were overworked. To all of them existence, if they considered it at all, was a dull, humdrum affair, a thing of examinations and text-books, of mutton and rice pudding. The lecturer was tall and slight; her figure was graceful in spite of the stoop which her shoulders had acquired. She had soft, untidy dark hair framing a face in which the color came and went so frequently that one scarcely noticed its paleness. Her eyes were blue; bright, eager, expectant. She had a mouth like a child's—as tremulous, as utterly devoid of the disillusioned, if not cynical, lines which gather about the lips of most women after the vanishing of their first youth. Margaret Ferris was probably twelve or fourteen years older than the eldest of her pupils, but she had an air of girlishness which even the youngest did not possess. When she spoke, it was in the clear, ringing voice of youth.

"What is your literature period? Have you begun to work yet?" she asked.

"The Elizabethan," said Nina Rushton, languidly.

"*Hamlet's* the special play," interrupted a little dark girl, in a harassed tone. "We use a familiar text. Here it is. We've done six pages of notes—shall we take six more pages for next week? We haven't much time, after all; and there's the history of Literature from the Conquest, and the Civil War, and the Constitutional History as well," she added, feverishly.

"*Hamlet?* Oh! that's splendid!" exclaimed the lecturer. "If only we hadn't the Examination to bother us! But we must read some of the other plays as well, and—"

"But they don't come in at all!" the girls cried in chorus. Mary Smith began to ransack her desk for a syllabus. "You see, it's only *this,* and *this,*" she began, pointing out the paragraphs of instructions.

"Quite enough, too!" groaned Nina.

"Hateful stuff, all of it!" exclaimed Madge Seaforth under her breath.

"*Really?* Do you really think of books like this?" said Margaret, slowly, looking from one girl to another. "If you only knew— Why, these Elizabethans are magnificent!" she broke off suddenly. "Men and women *lived* then, really lived! They knew what life may mean. They—And you don't know anything about them yet? And the modern people? Browning? Swinburne? Stevenson? No! Oh, then I'm so glad I have come to you."

She took up a book from the desk in front of her. It was an excellent modern edition of *Hamlet,* open at the second act. "Is this as far as you have read?" she asked. "Listen, then! I will read to you a little."

She began at once, and the girls exchanged mystified glances. Their looks were really mystified, not derisive, for of conventional, academic enthusiasm and determined cheerfulness there was not a trace in the lecturer's manner. What puzzled them was the note of sin-

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cerity in her voice. She spoke almost as though books were *alive,* as though plays and poetry were the important matters of life!

Mary Smith frowned, and Madge Seaforth sighed patiently. Miss Ferris would not make a good crammer; they felt it instinctively. Nancy Felton looked at her with curiosity, and a certain vague excitement for which she could not account.

"I shall like her," she decided, suddenly. But in a few moments the attention of the class was riveted upon the scene which their lecturer was reading.

Margaret had a beautiful voice, and reading aloud was her one accomplishment, an art which she had brought to perfection.

"She doesn't rant, or rave, or move a finger even; but it's like being at the theatre, all the same!" was Nancy Felton's criticism when at the end of the hour the door closed upon Miss Ferris. "I never thought of *Hamlet* like that before—did you?"

"Reading won't get us through the Exam.!" said Mary Smith, strapping her books with angry tugs. "Now, Miss Brown *did* give us notes. I've got notebooks full of them — just the kind of things you get asked in an exam., too."

"Miss Brown!" was all Nancy replied, but there was scorn in her voice.

Then the girls separated, with last words about notes, algebra papers, and home work.

Nancy Felton and Joan Grahame left the class-room together. Their way home led through the bustling main thoroughfare of the suburb. It was only five, but it had been a dark day, and the electric lamps down the middle of the roadway were already lighted.

From the wire-covered globes hard white rays, constantly contracting and expanding, dazzled eyes already tired with the flood of yellow light from cheesemongers' and butchers' shops and the outward flare of naphtha-lamps on the hucksters' stalls.

Foot-passengers jostled one another on the greasy pavement. Butchers stood at their doors shouting the price of meat and sharpening their knives.

"Potatoes, penny a pound!" "Fine walnuts!" yelled the shrill-voiced costers, trundling their barrows. High overhead, a network of telegraph lines lost themselves in the gloom of a murky sky —and beneath them, giant hoardings, covered with posters, loomed uncertainly in the wavering light of the electric lamps.

Nancy all at once uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Let's turn up here," she said, drawing her companion into a quieter side street. "It's just as near. I can't stand that awful road to-night."

"What's the matter?" asked Joan, looking at her with a laugh. "The new lecturer seems to have upset you."

"Yes — somehow, she has," said her friend, without an answering smile. "Does it ever strike you how *dull* everything is?" she went on, with sudden vehemence. "We don't care for anything really. We *have* to work, to get through exams. and things, because we shall all have to make a living. But we don't care for books and work one bit —and there doesn't seem to be anything else," she added, drearily.

Joan made no reply.

"Look at our terrace, now!" Nancy continued, nodding towards the row of stucco houses they were approaching. "Isn't it hideous? It's just like the rest of things—gray and flat and dull. . . . *Miss Ferris* doesn't have a dull time; one can see that!" she added presently.

"You've got Miss Ferris on the brain," observed Joan, pausing, with her hand on the knocker. "What sort of time do you suppose she has, then?"

"I don't quite know," returned her friend, slowly, "but she has a beautiful life, I should think."

"Come in this evening, and help me with the history," called Joan.

Nancy nodded, standing on her own door-step, two houses off.

She glanced down the row, before the light-grained door opened.

"All exactly alike, and all hideous!" was her dreary comment.

One evening, in the spring of the following year, Margaret sat by the open window, while the twilight deepened. There was a book on her lap, but for some time she had been sitting without reading, her head resting against the

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window-frame, her eyes fixed on the laburnum-trees outside.

The examination, the ostensible reason for her year's work, was over, and it was already some weeks since she had left her class of students. It was partly of the girls she had been thinking.

Almost every day had brought her a letter from one or other of them, and she glanced at the closely written pages of the last communication from Mary Smith—Mary, who commented casually upon her own success in the examination, and discoursed with enthusiasm upon "Weir of Hermiston."

In memory, Margaret retraced the past year, from the day when this very Mary had resentfully confronted her with lists of dates and "leading events" to the time when, like the other girls, she clamored for just ten minutes longer, as they sat round the class-room fire after the lecture, to listen to a poem or a chapter from a novel. She thought of them all very tenderly. She could not fail to know that she had influenced them profoundly, and she had been glad to think of this. She knew that they regarded her with wondering admiration. They hung on her words, they accepted her opinions, she was the one unwearying theme of conversation among them. She knew all this, and she had been flattered.

This evening she had been thinking of it all again; thinking so long that the sun had set and twilight had fallen while she sat motionless in the big chair by the window.

All at once, in the passage outside, she started to hear the sound of her own name.

It was Nancy Felton's voice, surely!

Margaret sprang to her feet as she heard it, and the color rushed to her cheeks as she glanced quickly about the darkening room.

It was of Nancy more than of any of the other girls that she had been thinking. She remembered this as the door opened and the girl ran in.

She gave a gay, excited, half-laughing little cry, as she peered through the dusk and saw Margaret, and then flung her arms about her.

"Oh, Miss Ferris!" she began, breathlessly, "I couldn't help coming. I felt I must come to you first before any one else in the world, because *you* will understand—you will know just how wildly happy I am! I can scarcely believe it — but he says so. He says he loves me—*me!*"

Margaret sank back into her chair, and the girl threw herself on her knees beside her, still talking, in a voice shaken between tears and laughter.

"And these last few weeks, when I wasn't sure whether he cared! Oh! you don't know— But you *do* know; you understand everything, of course. That's why I came to tell you, and to talk about it, and to thank you—oh! I can't put it into words properly;—but to thank you for making it *possible* for me to be so happy. A year ago it would all have been so—so—*commonplace!* He would have paid me 'attention,' and I expect I should have giggled, and then we should have had egg-boilers and things given to us when we were married, and afterwards I should have been a whining, worrying housekeeper, always talking about the servant and the price of butter! But you made everything seem beautiful, —books and pictures and colors—even our horrid, dirty High Street. Do you remember, you made Joan and me see how splendid it looked one evening, all filled with pink fog at one end, and the lamps flaring through, and the violet sky up above?"

She laughed suddenly, with an excited tremor in her voice.

"How funny that I should think of that just now! But it's all part of the same thing that you have done for us, after all. You've made us *understand.* And it all leads up to—this. You said that once. You said that love was like the crown of everything beautiful, and I didn't understand quite, but I believed it because it was you who said so, and you know. Now I know too!" she cried, exultantly.

Margaret stirred a little.

"Oh! am I talking too much? Am I tiring you?" began Nancy.

"No—no. Go on," said Margaret, quickly. "Haven't I said how glad I am? I am glad." She bent forward and kissed her, and again leant back in her chair.

"So you think I have helped to make life richer for you?" she asked, slowly.

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"*Think!*" echoed Nancy. "You have made it a different thing. To begin with, you taught us to care for books— Miss Ferris," she broke off shamefacedly, "I remember, when you first began to read to us and to talk, we used to giggle and look at one another, because we had been taught that some of the things you spoke about quite naturally were not *proper!* Those ideas all seem so vulgar to me now, and it was you who made us feel that—not by anything you ever said, but just because you are you. . . . Do you remember when you read us *Aucassin and Nicolette,* and *Tristram and Iseult,* and *Romeo and Juliet?* I shall never forget those readings, and the talks round the class-room fire after the lecture! We talked about everything under the sun, I believe, and it was then we began to understand, from knowing *you,* what life means. Because you have *lived,* you see." She hesitated. "You won't think me impertinent, will you, Miss Ferris? but when you have been talking about beautiful places you have seen, I couldn't help guessing you were with some one—some one you loved. Do you remember when you told us about the little olive-orchard in Italy, where the daffodils grew, and the grass was all sprinkled with light shadow? He—he was there with you, wasn't he?"

Margaret was silent; her tight grasp on the girl's hand relaxed; she leant still farther back in her chair.

There was a moment's pause, and then Nancy spoke again, absorbed, and unheeding.

"Isn't it strange, Miss Ferris," she said, softly, "that life can be all at once so beautiful, so wonderful? The first time you had a lover and he—kissed you, didn't you—"

She stopped abruptly, startled, for Margaret rose suddenly to her feet.

"I never had a lover!" she said. "No man has ever kissed me."

Her voice was so strained and unnatural that Nancy stumbled to her feet, frightened. The door opened at the moment, and a maid came in with a lighted lamp. She placed it on the table, and then, seeing a visitor, withdrew hastily. In the hard light thrown by the opaque white lamp-shade, the shadowy room sprang into existence.

Nancy found her eyes wandering from the bare walls to the hard lodging-house chairs, and from them to the threadbare square of carpet in the middle of the room.

She felt dazed and incredulous. Miss Ferris *here?*—Miss Ferris lived in a sort of fairy place of beauty—all the girls thought so. Nancy, waking from the preoccupied dream in which she had somehow found the way to her friend without the slightest consciousness of externals, experienced with an almost physical shock the rude sense of awakening. She turned her bewildered gaze upon Margaret herself.

She had never noticed before that Miss Ferris was—not quite young. Was it because of the dreadful glaring light? No; it was that her expression had altered, perhaps—

Her astonishment was beginning to give way to a certain shy awkwardness, for Margaret did not speak. Instead, she stood looking down upon the floor, tracing the pattern of the carpet with her foot.

"I'm so sorry," murmured the girl at last. "I thought—we all thought—"

Margaret started, and sat down.

"Yes," she said, absently. "I—I—suppose so. I see. My dreams do not only convince me, then. Other people take them for realities also."

"But—but—you went to all the beautiful places you talked to us about?" began Nancy, hesitatingly. "Italy?—and the olive-orchards? I thought—"

"I went to Italy—yes. In an Educational League party," said Margaret, still in the same unnatural voice. "It was the only way I could afford it. Sometimes I got away from the people. I counted on that. In the daffodil-orchard I was alone, but I imagined—"

She paused.

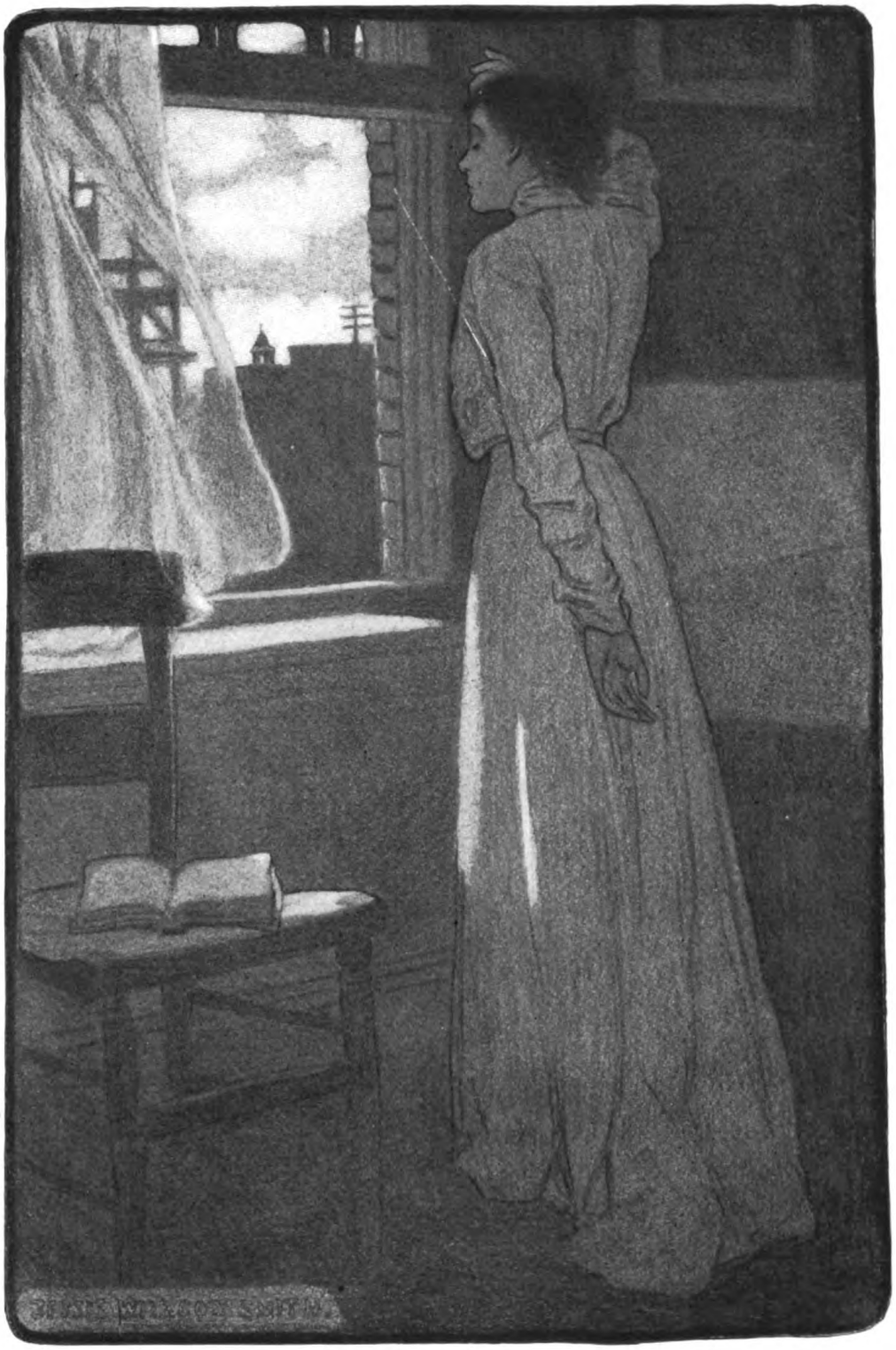
There was a moment's awkward silence. All at once Margaret roused herself with a start.

"But, Nancy," she said, hurriedly, "it was about *you* we were talking. You have told me nothing yet! Go on; tell me all about it."

Much relieved, Nancy plunged into confidences, descriptions, raptures.

When at last she rose to go, Margaret followed her to the door.

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HER BEDROOM WINDOW STOOD WIDE OPEN

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"Good-by, dear Miss Ferris," said the girl. "Perhaps some day I shall hear that you are as happy as I am. I *hope* so," she whispered.

Margaret winced. Already there was a subtle, almost imperceptible change in the girl's manner. It was certainly not to the initiated priestess of life's joys and mysteries that the farewell was spoken; and in her voice Margaret did not fail to detect the compassionate, faintly patronizing attitude of the woman with a lover towards the woman who has none.

Before she closed the hall door, the postman passed. He put a letter into her hand, which a moment later she read by the light of the parlor lamp. A glance at its contents showed her that her application for a post as lecturer at a woman's college had been accepted. Margaret looked at the words with indifference. She felt no pleasure; she scarcely felt relief. Yet on this letter her hopes and fears had been built for weeks. It practically made the difference between starvation and plenty, for to a woman of Margaret's type work does not come easily. She could go back to her rooms now, the rooms which she had been obliged to sublet during her weeks of poverty. An hour ago, the thought of seeing once more her pictures, her books, all the simple but charming surroundings she loved, would have filled her with delight.

Now she only remembered that there would be no one to meet her when she crossed the threshold.

She put out the lamp and went upstairs.

Her bedroom window stood wide open, and behind the scaffolding of some unfinished houses opposite Margaret saw a pearly, luminous sky, and the tops of elm-trees misty with buds.

As she sank on her knees beside the window she noticed two figures—a servant-girl and her lover probably—in the shadow of the houses. Margaret looked at them idly. Nancy's flushed cheeks and shy eyes and shaking hands filled her mind. At first this memory stood out vividly against a background of uneasy trouble—a sort of mental bruise which she shrank from touching.

The soft spring wind came in little puffs against her cheeks; it was only April, but the air was balmy and delicate as June. Its sweetness increased the trouble of her mind.

"It is spring—and my youth has gone!" she whispered, her incoherent thoughts taking shape at last. "I've never had a single real experience of my own. Not one!" she repeated, bitterly. "Everything has been a sort of preparation for a Paradise that was always coming. And while I dreamed, my youth has gone. . . . But I have felt so young. I never realized that I am young no longer," she went on pitifully, as though to some listener. "Now I see that everything has been at second hand! I have looked at life through books, and by the power of imagination. . . . I, who thought I knew life! I am nothing but a fraud—I see now! I shall just go on working and reading, but having nothing—nothing. No lovers, no children. I am a fool. I never realized it till now—and I must learn it at last from the child I have taught to live."

A cynical woman must have broken into bitter laughter at the irony of the thing. But Margaret was not cynical. She had believed too much, hoped too much, loved beauty with too simple and whole-hearted a love for scoffing. She had kept a child's nature in her attitude of trusting faith in life's fair promises—and life had betrayed her.

She looked back, and retraced all her uneventful days. She saw the dingy little house in Peckham where, the only child of a poor city clerk, her first years had been spent. Even then the gray monotony of existence had been brightened by dreams of some unimaginable happiness to come. There followed then years of hard work, of examinations, of training for the task of earning her own living—a task for which her lack of practical qualities rendered her singularly unfit. But if she had lived poorly, she had dreamed magnificently, and—it was characteristic of her never to have realized it till now—*love* had been the beginning and the end of all her fantasies; love, whose flame was always just on the point of touching her life.

She rose suddenly from her knees, wringing her hands. "And I don't know one single man to speak to!" she whis-

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pered hoarsely to herself. "I have never had any opportunity of meeting men. And yet I thought— Oh! what a fool I am! I dreamt that somehow—somehow it would come. I know all about love, and no man has ever so much as looked at me!"

The man and his sweetheart still lingered below in the shadow of the houses, and the night was so still that Margaret could hear them whispering. At the moment they emerged from the darkness and crossed a strip of moonlight lying upon the opposite path. The man's arm was round the girl's shoulders, and before the deep shadows once more concealed them she saw him stoop and kiss her on the lips. Margaret paused irresolutely in her hurried pacing of the room, shaken by a gust of sudden potential passion.

"I would give my soul even to change places with that girl for an hour," she thought, before she sank once more sobbing to her knees.

"I who have thought reverently of love, who have worshipped my ideal, find I am starved enough to envy the experience of a little servant-girl! And yet there is nothing frightful about me—I think I am rather pretty. How is it? Oh! surely somewhere, somehow, there must be something very wrong. There are hundreds of other women, too, wasted —wasted like me!"

For Margaret the bitterest hour of her life had come, in the sudden realization of her frustrated womanhood.

The ruined Palace of Art in which she had lived so long would in time rise magically from its ashes, no doubt. Margaret was a born idealist, happier in this than many of the modern women whom, in a complex, unrestful age, Fate drives in ever-increasing numbers into the backwaters of life. She had tasted some of the sweetness of the cup, after all. Art, and the loveliness of nature, had yielded her a poignant delight never experienced by lesser natures. Later on, she would remember, and not be wholly sad. Yet in proportion as the dream is beautiful must the awakening possess a peculiar horror of its own. In the realization that she had missed the great elemental passions of life—that, as she put it to herself, she had "never lived at all"—books, pictures, imaginative delights, counted as nothing—as a mist that rises and is dissolved, disclosing a bare and sterile country.

The hours wore on; gradually the moonlight faded, and darkness fell; but she still kept her place by the window, and in the silence of the night wept bitter tears for the loss of her birthright.

My Friendly Rain

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL

THE rain?
Who cavils at the rain?
From kind gray skies
It comes—calm touch of heaven—
Upon my lips,
My hair, my eyes,—
And slips
About me like a garment woven of love
And broidered with the seven
Sweet virtues of a maid.
Who would not be content,
Even with his last wish spent,
Taking the simple joys of such a day!
So, guided by some strain
Of hidden song it hath, and unafraid
Of any evil, forth I move
Upon my still, glad way.
Smiles for the rain!
Love for the rain!
My friendly rain!

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Recent Impressions of the English

BY HENRY CHILDS MERWIN

THE stranger in London to-day, when he stands at the foot of Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square, may congratulate himself upon the fact that he has reached the very core and centre of the greatest empire which the world has ever seen, and at the moment of the greatest power which that empire has thus far attained.

It is no wonder, then, that London, the heart of the empire, throbs with the sense of imperial power. A London paper speaks, with pardonable pride, of "a vitality pulsating from the centre to the extremities of the empire, which will enable England, if she be true to her task, to hold between contending combinations the balance of the world." People call Paris gay and London gloomy, but these epithets no longer apply. The dreadful wounds inflicted upon the self-respect of France have dimmed the gayety and sharpened the temper even of Paris; whereas in London every one, old and young, feels himself to be a component part of a mighty empire.

But there is another side to this picture. England, though triumphant in war and strong in the devotion of her colonies, has begun to tremble for her commercial supremacy. Shrewd observers, men who have gone behind the scenes, report that the trade of London is declining, and that the metropolis is beginning to live upon past earnings. In manufactures England is being hard pressed by Germany, and still more by the United States.

Does this compel us to conclude that the British Isles have passed the climax of their prosperity and have entered upon the down-hill path? The answer to that question depends upon the answer to another,—namely, are the English deteriorating in character or in energy? For I assume, despite the brilliant theories of Mr. Brooks Adams, that this is the sole cause of national decay; that no commercial policy or financial system, however erroneous, can work the ruin of a race which retains its moral and physical stamina.

Do our British cousins, then, show any signs of moral or physical decadence? If we may trust so keen an observer as the late Mr. G. W. Stevens, himself a patriotic Englishman, there are such signs. "Compared with our ancestors," he said, "we do not drink so well, love so well, fight so well; physically and emotionally we have subdued ourselves to a lower plane."

If there be any decadence in the English, it is a decadence which they share with the rest of the civilized world, and it is possible that what they have lost in some directions they have gained in others. The whole world is, as Mr. Stevens put it, "subdued to a lower plane." People have become more temperate, less childlike, more reasonable; and undoubtedly with the development of the nervous system and of the imagination there has been a loss of animal courage; but it may have been more than supplied by an increase of moral courage.

No one can come in contact with the English of to-day and conclude that they lack courage or energy. England is suffering rather from misdirected or unapplied energy. She is in the position of a man who, having enjoyed for many years a large income, continues, after his income has diminished, to live extravagantly and idly. The number of superfluous luxuries which a wealthy Englishman gathers about him is appalling: an army of servants, more horses than he can use, houses in town and country, kitchens like laboratories, bathrooms like plumbers' shops, and filled with brushes, razors, sponges, perfumes, and cosmetics; cupboards containing boots and clothes for each moment of existence; canes for every sort of walk; bags, trunks, waterproofs, blank-

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cts, rugs, binocular glasses, and a thousand other things that tend to make life complicated, material, and unsatisfactory.

Nor is indulgence in luxuries confined to the rich. The typical Englishman puts nothing aside. At Manchester the working-classes are famous for buying the first of the early vegetables; and among the same class all over the kingdom the use of alcoholic liquors is excessive.

Even the love of sports and of outdoor exercise is now carried to an excess. It involves the expenditure of more time, more energy, and more money than the English can afford. Horse-racing is worse, for it involves gambling. Such are some of the ways in which John Bull is endangering his position in the world. He eats and drinks too extravagantly; he neglects his business to amuse himself, and he is a confirmed gambler.

But there is another drag upon John Bull, the effect of which is very little understood in this country—I mean the aristocracy. To the imagination of an American, the English aristocracy figures as a kind of ornamental thing, furnishing some gifted statesmen and many brave soldiers, but chiefly useful as a theme for the novelist and as an exemplar of good manners and good "form." The English themselves are apt to look upon it in this light; and even so hard-headed a man as the late Benjamin Jowett gravely remarked, "I do not think we can afford to give up aristocracy as an element of national education." The aristocracy may be all this,—though a keen observer declares that English duchesses have the worst manners in the world,—but it is also something more and something worse. It is a contrivance for putting second and third class men into places that should be occupied by first-class men.

This is most apparent in the army. All the correspondents and military critics who have dealt with the South-African war, whether friendly or hostile to the English, have agreed upon one point, namely, that the English officers, as a class, are supremely brave, but also supremely stupid, careless, and incapable of adapting themselves to new conditions. The inefficiency of the English officers is due mainly to the fact that the army is an aristocratic institution. An officer in a crack regiment must have a private income of at least $4000 per annum, in addition to his pay; and unless he has a certain social standing, he would not be tolerated in the mess. Young men join the army not as a profession, but as a kind of sporting club. At a dinner party in London there was an officer lately returned, wounded, from the war. He was of the extreme "haw, haw" English type; and he declared that "South Africa" was a "beastly place." There was weally no amusement there until Lady Fitzdoodle came out and gave afternoon teas. Then it was "rather nice." In the mouth of some Englishmen this might, indeed, have been that minimizing or concealment of their own achievements and virtues which is a noble English trait, and which leads them to call things by names that are less than the reality;—a battle, for example, is a "row." But this officer was of a different sort, one to whom the South-African war, so vital to the empire, and so fraught with military problems and opportunities, was nothing more than a pig-sticking expedition which had become tiresome. What could such a soldier accomplish if he were pitted against an alert foreigner keenly interested in his profession, looking to it for his bread and butter, and eager for promotion?

To a great extent the officers of the government are selected upon the same aristocratic theory. The administration, like the army, is still in many respects a feudal institution. It does not gather to itself the best talent of modern, practical England; and hence its blunders. What is to be thought of a government which, though it foresaw, months if not years before the event, the clouds of war gathering over South Africa, yet sent its troops into the field armed with obsolete toy weapons, which carried about half as far as the Mausers of the Boers?

It is impossible to believe that such a government represents the best abilities, the real energy, of the English people. It is a stupid government because it is an aristocratic government. At least half the members of the House of Commons belong to the aristocratic class, and many of them are the sons of peers. In

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1886 one-quarter of them bore titles. It is a significant fact that the English ministry, at least whenever the Conservatives are in power, is always largely composed of Eton men. They go to Eton as boys because it is an aristocratic school; and afterward they get into Parliament, and thence into the ministry, because their wealth enables them to dispense with professional work, and because their birth recommends them to constituencies. On the other hand, to find a Rugby man you will search the roll of the British ministry almost in vain, for Rugby is a middle-class school. The one graduate of Rugby who has distinguished himself in Parliament is Mr. Goschen; and he did not do so until he had made a large fortune in the city.

The aristocracy is so deeply rooted in the respect and even in the affections of the country, its public services have been so great, and the character of many of its representatives is so high, that its abolition is perhaps neither to be expected nor desired. But John Bull must find some way to prevent its acting as an extinguisher; he must select his servants and agents for their talents and not for their birth, or else he is likely to be outstripped in the race for commercial and even for military supremacy.

The most striking difference between the English people of to-day and those of twenty-five years ago is that the old feeling of perfect satisfaction with everything English has passed away. Even the country gentry are becoming alive to the deficiencies of their political and social systems.

John Bull, then, being for the first time in some hundreds of years alive to his deficiencies, and his stamina being, as I believe, unimpaired, it seems reasonable to conclude that he will continue to hold his place in the world. His climate remains to him, and the climate of England, uncomfortable and depressing though it may be in the dark months, is, nevertheless, a guaranty of physical strength.

An Englishman eats four sheep per annum; a Frenchman, only one and a half. A London doctor, who numbers among his patients many French residents, told me that for them he usually prescribed only about one-half of the dose which he would give to a Briton. It has been found that certain race-horses, both trotters and runners, which were known in this country as delicate feeders, upon being exported to England picked up an appetite and became stouter and stronger, and therefore speedier.

Hawthorne said: "These Englishmen are certainly a franker and simpler people than ourselves, from peer to peasant; but if we take it as compensatory on our part (which I leave to be considered) that they owe these noble and manly qualities to a coarser grain in their nature, and that with a finer one in ours we shall ultimately acquire a marble polish of which they are unsusceptible, I believe that this may be the truth."

Here we touch upon what seems to be the fundamental difference between the English and American people. The English have in their nature a foundation of barbarism, which Americans, owing perhaps to the greater development of their nerves and sensibilities, have left behind. The English, though the older people, are much the more primitive, closer to that vigorous savage from whom, after all, the dynamic force of a race is derived. Hence it is that England, far more than America, is a land of extremes—extremes of ignorance and grossness, extremes of cultivation and refinement. The race which has produced Shakespeare, Sir Isaac Newton, and Darwin is notorious for the stupidity and ignorance of its peasantry.

But that same peasant is a jewel in the rough. One of the most sagacious of modern writers has observed, "It is not the nature of the aristocrat that permeates the cottager, but the nature of the cottager that permeates the aristocrat." The English cottager has contributed to the English aristocrat a moral and physical nature so robust that the aristocrat can safely be put through the process of cultivation without having the substance of his character tried out of him. Parental training, the public school, the university, refined surroundings and traditions, religion and morality, the pride of birth and of family—these and other influences brought to bear for several generations will finally produce the English gentleman. The process is long in proportion to the rough-

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ness of the material, and much longer than it is with us.

There is one thing, and perhaps only one, which can greatly abridge the process of making an English gentleman, and that is the possession of genius. Keats, the most delicate and fastidious of poets, was the son of a butcher. Genius, in fact, springs most luxuriantly from a wild soil. Turner, the most imaginative and ethereal of painters, was a man of low origin and of gross habits. "No great poet," writes Mr. John Burroughs, "ever appeared except from a race of good fighters, good eaters, good sleepers, good breeders." The problem of civilization is to train and cultivate the "noisy, sensual savage" existing in every man, without refining away those instincts of pride, of pugnacity, of pity, which make men strong and effective; and perhaps the English, of all races in the world, have come the nearest to doing this.

It is a significant fact, well worth considering, that in respect to mental activity England bears the same relation to Scotland that it does to the United States. Both in Scotland and in the United States the average of intelligence is far higher than it is in England; but I think we must admit that in the nobler departments of intellectual achievement we also are as yet inferior to the English. The standard, both in literature and in the fine arts, is higher in England than it is here. It is the same in respect to oratory. The average of the speaking in the House of Commons is lower than it is in the American House of Representatives, but the best English speakers surpass the best American speakers. Even the judicial opinions of the English judges are better expressed than those of our judges—more racy and spontaneous, more literary. In learning generally, especially in theology, there can be no question of English superiority.

But it is only in these higher branches that we are excelled by the English. The moment that you pass from pure science to applied science, or from science to the practical art in which it results, that moment the tables are turned, and the American becomes the superior. In surgery, which is both a science and an art, both speculative and practical, we are probably on a par with the English; in civil or mechanical engineering, which is more practical and less theoretical, we excel the English; and in trade, in mechanics, in manufactures, in the every-day affairs of life, the American is infinitely more skilful, more rapid, more effective, than the Englishman.

The Englishman has none of that all-around mental activity which distinguishes the American. He knows only one thing—that by which he earns his living; and he does not desire to know anything else; far less is he ashamed of not knowing it. A London policeman, if you ask him about some distant street or building of importance, will reply civilly, but unabashed, "I can't tell you, sir; that is not in my beat." An American policeman would know the fact, and if he did not know it, he would feel called upon to apologize for his ignorance.

In a remote Maine village there was recently some occasion for a plumber, and a very good one was forthwith improvised from a carpenter. Such a thing would be impossible in England. Many a New England farmer can build or repair his barn, paint and plaster his house, "tinker" his mowing-machine, shoe his horse, doctor his cow, break his colt, row or sail his boat, "butcher" his pig, shear his sheep, skin a fox, track a deer, hive bees, serve as guide or lumberman, play the fiddle, solve a problem in arithmetic, make a good speech in town meeting, and do a hundred other things besides. There is probably not a man in all England who can do half so many things. The American is quick-witted, has far more general intelligence and information, and is therefore by far a better workman.

In order rightly to understand the past or reasonably to conjecture the future history of England one must remember that the British Empire has been created not mainly by the intellectual, but rather by the moral, qualities of the English. Upon this point one finds writers the most diverse expressing themselves in words nearly the same. "The English did not calculate the conquest of the Indies," said Emerson; "it fell to their character."

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A Quixote of the Desert

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

WHEN Gunnison, looking backward through the darkness, saw the last light of Silver Gulch dip beneath the hill whose brow he had just crossed, his panting breaths came more regularly, though he still urged his bronco with sharp spurrings. His own mood of all-effacing terror and haste seemed to have passed into the mare, and she plunged forward, her flanks quivering beneath her heavy rider's bulk, the wind from her nostrils whistling on the night air.

Before Gunnison, rose the bare mesas and hills of the desert, palely lighted and densely shadowed by the reflection of a moon hidden for the moment behind one of the higher eminences. The blue sky sparkled with an infinitude of stars—aureoled points of light through the thin southwestern air despite the subduing brilliancy of the greater luminary. Gunnison looked at them with the instinct of the frontiersman. How much of the night was gone since he strode murderously out of the little house back there in Silver Gulch, death behind him, death in his heart for any who should attempt to hold him?

Death! The icy sweat burst upon his forehead again. Again his frightened heart thumped heavily against his side. He who had swaggered along the frontier for years—here he was fleeing, not in mere terror, but in unmanned panic, from his first dread crime.

Silver Gulch had meant hilarity—faro, roulette, jangling tunes rattled from the pianos in the saloons, a dance in one of the halls, a baile at the Mexican village huddled against the hill beyond the big smelter, which was Silver's inadequate excuse for its ugly existence—and Annunciata. So resolute and unquestioning had been Gunnison's proprietorship of her when he came to Silver Gulch that she was tersely known as "Gunnison's girl," and those who aspired to her soft, dark, half-breed favors during his absences set up no rival claim to her when he was near.

Yesterday — was it already yesterday, by that purpling, like the spread wing of a pigeon, over the eastern mesas?—yesterday he had been bound for hilarity. Gunnison, his share of the spoils in his pocket, his pistols in his belt, a new sombrero banded with silver like a Mexican buck's on his head, had ridden noisily into town. He had taken a childish delight in his appearance, which was gorgeous according to his standards. They were those of the half-breed, though his stock was unmixed. His spurs had been tricked out with silver, silver bells jingled on his bridle, a brilliant tie hung down upon his flannel shirt and challenged the eye.

Gunnison's girl had been surrendered to him promptly. She had told him, with soft tricki[illegible] her English, of the new sheriff's boasts, the number and the arrogance of them—that rustling should cease upon the range, that weapons should not be worn in the saloons, that this and that and the other should or should not be. Gunnison had laughed. He had lived through the terms of several sheriffs in Sherman County.

The soft, sparkling eyes had noted the expression in Gunnison's face. The soft lips had framed themselves into the echo of Gunnison's laugh. The lithe little brown hand had refilled Gunnison's glass. Gunnison's girl was all woman—cooing, gentle, with only guile to help her against aggression. She accepted Gunnison's dictum and that of her circle when he came to Silver. And no one, least of all the big, stupid man, dreamed how in her hot little heart the loathing of his proprietorship had grown to malevolent rebellion.

Yesterday her mood had been particularly silken, and Gunnison had felt a gentler tenderness for her than usual.

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He never talked much of his affairs, but her naïve, gleeful recounting of the new sheriff's high intentions had been irresistible. When, in a final burst of delight with her, he had told her that the baubles with which he had pleased her—a coral rosary among them, with neither of them perceiving the satire of it—had been bought with the proceeds of the latest cattle outrage, her mellifluous laughter had been prolonged even beyond his deep, fatuous chuckle.

That night, in her gaudy little room, he had discovered why. Annunciata's was not the pen of a ready writer. She did small credit to her brief training at the sun-baked orphan asylum that crowned the sun-baked, straggling town. The blotted, half-finished epistle to the sheriff lay rosy in the light from her red-shaded lamp. She was sly, but dull and slow as well. She had expected the faro game to hold him longer.

Therefore it was that Gunnison was fleeing across the sandy wastes in the dawn, a dead face before his staring eyes, his ears ghostily assailed by remembered noises horrible to hear, and by the fancied sounds of hoofs in hot pursuit.

Below Sant' Anita he had left the road. He would risk no early-morning meeting with men tramping to the mines in search of work, or with ranch wagons bringing in the few products of the waste to the camp. Up through a cañon where the juniper and cactus claimed a foothold among the sands and the boulders he rode. The soft, lambent fires of the night sky had paled and dwindled, and the morning, in amethyst and saffron, trailed and blazed across the east. They would not have found her yet! Already he had the start of hours, already he had outdistanced them—the wolves of the law who would scatter through the hills upon his trail. On—on—faster—faster. He drove his spurs viciously into his horse's flanks. Faster — to the haven toward which his staring eyes were strained.

The daylight that burst splendid from the wonderful shell of the dawn flooded the cañon and put new fever of haste into him. He abandoned the middle road and urged his horse up the steep side of the cañon, where among the loose gravel and rock the stunted, pungent, gray-green things flourished, the vivid wild flowers blossomed, and the swift, gliding lizards gleamed. The horse grew restive and hung back, trying obstinately to keep the well-worn road shaped by the down-rushing mountain floods. The fugitive, with a fierce, superstitious dread of any antagonism to his purpose, forced her violently up the steep incline. After her one dumb protest, the mare yielded and staggered forward. Up, up—and then, with a crash among the loose stones, she rolled backward.

Intent upon the horror in his mind, Gunnison had overlooked this danger. But his long training stood him in good stead. He leaped, he scarcely knew how, but he cleared the poor brute before she rolled over. Then seeing her lie there, snorting with pain, he touched the stiffly and distortedly held leg—it was broken.

He took a pistol from his belt and aimed between the big, glazing eyes. And watching the convulsive shudder of the horse, weak tears of loneliness and self-pity sprang to his own.

The uneven race which he felt himself to be running with death began again. He trudged to the top of the hill, leaving, as perforce he must, the evidences of his route behind him. The saddle and bridle he hid clumsily in a little pile of rocks. But Gunnison's mare was almost as well known in Silver as Gunnison's girl. They would track him easily—if indeed they left the highroad.

On and on he trudged, the day with him. The early-morning coolness departed. The hot wind blew dust into his burning eyes and famished throat. Still the one great fear pursued him; still the one dreadful face haunted him.

When thirst grew intolerable he turned back slightly toward the highroad. He must drink, even though his safety paid the price of his draught. He must drink — and he felt his pistols, grimly determined.

Finally, from the mesa which he had gained, he commanded the Dolores valley—a slender, short, green ribbon in the midst of the dry, brown waste. The Rio Dolores, a shallow stream now fed by mountain torrents, now sucked into the hot sands, paralleled the highroad. For a quarter of a mile on each bank of its brief length were small, fertile ranches. Gunnison saw the waving corn, the

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"GOOD-MORNING, MY FRIEND. THIS IS NOT A LIVERY-STABLE"

green of the alfalfa, the peach-orchards. He saw the cottonwoods and walnuts clustering along the water's edge. Capture—death—anything—he would risk to reach their damply aromatic neighborhood, to drink of the water his fancy beheld shining cool on the brown sands. The fear of death was subordinated to his craving for water.

A barbed-wire fence enclosed a cornfield from the range where the cattle wandered. But there was a narrow clearing between the grain and the fence, and in it a tent gleamed white. A horse, tethered by a rope too short to allow his reaching the corn, nibbled at the sparse, short grass in the clearing. About the tent there brooded that stillness which only the deserted habitations of men know. Gunnison, to whom terror had lent new sensitiveness, felt that the place was empty, and a fresh, wild hope sprang up in him. Here he would drink; and then he looked at the horse. On it he would outride the dead face and those whom the dead face had sent after him.

A bucket of water stood on a bench by the door. He raised it, disdaining the dipper. He drank and drank. When had a sensation been so heavenly as this one of water rushing down a baked throat?

He set the pail down again and looked in through the open flap. A narrow cot at one end was covered with an army-blue blanket. A tent-heater and a table stood near the opening. Beside the bed a camp-stool held a candle in a bottle, a book lying face downward, and a revolver—incomprehensible juxtaposition!

Gunnison looked about him. Nowhere under a flawless sky could he discover a living thing, save the horse and him.

He led the horse toward the tent. Bridle and bit he must have, though he could dispense with a saddle.

"Good-morning, my friend," began a smooth, high voice. "This is not a livery-stable."

Gunnison swung about as though galvanized by an electric shock. Out of the high, concealing corn had emerged a

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figure—a figure so remarkable that the fugitive's hand dropped from his belt. It was that of a young man whose height and emaciation were grotesquely accentuated by the long, light-colored bath-robe which was knotted around his waist. His fair hair was wet upon his white forehead, which gleamed in contrast with his sunburnt, hollow cheeks. A long towel hung over his arm. Gunnison looked at him with a dropped jaw.

"Pardon my dishabille," remarked the apparition. "I've been down tubbing in your amazing travesty on a river down there. I say your," he added, looking more sharply at the big man, "though your evident anxiety to leave"—he nodded toward the horse—"makes me think that perhaps it isn't yours."

Gunnison, man of few words, still gazed, dazed by this flow of conversation.

"I don't think," pursued the young man, "that I've had the pleasure of meeting you before. At any rate," he smiled amiably, "I haven't missed any of my property"; and again his eyes, clear blue eyes set in the myriad downward wrinkles of illness, sought the horse. At that Gunnison stirred.

"Look ayere," he began, thickly, his throat again clamoring for water, "I need this horse, an' I'm going to have it. Is it yours?"

"I went through the formality of obtaining a bill of sale from his last owner," was the reply. "I'm afraid you're not going to be so ceremonious."

"I'll—I'll—send him back to you—sometime," blurted out Gunnison, after an uneasy stir. He was put at a great disadvantage by this strange mode of attack. He felt helpless before words of this sort—continuous, airy, almost impersonal. He wished that Annunciata had not taken the greater part of his money to guard it against the losses of the game that evening. He would have liked to pay for the animal.

"You're truly obliging," said the owner of the horse, in answer to this proposition. Then as Gunnison said no more and stood in apparent bewilderment blocking the tent, he made as though to pass.

"No, you don't," snarled Gunnison. "I can see your gun plain as you can."

The young man laughed, a ring of real enjoyment in his mirth. With the laughter he began to cough. Gunnison was suddenly enlightened.

"You're—you're one of them Eastern lungers?" he asked.

"You have hit the bull's-eye, my friend—a thing which I could never do. It was that fact which caused my ill-timed merriment at your suggestion that I should try to shoot you. No; that revolver bears a silver plate stating that it is a mark of esteem to Henry Richley from his friends of the Museum Stock Company. It's a testimonial, a bit of stage property, not a weapon. And now, as I'm somewhat chilled, will you do me the favor to let me pass?"

Gunnison complied, stupidly occupied in reducing what he had heard to his own terms. "Is it—is it," he inquired, cautiously, "a cattle company?"

Richley laughed again. "We don't admit it," he answered, gravely, after his mirth subsided. "We're—a troupe—show-people, you know."

"Oh!" Gunnison thought laboriously once more. "And you can't shoot?" he said, finally. The actor looked up from the shoe he was lacing.

"But you ought to see me fence!"

"Hay?"

"Never a villain could stand before my thrust!"

"Villain! What makes you talk about villains?" demanded Gunnison, threateningly.

"Oho! Sets the wind in that direction?" exclaimed the actor, with exaggerated surprise. "The term's offensive, sir? I pray your pardon. In this country I dare say that one more courteously confines his observations to your glorious climate than to ethical cases. But I had no intention of being even ethical. I merely boasted. And now"—he stepped forward in habiliments less astonishing to Gunnison than his former ones—"do you mind telling me why you were going to run away with my horse?"

Gunnison floundered for a second. Then he spoke. He knew but one way to put down this baffling person. That was by brute force in words,—by the truth, or something closely resembling it.

"I killed a—man back there," he said, nodding his head toward the south.

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"An' I'll kill the first one that tries to stop my getting away."

"I grasp your meaning," said the actor. "You have an admirable directness of speech." He paused and looked, not unkindly, on the big man's face. "I hope you killed your man fairly," he added, his tone divided between a half-whimsical wistfulness and something sterner. "You see, some fights are a trifle unfair. Now I, for example, cannot but feel that my opponent treats me scurvily. He gives me no chance at him." He coughed, and sat languidly down on the bench.

"Who's fightin' you?" demanded Gunnison.

Richley looked up, smiled, and shook his head. "Never mind me," he said. "I'd be discussing my symptoms with you next—and dangerously delaying your journey. Do I understand that you are going to take my horse?"

Gunnison wavered, again nervous and unstrung by the strange feeling of embarrassment. "Can I?" he asked.

"If you want him, I could never stop you. The Colt in there is heavy, and my wrist, as you see, is something weak. Besides, I once read at a meeting of a woman's municipal league back East, and I like to be impartial in my benefactions; so much there to the cause of political probity, so much here to aid in the escape of—a good shot, I suppose?"

Gunnison shuddered, looking upon his hands.

"No matter," concluded Richley, airily—"no matter. It's inhospitable to press you for an answer. And shot or blow or knife, it's all pretty much alike to the man that gets it. The horse—the doctors told me I should outride death on him. I don't believe"—with a critical look at his worn hands—"that he is quite so swift as all that with me. But upon my word"—he glanced at his companion half kindly—"I shouldn't mind his doing the trick for you."

Gunnison looked at him dully. Outride death! Outride death! What meaningless jargon this strange person talked!

"Aw!" he cried, with a sudden gust of fury. "I know you. You'll put them on my track—that's what you'll do!"

A red color showed itself on the young man's white forehead and even in the bronzed hollows of his cheeks. He looked up haughtily, some angry retort upon his pale lips. Then he saw the big, stupid, harassed face, the powerful, slow-moving body, the gay adornments mocking the frightened eyes.

"My good man," he said, gently, "or my bad man — whatever kind of man you may be—I'm not making myself accomplice in crime for the pleasure of going to jail. God knows why I am helping you," he added. "I suppose it's because I can do so little for any one nowadays that I am flattered to be of use, even of such use as this; one likes to have some one lean upon him, you know, some one look to him—and I haven't enjoyed the sensation for a long time before. Or—call it impulse—anything. It all seems a pretty unreal performance to me—and I'm generally self-sacrificing on the stage. How is it with you?"

"Then I get the horse an' you say nothin'?"

"What a wonderful faculty for condensation you have! It's a gift. Yes—you get the horse and I say nothing. And I advise you to disappear while I go up to the ranch for my morning supply of milk. You know, we tubercular patients—I beg your pardon, we lungers—rely upon that almost as much as upon our horses."

He turned away to the hidden path through the corn, but called over his shoulder: "You'd better fill your canteen. It's going to be a hot day—and it's a long road, outriding death."

When he came back the space beyond the tent was empty. He sat down. "I've made a fool of myself, of course," he said. "I have always done that to a miracle. I talked to the poor chap like—the play-actor I am! But it was a relief to talk to any one not quite so deaf as my good landlord. Besides, I've been growing weaker and weaker, and sometimes I felt that I could murder that patient beast—especially adapted for ladies or consumptives—for standing there dumbly reminding me that it was time to saddle and ride. Such vain riding mine has been! To outride death! I wonder if he'll make it?"

Gunnison rode again toward the line of misty amethyst wavering across the horizon. Again he deserted the high-road. The shadeless, dry river-bed, the

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broken trails up the cañons, made his pathway. Now the jagged branch of a dead tree caught at his shoulder; now a berried cedar slapped at his face. Here a dry arroya caved treacherously, and there rocks were piled in a trap. On the greener of the bare hills and the moister of the valleys the wandering cattle parted to make way for him. Once his eyes were keen to read brands; now he was scarcely conscious of the herds. As he clattered along toward a rise there was a crash above him. His hand was on his pistol in a second, but it was only a deer—a fawn-colored streak flashing against the blue sky at the top of the cañon.

On one hill, about noonday, he came to a fair grazing-ground. He dismounted and let the horse nibble for a while. He finished the scanty supply of water in the canteen and waited.

One new thing at a time was all that he had ever compassed. And here two impressions fought for mastery in his hot, bewildered head—the horror that he had left behind him there at Silver Gulch, and the thought of the tall, fair, boyish man who had talked so queerly in the little white tent by the green corn-field. In his ears the gurgle in the creamy throat of Annunciata was interrupted by a cough that racked a worn frame. Terrible glances chased careless ones before his reeling vision; a high, light voice broke in upon the tramp of pursuing hoofs; Annunciata's tinkling laugh as she clasped her little hands upon his arm and looked up at him to jeer the fatuity of the new sheriff, and a strange voice gibbering, gibbering, about outriding death, almost deafened him as he fell into the irrepressible sleep of exhaustion.

He did not sleep ten minutes. He woke with a start, sure that the place was peopled with his enemies. But nowhere was there fresh sign of life. Nowhere in all the rolling universe of sandy hill and shadow was there a spiral of smoke, nowhere the gleam of a canvas, nowhere the track of a horse. His horse—the horse on which the strange man was to have outridden death — nibbled at the short grass a recent rain had brought to the surface of the hill.

The panic with which he had awakened from the thick-peopled, disordered, dreadful sleep lasted only during his reassuring look around. Then it seemed to Gunnison that he had been dreaming a long time—that he had dreamed the day in the noisy, narrow street of Silver Gulch; that he had dreamed the Mexicans riding up and down on their sorry beasts, the idlers tipped against the staring red brick front of the Palace Hotel, the children on their burros, the chugging automobile of the superintendent of the smelter, grotesque on the pathless sands; that he had dreamed the blurred and blotted note lying beneath the red shade of Annunciata's lamp—that he had dreamed Annunciata herself. Then he looked at the stranger's horse.

"That sure is no dream," he said. "To outride death."

He walked heavily to the animal, which submitted docilely enough to be caught. He mounted heavily and leaned limply against the high Mexican pommel. Sounds rang in his ears; the brown and gray and purple of the waste blurred and wavered before his eyes. He tried to speak — to tell the horse that once before, a boy in Kansas, he had felt this strange sensation of heat and daze and confusion.

"But that was a sunstroke," he explained, laboriously. "It like to have killed me."

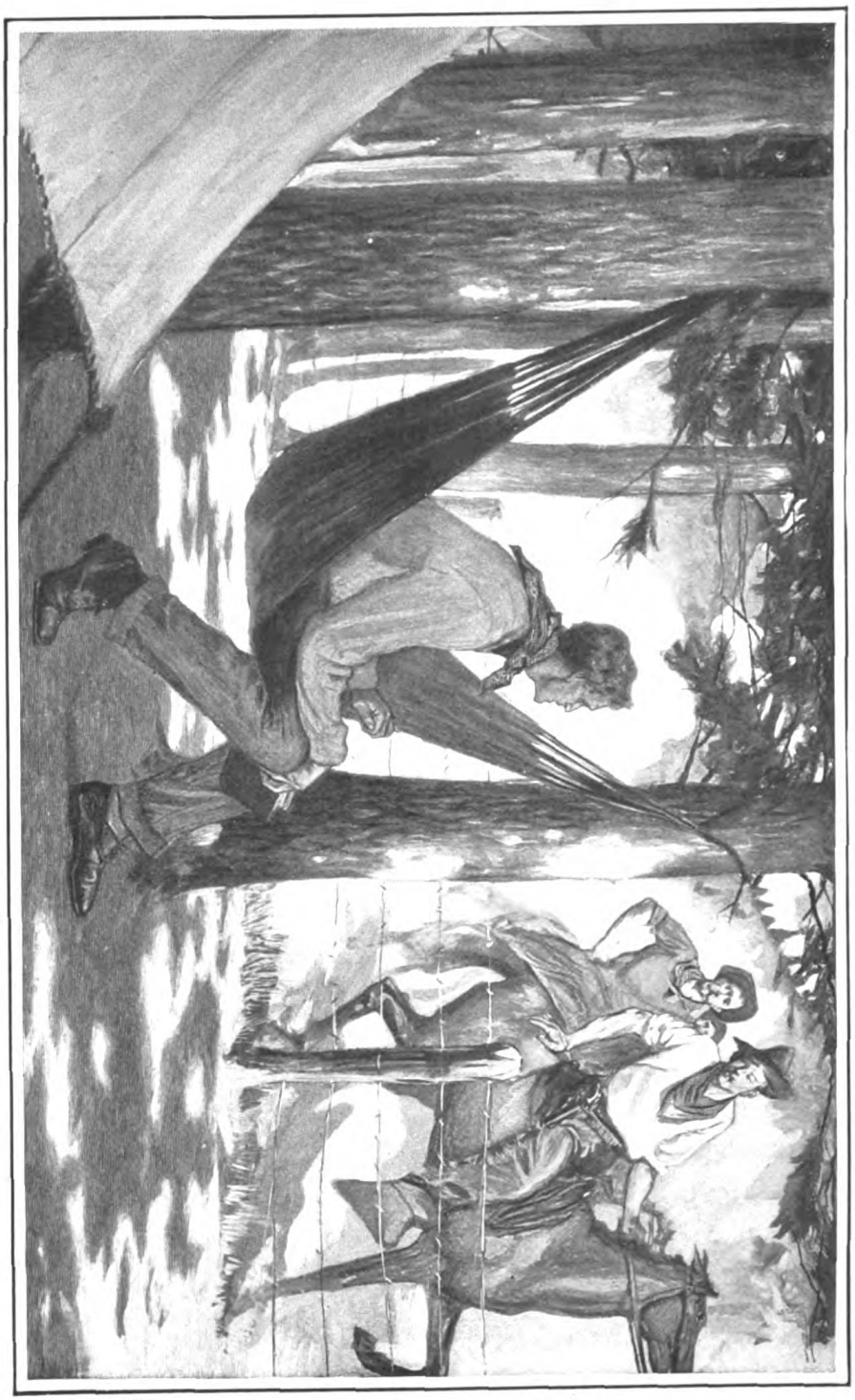
The word kill recalled him to his state. It was to escape killing that he was there —it was because he had killed. He was to outride death.

"No, that was the other one," he said, stupidly. He shook his head over his bewilderment.

"I can't make it all out," he said, wearily. "But it's his horse. It sure is his horse—to outride death, he said. An' I'm on it. It's sure mean. I may be a bad man, but I ain't a mean man. No one ever called me a mean man."

It was with no sense of heroism that he turned the horse back down the cañon. It was, indeed, with no heroism. Emotion experienced with a lifetime's intensity concentrated into one night had left his slow mind narrowed to but one glimmer at a time. As he rode back, terror had left him, memory had almost left him. He was toilsomely trying to recall something concerning a boy in Kansas who had had a sunstroke.

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OUT OF A SWIRL OF DUST A GROUP OF HORSEMEN APPEARED

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Richley lay in a hammock swung between a post and one tall yellow pine standing within the fence. In his hand was a book. The book-mark was a small photograph—a snap-shot of a girl caught on an elm-encircled golf-course. He sighed and smiled a little as he looked at it. Then he looked up at some pale claret-colored clouds blown overhead from a sunset flaming behind the hills.

"I've been a fool," he said. "There is no doubt about it; I've actually missed the ride on that nag, much as I hated taking it. Poor old bloke! I hope he gets away."

Then he raised himself on an elbow and called out,—"Hello!" The clatter of hoofs sounded along the road. Out of a swirl of dust a group of horsemen appeared, drawing rein at the sight of the figure in the hammock. A tall, wiry man leaned on the fence from his horse.

"Day, sir," he said.

Richley rose and made his languid way to the fence. "Sir," he said, grandiloquently, "good-day to you."

"Have you seen any one pass here to-day?" asked the lean man, curbing his restless horse.

"It has been a lively day in travel," replied Richley. "Four souls—or at any rate their habitations—have passed—and that, of course, is exclusive of Mexicans."

"Seen anything of a man on a bay mare—a big man, with a black mustache?" scowled the questioner, peremptorily, putting down the incomprehensible.

"A bay mare?" pondered Richley. "Yes. Mr.—Martin, I believe, is the name—"

"Oh no, we're not after Martin! I'm the sheriff of the county, sir, and these are two gentlemen sworn in as deputies to aid me to-day."

Richley gravely bowed.

"We're after a murderer. He didn't get away on none of the railroads, we know that. His general lay is up this way. A big man—black mustache, silver-trimmed spurs,—red neck-tie, I think you said, Ben?"

"Was wearin' one yesterday," grunted Ben.

"He's done for a woman down there in Silver—"

"A woman!"

The ejaculation escaped Richley. His finger, still in the book, pressed more closely against the photograph.

"Yes, a woman. He choked her to death."

Richley shuddered through all his long length. Oh, fool, fool that he had been—he with his accursed, melodramatic impulses! The sheriff looked at him keenly.

"You're an invaleed, sir, I see," he said. "I heard tell there was one campin' on ole man Davy's place. I didn't have no intention of shockin' you, and it sure is enough to shock any one. If you ain't happened to see him, I won't detain you."

Richley hesitated, leaning against the post. He must tell them which way the dastardly brute had gone. But even as he mentally designated Gunnison so, the impulse of half-friendly pity which he had felt in the morning swept over him. That big, frightened face which tried to bully and could only beg!

"I'm afraid," he began, nervously, "that I can't—"

A long, delighted whinny was blown down the road to them. Richley's horse, after patiently enduring the hard day, welcomed the sight of his own scrap of pasture. They all looked toward the sound. Gunnison rode straight toward them. There was silence after the sheriff's one oath of astonishment. The posse covered the murderer with their revolvers. Gunnison's hands went up, stiffly, heavily, like those of a man in a fever who mechanically repeats a lesson learned long ago. The others rode toward him. Richley waited, motionless and sick, against the post, until the big man was disarmed and led toward the tent. He forgot the woman, he forgot the hideous manner of her death, he saw only the victim of circumstances too complex for a slow intelligence. All the pity of the morning was in his look, and a wonder as well. Gunnison halted at the fence before going on to the slow pony his captors had brought for him.

"It sure would have been mean," he said, with slow, dragging articulation, "to take away that horse you was goin' to outride death on—it sure would. An' no one never accused Bud Gunnison of meanness. No, sir."

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At the Stuffed-Animal House

BY MARGARET DELAND

I

WILLY KING'S buggy, splashed to the top of the hood with mud and sagging sidewise its worn old springs, came pulling up the hill past the burial-ground. The doctor himself, curled in one corner, rested a leg on the dashboard and hung his reins on the hook over his head. He was very sleepy, for he had been up until three with an old woman who thought she was sick, and he had been routed out of bed again at five because she told her family that she was going to die. William King was not given to sarcasm, but he longed to say to the waiting relatives, "There is no hope! she'll live." Instead, he looked seriously sympathetic, and kept his thoughts to himself. When he got home to breakfast, his wife told him how foolish he was to take so much trouble. "There's nothing the matter with Mrs. Drayton," said Mrs. King; "and I should tell her so, flatly and frankly. It would do her good."

William said that he would like another cup of coffee.

"It wouldn't be good for you," said his Martha; "you are drinking too much coffee. You can have shells, if you want to. Shall I have some shells warmed up?"

William said "No," and went trudging off to his office; and then, at ten, started on his round of calls, his old buggy still unwashed from the morning jaunt to the hypochondriac's death-bed. The day was still and sunny, the road quite deserted and full of pleasant shadows under the May foliage. But the sleepy doctor saw it all through half-closed eyes, and yawned, and rested one plump leg on the dashboard, and let the reins hang swaying from the hook in the roof of the buggy. Then, suddenly, his mare stopped, and William opened his eyes.

"Caught you napping, Willy!" said a loud, hearty voice. And the doctor sat up and drew his leg in and laughed.

"Well, Miss Harriet, how do you know but what I was worrying over a case?"

"Much worrying you do, young man!" She sat down on a log on the road bank and smiled at him. She was a big, vigorous woman, with a fresh brown face and a keen kind eye. She had a gun in her hand, and a rabbit's white tail stuck out of the hunting-wallet slung over her shoulder. She had broken through the underbrush on the hillside just as Willy's buggy jogged into the shadow of a sycamore that stretched its mottled arms over the deserted road.

"Willy," she went on in her loud, cheerful voice, "do you doctor-men smile at each other when you meet, like the Augurs, because you fool us so easily with your big words? You call a scratched finger an 'abrasion of the epidermis'—and then you send a bill! And bless me, what a serious air you put on at a minute's notice; I saw you pull your leg in, Willy. Come now; you were in my Sunday-school class,—why won't you just admit to me that that piercing look over your eye-glasses is one of the tricks of the trade? I won't tell!"

William King chuckled. "You just get a touch of lumbago, Miss Harriet, and you'll believe in my tricks."

"Lumbago!" said his reviler. "Not I; a day's shooting would cure it quicker than a barrel of your pills!"

"Been shooting this morning?"

"No; I set a trap in Dawson's hollow." She pulled out the rabbit and held it up. "Not a bone broken. Handsome, isn't he?—poor little thing!"

William looked at the soft furry creature, limp in the big brown hand, with critical appreciation. "Yes, beautiful. Miss Annie didn't find him, to let him out?"

The hunter's face changed to amused impatience. "Willy, she opened three

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traps last week! And she was so shrewd about it; you would never believe how clever she is. Of course it's no use to scold."

"Of course not. What excuse does she make?"

"Oh, just the same thing: 'Sister, it hurts me to think they can't get out.'"

"Poor thing!" said the doctor.

"I have tried to make her promise not to interfere with the traps. You know, if I could once get a promise out of her I would be all right; Annie never broke a promise in her life. But she is too shrewd to be led into it. She always says, 'I'm the oldest, and you mustn't order me round.' It would be funny if it weren't so provoking."

"Poor thing!" said the doctor again.

"She follows me and takes the bait out of the traps once in a while; but she prefers to let things go. And she is certainly wonderfully bright about it," Miss Harriet said. "Now why can't she be sensible in other things?"

"Well, you know she has always been about twelve; it's the young head on old shoulders."

"I must tell you her last performance," Miss Harriet said. "You know that picture of Aunt Gordon that hung in the dining-room? Dreadful thing! I never saw the poor woman, but I believe she wasn't quite as ugly as that portrait. Well, I happened to say—it was last Tuesday, at tea, and Matty Barkley was there: 'That picture of Aunt Gordon is awful! I can't bear it.' Of course I never thought of it again, until I came home the next day,—and what do you suppose?"

Willy began to grin.

"Yes! she had got up on a chair, if you please, and cut it out of the frame, and slashed it all to pieces."

"Well done!" said Willy King, slapping his thigh.

"No such thing. It was ugly, but it was a family portrait."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, she had her excuse. . . . Willy, I can't understand her mind;—it is so unreasonably reasonable: 'Sister, you said you couldn't bear it, so what was the use of having it?' After all, that was sense, William."

"So it was," said the doctor, and unhooked his reins, and nodded. "Well," he said,—

But Miss Harriet laughed awkwardly. "Wait a minute, can't you? It won't kill anybody to do without a pill for five minutes."

"Well, no, I suppose it won't," William admitted; "but with a view to getting home in time for dinner—"

"Oh, let Martha wait! Willy, you are the meekest being; let her wait! Tell her you'll have your dinner when you're good and ready."

"Martha is only concerned on my own account," the loyal William protested.

"Well, I'm not going to keep you long," his old friend said, roughly; "I—I just want to ask you a question." Her face grew suddenly a dull red. "Not that I believe in your pills and potions; just please remember that! But I suppose you do know a little something."

"I could diagnose a scratched finger," said the doctor, meekly.

"Well,—" she said, and looked at the lock of her rifle, — "there's nothing in the world the matter with me—"

"You don't look like a confirmed invalid," the doctor assured her.

"No! do I?" she said, eagerly. "I really am very well, William, very well. Dear me, when I get home after a round of my traps (when Annie hasn't teased me by letting things out) and eat a good dinner, and sit down with a taxidermy magazine, I—I wouldn't thank King George to be my uncle! Yes, I am *very* well."

Her emphasis had in it a certain agitation that caught the doctor's eye. "Your out-of-door life is calculated to keep you well," he said.

Miss Harriet got up, and thrust the rabbit back into the pouch at her side. "Of course; and anyhow, I'm not the sick kind. Imagine me shut up between four walls! I should be like Sterne's starling. Do you remember?—'I want to get out, I want to get out!' No, there's nothing the matter with me. Absolutely nothing."

She did look very well, the big brown woman, towering up at the roadside, with her rifle in her hand, and the good color in her cheeks and lips. Yet her eyes had a worn look, William thought. "Pain somewhere," said the doctor to himself.

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"You know, I don't believe in your pills and truck," she insisted, frowning.

"Of course not," he assured her easily. "Come now, Miss Harriet, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, I tell you," she said, sharply,—and then, with impatient brevity, she spoke of some special discomfort which had annoyed her. "It began about six months ago."

"Probably you've taken cold," William King said; and then he asked a question or two. She answered with irritable flippancy:

"Now don't put on any airs, Willy. There's no use trying to impress me; I know you! Remember, you were in my Sunday-school class."

"Why didn't you make a better boy of me, then? You had your chance! Miss Harriet, would you mind coming in to my office and just letting me look you over? Come now, why shouldn't I get a job out of you for once? Here you tackle me on the roadside and get an opinion for nothing!"

She chuckled, but retorted that she hated doctors and their offices. "I'm not that Drayton cat," she said, "always wanting a doctor to fuss over me. No, you can give me a pill right here;—though I haven't a bit of faith in it."

"I wouldn't waste a good pill on you," the doctor defended himself. "You've got to come and see me."

But when she had promised to come, and William, slapping a rein down on the mare's flank, was jogging along under the sycamore branches, he did not fall into his pleasant drowse again. "She looks so well," he said to himself, "she must be all right—"

II

Miss Harriet's house, called by Old Chester children "The Stuffed-Animal House," was on the hill road a stone's-throw beyond the burial-ground. It was of weather-worn brick, and its white lintels, carved in thin festoons of fruit and flowers, were nearly hidden by ivy that stretched dark fingers over the marble, and thickening with the years, across the tops of the windows, made the rooms within dim with wavering leaf shadows. A brick path, damp, and faintly green with moss, ran down to a green gate set in a ragged privet hedge that was always dusty, and choked with dead twigs. The house itself was so shaded by horse-chestnuts that grass refused to grow in the door-yard. A porch shadowed the front door, which opened into a dark square hall full of dim figures that hung from the ceiling and stood in cases against the walls. A dusty crocodile stretched overhead, almost the width of the hall; a shark, with varnished belly splitting a little under one fin and showing a burst of cotton, lurked in a dim corner; over the parlor door a great snake, coiled about a branch, looked down with glittering yellow eyes; and along the walls were cases of very beautiful birds, their plumage dulled now, for it was forty years since Miss Harriet's father had made his collection. But all around the hall were glistening eyes that stared and stared, until sometimes an Old Chester child, clinging to a mother's protecting hand, felt sure they moved,—and that in another moment the crocodile's jaws would snap together, or the eagle's wings would flap horribly in the darkness.

Yet there was an awful joy to Old Chester youth in being allowed to accompany a mother when she made a polite call on Miss Harriet. This hall, that was dark and still and full of the smell of dead fur and feathers and some acrid preservative, had all the fascination of horror. If we were very good, we were allowed to walk from case to case with old Miss Annie, while our mothers sat in the parlor and talked to Miss Harriet. Miss Annie could not tell us much of the creatures in the cases, and for all she used to laugh and giggle just as we did, she never really knew how to play that the hall was a desert island, and the wild beasts were lurking in the forest to fall upon us.

"It isn't a forest, it's our front hall," Miss Annie would say; "and you must do what I tell you, because I'm the oldest, and I don't want to play desert island. But I'll show you my chickens," she would add, with eager politeness.

Sometimes, if Miss Annie were not in the room, we would hear Miss Harriet tell some story about her mischievousness, and our mothers would sigh and smile, and say, "Poor dear!" Our mothers never said "poor dear" about

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us when we did such things! If one of us Old Chester children had spoken out in church as Miss Harriet said Miss Annie did once, and told Dr. Lavendar that he was telling a story when he read in the morning lesson that the serpent talked to Eve — "because," said Miss Annie, "snakes can't talk"—if we had done such a dreadful thing, we should have been taken home and whipped, and sent to bed without any supper, and probably the whole of the third chapter of Genesis to learn by heart! *We* should not have been "poor things"! This was very confusing to Old Chester youth, until we grew older and understood. Then, instead of being puzzled, we shrunk a little, and stayed close to our mothers, listening to Miss Harriet's stories of Miss Annie with strange interest and repulsion, or staring furtively at the little old woman, who laughed often, and had a way of running about like a girl, and of smoothing back her gray hair from her temples with a fluttering gesture, and of putting up her lip and crying when she was angry or frightened or when she saw anything being hurt. Miss Annie could never bear to see anything hurt; she would not let us kill spiders, and she made us walk in the grass instead of on the brick path, because the ants came up between the bricks and we might step on them.

"Annie is very kind-hearted," Miss Harriet used to tell our mothers. "She can't bear my traps!"

Miss Harriet's traps were her passion; her interest in taxidermy had come to her from her father, and though she had not been able to add anything of real value to Mr. Hutchinson's collection, her work was thoroughly well done; and she even made a fair sum of money each year by sending her squirrels and doves to town for the Christmas trade.

But more important than the money was the wholesome out-of-door life her little business entailed, which had given her her vigorous body and sane mind. She needed both to live with this gray-haired woman, whose mind was eleven or twelve years old. It was not a bad mind for eleven or twelve, Willy King used to say. Old Miss Annie had a sort of crude common sense; she could reason and determine as well as any other twelve-year-old child—indeed with an added shrewdness of experience that sixty years of bodily age made inevitable. She knew, innocently, much of life that other children were guarded from knowing; she knew death, too, but with no horror;—perhaps as we were meant to know it,—something as natural as life itself, and most of all as a release from pain. For old Annie knew pain, and feared it as only the body in which the soul is not awake can fear it. She wept at the sight of blood, and moaned when she heard a squirrel squeak in the trap; she shivered with passionate expectation of relief when Miss Harriet's kindly chloroform brought peace to fluttering wings or beating claws. When some soft furry creature, hurt in the trap, relaxed into happy sleep in the thick sweet smell that came out of Miss Harriet's big bottle, Miss Annie would laugh for joy, the tears of misery still wet upon her wrinkled cheeks.

"Don't come into my shop," Miss Harriet used to say, laughing and impatient, when Miss Annie would follow her into the room in the barn where she did her work — "don't come in here, and then you won't see things that hurt your feelings!"

But Annie, smoothing her hair back from her temples with a curious girlish gesture, would only shake her head, and sidle closer to her sister, the young guileless eyes in the withered face full of protest and appeal. Her horror of pain lost Miss Harriet many a fine specimen; for, in her pity for the trapped creatures, Annie, noiselessly, like some Indian hunter, used to follow on her sister's footsteps through the woods, lifting the baits out of the traps, or if she found a snared creature unhurt, letting it go, and then creeping home, frightened at Miss Harriet's anger, which, if she discovered the old child's naughtiness, fell like a thunderbolt, and then cleared into patient amusement, as a black shower brightens into sunshine. The big, kindly woman with a man's mind could not be angry at this poor creature; so she did her duty by her, and tried not to think about her. She went her way, and set her traps, and prepared her few specimens, brushing Annie or any other annoyance aside with careless good-nature.

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"Don't think about unpleasant things," she used to say, in her loud, cheerful voice. "The trouble with you doctors and ministers," she told Dr. Lavendar, "is that you make people think about their insides. It's stomachs with Willy, and souls with you. Nobody ought to know that they have a stomach or a soul. I don't. A tree don't. And there isn't an oak in Old Chester that isn't pleasanter than Mrs. Drayton! Yet she's always fussing about her insides—spiritual and material."

"It's when you don't have 'em that you fuss," Dr. Lavendar said; "the trouble isn't too much soul, it's too little. And I guess it's the same with stomachs."

"Then you say Mrs. Drayton has no soul?" Miss Harriet said, pleasantly.

"I never said anything of the sort!" said Dr. Lavendar.

As for Miss Harriet, she went on to Willy King's office, prepared, as usual, to make him as uncomfortable as she could. But she never put Willy out. Her flings at his profession tickled him immensely, and if now and then the good, honest William practised, as Miss Harriet said, a few of the tricks of his trade, he was not averse to sharing their humor with some one who could appreciate it.

"So you have that Drayton cat on your hands again?" Miss Harriet said, plumping herself down in William's own chair in front of his office table so that she could pick up and examine what she called his "riffraff." ("Do open your windows, William! I don't see how you can be so shut up. Po-o-o! how can people live so much indoors?")

"Well," said William, doing as he was bid, "she enjoys my visits, and I enjoy her checks. I don't complain."

"That's like the profession," said Miss Harriet: "you put your hands in our pockets whenever you get a chance. Well, you'll get nothing out of my pocket, William, for there's nothing in it."

"Miss Harriet," said William, chuckling—"you won't tell anybody, will you? But Mrs.—well, I won't name names; that's not professional—"

"Call her a 'Female,'" said Miss Harriet.

"Well, a Female sent for me on Tuesday, in a dreadful hurry; I must come, 'right off! quick!' I was just sitting down to breakfast, but of course I ran—"

"Martha must have been pleased!"

"I ran; and arrived winded. There was—the Female, at *her* breakfast. 'Oh,' she said—'doctor! the baby has slept right through from six last night, and he hasn't wakened up yet! I am afraid there is something the matter with his little brain!'"

"William, if you didn't say that there was something the matter with *her* little brain—"

"I didn't," William said, grimly, "because she hasn't any. Now, Miss Harriet, let's talk about yourself; it's pleasanter."

"Oh, there was not the slightest occasion to come to see you. But I said I would, and here I am. I suppose you'll send me a bill as long as my arm. Do you have a system of charges, Willy? So much for a look over your glasses? So much for that solemn cough? I suppose you grade all your tricks. Now work off the most expensive ones on me; I propose to get the worth of my money, young man."

"Thought you said you weren't going to pay any bills?" William reminded her; and then refused to be side-tracked any longer, but asked question after question, bringing her up once or twice with a sharp turn. "Don't joke now, please, Miss Harriet. Be as exact as you can. Is this condition thus, or so—?" And when he got through with his questions, he took up the joking rather heavily.

"You're so faithless about pills," he said, "that I'm not going to give you any."

"What! no pills?" said Miss Harriet.

William King laughed, awkwardly. "Not a pill! I don't see any condition which warrants them; but—"

"What did I tell you? There's nothing the matter, and you just dragged me here to give your office a busy look."

"I didn't suppose you'd see through it!" said Willy King. "But, Miss Harriet, I—I don't feel *quite* satisfied. I—Do you know, I've a great mind to get a man in Mercer to look you over? I want you go up with me to-morrow and see him."

"Nonsense!"

"No, truly," he said; "I am not satisfied, Miss Harriet."

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"But what do you mean?" she insisted, sharply. "There's nothing the matter with me. You said yourself I didn't need any medicine. Give me some opiate to stop this—this discomfort, when it comes on, and I'll be all right."

"You can't bear depressants," he said, bluntly; "your heart won't stand them. Don't you remember the time you broke your ankle and I tried morphine—a baby dose!—to give you some relief? You gave me a scare, I can tell you."

Miss Harriet was silent. Then: "I've known my heart wasn't right for two years. But—"

"Oh, your heart doesn't give me any concern—if you don't take liberties with it. Perhaps it isn't quite as good as it was thirty years ago, but—"

"Ah, I lost it to you then, Willy. You were a sweet little fellow when you came into my class. Do you remember once when—"

"Miss Harriet, you've got to go to Mercer with me to-morrow," William King interrupted, quietly. "I hope there's nothing much out of the way. I hope not. I—I believe not. But I'm not sure. We'll go up and see Greylord and find out. He'll give you some pills, maybe," he ended, and laughed, and got up. "Now I'm off to the Cat, Miss Harriet."

And Miss Harriet, to her astonishment, found herself dismissed before she had made the boy tell her what he was afraid of. "He *is* a boy," she said to herself. "Of course he wouldn't be apt to know what was the matter. I ought to have gone to see some Mercer man to begin with. I remember when Willy was born!"

III

When they came out of the Mercer doctor's door, William King's fresh face had gone white, but Miss Harriet walked smiling. At the foot of the steps the doctor paused, and stood an instant leaning on the hand-rail, as though for support and to get his breath. Miss Harriet looked at him with concern. "Why, Willy!" she said.

"Miss Harriet," William said, hoarsely, "he may be mistaken. It's perfectly possible that he is mistaken."

"I guess not, Willy," she said, simply. "Come, now! don't be such a wet string!" She struck him a friendly blow on the shoulder that made the doctor take a quick step forward to keep his balance; but it gave him the grip upon himself that for a single instant he had lost.

"And, anyhow," he said, "even if he is right, it may not develop. I've known a case where it was checked for two years; and then the patient died of smallpox."

"Pleasant alternative!" said Miss Harriet; she was smiling, her face full of color, her shoulders back, her head up. "Come, Willy, let's have a spree! Here we are for a day, and Martha's at home. We'll have a good dinner, and we'll do something interesting. *Hurrah!*" said Harriet Hutchinson.

And the doctor could do no less than fall into step at that martial note and march at her side, proudly. And by some spiritual contagion his courage met hers like the clash of swords. They went to get their good dinner, and Miss Harriet ate it with appetite. Afterwards she declared they would go to the circus. "It's in town; I saw the tents as we got in. I haven't been to a circus for forty years," she said; "but I know just how the pink lemonade tastes. You've got to treat, Willy."

"I'll throw in peanuts," said William King; and with that they left the restaurant, and went sauntering along the hot grimy street in the direction of the open lots beyond the blast-furnaces, where, under a deep June sky, dazzling even though it was smudged by coils of smoke, were stretched the circus tents, brave with flags and slapping and billowing in a joyous wind. William King held on to his hat, and looked at the great white clouds, domed and shining, piled all along the west. "We'll get a shower, I'm afraid, Miss Harriet."

"Well, take a pill, Willy, and then it won't hurt you," she told him;—with a laugh that belonged to the sun and wind, to the flags whipping out on their halyards, and the signs of the side-shows bellying from their guy-ropes, to the blare of music and the eager circus crowd—that crowd that never changes with changing generations! Still there is the old man gaping with excited eyes; still the lanky female in spectacles; the cross elder sister afraid of crushing her

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fresh skirts; the little boy absorbed in thought; the little girl who would like to ride on the Shetland pony when the clown offers any Miss in the audience an opportunity! We know them all; and doubtless they know us, the patronizing, amused onlookers, who suddenly become as eager and absorbed as any graybeard or child in the crowd! We know the red boxes, too, where men with hard faces and wearied eyes shout mechanically the same words of vociferous invitation to the side-shows. Children, pulled along by their elders, would stop, open-mouthed, before these men; but somehow they never see the wild man or the fat lady. Ah, the regret for the unseen side-shows! — the lady with the snakes, the skeleton man, the duel between the educated hyena and his trainer—that hyena of whom the man in the red box speaks with such convincing enthusiasm. "*I have been,*" cries the strident voice—"*I have been connected with circuses all my life—all my life, ladies and gentlemen!—and I give you my sacred word of honor that this is the most magnificent specimen of the terrible grave-robbing hyena that I have ever seen!*" Why did we never see that hyena? Why, why did we always hurry on to the main tent? It is the pang that even paradise must know, of the lost experience of earth—or perhaps of hell.

"We ought to see the fat lady," said Dr. King.

"I'm afraid we'll be late," Miss Harriet objected, eagerly.

So they pushed on with the impatient, good-natured crowd. The smell of tanbark and matted pelts and stale peanut shells came in a gust as they jostled under the flap of the outer tent and found themselves inside the circle of gilded cages. "Shall we go right in and get our seats?" William said.

"What! and not look at the animals? Willy, you're crazy! I want to feed the elephants. Why, there are a lot of them, six or seven."

So they trudged around the ring, their feet sinking deep into the loose trampled earth. Miss Harriet poked the monkeys clinging to the grating of their car, with her big umbrella, and examined the elephant's hide with professional interest. "Imagine curing that proboscis," she said. And then they stopped in front of a miserable magnificent lion, turning, turning, turning in a cage hardly more than his own length. Miss Harriet drew in her breath. "It's being trapped that is so awful, Willy. The consciousness that *you can't get out.* It isn't the—the pain of it; it's being trapped."

William King, looking at the poor tawny creature of the desert and free winds and life that dealt death with passion, blinked suddenly behind his glasses. "But you trap things yourself," he protested, a moment afterwards.

"Oh, but I don't keep 'em trapped; I kill 'em," she defended herself. "I couldn't keep things shut up! I'd be as bad as Annie if I saw any living creature that wasn't free to get out-of-doors." And then she pushed on to the next cage, and the next; then suddenly feared that they would not get good seats if they wasted any more time among the animals. "For we won't have any reserved doings!" she said. "I want to sit on those boards that I sat on forty years ago."

She was as excited as she might have been forty years ago; and pushed ahead into the big tent, dragging William by the hand, and climbing up tier after tier, to get a good view of the ring. When they sat down, she made haste to spread open the pink flimsy sheet of the programme with its pale type, and read to William, in a loud, ecstatic voice, just what was going to happen:

"*Display No. 1. Gigantic Pageantric Prelude—presenting Equitational Exercises, Hippodromatical Revivals, Pachydermical Aggregations—the only terpsichorean Pachyderms ever taught to tread the mazes of the Quadrille.*

"*Display No. 2. Claire St. Jeal and her company—the loveliest daughters of Italy, and world-famous barebacked equestriennes—*"

"You are sure you are not getting tired?" William King interrupted.

"Tired?" she repeated, scornfully. "William, as Matty Barkley would say, you are a perfect fool. Why should I be tired? I feel first rate. Never better! I wouldn't thank King George to be my uncle! I've wanted to come to the circus for years. Willy, what will your wife say?"

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"*Nothing,*" said William, significantly.

At which Miss Harriet laughed until the tears stood in her eyes. "William, you have more sense than I gave you credit for! But I am not sure that, as your Sunday-school teacher, I ought not to tell you to confess. Hullo! look what's coming."

Flare of banners! Prancing horses! Roman soldiers in rumbling gold and crimson chariots! Elephants bearing, throned upon their backs, goddesses of liberty and queens of beauty. Miss Harriet was leaning forward, her lips parted with excitement. William King looked at her, and drew in his breath.

"'Not more than six months'; God grant not!—I wish it might not be more than two."

"Willy, read what comes next," she said, shoving the programme at him; "I can't stop looking."

The canvas was darkening a little overhead, so that William had to put on his glasses and hold the printed sheet at arm's-length to decipher the blurred, smudged text sufficiently to say that "Mademoiselle Orinda, Queen of the Flying Trapeze, would give her marv—"

"William — what shall I do about Annie?" Miss Harriet said.

"You know we will all take care of Miss Annie," he said, tenderly; "and—"

"Oh, Willy, there's the red lemonade!" she interrupted, standing up and beckoning with her crumpled programme. "Did you ever see so deadly a drink? You forgot the peanuts," she reminded him, reproachfully. And when William secured his hot brown-paper bag, she ate the peanuts, and watched the changing wonders of the ring with intent eyes. She laughed aloud at the clown's endeavors to ride a kicking donkey, and when the educated dogs carried each other about in a wheelbarrow, she applauded generously. "They are wonderful!" she said.

William King looked at her keenly; it was all real. Miss Harriet was incapable of pretence.

The brilliant day, that had showed between lacings of the tent like strings of sapphires, had dimmed and dimmed; and by-and-by, unnoticed at first, there was the drip of rain. Here and there an umbrella was raised, and once or twice a bedraggled man or woman led out a reluctant child—"For I ain't a-goin' to have you catch your death of cold for no trained elephants," a mother said, decidedly, pulling a whining boy from beside Miss Harriet.

"Perhaps," ventured the doctor, "we really ought to go? I can't have you 'catch your death of cold,' Miss Harriet."

"I won't die of a cold, William," she said, her eyes narrowing.

And William swore at himself under his breath, but said, with clumsy jocularity: "Well, not if I can help it! But I don't know why you should be so sure; it might give you bronchitis for a year."

"I won't have bronchitis for a year," Miss Harriet said, gazing at the clowns.

And William King swore at himself again.

The rain increased to a downpour; little streams at first dripped, then poured, upon the thinning benches. The great centre pole was streaming wet; the clown stood in a puddle, and the red triangle on his chalk-white forehead melted into a pink smear.

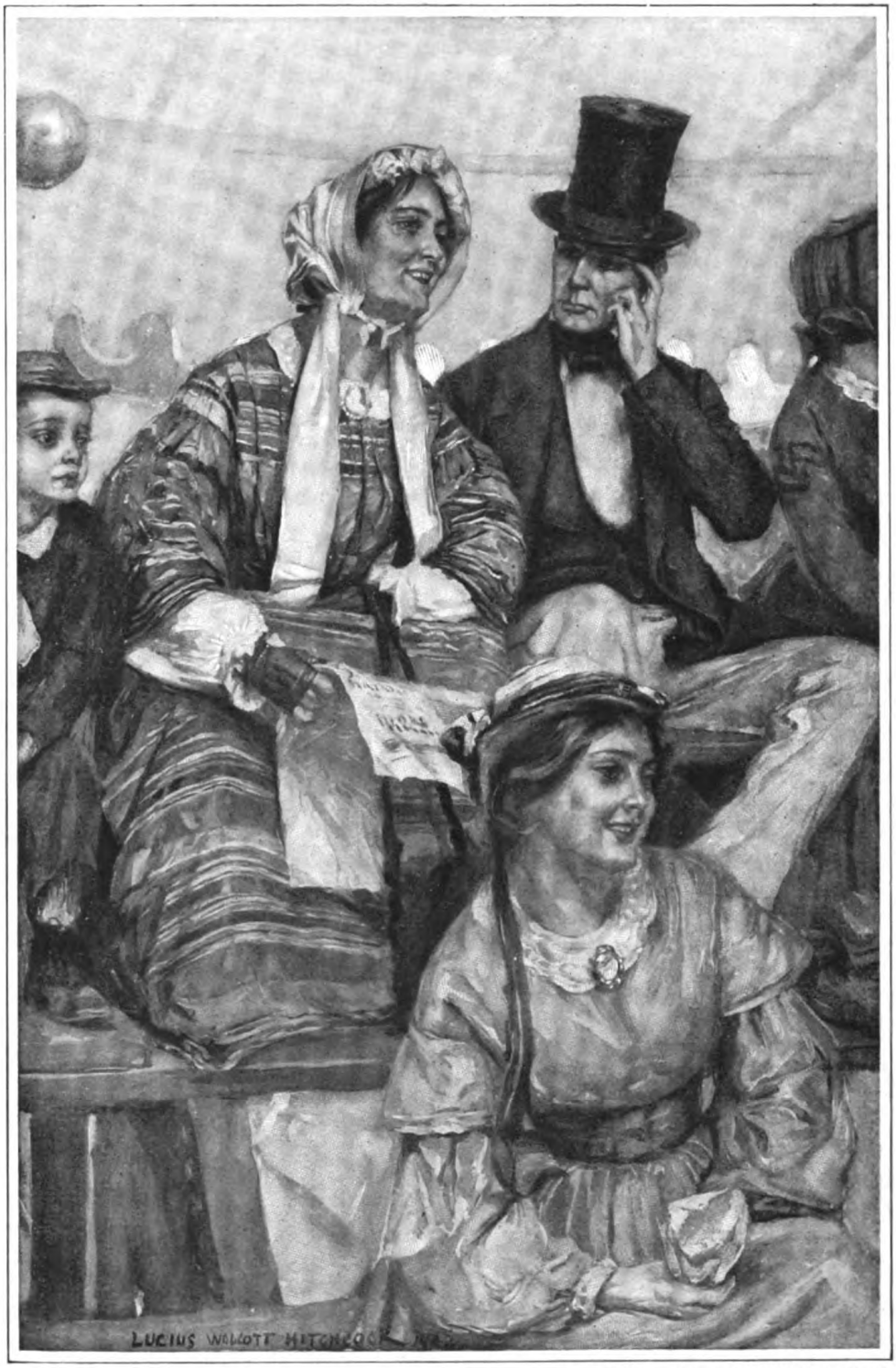
"Really, Miss Harriet," William said, anxiously—

"If you're afraid yourself, I'll go," she said; "but we ought to wait for the grand concert. (Ah, there's the man with the red balloons! If you had a half-dozen children, Willy, as you ought to have, I'd buy him out.) Well, are you sugar or salt, to be so scared of a drop of rain?"

She did not look afraid of rain herself when she got up and pushed past the scattered spectators, her hair glistening with drops, her cheeks red, her eyes clear. "William," she said, when they got outside and were hurrying along to catch the stage for Old Chester—"William, that has done me good. I feel superbly. Do you know, I haven't had an instant's pain since I first spoke of the thing to you? That's three days entirely free! Why, such a thing hasn't happened in—in three months. Just think of that; entirely free. William, I'll cheat you doctor-men yet!" She looked at him with glowing courage. "I feel so well," she said.

She held out her hand, there in the rain on the black cinder path, and Wil-

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

MISS HARRIET WAS LEANING FORWARD

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liam King struck his into it with a sort of shout.

"Hurrah!" he said, as she had said when they had come out from hearing the sentence in the Mercer doctor's office.

The long ride home in the stage, in which they were the only passengers, was perhaps a descending scale . . . . At first they talked of the circus. "I liked the man and the bear best," William said.

"Oh, he wasn't as fine as that beautiful lady in pink petticoats who rode the fat white horse. Did you ever see a horse with so broad a back, Willy? Why, I could have ridden him myself!"

"He would need a broad back," William said; and Miss Harriet told him to hold his tongue and not be impudent. The rain was pattering on the roof and streaming down the windows, and in the dark damp cavern of the stage they could not see each other's face very well; but the stretches of tense silence in the circus talk made William King's heart beat heavily, although he burst out gayly that the afternoon had brought back his youth! "Miss Harriet, when you were a child, didn't you always want to poke around under the seats when it was over and find things? I was confident that watches were dropped freely by the spectators."

"Of course," cried Miss Harriet. "Or diamond rings. My fancy led me towards diamond rings. But, William, I suppose you never knew the envy of the ladies' clothes? Dear me,—those petticoats!"

"The ringmaster's boots were very bitter to me; but my greatest desire was—"

"Willy," Miss Harriet said, hoarsely, "I don't want anybody to know."

"Of course not," William King said. "Why should they? We may hold this thing at bay for—"

"We will hold it at bay!" she said, with passion. "I will! I *will!* Do you hear me?"

Willy King murmured something inarticulately; his eyes suddenly smarted.

The ride to Old Chester seemed to him interminable; and when, after wandering snatches of talk about the circus, the stage at last drew up at the green gate in Miss Harriet's privet hedge, his nerves were tense, and his face haggard with fatigue.

At home, at his belated supper table, his good Martha was very severe with him. "You oughtn't to allow yourself to get so tired; it's wrong. You could just as well as not have ordered your things by mail. I must say, William, flatly and frankly, that a doctor ought to have more sense. I hope there was nobody in the stage you knew to talk you to death?"

"Miss Harriet came down," William said, "but she hadn't much to say."

"I suppose she went to buy some of her horrid supplies?" Martha said. "I can't understand that woman! Catching things in traps! How would she like to be caught in a trap? I asked her once—because I am always perfectly frank with people. 'How would you like to be caught in a trap, Miss Harriet?' I said. And she said, 'Oh, Annie would let me out.' You never can get a straight answer out of Harriet Hutchinson."

"My dear, I'll take another cup of tea. Stronger, please."

"My dear, strong tea isn't good for you," Martha said.

IV

When Miss Harriet woke, the next morning, the blue June day was flooding her room. At first she could not remember. . . . What was the something behind her consciousness? It came in an instant. "*Trapped,*" she said, aloud; and turned her head to see Miss Annie at her bedside.

"What is trapped, sister?" said Miss Annie, her little old face crumpling with distress.

"I am," Harriet said; and laughed at the absurdity of telling Annie in such a fashion. But of course there was no use in telling Annie. She couldn't understand, and all that there was for her to know, the ultimate fact, she would find out soon enough. The younger sister felt a sick distaste of dealing with this poor mind; she wanted to be kind to Annie; she had always wanted to be kind to her,—but she didn't want her round, that was all. And so she sent her off, patiently, and not ungently: "Don't bother me, Annie; that's a good girl. No—I don't want any roses; take them away. No—I don't want to look at pictures. You go away now, that's a good girl."

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And the wrinkled child obeyed, meekly. But she told the deaf Augustine that Harriet was cross. "I'm the oldest, and she oughtn't to order me round," she whimpered.

Poor Miss Annie was constantly being told to be a good girl and go away, in the days that followed—days, to Miss Harriet, of that amazement and self-concentration which belong to such an experience as hers. There had been no leading up to this knowledge that had come to her. No gradual preparation of apprehension or suspicion. The full speed of living had come, *crash!* against the fact of dying. The recoil, the pause, the terrible astonishment of that moment when Life, surging ahead with all his banners flying, flings himself in an instant against the immovable face of Death—leaves the soul dazed by the shock. Dazed, and unbelieving. *"It cannot be."* That is the first clear thought. It is impossible; there is a mistake somewhere! A day ago, an hour ago, Death was lying hidden far, far off in the years. Sometime, of course, he would arrive; solemn, inevitable, but beneficent, or at least serene. He would send soft warnings before him; faint tollings of fatigue, vague mists of sunset shadows. The soul will be ready for him when he comes then; will even welcome him, for after a while Life grows a little tired, and is ready to grasp that cool hand, and rest. We all know how to meet Death then, with dignity and patience. But to meet him to-morrow—to-day, even, when we are full of our own business, of our own urgent affairs—the mere interruption of it is maddening! Across the solemnity of the thought comes with grotesque incongruity an irritated consciousness of the *inconvenience* of dying.

As for Harriet Hutchinson,—"I don't believe it," she said to herself, that first morning. And then, breathlessly, "Why, I can't—die!"

She was not afraid, as one counts fear, but she was absorbed; for there is a dreadful and curiously impersonal interest in the situation that takes possession of the mind in moments like this. No wonder she could not think about Annie! She could not think about anything except that that man in Mercer had said that, in a very short time—!

"Why, but it's perfectly ridiculous!" she told herself; "it *can't* be. I'm not sick—"

As she lay there in her bed that morning, after she had sent Miss Annie away, she lifted her hand—a large hand, with strong, square fingers, brown with weather and rough with her work, and looked at it curiously. It was a little thin—she had not noticed that before; but there it was, eager, vital, quick to grip and hold, life in every line. And it would be—still? No; she did not believe it. And besides, it couldn't be. She had a hundred things to do! She must do them; she couldn't suddenly—*stop!* Life surged up in a great wave of passionate determination. She got up, eager to begin living again, and to deny, deny, deny! It was the old human experience which is repeated and repeated until Life can learn the fulfilment of Death. Poor Life, beaten by the whips of pain, it takes so long sometimes to learn its lesson!

In those weeks that followed—weeks of refusal, and then struggle, and then acceptance, and last of all adjustment—Miss Harriet found old Annie's companionship almost intolerable. She was very unreasonable with her, very harsh even; but all she asked was solitude, and solitude Annie would not give. She ran at her sister's heels like a dog,—sat looking at her with frightened eyes in the bad hours that came with relentlessly increasing frequency; came whimpering to her bedside on those exhausted mornings when Harriet would scourge her poor body on to its feet and announce that she was going out. "These four walls smother me," she used to say; "I must get out-of-doors!"

Sometimes it seemed as if the big kind nature that had borne the pin-pricks so patiently all these years had reached the breaking-point, and another day or another hour of poor old Annie's foolish love would cause it to burst out in frantic anger:

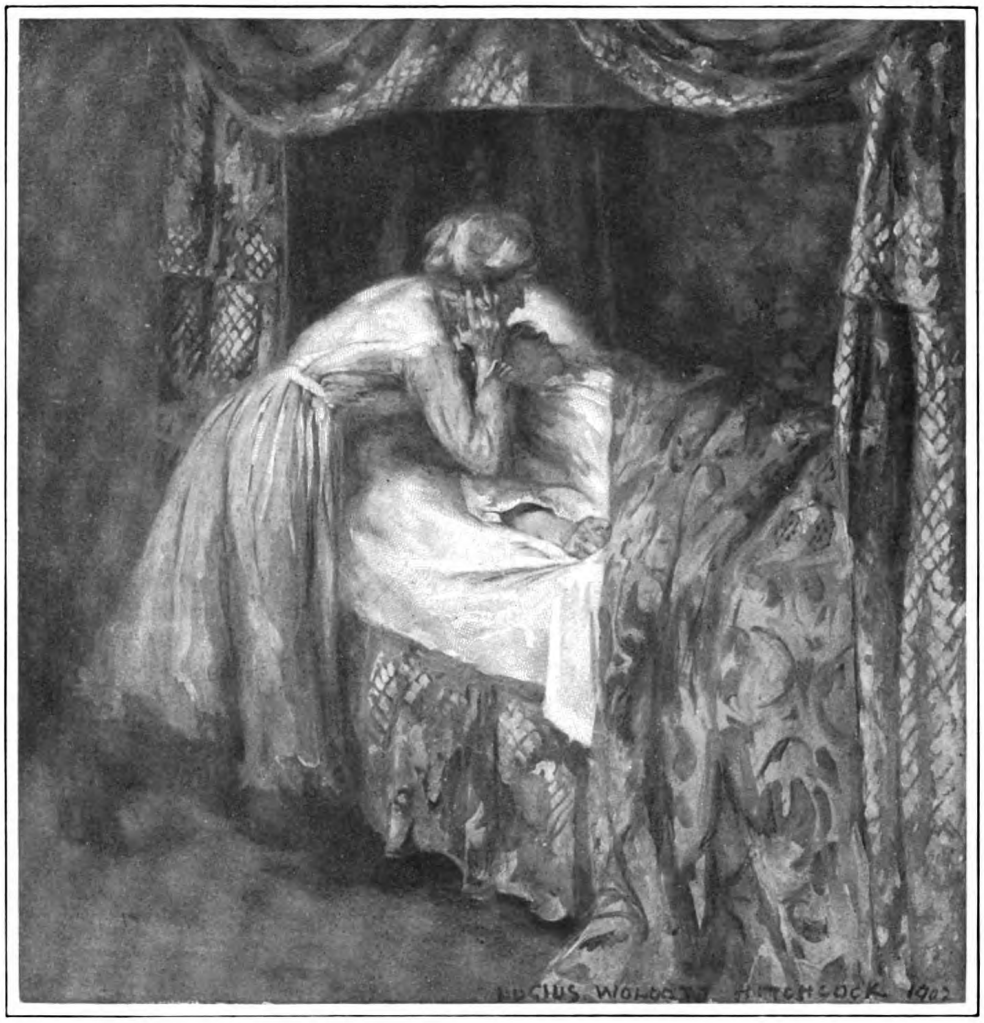
"It hurts, sister?"

"Yes, Annie; but never mind. If I could only get out-of-doors I wouldn't mind."

"Oh, sister, don't let it hurt!"

"Can't help it, Annie. Now, don't think about it, that's a good girl. Maybe I can get out to-morrow a little while."

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"Oh, Sister, don't let it hurt!"

"But I can't bear it!"

"Got to, my dear. Come now, run away. Go and see your chickens."

"Sister, I can't bear it!"

"Annie, you drive me wild. Augustine!—oh, she can't hear. *Augustine!* you must take Miss Annie away. Annie, if you say another word—"

"I'm the oldest and I have a right to talk. Why don't you smell your big bottle? When the squirrels smell it they are not hurt."

"Well, I'm not a squirrel. Annie, if you stay another minute, I'll—I'll— Oh, for Heaven's sake, let me alone!"

She could stand it, she told herself, if she were alone. For though she finally accepted the fact, her own weakness she could not accept. "I am ashamed!" she told William King, angrily.

"But there's nothing to be ashamed of," Willy King protested in his kind way. "Dear Miss Harriet—"

"Hold your tongue. Nothing to be ashamed of? I guess if your body had put your soul in a corner, with its face to the wall,—I guess you'd be ashamed. Yesterday I—I— Well, never mind. But my body got me down, I tell you!—got my soul down! Isn't that something to be ashamed of? Don't be an ass, William. I'm ashamed."

It was this consciousness of her own weakness that made her hold herself aloof from her friends.

In those days people did not have

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trained nurses; they nursed each other. It was not skilful nursing; it frequently was not wise as we count wisdom to-day; but it was very tender and loving, and it was very bracing. In these softer times, when we run so easily to relief from pain, we do not feel the presence of the professional nurse a check upon our weakness; if we suffer, we are willing that this skilful, noiseless machine, who will know exactly how to relieve us, shall see the suffering. We are neither mortified nor humiliated by our lack of endurance or of courage. But in Old Chester, when we were ill, and some friend or relative came to sit by her bedside, we had—for their sakes—to make an effort to control ourselves. If the effort failed, our souls blushed. Miss Harriet would not run the risk of failure; her body, as she said, got the better of her soul when she was alone; it should not have the chance to humiliate her publicly; so, roughly, she refused the friendly assistance so eagerly offered: "Thank you; Augustine can look after me. I don't want anybody. And besides, I'm perfectly comfortable. (William! I won't have anybody; do you understand? It's bad enough to disgrace myself in my own eyes; I won't have Matty Barkley sit and look on!)"

And William King put people off as well as he could: "I go in two or three times a day, just to say how-do-you-do; and Miss Annie is about and can bring her anything she needs. And Augustine is very faithful. Of course, she is deaf as a post, but she seems to know what Miss Harriet wants."

So the situation was accepted. "Here I am," she told the doctor, grimly, "dying like a rat in a hole. If I could only get out-of-doors!—or if I had anything to do! —I think it's the having nothing to do that is the worst. But I'll tell you one thing, Willy, I won't be pitied. Don't have people mourning over me;—or pretending that I'm going to get well. They know better, and so do I."

Those who dared to pity her, or who ventured some futile friendly lie about recovery, were met by the fiercest impatience. "How do I feel? Very well, thank you! And if I didn't, I hope I wouldn't say so. I hope I'm well enough bred not to ask or answer questions about feelings. There is nothing in the world so vulgar," she said; and braced herself to one or another imprudence that grieved and worried all the kind hearts that stood by, eager to show their love.

"It breaks my heart to see her, and there's nothing anybody can do for her!" Mrs. Barkley told Dr. Lavendar, snuffling and wiping her eyes. "She positively turned Rachel King out of the house; and Maria Welwood cried her eyes out yesterday because Harriet was so sharp with her when Maria said she was sorry she had had a bad night and she hoped she'd soon feel better."

The old man nodded, silently. "Poor Miss Harriet," he said.

"Don't say 'poor Miss Harriet' to her, or she'll take your head off!" Mrs. Barkley said. "Dr. Lavendar, Harriet and I have been friends since we were put into short dresses—and she spoke to me to-day in a way—! Well, of course, I shall go back; but I was ready to say I wouldn't. And she treats poor old Annie outrageously."

Dr. Lavendar nodded again. He himself had seen her several times, but she had never let him be personal: "Was Mrs. Drayton still gossiping about her soul?" "Wasn't it nearly time to get a new carpet for the chancel?" etc., etc. It was her way of defending herself:—and Dr. Lavendar understood. So he only brought her his kindly gossip or his church news, and he never looked at her mournfully; neither did he ever once refer to a possible recovery—that poor, friendly pretence that so tries the soul absorbed in its own solemn knowledge!

But in the afternoon after his talk with Mrs. Barkley, the old man went plodding up the hill to the Stuffed-Animal House, with tender and relentless purpose in his face. It was a serene September day, full of pulsing light, and fragrant with the late mowing, hot and still. William King's mare was hitched to a post by the green gate in the hedge, and the doctor was giving her a handful of grass as Dr. Lavendar came up. "How is Miss Harriet, Willy?" the old man said.

William climbed into the buggy, and flicked with his whip at the ironweed by the roadside. "Oh—about the same. Dr. Lavendar, it's cruel—it's cruel!"

"What's cruel, William?"

"I can't give her any opiate—to amount to anything."

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"Why?"

"Her heart."

"But you can't let her suffer!"

"If I stopped the suffering," the doctor said, laconically, "it would be murder."

"You mean—"

"Depressants, to amount to anything, would kill her."

Dr. Lavendar looked up into the sky, silently. Willy King gathered up the reins. "And Annie?" Dr. Lavendar said.

"She is just a poor frantic child. I can't make her understand why Miss Harriet shouldn't have two powders, when one 'sugar,' as she calls it, gives her a little comfort for a little while. She says, 'Harriet wouldn't let a squirrel stay hurt.' Miss Harriet says she told her the other day that she wasn't a squirrel; but it didn't seem to make any difference to Miss Annie! She has a queer elemental reasonableness about her, hasn't she? Well, I must go. Dr. Lavendar, I—I hope you won't mind if I say that perhaps—I mean, she doesn't want anybody to refer to—to anything religious."

"William," said the old man, mildly, "if you can mention anything which is not religious to a woman who is going to die within a very few weeks—I will consider it."

And William King had the grace to blush, and stammer something about Miss Harriet's hating anything personal. Dr. Lavendar listened silently; and then climbed on up the hill to the Stuffed-Animal House. Old Miss Annie let him into the darkened hall, a burst of western sunshine flooding in behind him and making the grim dead creatures dart out of their shadows for a moment, and sink back into them again when the door was shut. The old child had been crying, for Miss Harriet had turned her out of her room, and so he had to sit there in the hall, under the shark, and try to comfort her and bid her go out and see her chickens. But for once Miss Annie would not be diverted:

"Harriet wants to go out-of-doors, and she can't. And she is hurt; and Willy King won't give her sugar in a paper to stop the hurting. He is wicked."

"By-and-by," said Dr. Lavendar, "Harriet will fall asleep and not be hurt any more."

"Not till she is dead," Miss Annie said; "Augustine told me so."

"I meant that," Dr. Lavendar said, stroking the poor gray head grovelling against his knee.

"Then why didn't you say so? It is a story to say sleep, when you mean dead."

"I ought to have said dead," he acknowledged, gently; "so that you could understand. But I want you to remember that death is a happy sleep. Will you remember that?"

"A happy sleep," Miss Annie repeated; "yes; I will remember. A happy sleep." She lifted her head from his knee and smiled. "I'll go and see my chickens," she said.

And Dr. Lavendar took his way upstairs, past the cases of birds, to Miss Harriet's room. She received him with elaborate cheerfulness.

As for Dr. Lavendar, he lost no time in pretence. "Miss Harriet," he said, "I am not going to stay and talk and tire you. You've seen people enough to-day—"

"I'm not tired in the least."

"But I have a word to say to you."

She looked at him angrily. "I would rather not talk about myself, Dr. Lavendar, please."

"I don't want to talk about yourself," he said.

Her face cleared a little. "That's a relief. I was afraid you were going to talk to me about 'preparing,' and so forth!"

A sudden smile twinkled into Dr. Lavendar's old eyes. "My dear Miss Harriet, you've been 'preparing' for fifty years!—or is it fifty-one? I've lost count, Harriet. No; you haven't got anything to do about dying; dying is not your business. In fact, I sometimes think it never is our business. Our business is living. Dying is God's affair."

"I haven't any business, that's the worst of it," Miss Harriet said, bitterly. "I've nothing to do; nothing to do but just lie here and wait! I don't mind dying; but to be here in this trap, waiting! And I've always been so busy, I don't know how to do nothing."

"That's what I wanted to say to you. There is something you can do. In fact, there's something you must do."

"Something I must do?" Miss Harriet said, puzzled.

"My dear friend, you must meet this

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affliction; you can't escape; we can't save you from it. But there is one thing you can do: you can try to spare the pain of it to other people. Set yourself, Miss Harriet, to make it as easy as you can for those who stand by."

Harriet Hutchinson looked at him in amazement. No pity? No condolences? Nothing but the high charge to spare others! "You mean my temper?" she said at last, slowly.

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar.

Miss Harriet blushed hotly. "It is bad; I know it's bad. But—"

"Mine would be worse," said Dr. Lavendar, thoughtfully. "But look out for it, Harriet. It's getting ahead of you."

Miss Harriet nodded. "You're right."

"You see, when you are out of temper, it shows you are suffering; and that's hard for us to bear, — not the temper, of course; but the knowledge. Understand?"

"I understand."

"It will be hard work for you," he said, cheerfully; and somehow the words meant, not pity, but *"shoulder arms!"*

For an instant they gazed, eye to eye, —the woman devoured by pain, the old man with his calm demand; and then the soul of her rose with a shout. What! there was something left for her to do? She need not merely sit still and die? She need not wait idly for the end? It was a splendid summons to the mind; a challenge to the body that had dogged and humiliated the soul, that had wrung from her good-humored courage, irritability, and unjust anger; that had dragged her pride in the dust of shame, yes, even—even (alone, and in the dark), but even of tears. *"Make it as easy as possible for those that stand by!"*

Some might say that that austere command was the lash of the whip; but to Miss Harriet it was the rod and the staff. The Spartan old man had suddenly revealed to her that as long as the body does not compel the soul, there is no shame. As long as she could hold her tongue, she said to herself, she need not be ashamed. Let the body whimper as it may, if the soul is silent it is master! Miss Harriet saw before her, not humiliation and idleness and waiting, but fierce struggle. And it was a struggle! It was no easy thing to be amiable when good Maria Welwood wept over her; or when Martha King told her, flatly and frankly, that she was doing very wrong not to make more effort to eat; or even when Mrs. Dale hoped that she had made her peace with Heaven.

"Heaven had better try to make its peace with me, considering," said Miss Harriet, grimly; but when she saw how she had shocked Mrs. Dale, she made haste to apologize. "I didn't mean it, of course. But I am nervous, and say things to let off steam." Such an admission meant much from Miss Harriet, and it certainly soothed Mrs. Dale.

But most of all, Harriet Hutchinson forbade her body to dictate to her soul when Miss Annie hung whimpering about her with frantic persistence of pity. Never in all their years together had Miss Harriet shown such tenderness to Annie as now, when the poor old child's mere presence was maddening to her. For Annie could think of nothing but the pain which could not be hidden, and her incessant entreaty was that it should be stopped. "Wouldn't you rather be dead, sister?"

"Yes, Annie."

"Well, then, be dead."

"I can't, Annie. Now let us talk of something else. Tell me what the black hen did when the speckled hen stole her nest."

Annie joyously told her story, as she had told it dozens of times before; while Harriet Hutchinson turned her face to the wall. Annie sat on her heels on the floor beside the bed, rocking back and forth, and talking: "And so the speckled hen flew off. Sister, I'll get you your big bottle?"

No answer.

"Sister, don't you want to smell the bottle?"

"No, Annie. No—no—*no!* Oh, Annie, don't you want to go and see your chickens?"

"Why not?"

"Because it wouldn't be right, Annie."

"Why wouldn't it be right, sister?"

"Because," said Harriet Hutchinson—"because I suppose that's one of the things that would 'make it harder for those that stand by.'"

"I don't understand," poor old Annie said, timidly.

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"I PROMISE," SHE SAID, IN A LOW VOICE

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"Well, Annie, that's the only reason I know of. Oh, Annie, Annie! it is the only reason there is!—it is the root of its being wrong!" . . . . and then the long moan. When Miss Annie heard that sound, she shivered all over; it was the elemental protest of the flesh, which cannot understand the regal and unconquered soul.

Those were hard days for Willy King, what with his affection and his sympathy and his daily struggles with Miss Annie; "for she is frantic," he told Dr. Lavendar. They were walking up the hill together in the late afternoon. Miss Harriet had sent for the old man, on whom now she leaned even more than on William King, for Dr. Lavendar gave her granite words, instead of Willy's tenderer sympathy. "She insists that I shall give Miss Harriet something—'stuff out of Harriet's bottle,' she says. I suppose she means chloroform. I wish to God I could."

"God will do His own work, William."

"Yes, sir; but it's such a waste;—this courage that fairly breaks our hearts."

"Waste! William, what are you talking about? We are every one of us richer for it. I told her so yesterday."

"Well," said William King, thoughtfully, "perhaps so; in this case, we are richer, I admit; but suppose it were a baby that was suffering; or a dog? Only, we wouldn't let the dog suffer! Dr. Lavendar, one of these days,—you and I won't live to see it, but one of these days—"

"There is Miss Annie, now," said Dr. Lavendar. "Why,—look at her!"

The old woman came fluttering down the path towards the green gate in the privet hedge; she was smoothing her hair back from her temples, with her strange girlish gesture, and she was smiling, but there was a new and solemn age in her face that made the two men look at each other, startled and wondering.

"Dr. Lavendar! Willy!" she said, her voice breaking with joy, "Harriet is dead;—oh, Harriet is dead!"

They stopped short in the pathway. "What—what?" stammered William King.

"Oh, Harriet is dead!" the old woman said; "and I'm so happy." She came and leaned on the closed gate at the foot of the path, smiling up into their faces. "She isn't hurt any more. Oh, I can breathe, I can breathe, now," said Miss Annie, laying her withered hands upon her throat and drawing a deep breath.

"When?" said the doctor.

"Oh, just a little while ago. As soon as she got dead, I opened the windows and let the air blow in; she likes the wind when she isn't hurt."

William King said, suddenly, "*My God!*" and turned and ran up the path, into the house, into the room where, indeed, there was no more hurting.

"Annie," Dr. Lavendar said, "were you with her?"

"Yes," Miss Annie said. "Harriet was hurt very much. But when she smelt her bottle she stopped being hurt."

Dr. Lavendar leaned against the gate, his breath wavering; then he sat down on the grass, and rested his forehead on his hands clasped on the top of his stick. He was unable to speak. Miss Annie came out into the road and looked at him curiously. After a while he said, feebly, "Annie, tell me about it."

"Willy wouldn't give Harriet sugar in a paper to stop the hurting. And Harriet said she couldn't get her bottle. She said it would be wrong for her to get it."

Dr. Lavendar lifted his head with a quick gesture of relief. "What! Harriet didn't get it herself?"

"Oh no," Miss Annie said. "I got it. And I went into Harriet's room. Harriet's eyes were shut, and she was—was moaning!" said Miss Annie, shivering. "So I put some stuff out of the bottle on a towel, and held it for Harriet to smell. And Harriet opened her eyes, and looked frightened; and she said, 'No, no!' And I said, 'Yes; I'm the oldest and you must do what I say.' And she said, 'Augustine! Augustine!' But Augustine can't hear. And I held it down, and I said, 'You won't be hurt any more.' And Harriet pushed it away, and said 'No.' And then she shut her eyes. And after a while she didn't say anything more. And I held it, oh, a long time. And then I looked, and Harriet's eyes were shut. And now she's dead! And it doesn't hurt any more. You come and look at her, and you'll see it doesn't hurt any more. *Now* she wouldn't thank

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King George to be her uncle! Oh, she's dead," said Miss Annie, nodding her head and laughing; "a happy sleep!" She was standing there in the dusty road in front of him, telling the story, her hands behind her, rocking slightly backwards and forwards, like a child repeating a lesson. The long afternoon shadows stretched from the trees across the road, and swaying lightly, flecked her gray head with sunshine.

"Annie," said Dr. Lavendar, "come here and sit beside me."

She came, happily enough, and let him take her hand, and hold it, patting it softly for a moment before he spoke.

"Annie, it was not right to give Harriet the stuff out of the bottle; our Heavenly Father stops the hurting when He thinks best. So it does not please Him for us to do it when we think best."

"But Willy gave Harriet one sugar in a paper, and that stopped it a little," Miss Annie said, puzzled; "and if he stopped it a little, why shouldn't it all be stopped?" The obvious logic of the poor mind admitted of no answer; certainly no argument.

Dr. Lavendar said, gravely, stroking the hand, as wrinkled as his own: "It was not right, my child. You will believe me when I say so? And I do not want any one to know that you did a thing that was not right. So I want you to promise me, now, that you will not tell any one that you did it. Will you promise me?"

"Willy knows it, I guess," Miss Annie said.

Dr. Lavendar was silent. Just what had William heard her say? Only that Miss Harriet was "dead." "I am pretty sure that Willy doesn't *know* it," he said, slowly. "And I am quite sure he would prefer not to know it; so you mustn't tell him. But you can't understand about that, Annie. You'll just have to believe me. Will you promise me?"

"Why, yes," Miss Annie said, indifferently, smiling up at the moving leaves. "Oh, Harriet isn't hurt, now!"

Dr. Lavendar trembled with anxiety. "I want a solemn promise, Annie. What do the children do when they make a solemn promise?"

Miss Annie was instantly interested. "Why, they cross their breast, and say *'honest and true'*, don't you know?". . . .

"Well, then," said Dr. Lavendar, slowly, "you will make a promise to me in that way." He stood up and took her hand, his face very pale. "Promise me that never, so long as you live, will you tell any one—any one, Annie!—that you made Harriet fall asleep by giving her the big bottle to smell. Now, make the promise, Annie."

Miss Annie slowly crossed her breast. "I promise," she said, in a low voice; her eyes widening with awe, were fixed on his face. "I promise:

Honest and true,
Black and black and blue,
Lay me down
And cut me in two—

if I do."

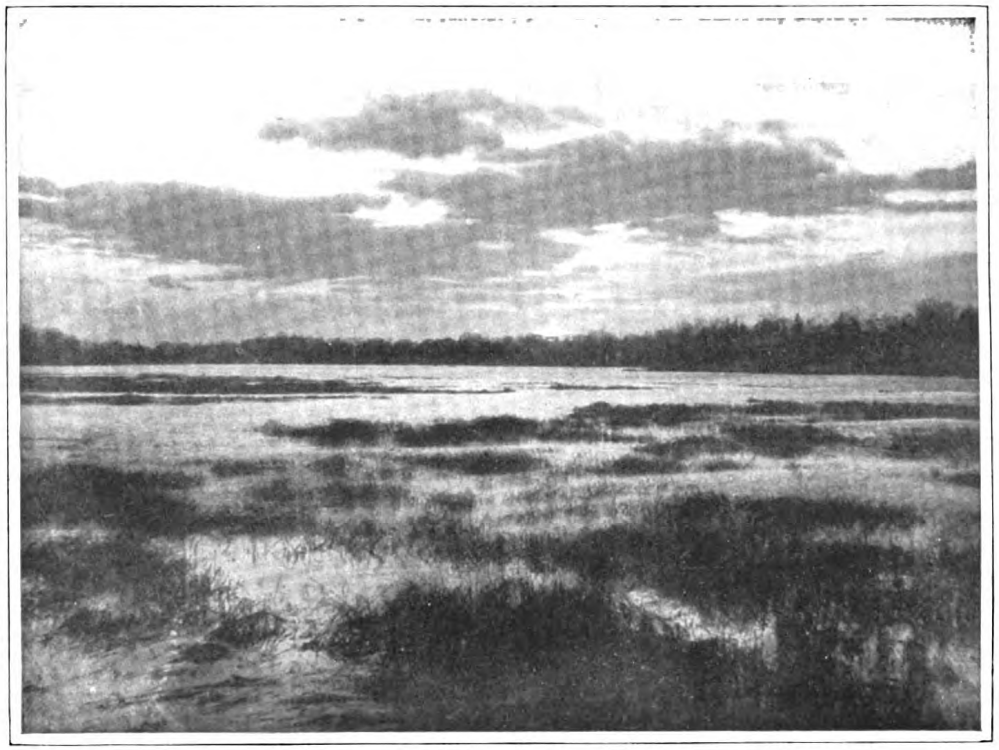
"Amen!" said Dr. Lavendar. And took off his hat, and stood looking up into the sky, his lip trembling. "Father," he said, "I don't even say 'forgive her'! She is Thy little child." And then they stood, for a moment, hand in hand in the sunny silence.

Two Voices

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE winds at play on a breezy day,
Sweet, sweet to hear what they sing and say;
But sweeter the murmur of winds that blow
When only the heart and the high leaves know.

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ALL IS SOLITUDE

A Day in the Salt Meadows

BY SADAKICHI HARTMANN

OUR salt meadows are tracts of land that do not exist for the tourist, and no guide or family physician dreams of recommending them. For miles and miles the eye sees nothing but a wide and level expanse of rushes and tall grasses, intersected by lagoons, and cut up everywhere by watery runs reflecting the pale rays of the sun. A fresh wind, busy rolling long, heavy waves on the Atlantic only a short while before, blows from the west, and keeps the vegetation of these silent plains in strange, rhythmic motion. All is solitude, not a human being and hardly the evidence of one in sight; only, on the horizon rises a blotched and confused outline, indicating village life. We do not need to close our eyes to realize a pictorial vision of the slow-measured sweep of the breakers which once held sole possession of this vast and unornamented space. The smell of the brine is in the air, although the sea itself cannot be seen.

We walk along a dikelike construction, raised very likely years ago for the convenience of sportsmen, but now the resort of muskrats, that have undermined the embankment with burrows in every direction. Bending aside some of the long, narrow leaves, we hear the rustling of field-mice, and discover numerous nests just above the ground, dainty little creations of the size of cricket-balls, most artfully plaited of blades and perfectly round. There are whole villages of these frail little dwellings, and it commands the combined effort of the owl, the mink,

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the marsh-harrier, and the muskrat to keep the numbers of their inhabitants within reasonable bounds.

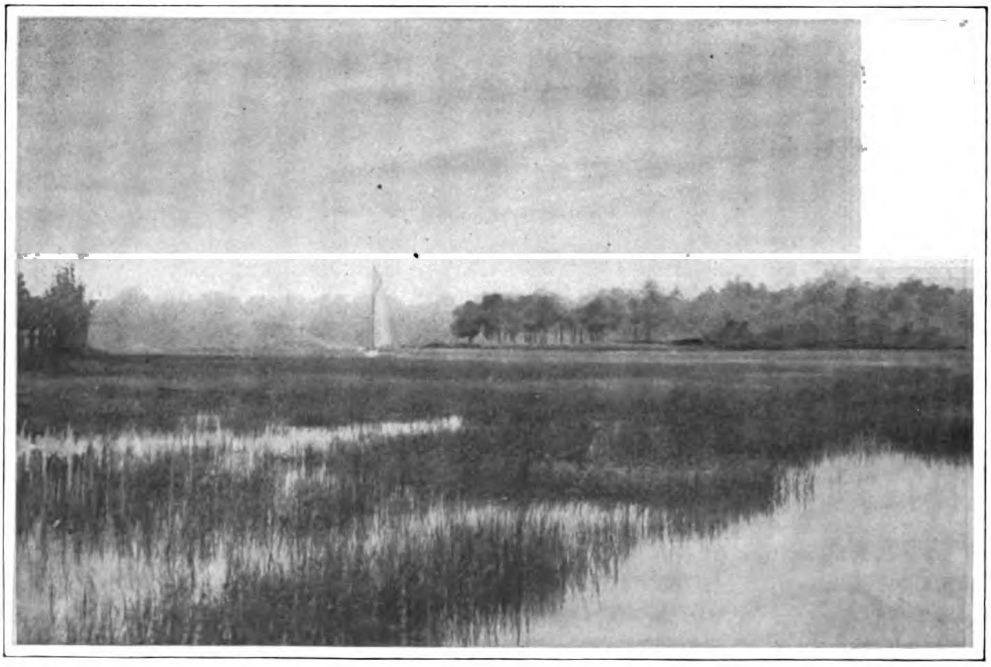
At the first glance the salt meadows appear rather monotonous. Pale yellow and muddy brown seem to be the only noticeable tints in this straw-colored waste. But a closer scrutiny will reveal a remarkable variety of color effects, enough to make a colorist go wild with enthusiasm. There are greenish-yellow and reddish-brown areas of grass, thickly interspersed with the white clusters of the parsnip and water-hemlock; light green strips of wild oats and dark green patches of aquatic plants. The growth of wild flowers, largely dependent on the quality of the soil, is very profuse in places. White and pink are the prevailing colors.

Objects of beauty and interest now begin to appear quite plentifully in this secluded spot. The bird life in particular is worthy of closer examination. Early in the morning one can watch the departure of the swallows which have spent the night on the meadows. Comparative quiet reigns during the forenoon. Only a few feathered fellows off in the bushes repeat over and over again a monotonous whistling note. Now and then one can see large flocks of strand-snipes flying eastward or westward according to the fluctuation of the tide. When they alight, they actually cover the ground, and when they start in the distance they resemble big clouds of smoke blown across the country.

As afternoon draws on, other birds command attention. The song of the bobolink grows quite animated. Various specimens of wading birds appear in the rushes and on the borders of the creeks.

Then, while evening slowly approaches, on the telegraph wires in the distance swallows reappear from their day's excursion. They rock themselves in the setting sun before they retire for a long night's rest. The meadows, growing damper with the coming night, spread out gray with large yellow spots, like a huge coarse carpet. I watch the changes of light and color, as I sit here by the creek, resting after my long tramp.

Strange how the human soul is calmed and expanded by a day under the open sky. But now, as daylight vanishes, the feeling of happiness gives way to a more sombre mood. In the solitary nooks and



EVENING SLOWLY APPROACHES

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UNSEEN HANDS FLING NEW TAPESTRIES FROM THE SKY

corners of nature there comes with every evening a time of sadness. Light is fading away slowly, as though regretfully, and man in the farewell feels a strange anxiety. Is it the dispiriting thought of labor constantly resumed and unceasingly left unaccomplished; the eager wish, mingled with dread, for eternal rest! The sibilant murmur of the breeze in the rushes, and the acrid smell wafted from the soil, have something uncanny about them. Unseen hands seem to fling out new tapestries from the sky and light a few lamps around its encircling galleries, as if life had passed from earth, and the heavens were made ready to receive us.

I know of nothing which carries the mind so far back toward the creative period of our earth as to stand in the midst of a salt meadow when the bluish flood of twilight steals over its straw-colored desolation. It is as if our eyes opened for the first time upon the struggle of darkness with light, as if chaos reigned again and the drama of evolution had to be enacted anew.

An old Oriental legend drifts into our mind. It tells of a young prophet who has solved the secret of perpetual youth, and who, like Ahasuerus, is destined to roam the earth. One day, in approaching a city and asking when it was built, he received the answer that it had always been there. Five hundred years later his wanderings led him again to the same spot. The city had vanished, the sea had inundated the land; and the fishermen, throwing out their nets in the turbulent flood, assured him that the sea had always been there. Once more five hundred years elapse, and instead of the ocean the young prophet encounters wet meadow-land, where a herd is grazing, and a shepherd blowing on a reed flute. Astonished, he asks the shepherd how this change may have come about, but the village swain answers that he does not know; that all his ancestors, as far back as he can remember, have been tending flocks like himself. After another five hundred years the prophet finds neither city, sea, nor meadow-land, but a primitive forest, resounding with the song of the broadaxe. The forest has always been there, and, in all probability, will always be there, is the stereotype answer to all his inquiries. The cycle of his wanderings ends with his fifth and final visit; for a city, crowded with a dense population, has risen again, and the familiar explanation, "It has always been there," greets his ear.

The legend foretold, as has so often

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THE LAST REMNANTS OF THE SEA

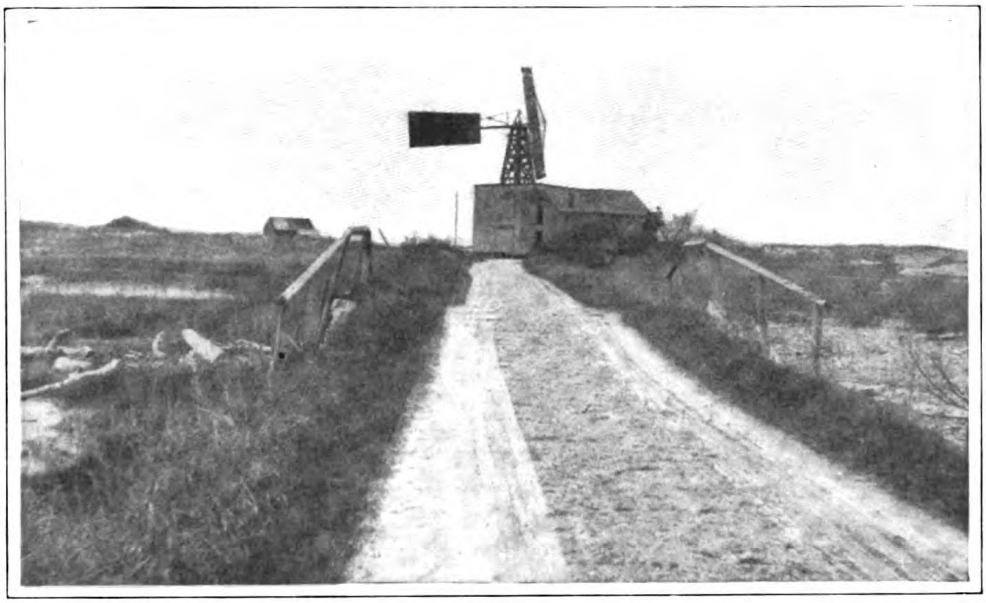
been the case, that which millenniums later a new science, geology, has proven to be a fact. The salt meadows, with their lagoons and pools of standing water, are the last remnants of the sea, which once covered them entirely. Each river and creek brings with it heavy loads of sand and mud — earth as yet inert, entirely bare, primitive brute matter, but destined to be a source of life in the future. Assisted by the ocean currents, which drive back what the rivers bring down, bars are formed, which, once begun, rapidly increase in size, until they rise above the water. Slowly the prolific slime accumulates and silently forms in the midst of barren water a new bit of America. These bars, though a mile or two or even more in width, are not very solid at first, but they are presently sown with plants that do not mind salt water, and their roots soon penetrate and mat together in such a way as to prevent the soil from being washed away. The embankments have become marshes covered with marsh plants. As time passes, the latter find the soil too dry for them and die off; their places are then taken by grasses, and the salt meadows are gradually converted into meadow-land, enriched by the decay of the marsh plants.



THE FLOOD OF TWILIGHT FALLS

The area of salt meadows in the United States, which undergoes this marvellous transformation, covers 110,000 square miles. Left to take care of themselves, they are in their present state almost useless and

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THE ROAD HOMEWARD

valueless. They can be purchased on the average at from one to three dollars an acre, and even at these low figures nobody seems to want them. No wonder, as the mosquitoes at times prove such a plague that no herd would graze on them, and as their crops, at the very best, can only be utilized as stable straw. They might, of course, be turned into cranberry-bogs, but the cultivation of the cranberry is an expensive experiment, and generally years elapse before the investment proves to be a paying one.

And yet what treasures lie hidden in these desolate plains! Years ago, Professor Shaler of Harvard pointed out the possibility, as well as practicability, of the cultivation of our salt meadows, drawing attention to what Germany and Holland have accomplished in that direction. He claimed that the soil could be greatly improved by an annual crop. By cutting and removing the entire vegetation of the salt meadows, the salt, so injurious to other growths, would be gradually removed from the soil, so that other and more useful crops could be grown in it. If this could be effected, the young prophet of the Oriental legend would not necessarily have to wait five hundred years before he would see these meadows transformed into fields and orchards, into forest-land or crowded city streets. And what Thoreau said of the swamp, one might then say more appropriately of the salt meadows: "Hope and the future for me are not in lawns and cultivated fields, not in towns and cities," but in the salt meadows.

Meantime it has grown dark, the plain has become colorless, save a few flashes of red across it as the last rays of light are leaving the sky. Night arises in the east with threatening fogs. For hours we have roamed over the silent country, and, despite the luncheon which we were careful enough to provide ourselves with, we start tired and hungry on the homeward tramp. Everything is silent. Only at intervals we hear the rasping cry of the water-rail, the trumpetlike notes of the bittern, and the monotonous call of the sedge-warbler. An owl, noiselessly as if wrapped in cotton, passes us, so closely that we can plainly see her shining eyes.

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The Heart at the Window

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

I

TO little Hop Yup, traveller, four hands high, sitting in patience on the emigrant-deck of the Hongkong steamer, the beat of the engine and the beat of his father's heart had seemed identical for a time so long that when the heart in question ceased its throbbing he was wholly unaware of his loss. For the matter of that, tiny Hop was a baby so inconsiderable that all he knew was that his father's thumb was a comforting thing to hold — even when it pressed no longer on his warm little starfish of a hand.

His father had quite expected to furnish knowledge for two—and all of his knowledge he would certainly have required—to get them safely past the iron-hearted immigration commissioners of the port of San Francisco. They had come to America in contravention of the law, the father being provided with the papers of a fellow-countryman who had died on his visit to the old Canton of his youth. But, lo! within a few days' sailing of the Golden Gate, here was the mighty law that brooks no contravention, come to claim another immigrant for that vast, dark No Man's Land beneath the weight of all the sea.

It was therefore with a sense of strangeness in his wee bronze fingers that baby Hop sat alone on the planks at last, looking dumbly about him. The engine was still beating steadily on; he could feel it regularly jostle, jostle, as it had since the night his father first held him so close to his breast, and yet—where were the big warm thumb and the eyes that banished timidity?

Other travellers there were, — good Chinamen, moreover, — but all of them looked at little Hop Yup peculiarly. They knew they had troubles enough of their own, to pass the gray-eyed barrier alert at port. And consequently tiny Hop sat all day alone, wistfully watching the faces about him, the while his chubby brown fingers felt around for the ghost of that comforting thumb.

When at length the steamer ceased to labor, and nosed her way to dock, there were fifty big thoughts on topics of importance to one little thought of baby Chinaman, parentless and quite unqualified to land. Nevertheless, when scores of Celestial citizens had lied themselves ashore, leaving their small compatriot still sitting patiently on the planks, the needle of destiny finally swung about and pointed to the pretty bit of magnetism that the little fellow was.

A young American Chinaman, special steamship agent at San Francisco, had boarded the vessel, with his great valise full of Chinese circulars, and was busily hastening hither and yon about the boat to aid his fellow yellow men in any manner possible. His name was Moy Wing-Sing, and the moon of wholesomeness had shone in his countenance. But what is more to the purpose, he presently espied the wee Hop Yup, and felt sudden stirrings in his nature. He pointed to the little man.

"What generation has been so favored of the sun as to blossom thus?" he asked of a Chinese passenger.

In two or three sentences, like the broken crockery of language, the immigrant told him of the death of Hop Yup's parent and a burial at sea.

Immediately Moy Wing-Sing remembered not only the generation to which the buried man belonged, but also the fact that the man had started from China with another man's certificate of previous residence within the borders of America. Therefore he realized at once that pretty little Hop, if he got ashore at all, would enter the country through some small and unobserved knot-hole still to be found.

Gravely thinking, he approached the bit of bronze babyhood. Well aware

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that any immigrant would jeopardize his own slender chances of landing who attempted to add a youngster to his manifest, he felt himself quite at a loss to cope with the problem which he instantly conceived the situation to involve. To permit little Hop to be sent back to China, all alone, bereft, and even homeless when at last he should arrive, was out of the question absolutely. But what should he do to avert such a course?

"Acknowledged ray of the sun and brightest mood of the moon," he said to the wistful little scamp looking up as he halted before him, "what are you thinking about, that your face is so earnest? Will you come with me? Will you be my own little boy and live in my eyes, that embrace you already? Let me be your parent;—if you will, Hop Yup, I will take you ashore in spite of all the country full of foreign devils."

Now it was natural not only for Moy Wing-Sing to consider all Chinamen, great and small, as inconceivably eager to domicile in California, but also for little Hop Yup to entertain no wishes or notions whatsoever in the premises. Accordingly the acknowledged ray of the sun looked inquiringly up into the wholesome and kindly face of the special agent and winked his two small almond eyes in doubt and diffidence. He likewise felt about him for a certain thumb which he might by accident rediscover and in which he had all confidence.

But the eager Moy, beholding acquiescence to his plan in the tiny countenance upturned to his own, felt excitement knocking on his heart like a bell-ringer lusty at his labors.

There were one or two adult Chinamen remaining on the boat who were needful of expert assistance if landing were still to be accomplished. Heedless of the call of duty, which clearly directed him to aid these countrymen, the artful Moy was presently seen to be marching ashore with his great valise, and chatting in friendly volubility with custom-house and immigration officials in every direction as he went.

It was not, however, till valise and all had disappeared on a car that climbed the hill to Chinatown, and something more than an hour had sped on its way, that some sagacious individual discovered that there had been, and now was not, a tiny Chinese passenger on the steamer with no especial charter to enter the red-white-and-blue dominions. Even then, when searching and inquiry tardily commenced, there was no one who thought to suspect the wholesome Moy Wing-Sing of snatching an acknowledged ray of the sun in broad daylight.

Nevertheless, officious Madam Fate began then and there to schedule events for the future.

II

A one-stringed melody of love came forth in Chinese staccatos from the balcony where Moy Wing-Sing had his residence. It was late in the afternoon of a warm, still day. That the melody apparently halted would have seemed small wonder to one of Occidental meditations, for the house whence the sounds proceeded was sufficiently picturesque to cause almost anything to halt, if only to dwell upon the features of color.

Great signs bedecked the red brick wall, and gilded Chinese letters climbed the perpendicular front as if huge birds with gilded feet had tracked their way toward the roof. Green and yellow cornices, like wooden saws, projected from various footholds. Colored paper hung in banners from the windows. Lanterns, in gorgeousness to shame the solar system, swung idly in their orbits. But particularly opaline and splendid was the "lantern of plenty and blessings" that hung at the brink of Moy Sing's balcony. It was enormous. Its great translucent stomach rounded out to barrel-like dimensions. It glistened with varnish. It rolled in the glory of its red and gold. And yet it seemed so light a bauble that the one-stringed twang of love that issued through the lattice appeared to sway it gently to and fro.

It might have been because it swayed that a certain little Chinese maiden, named Suey Joy, residing on the floor above the balcony already introduced, regarded the great gold lantern as a heart. Indeed, she had named it with some weird composite word that signified not only her own little heart, but the heart of Moy Wing-Sing in the bargain. That the music Moy was creating caused the joyous systole and diastole of the

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lantern she knew by the token of what it effected in her own little palpitating bosom. But when she had dared to confess to herself that all her love went tumbling down into Moy Sing's lantern at his window, only half her troubles were numbered.

Alas! Moy Sing returned no love for all she poured down across the gilded bird-tracks. He had doubtless forgotten that she lived. He had met her but once, when he helped her to land with her father from the steamer; and since then, often as she had looked from her window to see him returning to or departing from the door of his house, he had never even known that she was watching.

So this late afternoon his one-stringed fretting of love was not for her; and this she knew. But, oh, how she longed to take her father's coiled-up rope with its stout iron hook and fish up the lantern, to fill it with tokens of love! It might make everything so different! All this she thought upon full often, yet she dared not act. And while she slyly watched and sighed at the lattice she beheld the merchant Kwang Chow come leisurely strolling down the street and pause to smoke his black cigar reflectively within the radius of the melody Moy was sawing from his instrument. She knew that Kwang was enjoying the music. Why should he not? He was honored that the handsome Moy should ask for the hand of his daughter. Suey Joy was not, therefore, so much surprised as pained when Kwang began to nod his head in satisfaction, turning as he did so to enter the dwelling of the musical performer. Kwang was a connoisseur on one-stringed transports and longings.

The merchant, when he had climbed the stairs, knocked on the door, and hearing the summons to enter, went as it were inside the frame of a picture he had not been prepared to expect. There was Moy Wing-Sing in all realism, fiddle in hand, and welcome athrone on his visage; there were pipes and wines and confections, ample and appropriate to all occasions; there were comfort and invitation, forsooth, in abundance; but there also, and unaccountably, was the prettiest and tiniest and green-red-and-yellowest-attired little scamp of a baby boy that ever was landed illegally—to wit, Hop Yup, immigrant, four hands high. He was sitting on the floor, in all the tint of his silken raiment. He was looking up at the merchant with soft brown eyes so questioning that the man somehow felt himself accused.

"Respected and venerable possessor of a million ancestors," said Moy Wing-Sing, by way of salutation, "I would I might order back the sun, to give you adequate welcome to my wretched cave."

Merchant Kwang looked away from the "mood of the moon" somewhat darkly.

"Esteemed Moy Sing, the sun is shining in your presence," he answered. Then he added, "Politeness requires me to ask how and when you came into possession of this embryo of future generations."

He meant little Hop. Politeness exacted no such inquiries at all, as he himself, and Moy as well, very thoroughly comprehended. He was making, in fact, an offensive demand for information which he knew he would get from a possible son-to-be, who would risk no breaches of amity by proper resentment.

It was, in fact, not a moment for Moy to quibble on points of Oriental etiquette. He therefore explained all he deemed it wise to impart as to the origin of little Hop Yup and the manner in which he had arrived in the glorious union of States.

Kwang Chow pacified his face as best he could, for wee plebeian Hop was not to his liking in the least particular. The merchant had heard more than rumors of the case before. He knew that the baffled inspectors of immigration were searching with no little diligence to discover not only who it was that had "landed a Chinaman" beneath their very noses, but also where their Chinaman was hiding.

"My esteemed young friend," he said, "I commend your shrewdness. You doubtless contemplate disposing of your charge to your own financial advantage."

He knew by the way the acknowledged ray of the sun was apparelled that Moy meditated doing nothing of the sort.

As for Moy himself, he was acutely shocked by the thought of marketing his pretty little comrade.

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"Revered benefactor and receptacle of wisdom," was the young man's moderate answer, "I should always desire that a son might close my eyes when at length my end shall arrive, and this child is already the established beginning of a family, therefore not to be lightly despised."

"I do not despise him lightly," the merchant responded in all truth. "But my daughter could never wreathe her forehead in the honorable humility of motherhood if the first-born of her husband were the merest waif and not his own by any manner whatsoever."

Moy Wing-Sing entertained his own conceptions of what his wife-to-be would feel and do, in a case like this, but he wisely denied himself the luxury of fashioning retorts.

"There are always depths so profound in your counsel that the young may not readily discern the bottom, most eminent worshipper at a thousand graves," he said. "I must therefore crave a day or two of time in which to examine the beauties of your observations, the better to suit my final determinations to a course most satisfactory to all concerned."

"This is well said," Kwang told him, parentally.

The merchant strongly desired him to wed with his daughter, and yet he was certain the younger man would cleave to the pretty little Hop with tenacity. Not entirely satisfied with Moy's ambiguous reply, yet constrained to accept it or advertise a perturbed and unreasonable state of mind, the merchant excused himself from the feast of tobacco and sweets, soon retiring from the place, the more privately to mature a thought in his head which might yet hatch out a plan. He had closed his garden of descendants against the entrance of little Hop Yup decisively; the problem remaining for solution was that of retaining Moy Wing-Sing, minus the child, in the family.

When certain his illustrious visitor had actually gone, Moy Sing sped softly to tiny Hop Yup where he sat on the floor, and took him in hunger to his heart.

The little fellow caught his breath in a baby gasp at the sudden upward flight, then sat still on the strong supporting arm, winking gravely, and looking at the eyes so near his own in questioning.

"I could not let you go, little mood of the moon," said the foster-parent, tenderly. His eyes must then have become something reminiscent at least of those other two eyes that always before had banished timidity, for presently the tiny mite of a man put his warm little hand on Moy Sing's smooth face and held it there in content.

III

Inasmuch as a one-stringed fiddle could voice no counsel worthy of deep attention, the instrument lodging with Moy Wing-Sing made less than a squeak all the following day.

From her lattice above, Suey Joy was watching and listening, disturbed in her mind to interpret the silence of the long afternoon. Boded it ill or boded it hopelessness only that Moy should cease his melody of love? Had he quarrelled with Kwang Chow, the father of a bride-to-be, or did he meditate in sadness upon the near approach of the wedding?

But while she was thinking, and borrowing heart's distresses from all the million Chinese omens, her neighbor's wife came climbing up the stairs and told her a snack of the tale of little Hop Yup and his entrance to the foreign devils' country. She imparted likewise some little intelligence concerning the youngster's present sanctuary. Suey's heart had thereupon felt added cause for perturbation. She asked all the questions allotted to maidens of modesty by the code of Confucius, unaware that she could with safety depend upon any female creature to repeat all that she knew, with ingenious variations.

When her visitor was gone, therefore, and the afternoon was finally sped, Suey pressed her heart against the lattice, as if both the love and the further information she craved were just outside the window. Moreover, she showered down her fond emotions in such profusion that she felt they must certainly overflow the big gold lantern at Moy Sing's balcony and presently inundate his apartments.

But Moy was insensible of all that lightsome torrent. Indeed, he was wholly engrossed with worries of his own. His mind refused to arrange itself in the order of wisdom, for his heart resisted all thought of relinquishing his wee ray

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of the sun. So often as contemplation of partings harassed his nature, poor Moy was wont to gather his little green-red-and-yellow lump of silk and baby to his heart and hold him there as if all the pangs in his bosom were fiends come to snatch away his happiness forever.

He had yearned over tiny Hop Yup at the moment of their meeting. He loved him now with a passion as pure and unswerving as wind over prairies.

What answer he could make to merchant Kwang he had not as yet been able to conceive. Indeed, he knew less about what he would say than did Kwang himself. That sagacious old Chinese gentleman had, in fact, determined that measures to secure the elimination of Hop Yup from the situation would be indispensable, since he could place no reliance on Moy Sing's inclinations. He had busied himself that afternoon accordingly.

It chanced that supporting his doubts and harrowings all by himself had so wrought upon Moy that he could not contain himself in calmness in his room. He paced to the window where swung his monster lantern; he strode again to the questioning little Hop, who looked at him always so earnestly; he returned as before to the balcony, there to gaze out upon the color-splashed thoroughfare of Chinatown.

He was standing thus behind his shutters, when he presently found his attention focussed on a group of men in a doorway next to the distant corner on the street below. The group was significant. First, there was the eminent merchant Kwang Chow, slyly pointing upward, as if at the lantern so brimming full of Suey Joy's devotions; next, there were three of the well-known inspectors of immigration.

Instantly a faint suspicion of the truth was conveyed to the mind of Moy Sing. Old crafty Kwang, too clever to open a breach between himself and a son-in-law prospective by a candid repudiation of little Hop Yup, had incubated a scheme to permit the immigration officials to find the illegally landed "Chinaman" they sought, and deport him to China forthwith. Even now, as he pointed upward to Moy Sing's window from his place of concealment in the doorway, the illustrious receptacle of wisdom explained that Moy Wing-Sing was an innocent friend, and nothing more, of the man who had actually smuggled the offending little passenger ashore. The proud old father of a marketable daughter desired no taint of suspicion to rest upon the man he would honor by accepting in his family.

But Moy, beholding this perfidy, naturally gathered no sense of the sweetness and charity with which old Kwang's manœuvre was being manipulated. He shrank from the window as if already he were seen. He ran to the tiny brown Hop where he sat, and catching him up in his arms, faced the door with tigerish wellings of parenthood rife in his breast.

Back to the window he crept, however, panting like a hunted animal. A wild hope that his own anxiety had prompted his brain to a false alarm lived for a moment, till he came to the casement. Then he saw the inspectors nearly half-way already to the street door below. He was smitten as by a blow at the sight.

Glancing swiftly about him for any place of safety in which to conceal little Hop, he felt his agony increase. There was no sure retreat for the refuge even of a youngster so small. There was, moreover, no chance for escape by the stairs with the child in his arms.

For one mad second he thought of fight. But not a weapon did he have in the room—and what could his two naked fists avail him with three stout inspectors to challenge?

He heard their steps upon the stairs.

His breath came hard. He trembled where he stood. He ran to the window. Not a soul was in sight in all the street. There swung his great red bauble of plenty and blessings, loaded with love from the casement overhead.

With a sudden sense of inspiration he leaned straight out of the window and dropped little Hop Yup gently into the lantern.

Swiftly but noiselessly closing the blinds, he sped to his table, and catching up a bamboo brush, plumped it hotly in his basin of ink and began to make prehistoric bird-tracks down the length of a piece of yellow paper, with every indication of industry.

Knocking for the sake of ceremony,

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. E. Pettit

THE RESCUE OF LITTLE HOP YUP

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and instantly entering in the interests of business, the inspectors appeared on the threshold the moment that Moy was composing his features for the interview. He looked up in fine astonishment and pleasure.

"Hello! How do, Insplector Blown?" said he. "You come see me go stleamer? Oh, I tink no China stleamer come to-day. No? You come maybe see my house—git slegar for smoke? Me velly glad see insplector any time come my house. You sit down have a dlink China wine, Insplector Blown?"

"No, Moy, I guess not to-day," said Brown, atilt for immigrants, and nearly as amazed to find none as a hawk whose rabbit has dived into the ground. "We just dropped in to see if you know where a kid Chinaman is that some cute Ki Yi smuggled ashore from the Hong-kong steamer a few days ago. Didn't a friend of yours bring the kid to you?"

Swiftly leaping on the gist of the tale which the respected Kwang Chow had invented, Moy Sing was not laggard in the story line himself.

"Oh yes, my flen' Kwang Chow have 'nother Chinaman bling one small China baby here nis molling," said he, with ready and revengeful mendacity. "Him gone 'way, one, two hour now, take small baby somewhere, I don't know, you savvy?"

"I thought old foxy Kwang was up to something slick," said Brown to his two associates, *sotto voce*, and then he added to Moy, "Who is the friend of Kwang who's got the kid?"

"Oh, me not know him velly well; him not belong my company," Moy answered. "I tink him name Kow Lung. Not know where he live. Oh, him velly sma't Chinaman."

"There ain't more than five hundred Kow Lungs in town," growled one of Brown's associates.

"That's all right; I don't give it up," was Brown's rejoinder. "Thanks, Moy," he supplemented as before. "Sorry to have troubled you. Bye!"

"No take dlink? Have slegar," said Moy.

He ran to the men with a fistful of Chinese-made cigars, which were readily accepted.

Then when they were gone he stood there panting, and staring at the door, incapable of crediting his senses. It could not be true that a ruse so simple had succeeded.

He heard the bang of the door that closed below, but he dared not go to the window, for the sickening fear of detection still pregnant in his being.

In the mean time, however, Madam Fate was busily improving even the least significant of her opportunities. It happened that love-lorn Suey Joy, above at her window, had noted the march of inspectors on the house of Moy, with a trepidation at her heart which naught could pacify. In her fear of some unnamed calamity about to befall her heart's desire, she even forgot the big red heart of herself and Moy which the lantern below had so potently seemed.

With anguish she saw the inspectors disappear in the door of the building. Breathlessly she waited and watched for something to happen. Unable to see what was occurring from her lattice, she ran to her door, drew it open, and listened, her hand on the fluttering wings of her heart, her breath softly prisoned by her lips. When the door of Moy's apartment closed behind the entering officials, she could hear no more. To her window she sped as before, in distress and suspense, and opening the lattice, she looked below.

Presently, blinking her almond eyes in unbelief, she gazed intently into the depths of the monster lantern, now too heavy to sway in the twilight zephyr. Could such things be?—or were eyes but dreamers? There in the lantern, snugly tucking his tiny feet beneath the green, red, and yellow of his silken raiment, was the sweetest Chinese cupid conceivable, looking right straight up in her face in the wistfulest manner in all the world, and holding his wee plump hand against the tight-stretched side of the bauble, as if to steady his floating abode. Moreover, his little red bud of a mouth was pursed with anxiety, and questioning loitered in his eyes. He looked up for several minutes steadily, as Suey looked down. Her heart was throbbing to the beat of motherhood suddenly come to her nature. Divination of Moy Sing's anxieties came upon her, bringing a yearning too vast to be denied. If only she could help him

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hide his little immigrant from the argus-eyed officials!

Then tiny Hop, in the big red heart, raised one little hand toward her, as if in petition to be taken. She could bear no more of her worry and hunger.

Impulsively she ran to the coil of rope she had longed so often to employ, and shaking out its hempen lengths, saw the hook go dangling down toward the wondering baby.

She fished in haste; she fished in despair of catching the lantern. Galvanically twitching her rope up at a sound that frightened her half to death, she caught the bail that supported the weight of the baby, and found herself suddenly responsible for all the sweet burden on the cord.

Therefore in double desperation she drew up the rope with all her might. And hardly had she lifted in the lantern and closed the lattice when the three immigration inspectors emerged on the street and cast a glance, half suspicion, half baffled inquiry, up at all the windows.

Naturally the ordeal through which he had passed rendered Moy Wing-Sing extremely cautious and somewhat unstrung.

Fear that Hop Yup might attempt to climb out of the lantern dominated all else very soon, however, and gliding to his window on tiptoe, the anxious foster-parent looked furtively out between the shutters.

Then his heart lost a beat.

The lantern was gone. For a moment his mind refused to believe it. Pale, deathly sick at his heart, he could think of one terrible thing only—the lantern had fallen to the street below!

Unable to sustain the thought, mindless of cautions or anything else, he suddenly struck the blinds open in a frenzy and looked down. His gaze sped everywhere, to right and left, along the dusk-softened walls, in a vain, wild search. A groan escaped him. He sank to his knees.

In his very unreason of despair, he shot one look above—and beheld his lantern come lightly forth from a window, find a wooden support, and sway there like a heart at peace.

It was Suey Joy's big sign of hope and blessings, thoughtfully swung where his anxious gaze would travel.

In the bounding haste of a gladness too fierce to be contained, poor Moy sped at once through his door and up the stairs. He burst in on the blushing Suey Joy in a manner highly offensive to Confucian schemes of etiquette, but peculiarly acceptable to the modest little Oriental lady.

"Oh — supernally — esteemed Moy—Wing-Sing," she faltered, holding the clinging little Hop to her bosom with arms so curved by nature for the purpose, "I feared—I feared they would find him. My heart—prompted all. My heart it is must crave your august forgiveness."

"Oh, little Hop—oh, little one—little one," said Moy, in his outburst of tenderness; and utterly oblivious of fine distinctions for the largess of his love, he took the wee youngster, and the Chinese maiden as well, in his arms.

And when at last he was almost calm, and almost sure that Hop was indeed quite safe, he thought in anger of merchant Kwang Chow.

"Suey Joy," said he, in this newer mood, "do you truly love my parentless little Hop Yup?"

"Truly, O illustrious Moy Sing—indeed truly," answered Suey, in all sweet honesty.

"If he has a mother," then said Moy, who loved her abruptly for her beauty and the heart of goodness in her bosom, —"if he had but a mother, the foreign-devil inspectors will be no longer enabled to distinguish little Hop from the children whose privilege of domicile is not in question. Will you deign, Suey Joy, to be a mother to my child?"

And Suey felt her heart do wondrous things by way of answer.

It came to pass on the following eve that merchant Kwang Chow strolled leisurely down the street and passed beneath the balcony of Moy Sing's window. He somehow felt he had missed a trick. He naturally wished for confirmation of the hint. It will be permissible to repeat at this juncture that Kwang was a connoisseur on Chinese music, for tonight he heard, and was somewhat enabled to interpret, a three-stringed melody of love and devotion.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE report that this department has been endowed in the sum of fifteen or twenty-five hundred thousand dollars by a philanthropist who is sorry for his money is at least premature. Whatever the self-reproaches of philanthropists may be, and however much they may wish to hallow their gains by high giving, they have not yet taken the line of atonement open to them in seeking the promotion of pure literature. The very best of them, one whom an essayist of self-respect could receive on equal terms, and ask to sit down in his presence, has not yet approached us with a check of above half the lowest amount named. The philanthropists, each and every, may be still corrupting universities, limiting the sale of books by the founding of free libraries, building expiatory chapels, and cumbering hospitals with superfluous help, but they have not yet overtly imagined offering us a gift proportioned to our merit and influence. Nevertheless, if the impression to the contrary is widely diffused, it is perhaps not too soon for us to indulge the pleasures of fancying it a fact, and rearing from the gay hypothesis an edifice of supposition in which we may invite the reader to dwell with us a while.

I

We may confide to the reader at once that we have often wondered what we should do with the income of such an endowment if it were once really ours. We should of course treat it as a sacred trust, and after making due provision for our own comfort, and securing for ourselves the leisure to write exemplary essays without the intrusion of other literary cares, we hope we should look about and see what could be done for less happily situated brethren of the pen. A favorite scheme of ours has long been the establishment of a museum of literary properties for the use of intending popular novelists. This class of novelists has, contrary to all our expectations and predictions, increased so rapidly that something of the sort is peremptorily demanded. Its lack is what might be called, with regard to the infantile intelligences concerned, a crying want, and the proposed museum should unite with the entertainment afforded by the collections the instruction imparted by the kindergarten methods. It should consist, in other words, of a variety of object-lessons, beginning with plots derived from the remotest antiquity, and represented in all their differentiation down to those of our own day. As clothes are, in that school of fiction, much more important than characters, costume should be very fully shown in every period, not only in its correct form, but as the literary tailors and mantua-makers have mistaken it. The works of the various romantic authors should of course stock the shelves of the museum, and large maps or charts, illustrating in very coarse print their styles of managing the standard incidents and episodes, should adorn the walls. Card catalogues indexing the salient events and motives of the leading romantic fictions, together with an exhaustive selection of the typical heroes and heroines, should be provided, so that the intending novelist could either study the materials of his work in loose, bold outline, or refine upon its construction in the utmost detail. Mechanical dolls of every description would be lavishly supplied: heroes in the act of rescuing heroines or making love to them; heroes that could utter vows, and heroines that could shed tears, or emit passionate sighs; villains that could swear strange oaths of all patterns; obdurate fathers that could frown, and tender mothers that could implore; adversaries engaged in single combat, or a dozen dying by the thrusts of the good sword of a single defender of helpless innocence. Of course the figurines would each represent all the known modifications of its type; and besides these, we would have for the encouragement of the young novelist effigies of the different kinds of readers as affected by the Largest Selling Book of the year, or month, or day. Portraits of the Largest Selling Authors would be shown with the rapid vicissitude of the changing photographs of Pear's

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forty-seven kinds of pickles, so as to convey a notion of the rapidity with which immortality is lost and won in the field of popular fiction. Every facility and appliance for the manufacture of historical novels would be supplied in our museum, which would be equipped with a kitchen for the supply of Barmecide meals to the students.

II

The establishment of a museum of popular fiction, however, would be only one of the many aims to which a handsomely endowed department would devote itself. We have long observed that in most of the magazine poems the poetry is in the proportion of one line to twenty, if it is quite so high. It is not very much higher in the great majority of the classics of all tongues and ages, but with the multiplication of the modern inventions, and the discoveries in so many branches of scientific study, the improvement in the expression of the "simple, sensuous, passionate" impulse, as Milton has defined poetry, has not been commensurate. Our notion, therefore, would be to cut out the redundant verbiage, and reduce each printed poem to the dimensions of the one poetic idea embodied in it. This might require a line, or half a line, or half-dozen lines for its development, though whatever its requirements, it should be rigidly held to them. But it would not be reasonable to expect either the publisher or the poet to sacrifice the superficial area of their common property, merely to save the reader's time. We should therefore put aside a certain portion of the income from our endowment for the compensation of poets who lost money by the retrenchment of their utterances to the dimensions of their emotions; and we should trust that the publishers would be able to make themselves good by devoting the space gained to some sort of paying advertisements; at any rate, we should not care so much for them, for they represent merely that commercial interest in the enterprise which we have learned to contemn in every instance. We should expect that when once established, the principle involved would work a change whose beneficence would be felt in many directions. Sermons, lectures, addresses, after-dinner speeches, under its effect, might take a tabloid character which would leave an overworked world much more leisure for golf, billiards, and basket-ball than it now enjoys; and the cultivated classes, if they could not be preserved from race suicide, might eke out their last moments in much less discomfort than they now experience from the intellectual diet offered them.

In this connection, also, we should offer a prize to the first editor approximating a standard of payment for quality in the compensation of authors, so that these might not be tempted, in their necessity, to give him quantity instead. Our ideal would be an editor who gave as much for a story of three pages, if it were very good, as for a story of thirteen, or for an essay of a single page as for an article of a dozen pages, if the strength of these were concentrated in the smaller space. As before, we should expect the publisher to compensate himself by the insertion of paying advertisements, which, now that advertisements are so imaginatively written, would be a much more acceptable sort of literature.

In order to stimulate invention among novelists, we should offer another prize for the discovery of a new situation, or a novel motive, or a more crucial crisis, suitable for use at the end of a monthly instalment, than any now in use. Still another prize would be given to some student of literary methods who should invent a fashion of writing dialogue so as to avoid such locutions as "laughed Victorine," "maliciously smiled the subtle Alberta," "went on the tiresome girl," "suggested the hapless victim," "scowled the atrocious scoundrel," as descriptive adjuncts of precedent dramatic phrases.

The department would do much indirectly to encourage a preference for clear and simple diction in writers of all classes, and would adopt a system of prizes for agents discovering proofs of the advancement of polite learning in any direction. Missionaries, in certain limited number, would be sent out to combat the superstition that style is something which may be, with great pains and expense, put into a man, by the studied imitation of master stylists, and for the propagation of the true faith that style is something which can only come

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out of a man, and is nothing but his peculiar way of saying things, as personal to him as his voice or his walk, or his delight in sweets, or salted almonds. We should be inclined to restore the office of public hangman for the purpose of having all lists of Best Hundred Books burnt at the stake, and for bringing to justice such capital criminals as can be found to have suggested Courses of Reading to ingenuous youth.

But our system would always be much more compensative than punitive; we should seek out merit, and reward that, rather than inflict penalties for offences. If the income from our principal would allow, we should employ a corps of typewriters, accomplished in the neglected arts of spelling, punctuating, and capitalizing, to write letters to young authors not yet emerged from the chrysalis stage of manuscript into the winged form of print, endeavoring to persuade them that the friendship of old authors can avail them nothing with editors or publishers, who really suspect a latent dishonesty in the old author who approaches them with the work of a new author in his hand, and treat him and his offering with ignominy worthy a felon found with the goods on his person. In furtherance of this end, we are thinking of having a chart designed, somewhat in the spirit of the famous seventeenth-century maps of the *Royaume de Tendre,* exhibiting the true course up

> The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,

in its astonishing contrast with the Royal Road by which the beginner proposes to ascend, with the pull of some one who has already got there. The chart would display the prodigious sinuosities of the way, beginning with the departure from the Fount of Inspiration in the Wilderness of Ambition, and leading by the Morass of the Request of Friends to the open desert of Publication Land. This dreary region would be shown guarded by the fortresses of Magazine Editors and Publishers' Readers, between which the wayfarer may be buffeted back and forth for years. At points on the horizon the Mirages of Defrayed Expenses, and Partial Expenses, and Plates at the Author's Expense, would be seen hovering. Beyond these would lie the Battle-field of Preliminary Success, and at a slight distance from the Hill of Actual Appearance would be placed on one hand the walled City of Criticism, and on the other the Garden of Flattery. It will be difficult to exhibit topographically the perils to which the young author is exposed in his passage between these, but all possible aids to the imagination will be supplied in the chart. Farther on, directly under the path he is to tread, will be found marked the Mine of Detraction, and a little farther, the swift Torrent of Oblivion. But if the traveller passes these in safety, he comes to the foot of the steep, which he begins to ascend with the weak legs and laboring breath of age. As he catches sight of the temple he descries a multitude of strange, buoyant forms, bobbing about on the ground, and beating themselves against the sides of the sacred fane, and arriving through the air in constantly increasing numbers. These are the Windbags of the Big Sellers, and if he can find his way among them he enters the temple and makes himself at home so far as to select the stone under which he would like to be entombed.

We should expect from the dissemination of this chart results which would gratify the most exacting philanthropist, and the most jealous of having his gift applied to the best purposes. The study of it would deter many authors from attempting the literary career, and those who have the innate force for this would be strengthened by the serious considerations to which it would invite them. With our Museum of Popular Fiction, it would form such a body of practical instruction as the whole republic of letters does not now afford; but the chart would be of wider usefulness, we think, than even the museum, because it would appeal to the whole race of authors, and not merely to a specialized branch.

Some further notice of its characteristics can be gained from a comparison of our general prospectus with the actual *Carte de Tendre,* first published in Mademoiselle de Scudéry's great romance of *Clélie,* and now very recently reproduced by Professor T. F. Crane, of Cornell University, in his delightful comment on

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Boileau's "dialogue in the manner of Lucian," on *Les Héros de Roman:* that is, the heroes of that particular form of the historical romance which in the seventeenth century preceded the more eclipsing inventions of the nineteenth. Professor Crane's comment, indeed, is a very compendious essay on the whole school of heroical romance, as it flourished among the *précieuses* of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and the many people of both sexes who wished to be like them. It appears that there were perhaps not more idle persons in the world then and there than there are now everywhere, but that such as they were they were much more idle, for they had the enormous leisure requisite for reading novels in eight or ten folio volumes, beside which our present popular fictions are mere tracts, or leaflets. We need not suppose that these vast fictions were taken more seriously than our present fictions by anybody but the sentimentalists who wrote them, if even they were always quite in earnest about them; but they certainly had the cry, and not to have read or pretended to have read *Clélie* or *Le Grand Cyrus* was to have classed one's self with the ignoble and unfashionable who did not know what was going on in the smart world. Just as now young people ask each other if they have read the last big seller, and are put to their utmost invention to make out that they have, so then it was *de rigueur* that one should have at one's tongue's end at least the plot of these immense romances. In the mean time, of course, they were a good deal mocked at, and their authors and readers were the laughter of the wise, who were not able at all to abash them. It is astonishing how in every period of great folly everybody more or less knows it is folly, and how the folly is not the least affected by the fact. It was all very well for Byron to say, two hundred years after, that—

> Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away

by his Don Quixote, but Cervantes did nothing of the kind. Spain went on reading the romances of chivalry, with Amadis de Gaul in one hand and the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure in the other, and Cervantes himself knew how hopeless his tilt with the windmill was, and wrote his *Persiles and Sigismunda,* so as to be friends with the folly which he was piercing at every joint of its pasteboard armor. We are not instructed, at least by Professor Crane, that Boileau wrote an heroic novel after having written his dialogue in the manner of Lucian to bring the heroic novel into open ridicule, but he probably would have done so if he had duly looked to his own interest, or considered how hopeless it is to combat any form of folly. Folly has been shot at as it flew by satirists ever since the race began, and we have it with us still in undiminished vitality, and with unimpaired powers of aerostation. It is perhaps not such a very bad thing; at any rate it is better than vice, which the satirists long lashed in vain. We have only to think that the readers of the big sellers might now be eating opium, or drinking to excess, in order to realize how much better folly is than vice; how, indeed, it is one of the greatest safeguards from vice: people must do something with their emptiness.

III

All the same, we commend Professor Crane's agreeable essay to our reader, and desire to hold it up as an illustration of the fact that our universities are doing work of the highest service to literature in a form well suited to extend their influence among non-university students. If a little more openly learned, it is of like popular appeal with the labors of Professor T. R. Lounsbury, of Yale, which but for their thoroughness we should rather have called his diversions, in another field, not so very far removed in time and interest. We have already spoken here of his essays on *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist,* and now we have to own in his *Shakespeare and Voltaire* the same charm that we found in the earlier book. Both are in pursuance of his studies of *The Shakespeare Wars,* which will be followed further in a volume dealing with the controversies concerning the text of Shakespeare; but the present volume has a range of its own that we find peculiarly agreeable. Few figures in literary history have the lasting interest of Voltaire's, and he was never more characteristic than in his attitude towards Shakespeare. He first

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discovered Shakespeare, and in the act of laying open that vast, strange continent to the polite curiosity of his countrymen, he freely plundered it. Then it seemed to him better to close it to explorers, and he spent the rest of his life, from time to time, in denying its habitable character, if not its natural riches. He did not manage this without a great deal of lying, and it is with his lies, gross and palpable, and so little like their subtle author, that Professor Lounsbury has largely to do. His book, in fact, is a delightful study of that mixed character of Voltaire's which must render him forever one of the most interesting of men. It is all very well to say that the great simple figures are of the most import; perhaps they are, but you are soon done with them; you pluck out the heart of their mystery with no trouble; but the children of duplicity are the fellow-beings who most tease you out of thought, or keep you questioning. Voltaire was a great body of courageous truth, but with him you had to get past an outwork of falsehood which long held the world at bay, and hindered it from the real value of the man. This has now been so thoroughly ascertained, however, that it is perfectly safe to own the lies which formed his curious defence: the most complicated and unscrupulous lies that there ever were, not excepting even those of Alexander Pope. Professor Lounsbury cannot help treating of the whole nature of the man in studying his relation to Shakespeare, and some words of his last chapter throw, with their sort of amiable luminosity, a light upon the entire Voltaire which is very suggestive. "It was the dislike and dread which he felt for the great Elizabethan which forces upon the attention one of the most curious phases of Voltaire's character. It is a striking example of the inconsistency of human nature that the great apostle of tolerance in matters of religion and government was one of the most intolerant of men in matters of literature. To read his words, one would fancy that fire, fagot, and sword, had it lain in his power, would have been the doom of those who persisted in promulgating opinions which he deemed injurious to art. When it came to the infliction of the penalty, the real kindliness of his nature would have led him to spare the destined victim; but the spirit which prompted the persecution would never have been absent. . . . Without realizing it he made use of precisely the same sort of arguments for protecting the integrity of the one which excited his derision when applied to the defence of the other. . . . That he failed at times to render the justice he demanded is little more than an illustration of the infirmities of our common nature. But much can be forgiven to one who did so much for his fellow-men."

Such contributions to literary knowledge as Professor Crane's and Professor Lounsbury's encourage us against some sprightly pessimism regarding the established methods of education in Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee's essays on *The Lost Art of Reading,* in which we have not indeed followed him *pari passu,* but in which we have from time to time joined him with great pleasure. If the university can foster in its veteran teachers so much natural grace and charm as one must feel in these authors, why despair of the university? Still, there is much to make one pause in Mr. Lee's book, though whether reading is a lost art may remain a question. Perhaps it never was an art more than now, or perhaps none of the arts have been lost. Or perhaps Mr. Lee is not altogether serious in declaring it so. He may be merely wishing us to realize how dreadful it would be if it really were, and he certainly gives us misgivings. But where his usefulness, not easily distinguishable from his agreeableness, mostly comes in is in his insistence upon reading as something that can never edify unless it pleases. One of his most frequent contentions, for instance, is that literature cannot be imparted by the analytical methods employed in "teaching" it. "Literature is addressed to all of a man's body, and to all of his soul. . . . Unless books play upon his spiritual and mental sensibilities while he reads, he cannot be considered a cultivated man. . . . Great literature makes its appeal to the sense-perceptions permeated with spiritual suggestions. . . . To teach a pupil all that can be known about a great poem is to take the poetry out of him and to make the poem prose to him forever."

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Editor's Study.

I

WE are listening to something being sung in the next room. The singing has been going on some time almost unnoticed; but suddenly our attention has been arrested; more than that, we are taken up (which is the English of the Latin *rapture*) and borne along upon the current, "upon the wings of song." We cannot make out the words,—do not care to or need to; we are moved by the feeling, and we comprehend a meaning which the words might limit.

Such songs are like music itself, with such enhancement as comes through the human voice. But there are others whose distinction involves an element not given in the mere musical form, needing therefore for their full appreciation the particular thought distinctly expressed in words. Take, for instance, the little song "The night has a thousand eyes." Here we add the charm of poetry to that of music—a charm which seems more distinctive when we pass from the lyrical to other styles of verse.

When, therefore, we consider what is essential to poetic form, we must postulate something deeper than the objective form, the result of a metrical arrangement of sounds, with or without rhyme. We are naturally surprised that Sidney Lanier, following Poe, should declare that poetic rhythm is merely a matter of acoustics. The most excellent versification will not make a poem, and may not possess rhythm.

Rhythm is wholly of subjective sensibility. A certain velocity of vibrations will mechanically produce a singing sound, and we may call the machine through which this is effected a "Siren"—but it was not thus the Sirens sang. These quickened vibrations in an animate organization—as in the throat of the bird—are not merely mechanical, they are heightened by the physiological pulsations of vibrant life. Beyond this is that psychological heightening of impulse which is essential to poetic rhythm.

Probably it is this heightening that Professor Mark H. Liddell in his *Introduction to the Scientific Study of English Poetry* calls "Attention-Stress"—a rather tough term for it—and which he declares to be the fundamental element in shaping our English verse-form: "This stress material is the very warp of the poet's verse. It is the punctuating material which divides the poetry into varying rhythm-figures of ever-changing beauty and harmony."

Those critics who lean toward the acoustic theory advanced by Poe and Lanier might say that there is the same stressed impulse, and having the same effect, in all impassioned prose, and that there should be some clear distinction—especially in scientific definition—between this kind of prose and what is technically designated as poetry. On the other hand, it may be as justly claimed that, even in a formal definition of poetry, the acoustic theory is so narrow as to exclude the most essential element of poetic rhythm.

We are too much accustomed to think of *form* in art as if it were consciously accepted, like a fashion, just as the laws of Nature are too generally thought of as imposed upon the physical universe. The creative, in structural embodiment, becomes formative. The form is not imposed upon poetry, but owes its own genesis to the poetic impulse. Objectively it seems the form produced by a certain succession of sounds; really the form is first psychological and dominates the succession.

The effect produced upon us by poetry depends upon the psychological impulse, heightened—or stressed, if you choose—into rhythmical motion; but this effect cannot be divorced from the meaning. To go back to the songs heard in the next room,—several had passed unnoticed, and these were doubtless technically faultless in their harmony. What was lacking was something psychologically dynamical and compelling. This something in poetry constitutes its subjective rhythm.

Because it is human, the poetic harmony discloses the individual spirit in its inmost motions, its peculiar tempera-

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ment. Culture heightens and varies its charm, availing of manifold implications and associations.

It is easy to mistake a mental for an artistic value, and so to call a writer a great poet when he is simply a great philosopher or an original thinker, just as we may give a painter undue praise for his art because of a purely intellectual interest awakened by his work. One may write sheer prose in iambics. Wordsworth is often more thoughtful, in the ordinary sense, in his least poetical works, like "The Excursion," than in his greatest lyrics. In the latter the thought is winged and vibrant—having the meaning that prompts rhythm.

II

We have received the following communication protesting against the moral effect of Mark Twain's story published in our December number, entitled, "Was it Heaven? Or Hell?"

"Was it Heaven? Or Hell?" asks Mark Twain in his striking story in the December *Harper*, and the present writer, at least, is compelled to answer, "Neither; but Purgatory," and to enter, before it is too late, a kindly, but most earnest, remonstrance against what he deems the (to say the least) misleading moral of the story. To me there is something pitiful and demoralizing in this picture of a dying woman and her dying child fed on pleasing falsehoods by two aunts goaded to the shame by a dishonest and (though in no selfish sense) politic physician; and I cannot bear that it should pass to have its silent but cogent influence upon the people's practice and habit of thought without some one's earnest questioning. Surely we do not need any persuasives to untruthfulness. Surely we are not so morbidly devoted to truth-speaking that it has become a hurtful superstition, out of which we must be lured or reasoned.

I have spoken of the "cogent influence" of the story in question, and yet if the writer of it felt there was such a superstition, he has certainly, for some minds, overshot the mark in his effort to correct it. The first deception is seen to become the fruitful mother of unnumbered others, while the very pathos of the story, so ingeniously wrought out, arouses the reader's suspicion and inquiry; as in the case of a friend I had asked to read it, and whose significant comment was, that it advocated a deal of "unnecessary" lying. What, for example, could be more heart-breaking than the look which that dying woman turns into her aunt's face, and her words as she whispers: "Others one could not trust; but you two guardian angels—steel is not so true as you. Others would be unfaithful; and many would deceive and lie." What wonder that "Hester's eyes fell, and her poor lips trembled." Indeed, how could she bear the shame of deceiving that trusting soul on the verge of its departing! And yet—why should the aunts have felt such shame and remorse over a deed of mercy? Was it not because mercy and *truth* had not met in it; *righteousness* and peace had not kissed each other? They had spoken in love, but not "the truth in love." Was a great sorrow and calamity to be averted? Alas, the wise man well declared, "By mercy and truth iniquity is purged": why not also trouble and sorrow? Surely when mother and daughter were reunited in that Land where "thought is speech, and speech is truth," and learned from each other how they had been deceived, they must have felt towards the misguided aunts not resentment indeed, but a tender and holy pity.

Why are we so mistrustful of and for the Truth? Why treat it as a poor, sickly thing, to be swathed and coddled, when it and Love are the twin giants of eternity? Who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? And the poet's question applies not more to the worsting of Truth itself and its being made to appear untrue than to the thwarting of the beneficent results which Truth, loyally adhered to, may be supposed to insure.

Is it asked, who could have resisted the temptation which beset the aunts? Possibly none of us; but to yield to the pressure of a false persuasion is one thing, while deliberately to defend the weakness is a very different one. Why not speak the truth here as we must and shall in that other Land beyond the shadow; speak the truth in love, putting away *all* lying, because here, as there, we are members one of another?

It is the kindly meant falsehood we have most to beware of. Well does Ruskin remind us that "it is not calumny and treachery that do the most harm in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie, the amiable fallacy, the patriotic lie of the historian, . . . the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of every man to himself, that cast that black misery over humanity. . . ."

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"Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.
The fault that needs it most grows two thereby.

"Think truly, and thy thought shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be a grand and noble creed."

H. D. CATLIN.

We give Mr. Catlin's protest a place here because of its beautiful spirit, so akin to Ruskin's that the passage cited from him blends naturally and harmoniously with the texture of the argument, and because the theme provokes comment.

Within the recent memory of our readers several stories have appeared in this Magazine touching this matter of lying. Alfred Ollivant's "The Cleansing of the Lie" did not raise the question with which we are here immediately concerned, but the steward appointed to punish the guilty boy, in proposing to suffer at the boy's hands the same penalty, seems to set aside justice just as the boy had set aside truth—thus raising another question. When a schoolboy confesses to another's guilt and takes the punishment, we have a situation in which both truth and justice are set at naught. We will not ask what emotion this situation would arouse in Mr. Catlin's breast. There are other virtues violated for love's sake—as in Miss Wilkins's story, *The Last Gift,* where the hero finally gives up his honesty for the sake of charity.

Fiat Justitia ruat cœlum. The old Roman maxim, in accordance with which untold heavenly values were sacrificed upon the altar of justice, suggests that the pagan was especially strenuous in the advocacy of virtue—even more than the Christian, who is, if he be not a Pharisee, generally inclined to forget that he has any. No pagan could ever have conceived of vicarious sacrifice as an article of faith. Yet it is the law of nature and of life. Christianity in its radical characteristics transcends all merely formal ethics; one does not enter into the kingdom of grace through the practice of virtue. But we do not need to be unvirtuous that grace may abound. We do not want something less than rectitude, but something more, a heaven above it—that righteousness which is the uplifting power of life, and which characterizes being before it is expressed in doing. The true Christian is the best citizen, better than the laws he is called upon by the state to obey.

All of which is only saying that the principle dominating life transcends any rigid rules laid down for its conduct. The separation, in the gospel parable, of the sheep from the goats is by a vital rather than an ethical judgment. Mention is made of some loving deeds like visiting the sick and the captive and ministering to the needs of the naked and hungry and thirsty — no mention whatever of honesty, truth, or justice.

We make this little preachment that we may clear the field of mere casuistry. It is not a question whether we may do evil that good may come, but whether, for life's sake, we must sometimes break a law in order in the best sense to keep it. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;" that was the spiritual translation of the law—an exaltation of it, while those who regarded the strict letter of it were degrading it.

Often the question as to truth-telling concerns matters of no vital significance in themselves. There are facts the knowledge of which is the property of a single person, wholly at his disposal. No moral element is involved in the facts, no moral obligation compels their disclosure. Inquisition regarding them is an impertinence, and sometimes it resembles the demand of a highwayman, as in the inquiry pressed upon Walter Scott whether he was the author of the Waverley Novels. In this case to evade or decline a reply amounted to a confession of the authorship—the secret became the prey of the highwayman. Scott's prompt denial was dictated by common sense and the instinct of self-protection. No one could attach a moral quality to his denial except such as might be associated with his personal rights. Could the opprobrious epithet of liar be applied to him when all the interests of truth which were involved were those protected by his denial?

But suppose Sir Walter to have in the first place concealed his authorship because of his feeling that the literary profession — and especially that of novel-writing—was beneath the dignity of a

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gentleman. Then a moral element would have entered; he was doing something that, if known, he would be ashamed of. In that case his personal right to the exclusive knowledge of his authorship would have remained, but the denial would have had the same moral quality as attached to the concealment, of which it was a continuation and confirmation. The concealment of wrongdoing injurious to others, whether by the culprit or by any one having knowledge of the act, is a greater moral offence; yet, in the process of law, no one is asked to incriminate himself; the criminal is expected to plead "not guilty," though the false testimony of witnesses is subject to a judicial penalty. The public has a right to the knowledge of all matters injuriously affecting its interests, and the concealment of such matters has precisely the moral quality attaching to the injury itself; concealment by falsification is an aggravation of the offence.

Is it, then, only the bad motive which makes the lie opprobrious? Certainly the needless and wanton lie, with no motive whatever, indicates mental and moral degeneracy, and deserves contempt.

There is a truth that is not merely relative—the truth of life,—something quite distinct from mere veracity, a faithfulness wherein dwell all the virtues in their heavenly robes. Because it is the living truth, it has the quality belonging to all living things, of gentle accommodation and flexibility.

If love is the fulfilling of the law, then may not the promptings of love dominate us in such a case as Mark Twain presents in his story? We knew two good women who during many years made a point of visiting the sick who were near to death. Lest through the tenderness of relatives some illusion might be entertained disguising the mortal issue, these women made it their special business to bring the truth home to the poor sufferers. At last one of them—they were sisters—was stricken with a fatal illness, and the other was as zealous in her efforts to shield the patient from the knowledge of her condition as they had both been sedulously careful hitherto in forcing the plain truth upon their neighbors.

Who is there who would not, if he had the presence of mind, in the face of a panic invent any plausible illusion to prevent it?

Truth is too sacred to be trifled with; but it is possible that in the very fanaticism of our homage we may profane her, neither regarding her proper place nor respecting her heavenly vesture.

In life and nature Truth is not presented to us nakedly, and always her investment consists of illusions. Science tears away the veils. The Copernican theory was a grand disillusionment. But science invents new veils—working hypotheses, like the theory of atoms and that of the ether, curtains between us and the inmost chamber of the temple—themselves to be rent in due time to give place to others. The poet, the lover, and the optimist delight in illusions—multiplying the folds of Truth's garment, so that she may fitly hold her proper place along with the Beautiful and the Good.

Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, author of "The Dutch Founding of New York"—a series of papers concluded in our last number—sends us the following note:

In the first section of my article, published in the February issue of the Magazine, I referred to the "mandatory clause," in the charter of the Dutch West India Company, "ordering the colonization of 'fruitful and unsettled lands.'" I am under a considerable obligation to Professor J. Franklin Jameson, of the University of Chicago, for pointing out to me—in a private letter—that this clause in the charter is not mandatory, but is simply permissive. Mr. Brodhead wrote: "The Company was invested with enormous powers. In the name of the States-General, it *might* make contracts. . . . It was *bound* to advance the peopling of those fruitful and unsettled parts." This statement—joined with the view taken by the States-General of the duties of the Company, as set forth in a minute of June, 1664, in which the charter is reviewed—seemed to me conclusive; and I did not, as I should have done, examine the charter itself. The wording of the charter is absolutely clear: "Voorts populatie van vruchtbare ende onbewoonde Quartieren *mogen* bevorderen ende alles doen dat den dienst der Landen proffiit ende vermeerderinghe vanden handel sal vereysschen." I infer that Mr. Brodhead accepted—without checking off the translation—Mr. O'Callaghan's twisting of *may* into *must*. But that does not excuse my failure to check off Mr. Brodhead—and my consequent perpetuation of an error that I am assured by Professor Jameson has been perpetuated since the year 1798 by all writers who have touched upon this point in the history of New York.—T. A. J.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

BY HELEN HAWTHORNE DALE

"AND you refused them!" Mrs. Brook's rosy lips remained parted for a full half-second, and her blue eyes widened beyond their normal size in sheer amazement. "You refused," she began again when she regained her breath, "six tickets for a concert that I have been particularly wishing to hear! What were you thinking of, to do such a stupid thing—my dear?" Mrs. Brook added the term of endearment somewhat as an after-thought as she suddenly recovered herself. For Mrs. Brook was annoyed, distinctly annoyed. It was bad enough to have had, during the past winter, dinner invitations repeatedly fall on the same evening with their opera night, and to be obliged to witness her husband's unabashed delight at the coincidence, because, of course, on his account she had accepted the dinner invitations; it was bad enough to deny oneself the pleasure of evening concerts and to confine oneself to matinée performances, all because one had happened to marry a man who did not care for music; but to have that same man refuse complimentary tickets from a man like Mr. Hawkins, who ran all the platform celebrities that came to town, and might so easily fall into the habit of sending favors in their direction if properly encouraged,—oh, it was too much.

"I know of so many women, dear," she said to her husband, in atoning for her irritation, "who would be so glad to have an opportunity to hear a little music; and then there are a number of friends to whom I should be glad to show a little attention—friends for whom I have not done much this winter." Her husband kissed her and said nothing. He began to feel the pangs of remorse,—"all over six old tickets," he muttered to himself. "Who would have thought she would care for them, when she can go and buy them if she wishes!"

A day or two later Mr. Brook returned from his business beaming and self-satisfied. "Little girl," he said to his wife, "Hawkins telephoned me again to-day and asked me if I wished some tickets for another concert,—the same thing you wanted so much to hear; a violinist, I believe—Donizel, or some such name.'

"Oh, how delightful! And you took them this time?" cried his wife.

"Yes; I said I would take six tickets. It is for to-morrow afternoon, and he is to send them to my office to-morrow morning, and I will send them up at once to you."

"How unfortunate—I have an engagement to-morrow afternoon!" exclaimed Mrs. Brook. "That theatre party with Edith Rawley



SHE CALLED UP HER FRIEND FROM CHICAGO

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and Mrs. Howes, and—you know, I should hate to miss it; but I can give the tickets away." And Mrs. Brook beamed on her husband, remembering contritely how she had scolded him a day or two before.

Mr. Brook started for his office next morning, reminding his wife that a messenger would be up in half an hour with the tickets, and adding that as Hawkins was personally interested in the concert he must impress upon her the fact that he did not feel it right to accept tickets unless they were to be used.

"Oh, of course, stupid, I understand; they will be used, never you fear," and Mrs. Brook sat down at her desk and planned their distribution. Four she would send to that nice girl Mildred Clarke, who was president of the recently formed club to which she herself belonged, and would ask her to use them as she liked. "Any member of the club is welcome to them," she wrote, "if you cannot make use of them for yourself and friends." Mrs. Brook felt that she was acting in an offhand, generous, and liberal manner. When the tickets had been received, and four of them despatched by messenger as she had planned, she went to her telephone and called up her friend Zadie Wilkins, of Chicago, who was spending the winter in New York. "A stranger in town is always so appreciative of a little attention," she thought. But Miss Wilkins was out, she was informed. Mrs. Brook then, as she glanced at her watch and found the time after eleven, decided that telephones were useless at that hour of the morning, as all her women friends would be out. As she had an errand herself down-town, she concluded to take the two tickets with her, and on her way home drop in on a few friends, at about luncheon-time, when, she felt, she would surely find them. The fleeting thought just skipped through Mrs. Brook's brain that it would have been less trouble to have sent all six tickets to Miss Clarke—lucky she sent four; but her zeal in giving returned again as she started down Fifth Avenue. A contented, pleased feeling fired her heart, and the crisp air reddened her cheeks. "How lucky I kept those two tickets; those two dear old ladies that I haven't seen for an age are just the ones to appreciate them, and they are just on my way. I'll drop in at once and get these tickets off my hands, as it is a little late," she thought to herself; and then she remembered that it was Saturday, and that young and strenuous mortals usually filled the week-end to the brim with engagements. But these two dear old ladies will be delighted. Yes, they were in; she knew they would be; and they greeted her cordially. She couldn't stop a moment, she told them; she was just on her way down-town, and stopped to see if they would like to go to a concert. "You know, that wonderful violinist." The old ladies had never heard of him, and stared blankly at Mrs. Brook during her enthusiastic description; and when she had finished, the younger of the two began, in a high, plaintive key:

"It is very kind, but my sister is going out this evening, and couldn't go this afternoon too, and I shouldn't like to go without her, and I went out to dinner last evening, and I don't think I ought to go to anything again to-day; and then I shouldn't like to take just one of your tickets."

"Oh, do, do! That would not make the slightest difference," ejaculated Mrs. Brook.

"No, I think I had better not. You are very kind, and Betty loves music. Don't you, Betty?"

Betty, aged sixty-five, thus encouraged, ventured to speak for herself:

"Yes, you are very kind, but it would tire me too much to go this afternoon and this evening too. You know, I have so many engagements. I belong to the board of managers—"

But Mrs. Brook did not stop to hear about the board of managers.

"Do you know any one that would like the tickets?" she asked, impulsively, suddenly aware of misgivings that were beginning to take possession of her.

"Oh yes," cried the old ladies together. "Mrs. Arnold," said one, "that lives just next door."

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown," suggested the other.

"The Arnolds, of course," agreed Mrs. Brook; "they love concerts, I know. Good-by. I am coming again soon to make you a real call," and Mrs. Brook left and hurried off in the direction of the Arnolds'.

"I knew you liked concerts," she said, when she had offered the tickets, "and this is such a wonderful violinist. I want so much to hear him myself, but, unfortunately, I have an engagement."

"I am so sorry,—so have we," said Mrs. Arnold: "a wedding of the son of a great friend of my husband's. I wonder if we couldn't get the concert in too?" She turned to her husband, and Mrs. Brook's spirits rose.

"Oh yes," she urged, "you will have time, of course; the concert doesn't begin until two-thirty, and you can go late or leave early." Mrs. Brook's determination was growing firmer as opposition increased. She felt now as if her life depended upon getting rid of those tickets. But Mrs. Arnold was not to be persuaded. The wedding was at three, and it would be impossible, she argued. Mrs. Brook took her departure.

As she left she glanced at her watch. It was a quarter past twelve; her own engagement was at two; that meant a prompt luncheon at one—three-quarters of an hour. What should she do now? "The nearest friend, the nearest," she muttered, excitedly, to herself; but she calmed down again and laughed. After all, what difference did it make? Four tickets had been disposed of, and her resources were by no means exhausted; and even if she failed, there would be no harm in wasting merely two, in spite of what her husband had said.

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SHE EXPLAINED TO HER HUSBAND LATER

As Mrs. Brook thus turned the matter over in her mind as she walked along Fifth Avenue, she caught sight of a friend crossing the street just ahead of her. Her ardor returned. Here was the woman at last! She walked quickly, and overtook her.

"Good-morning."

"Good-morning."

Mrs. Brook lost no time. "Don't you want to go to a concert?" she began at once—"a violinist, really wonderful." Her friend was duly regretful, but she was going to the theatre and it would be impossible. Mrs. Brook bade her good-by, and began to feel seriously her responsibilities. In desperation she became grimly systematic. She made up her mind which friends she would call upon in sequence on her way home, and others she would call up in order by telephone, and she carried out her system. It failed. The two concert tickets and the theatre ticket she was to use that afternoon reposed tranquilly in her pocketbook as Mrs. Brook went in to luncheon, and as she seated herself the maid handed her an envelope addressed to Miss Mildred Clarke in her own handwriting, on the corner of which was scrawled, "Gone to the country; won't be back until Monday." Inside were four tickets for a concert by "the much-talked-of" Donizel.

Mrs. Brook ate her luncheon in silence, feeling exhausted and defeated; but a slow heat began to burn within her as she thought of her husband's laughter, and when she rose from the table a senseless fury had seized her. One last hope remained. Fortunately, she had ordered her carriage early. "The club; the club was on the way to the theatre. What a blessing women had clubs nowadays, they were so convenient," she thought. "A lot of women were sure to be lunching there, and as she was one of the managers and was known to most of the members, she would surely be able to get rid of those horrid tickets."

Mrs. Brook remained at the club fifteen minutes, and during that time she approached eighteen women and a girl. Her manner, at first smiling and confident, gradually grew apologetic and pleading. She became conscious that she was looked upon with a slight, involuntary suspicion. Why was she so anxious to get rid of those tickets? was the question she read in every woman's face. Women listened, and instantly a sly, knowing expression came into their eyes as they poured forth their excuses. Mrs. Brook, in spite of herself, felt guilty of something, she knew not what, and, worse still, she felt she looked it. At twenty minutes past two she fled from the house, flushed and dazed, with seven tickets crushed in her hand. "To the theatre," she called to

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SHE LEFT THE HOUSE

her coachman, and sank back exhausted in her carriage. She would be very late, the thought came to her, but in time for the concert. Was it not her duty to go to the latter? "To the concert," she called to the coachman, and the carriage turned in the opposite direction, and drove rapidly to the concert hall. She entered the hall, and took the end seat of a half-vacant row.

The house was well filled and the audience enthusiastic, and Mrs. Brook gradually forgot the five vacant chairs to her right, and overcame the guilty, nervous feeling that Mr. Hawkins was probably spying down upon her from the gallery, and, on the whole, enjoyed the concert. As she left her seat, however, her conscience in its last gasp pricked her, and glancing around to see if any one was noticing her, she quickly tore off the checks of the tickets in her hand and scattered them under the seats.

"It was a sort of consolation, though I knew it would do no good," she explained to her husband later, when her sense of humor had conquered and she had laughingly told him the whole story. "But never bring me any more, please," she added, humbly.

A Nantucket Yarn

"IT jest makes me sick clean through," said the old Nantucket whaler as he ran his gaunt horny fingers through his white beard, which lay on his chest like a great cloud, and acted, simultaneously, the parts of collar, scarf, and shirt bosom; "it jest makes me sick clean through to think how things has changed."

He paused for a moment to fill his pipe, and the grocer, wishing to have his patrons entertained, remarked:

"That must have been when the fish were so plentiful that seines were not necessary."

"You bet they were not," replied the old whaler, who was a real and not a commercial sportsman; "those were the days when fishing weren't done on the massacre plan with nets, and there were so many fish that sometimes you would see them sitting along a wave crest taking a sun-bath, like swallows on a telegraph-wire."

"Not sitting right on top of the wave?" asked the grocer, as if in doubt, but wishing to spur the old whaler on; "how in the world did they hold on?"

"By sort of hiking the prongs of their tails around the edge of the wave, I suppose. I know that sometimes when I threw out a line the sinker would hit a fish and knock him dead, and then my old duck-dog Madeget would plunge into the sea and bring the fish out just like a canvasback. I have often seen boys scale shells at these fish, and knock them up in the air flapping, and stun them so that when the wave broke on the shore all the boys 'd have to do would be to pick them up. But there wasn't any money to be made out of fishing then."

"Why not?" asked the grocer, fearing that the old whaler might lapse into silence.

"Because it was too easy to catch them. The only kind of fishing there's any fun in is the kind where you sit and fool around all day and never catch anything. Where there ain't any fish, and you can't talk for fear of frightening them away, is the kind of fishing that's real sport. In these days they send steam-tugs around here hauling nets and taking fish by the thousands, so that before a codfish knows it, he's caught and turned into fish-balls and cod-liver oil. That is going to make the sport better, and give natives a show as wants to take fishermen out for five dollars a day. But give me the good old days when the codfish used to get a-fighting, and jump up in the air in the excitement and hit each other with their tails, just like roosters in a barn-yard. Give me the dear old days—the dear old days all the time—when all the fishing-tackle you wanted was a pair of rubber boots and an umbrella."

"You don't mean to say you fished with an umbrella, do you?"

"Why, in course I did," replied the old salt, with an air that was a frown upon the questioner's incredulity. "In course I did. I wore the rubber boots so that I could wade into the sea, and the umbrella kept the sun

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off, so's I could see the fish deep in the shadow. The umbrella was yaller on the inside, and that color kinder attracts codfish, though I never knowed why, and just as soon as they'd jump I'd tilt the umbrella, and catch them on the fly; sometimes they'd come jumping so fast that I'd have to hold the umbrella in front of me like a shield to keep them off, and then keep poking them in the eye with the sharp end. Say! what's that speck off there on the horizon?" said the old whaler, stopping abruptly as something attracted his attention through the window. "I expects it's a brigantine—"

"Can't tell without a glass, and we haven't one here," interrupted the grocer, who continued: "You said you poked the codfish in the eye?"

"Sometimes," said the old whaler, "and I frequently killed them, and picked them up afterwards on the shore. Then when I got old I got rheumatiz, and I couldn't go in the water even with rubber boots on, so whenever I wanted a fish I sent old Peleg the hawk down for one."

"Who was old Peleg the hawk?" asked the grocer, who really knew, but was anxious to hold the crowd, that was buying soda-water and peanuts at a great rate.

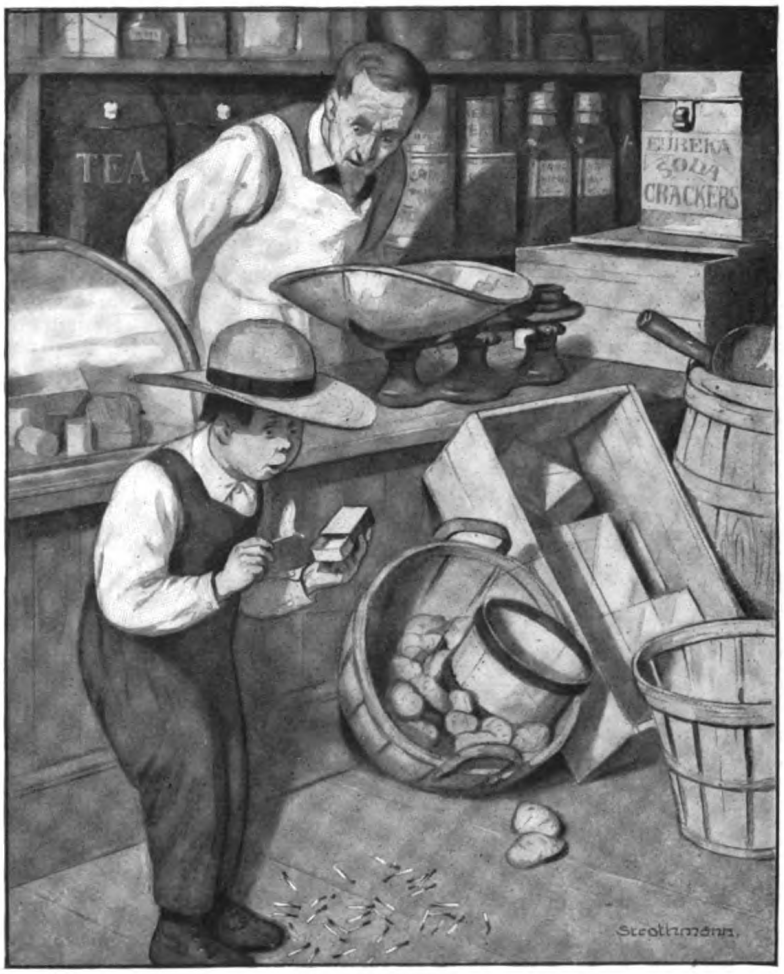
"Old Peleg," replied the horny-handed son of the howling sea, "was an old fish-hawk that I caught when young and trained to catch fish. He would plunge into the sea, fetch up a bluefish, and fly home and lay it affectionately on the kitchen table. He would tread for clams at low water. I once saw a whale that spouted non-explosive kerosene, but I never tried to see through it, because I know there are many things that were never intended for me to see through. I tell you, the dear old days—but that speck's gittin' bigger in the distance, and there's a man with a telescope. I'll bet it's a brigantine—"

The crowd started out, knowing that nothing could detain the old whaler, and when they were outside, the grocer came from behind the counter and said:

"Well told, Obed, well told, and here's your four cents commission on the peanuts and soda-water that I sold while you held them spellbound."

Then the old man went down to tell them about a whale that kept a base-ball dancing in the air on his spout, or geyser, in imitation of a ball on the spurtle of a city fountain.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



Conscientious Peter

MY mother told me quick to buy
Some matches that would light,
But I can't tell unless I try
Each match with all my might.

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A Chess Problem

"What are you doing, Bridget?"

"Sure, ma'm, I'm trying to solve one of them chess problems in the newspapers."

English as she is Defined

THE tedium of an English teacher's work is not infrequently relieved by the unconscious humor of her pupils. The following are definitions culled by the English department of a school not far from Boston.

The word *buttress* occurs in the lesson, and the teacher, upon asking for a definition, receives this response: "A buttress is a woman who makes butter."

Even more choice than this is the idea a little girl has of a ruminating animal. She gravely writes, "A ruminating animal is one that chews its *cubs!*"

A. A. H.

Me-ow

A PUBLIC-SCHOOL teacher in the city of New York, who wished to select a soloist from among her pupils, took three of them to her private room, and as quality of voice was the only question involved, said to the first little girl, "Sing one verse of any hymn you have learned in school." The child broke forth:

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Me-ow, me-ow;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Me-ow, me-ow.

No one who has not been obliged to fight the garbling of words, sung by children in chorus, will fully appreciate the easiness of the transition from "Lead Thou me on," to "Me-ow, me-ow."

S. J. B.

Dance-Time

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

IT'S I live in a very wise Town,
As all wise people know:
They read, they write, they read all day
As orchard trees may grow!

Said I—I was a young thing then,
And a foolish young thing, too,—
"I will not spend my little life thus;
There's much I'd rather do.

"For I would rather look at you
This way, with happy looks,
Than lose the two stars from my eyes
With poring over books.

"I'd rather far be red and white,
For stupid folk to see,
Than write nine books for little bookworms
To eat them leisurely.

"And I would rather have it said,
When all my days are through:
Oh, she was good to see and hear,
And say Good-morning to!

"When learning makes you white and red,
And fresh as west winds blow,
I may spend sun and candle light
To learn what they all know.

"But, oh, the wise in this wise Town,
They have no longer prime,
And there are fewer wise men now—
Than Once Upon a Time."

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A Song of the Yankee

IF you chance to sail uncharted seas,
An unknown shore to gain,—
It's ten to one, when you reach the land,
A naked native is on the sand
With an Elgin timepiece in his hand,
Or a sardine-tin from Maine;
And under a spreading cocoa-tree
There stands a trader's tent,
Where a lonely stranger is selling clocks,
And Springfield guns and Stamford locks,
Jack-knives and liniment.

He hails from Maine or from Lake Champlain,
Or maybe from Salem, Mass.
His face is lean, and his wit is keen,
And his eye lets nothing pass.
In an unmade land or a desert sand
'Tis his especial pride
To do odd jobs for Providence,
And help himself on the side.

The Yankee inherits a deal of craft
From his stern-faced Pilgrim sires,
Who learned restraint, though they suffered much,
And dwelt in peace with the crabbed Dutch,
And taught the wilderness, at their touch,
To yield what a man requires.
And the mission spirit will drive some Yanks
Wherever a man can roam,—
While others, with delicate skill, design
Wooden nutmegs and hams of pine,
To sell to the folks at home.

He's from 'Gansett Bay, or Portsmouth way,
Or maybe from Hartford, Conn.
No thief that's made, in any shade,
Can steal what his eye is on.
Where the world is raw, each lantern jaw
Is chewing it into shape,—
Then give God thanks that his bony Yanks
Are scattered from Cape to Cape.

BURGES JOHNSON.

Involved

THIS from an adult scholar in a Sunday-school in the "Athens of the United States." He was asked to tell what he knew about Esau.

"Esau is the gentleman that wrote a lot of fables, and sold the copyright for a mess of potash."

Taught by Experience

IT was house-cleaning time, and Bobbie's big brother said:

"Oh, look, Bobbie! What do you suppose they are spanking that poor carpet for?"

Bobbie, old in experience, if not in years, answered:

"I spec' it is 'tause it's been playing in de dirt."



Her Repertoire

HELEN'S always gay,
Rather shuns repose—
Concert, matinée,
Everywhere she goes.

Studies twice a week
(With such eyes of blue)
Lessons French or Greek,
Driving, music too.

Goes to youthful teas,
Glories in the whirl.
Do you wonder? She's
Just a modern girl!

L. M. S.

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Cautious

ONE. "*Don't let them see us shaking hands.*"

OTHER. "*Mercy, no! We had two weeks of gossip when it was rumored that we had quarrelled, and we don't want another two weeks from reconciliation.*"

A Natural Conclusion

SMALL boy at window: "Mother, did you say the Lord made the grass?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the flowers?"

"Yes, dear."

"And that he took care of them?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's in the garden now, and he's black!" A. H. R.

Reasonable

WHEN the family physician died suddenly, little Francis, aged three, was greatly disturbed.

"Mother," he said, earnestly, "is the Lord very sick?"

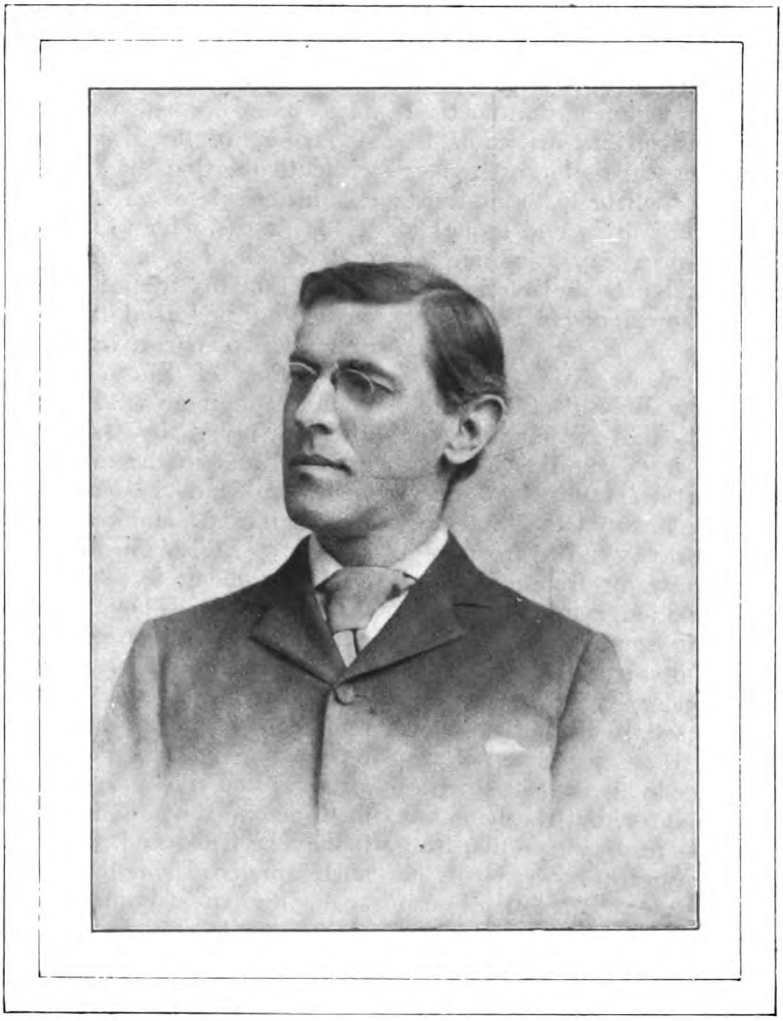
"Why, no, dear," answered his mother; "why did you think that?"

"'Cause he sent for the doctor," came the prompt reply. A. H. R.

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Harper's Bookshelf

THE present year will be remembered for the publication of the most complete historical work that has ever been undertaken in the annals of our literary history. There have been historical studies and monographs covering periods and sections of our national life, but here for the first time we are presented with a complete history of the Republic from the earliest colonial times to the accession of President Theodore Roosevelt. *A History of the American People* supplies just what we have been waiting for—a continuous narrative history of the people of America. This point of advantage over all other historical works cannot be too strongly emphasized. In this monumental work, President Woodrow Wilson has done for his country what the historian Green did for England: he has written a history of the people for the people. Like Green, he stands for America as "the people's first historian." What he has done is virtually to *discover* the history of America. In the language of Carlyle, he



WOODROW WILSON

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has recognized the fundamental truth of history and historical writing: that the world was in the past as now "actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state papers, controversies, and abstractions of men—not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with color in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features, and vitalities of very men." Furthermore, President Wilson's work is a welcome protest against the historical tendency to a merely external political view of human affairs; here again he is in sympathy with Green who held that political history to be intelligible and just must be based on social history in its largest sense; who maintained that the true historian must attempt to get at men's lives and thoughts and feelings as a necessary condition of judging their political acts and of dealing with the national growth and development of any country.

President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, is ideally the one man in our land best equipped by natural endowment and training to write the *History of the American People.* Such a history to be "intelligible and just" must needs be free from political and partisan restraint, from prejudices that swing intellectual judgments instinctively towards North or South, East or West. He must be one who can sit "on the quiet seats above the thunder," viewing men and affairs from an impartial coign of vantage. Until quite recently the times have not permitted this advantage to any unbiased writer of history in our country, but the hour has come for a new and fresh perspective from which to write American history, and with the hour has come the man. Born in the South in 1856, he was graduated in the North at Princeton in 1879. Again in the South he studied law at the University of Virginia, and took a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins, to become once more a resident of the North by his appointment as professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr. Since 1890, and until his recent appointment as president, he was professor of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton. As a student of the humanities, he has written several volumes, literary, biographical, political, and historical, covering a field of varied interests. His *Division and Reunion,* dealing with the causes which led to the Civil War, and the Reconstruction years, alone among studies of that period, received the warmest commendation from the South. So that by birth and environment, his intellectual affinities with all classes and conditions of men, his sympathies with their aspirations and opinions, have had their roots laid deep in the native soil; he has felt close kinship with the nation as a whole; he has grown with the race, and has learned philosophy in the school of humanity.

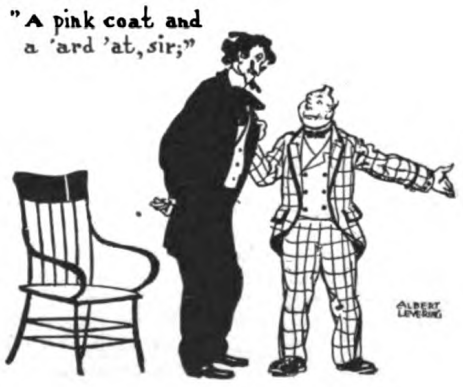
The best years of President Wilson's life have been devoted to the preparation of *A History of the American People.* It is without question the work of the greatest historical writer of the present time. It is more, for President Wilson is, first of all, a humanist; it is a story of great human interest and achievement, combining historical truth with unabating animation of narrative. "Romance," says the author of *The Maid-at-Arms* in his preface, "is more vital than history, which, after all, is but the fleshless skeleton of Romance," and in the main his contention is well taken, but *A History of the American People* must stand as a conspicuous exception. Philosophical enough for the erudite student, it is also popular enough for the school-boy. President Wilson makes his *History* read like romance, and this is as it should be. For is not the history of the American people the most stirring and romantic story that has ever been written in blood and tears—through Revolutionary struggle and civil strife to crowning achievement among the nations? President Wilson, it may be truly said, has told his tale with such wonderful simplicity and beauty, with such human significance and dramatic genius as to make American history the first study of all Americans. It is not without interest to note in passing that the publishers of *A History of the American People* were also favored in launching Green's *History of the English People* in this country.

A work of genuine humor is about the rarest thing to find in literature, and when once in a long while such a work appears, the news spreads like wildfire and the immense gratitude of the reading public is one of the pleasantest things to see. Since Mr. Dooley made his début some years ago

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nothing so startling in original humor and in mirth-provoking qualities has come to us as *The Adventures of M. d'Haricot.* Strange to relate that, just as we had given up expecting any humorous writing from our English cousins, this book makes its appearance from the pen of an Englishman, Mr. J. Storer Clouston. Already the chapters that have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly* have caused wide comment and aroused the keenest interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Critics vie in hailing the book as "a kind of new *Innocents Abroad*"; "The funniest book ever written"; "An orgy of fun and frolic," and speak of its "nimble wit," its "rollicking humor," its "delightful satire." M. d'Haricot is a Frenchman who lands in England, and mingles in English society, utterly ignorant of the customs and habits of speech and etiquette of the people. He plunges unwittingly into the most embarrassing situations, pulling himself out of one crisis by his wit and unblushing assurance only to find himself facing another. The idea of a Frenchman trying to pass as an Englishman is on the face of it suggestive of the most absurdly comical *contre-temps.* The assumption of innocence in the person of M. d'Haricot, who is the mouthpiece of these adventures, is finely done, and completes the illusion. M. d'Haricot is the most gentle and good-natured of heroes; a clever and finished actor in the rôle of humorist and entertainer. Take one incident. M. d'Haricot has been invited to a ball at Seneschal Court, and to ride after the hounds the next day. "Halfred" is his "man"—formerly an omnibus-driver:

"I am going to hunt," I said; "also to a ball; and you are coming with me. Prepare





me for the ball-room and the chase. What do I require beyond the things I already have?"

"A pink coat and a 'ard 'at, sir," said he, with great confidence. "Likewise top-boots and white gloves for to dance in, not forgettin' a pair o' spurs and a whip."

"I shall get the hat, the coat, and the boots. Gloves I have already. You will buy me the spurs and the whip. By-the-way, have you ever hunted, Halfred?"

"Not exactly 'unted myself, sir," said he, "but I've seed the 'unt go by and knowed a lot o' 'unting men. Then bein' connected with horses so much myself, I've naterally took a hinterest in the turf and the racin' stable."

"You are a judge of horses?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I am generally considered to know something about 'em. In fact, sir, Mr. Widdup—that's the gentleman what give me the testimonial—he's said to me more nor once, 'Halford,' says he, 'what you don't know about these 'ere hanimals would go into a pill-box comfortable.'"

"Good," I said. "Find me two hunters that I can hire for a week."

The little man looked me up and down with a discriminating eye.

"Something that can carry a bit o' weight, sir, and stand a lot o' 'ard riding; that's what you need, sir."

Now I am not heavy, nor had circumstances hitherto given me the opportunity of riding excessively hard; but the notion that I was indeed a gigantic Nimrod tempted my fancy, and I am ashamed to confess that I fell.

"Yes," I said, "that is exactly what I require."

"Leave it to me, sir," he assured me, with great confidence. "I'll make hall the arrangements."

My mind was now easy, and for the two following days I studied all the English novels treating of field sports, and the articles on hunting in the encyclopædia and almanacs; so that when Thursday arrived and I met my friends at the station, I felt myself qualified to take part with some assurance in their arguments

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on the chase. We are a receptive race, we French, and the few accomplishments we have not actually created we can at least instantly comprehend and master.

Next door to us, in a second-class compartment, Halfred was travelling, and attached to our train was the horse-box containing the two hunters he had engaged. I had had one look at these, and certainly there seemed to be no lack of bone and muscle.

"Mr. Widdup and me 'ired 'em, sir," said Halfred, "from a particular friend o' ours what can be trusted. Jumps like fleas, they do, he says, and 'as been known to run for sixty-five miles without stoppin' more'n once or twice for a drink. 'Ard in the mouth and 'igh in the temper, says he, but the very thing for a gentleman in good 'ealth what doesn't 'unt regular and likes 'is money's worth when he does."

"You have exactly described me," I replied.

. . . . . .

When I awoke next morning, my first thoughts were of a pair of brown eyes, dainty features that smiled up at me, and a voice that whispered as we danced for the last time together, "No, I shall not forget you when you are gone." Then quickly I remembered the sport before me and the challenge to ride to the death with the rival who had crossed my path.

"Halfred!" I said.

The little man looked up from the pile of clothes he was folding in the early morning light, and stopped the gentle hissing that accompanied and doubtless lightened every task.

"Fasten my spurs on firmly," I said. "I shall ride hard to-day!"

He cannot have noticed the grave note in my voice, for he replied in his customary cheerful fashion:

"If heverything sticks on as well as the spurs, sir, you won't 'ave nothin' to complain of."

"I shall ride very hard, Halfred."

"'Arder nor usual, sir?" he asked, with a look of greater interest.

"Vastly, immeasurably!"

"What's hup, sir?" he exclaimed, in some concern now.

"I have made a little bet with Mr. Lumme," I answered in a serious voice, "a small wager that I shall be the first to catch the fox. If you can make a suggestion that may help me to win, I shall be happy to listen to it."

"Catch the fox, sir?" he repeated, thoughtfully, scratching his head. "Well, sir, it seems to me there's nothin' for it but starting hoff first and not lettin' 'im catch you hup. I 'aven't 'unted myself, sir, but I've 'eard tell as 'ow a sharp gent sometimes spots the fox afore any of the hothers. That's 'ow to do it, in my opinion."

I thought this over, and the scheme seemed excellent.

"We shall arrange it thus," I said: "You will mount one horse and I the other. We shall ride together and look for the fox!"

Conceive my servant's delight! I do not believe that if I had offered him a hundred pounds he would have felt so much joy.

The hunt, as may be imagined, was a series of comical disasters. In the end, M. d'Haricot finds himself in the arms of his faithful Halfred. "Did you catch it?" he asked. "No, sir," said Halfred, "but I gave it a rare fright!" The numerous drawings in caricature by Albert Levering, illustrating the text, are most amusing, and really catch the spirit of humor in the book.

It will be remembered that the "literary sensation" of a year ago was *The Visits of Elizabeth*, by Elinor Glyn. Frank and naïve in personality, delightfully original and charming in her point of view, Elizabeth invaded two continents of readers and brought them to her feet. Mrs. Glyn, it has been said, is the only living English author who is capable of creating an English girl who may, possibly, make the American girl just a shade envious. This is even truer of her new heroine in her second novel, *The Reflections of Ambrosine*, which has just been published. This book is a longer and more ambitious work, and possesses in fuller measure the charm of an original point of view, a deliciously naïve humor and sparkling wit, together with the keenest dissection of feminine emotions. Ambrosine, young, beautiful, charming, is the poor but proud and brave descendant of a noble line. Her stately old grandmother, dying, bequeathes her in marriage to a rich, vulgar neighbor, by name Augustus Gurrage. Then she meets another man, a courtly, gallant gentleman, and—that's the story. But the book itself must be read to enjoy thoroughly the wit, the spirit, the innocent and inventive mind of this delightful *ingénue*. The pages fairly bristle with witty sayings and bon-mots. For example—I quote at random:

"There are three things a woman ought to look—straight as a dart, supple as a snake, and proud as a tiger-lily."

"A lady, however poor, should wear fine linen, even if she has only one new dress a year."

"One has *not* good manners for the effect they produce, but for what is due to one's self."

"No one can possibly imagine the unpleasantness of a honeymoon until they have tried it."

"The ancient Cynic philosophers doubted for the sake of investigation, and the moderns investigated for the sake of doubting."

"Never stay in the mud. It happens that the best of us may fall there in life, but no one need stay there."

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" Try to see the bright and gay side of things, and, above all, do not be dramatic."

" Girls' dreams are the silliest things in the world."

" Augustus has insisted upon buying me numbers of gorgeous garments for my outer covering, but when I ventured to order some very fine other things he grumbled at the cost. ' I don't mind your getting clothes that will show the money I've put into them,' he explained, ' but I'm bothered if I'll encourage useless extravagance in this way.' "

" We all love Babykins. She acts as a sort of moral mosquito in a big party. She flies around stinging every one, and then we compare our bites and tear and scratch the irritated places together."

" When people begin to feel nothing matters at all, it is because their livers are out of order."

" Society is chiefly composed of people living upon an agreeable and amusing ground somewhere at the borderland of the divorce court."

" We should be very dull if we left nothing for our friends to criticise."

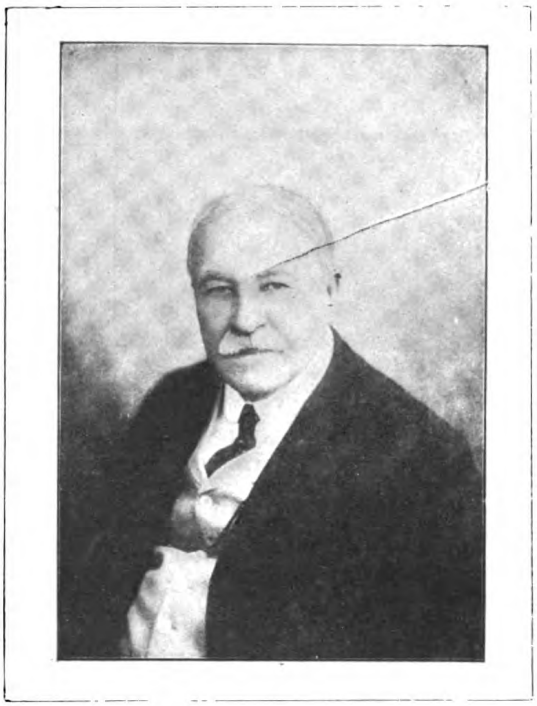
" It is very fatiguing to be long in the company of people who pass their lives in morally eating suet-pudding. Avoid stodge, and, above all, avoid the sentimental, mawkish, dismal point of view that dramatically writes up everything ' Duty ' with a huge ' D.' "

" Do not shut the mouth with a snap, and, having done so, turn the corners down."

" Learn to take things gayly."

" You don't see the whole of your neighbors eating cake and remain content with your own monotonous bread-and-butter."

There is no more delightful shelf in one's library, surely, than that which contains the intimate narratives of personal memoirs, literary passions and confessions, reminiscences of literary friends and acquaintance. The relation of literature to life is so close that—to quote Mr. Howells—" I have never been able to see much difference between what seemed to me Literature and what seemed to me Life." The quotation occurs in " A Word of Explanation " to a new volume by Mr. Howells, which he has called *Literature and Life.* It will find its place beside his other volumes, which have ranged themselves with the memoirs, confessions, and reminiscences so fraught with pleasure and dear delights in the evening hours. The topics cover a field of varied interests, and present a group of desultory sketches animated by the warmth and liveliness of a keen-sighted and far-seeing observer. Their desultoriness is their charm — the charm that lies in the rambling talk of a friend who brings all his stores of knowledge and wide culture to bear on the uppermost theme in the conversation, so that you go away



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

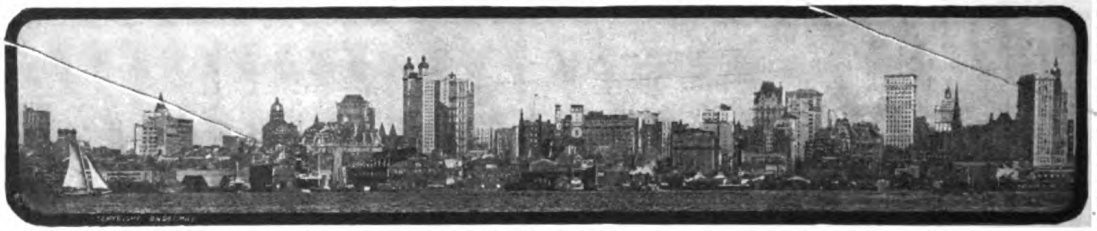
enriched and vivified by the fresh stimulus and glow of his personality. Whether it be the consideration of " The Man of Letters as a Man of Business," " The Editor's Relations with the Young Contributor," " Some Anomalies of the Short Story," " American Literature in Exile," " Politics of American Authors," or to go farther afield in the by-paths of literature in " Summer Isles of Eden," " Worries of a Winter Walk," " Last Days in a Dutch Hotel," " A Circus in the Suburbs," " Æsthetic New York Fifty Odd Years Ago "—in everything Mr. Howells finds a joy which he is happy in imparting to us, and he seldom fails to make us see " a sky without some bit of rainbow in it." A word may also be said here for Mr. Howells's new " Boy's Town Story "—*The Flight of Pony Baker.* We know that Mr. Howells understands boys about as well as Mark Twain does, and that is to say that no writer possesses more fully the insight and sympathy and humor necessary for comprehending the normal boy and interesting him in a story; and I have but to add that *The Flight of Pony Baker* is a thoroughly interesting and captivating tale which will be found as engrossing by the old boys as by the youngsters.

ELLIOTT HENDERSON.

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It's a significant fact that 75 per cent. of our mail-order customers who finally visit New York increase their investment from 50 to 200 per cent. and return home with well-grounded enthusiasm to interest others. Such a record as ours to-day is stronger evidence of the worth of our claims than pages of argument, illustration, statistics, and facts. All these we can give overwhelmingly, and will for the asking; but we point to the one best proof—**results.** Nothing could be more conclusive—the unbiased verdict of conservative thousands now well posted on the entire situation.

To keep in touch with the marvellous growth of New York at the present time, her tremendous building operations and almost incredible expansion, is to be convinced that her Brooklyn development must bring to the investor of to-day, within a very few years, thousands of dollars for his hundreds invested. The completion of the new bridges and tunnels now under way will mark a mighty advance in Brooklyn's population and upbuilding, with corresponding increase of land values. All our properties lie in the sections first affected by this stimulus and even now showing greatest activity. They are right on the edge of the "density belt" which is rapidly overtaking and surrounding us. The phenomenal sale of Rugby, well known to HARPER'S MAGAZINE readers a year ago, forces us to offer at once—a year earlier than intended—another property, in every sense the equal of Rugby, and, what is more,

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25% INCREASE IN 1 YEAR

For $10 down and $6 per month until paid for, we sell you a regular New York City lot, full size, subject to the following guarantees from us: If, at the expiration of the year 1903, this $510 lot is not worth $638—or 25 per cent. increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all of the money you have paid us, with 6 per cent. interest additional. If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick, you will not forfeit the land.

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The Last Large Tract

that we can ever hope to offer in Brooklyn, or that can possibly be advertised or sold at anything like present prices. We shall be restricted in future to scattered blocks and detached lots in various sections—all at much higher prices than we are asking for this remaining property—

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Marlboro occupies the corner of the 31st ward nearest City Hall, and is bounded by Gravesend Avenue, 60th Street, Bay Parkway (22nd Avenue), and King's Highway, a half-mile west of four of our other properties which have been such phenomenal successes. We are developing it with the same high class of park-like improvements, in exact accordance with city specifications, on 60, 80, and 100 ft. streets, boulevarded with macadam, granolithic curbing, gutters, and sidewalks, with flower-beds, trees and shrubbery, city water, etc. Transportation facilities are of superior character, and with the new transit it will be within 20 minutes of City Hall.

Remember that our guarantee absolutely insures you an increase, or your money will be refunded. In fact, as these Marlboro lots are already selling fast, we hereby agree, in order to secure for you the earliest possible advantage of selection and an immediate share in the increase of values, **to return to you all the money you have paid us if you are not perfectly satisfied, on examining our entire proposition within one year, that it is exactly as represented. Isn't this fair? Sit right down and mail us $10. You'll never regret it.**

WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. U 4, 257 B'way, New York

"There is no doubt the property offered by Wood, Harmon & Co., in the 29th and 31st wards, represents one of the best investments a man of limited income can possibly make within the corporate limits of Greater New York. It can be said without hesitancy that Wood, Harmon & Co. are perfectly reliable, and are worthy the fullest confidence of the investor, whether he resides in Greater New York or any other section of the United States. THE NASSAU NATIONAL BANK OF BROOKLYN."

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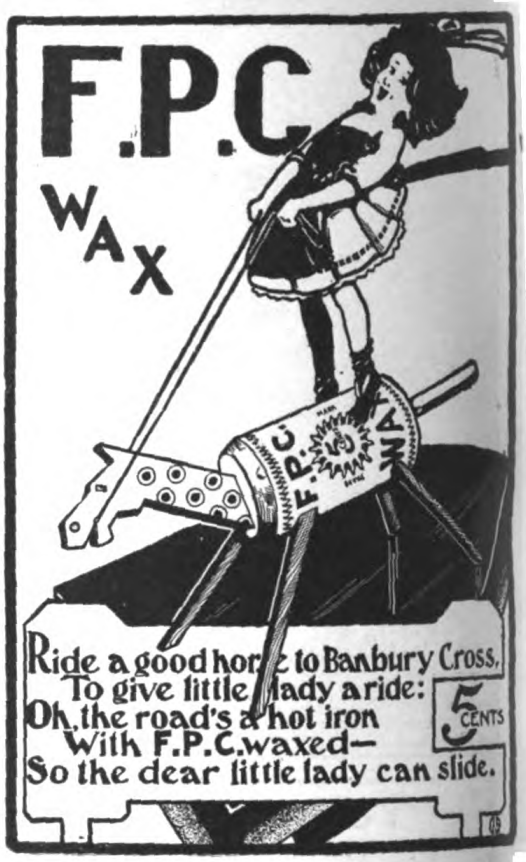
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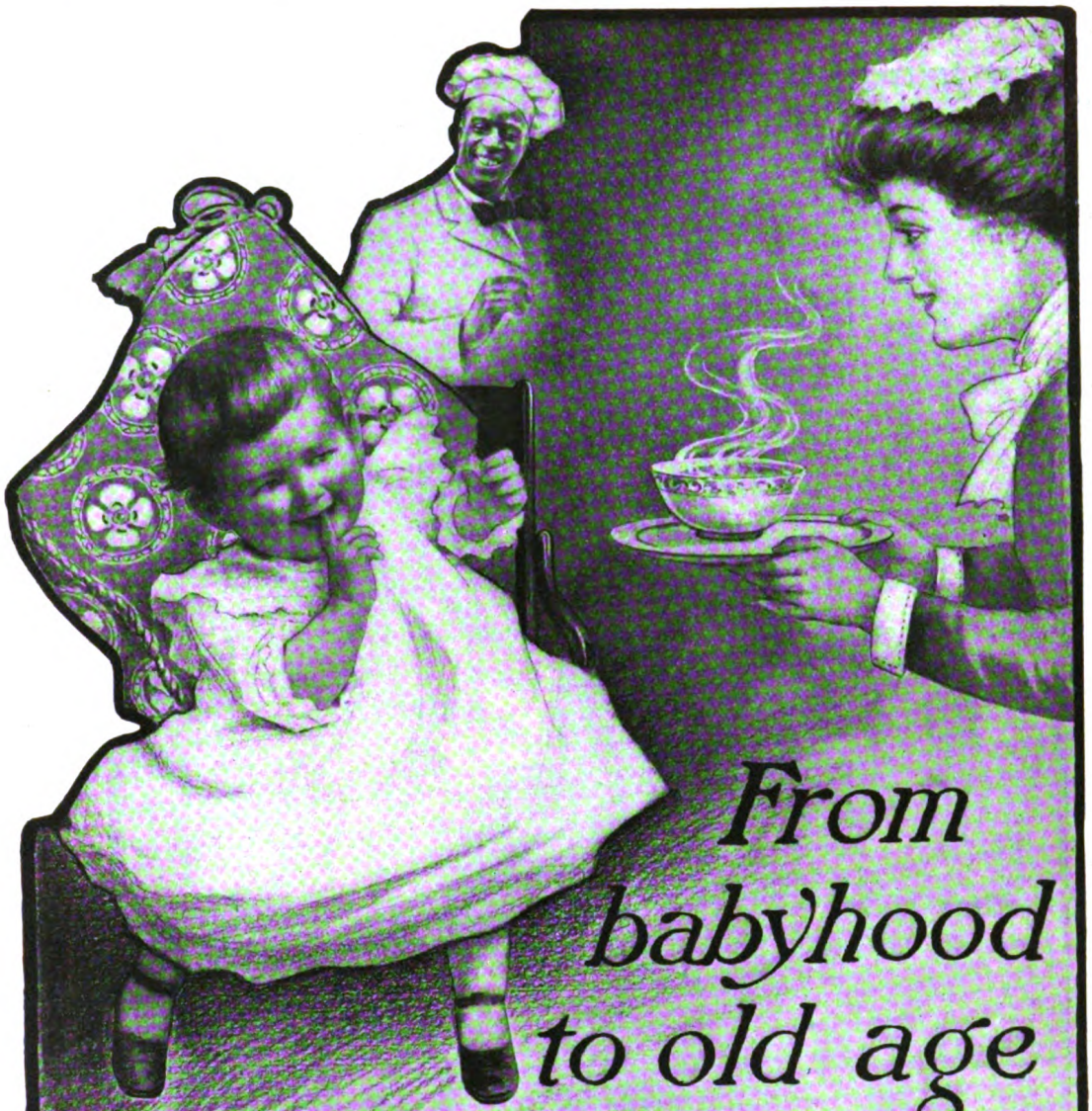
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From babyhood to old age

CREAM of WHEAT

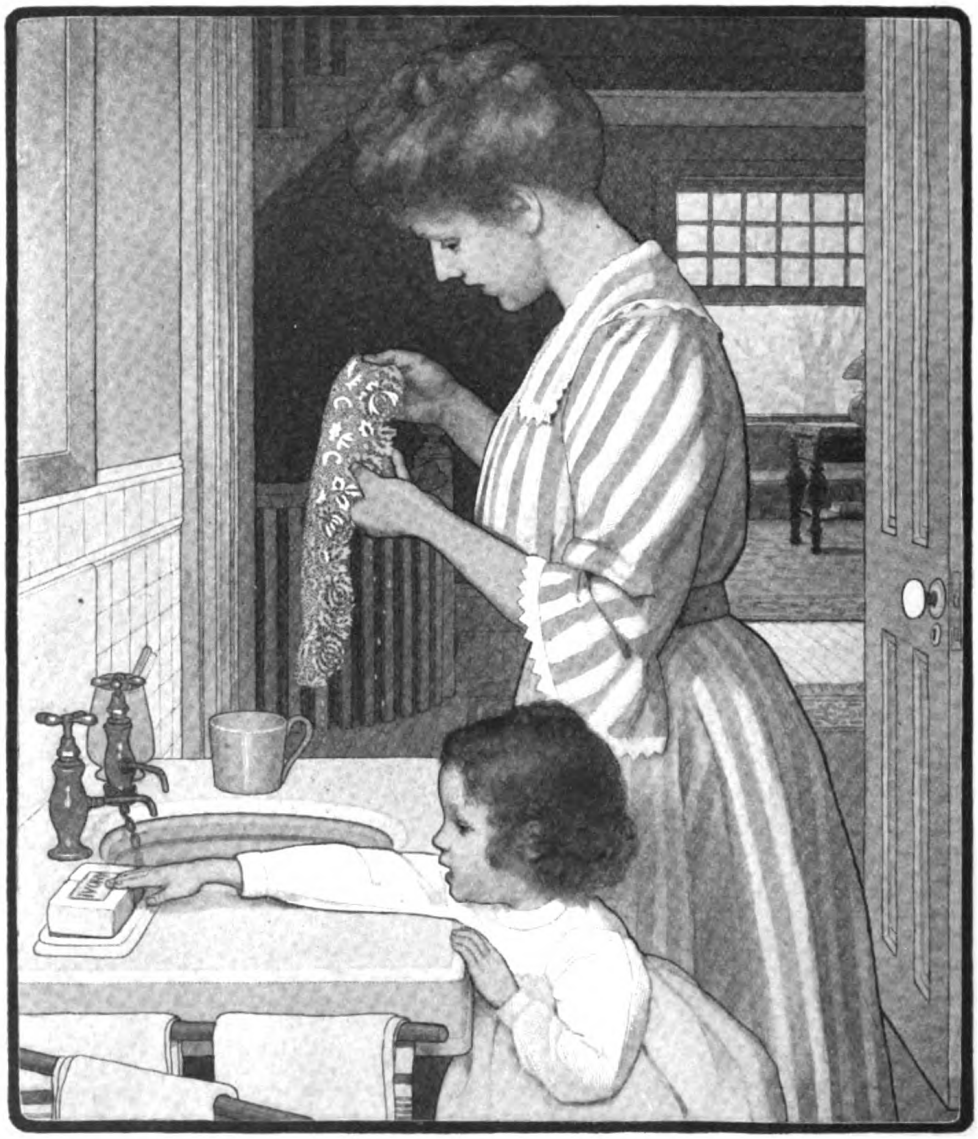
brings a smile of welcome. Palatable, wholesome, nourishing, good at all times for all people. Served in many tempting forms,—dainty breakfasts, delicious desserts.

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THE housekeeper must learn to discriminate between Ivory Soap and others that are made to look like Ivory. Each of them lacks some quality of the Ivory and all of them lack the perfect purity. Their imperfections overbalance any slight difference in price.

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JUNGLE RESIDENCE—VENEZUELA

Why is there Trouble in South America?

BY JACK ST. ARMONT

DID it ever occur to you how little we know about the South American continent? Have you stopped to consider the vastness of this "better half" of ours, trailing on at the other end of the isthmus?

Recent events have concentrated public attention upon that vast section of country lying between the Caribbean Sea and the watershed of the great Amazon, containing but about 2,750,000 souls, and yet powerful enough to embroil in controversy the three greatest nations of the world. There must be some reason for this interest which has sent into the Caribbean Sea a portion of the war fleets of five nations. There certainly is a reason, and Germany, with her merchants scattered throughout Venezuela, would feel the loss of that trade keenly. Great Britain, with her money tied up in various ways in enterprises which have paid heavy dividends in times gone by, does not care particularly to have her revenues from this quarter cut off. Even little Italy would miss some revenue, Belgium considerably more, while the United States would feel the loss of commerce most heavily. But these are not the reasons for this controversy.

The United States will soon have thousands of men digging a canal not very far from the present seat of operations, which she will control (naturally), and will be looked upon to strictly maintain the Monroe Doctrine in a country in which millions of good American dollars are invested annually —for big returns.

Germany and Great Britain are keenly alive to this contingency, and cognizant of the fact that sixty years behind the times is this South American country, and only waiting for the aggressive American, with his experience and foresight, to open up the possibilities that now lie unworked, uncared for, and not generally known. Those who do know are making the best of the knowledge, but a few men cannot take advantage of a continent full of golden opportunities.

The seaports of Venezuela are open to the world; the harbors sheltered, anchorage unexcelled; the mountains full of precious metals; the forests, of almost priceless woods, stand in their primeval vastness, and

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soil will produce two to three crops per of any cereal or vegetable plantage. The ublic offers all the advantages of the temperate zone for health and agriculture, and the still greater advantages of the torrid zone.

THE WORLD-FAMOUS AMAZONAS.

The Amazon River through Brazil, its great tributaries Rio Negro and the Casiquiare and its connection with the Rio Orinoco, form the greatest watershed in the world, and drain an area equal in extent to the entire United States. This famous belt is the Mecca toward which the commercial world is turning. In this region grow wild and luxuriant the banana palm, the bread-fruit, pineapple, rosewood, teak, mahogany, and valuable dye woods; cacao, tonka, vanilla, cinchona, and various other trees producing essentials for pharmaceutical preparations. Here grows also in its native element



ONE OF THE TRIBUTARIES TO THE CASIQUIARE RIVER

a tree indigenous to the soil and zone, a tree in the cultivation of which, by transplanting, millions of dollars have been and are being expended, but so far without commercial success, if we are to believe so high an authority as Mr. O. F. Cook, botanical expert in charge of investigations in tropical agriculture (found in the Year Book of the United States, Department of Agriculture, 1901).

Men of learning and erudition have variously named this tree *Syringa, Syphonia elastica,* and *Hevea Brasiliensis,* but commonly and correctly this wonderful tree is known as *rubber.*

The uses of rubber are wellnigh infinite, since the genius of Goodyear discovered a scientific treatment of the milk which gave to the world a commercial product of extraordinary value in the arts of modern civilization. In its soft vulcanized form it is used for elastics, air cushions, boots and shoes, clothing for man and horse, belting, etc. The hard vulcanized rubber, or vulcanite, is used in the manufacture of penholders, buttons, statuary, jewelry, and thousands of other articles of daily utility. Rubber as an insulator for electrical appliances has made possible the application of this wonderful power to daily and common use, and chroniclers now write of this as the "electrical age," but historians will write of the "rubber age," which this truly is. Were the Pacific cable to be manufactured this year, it would require the entire visible supply of rubber in the United States to-day for insulation. The rubber factories of the United States use annually 60,000,000 pounds of crude material, and the imports of rubber into this country are exceeded in value and quantity by sugar and coffee alone, and no duty is imposed on its importation.

Some two hundred years ago certain wise men of India, given to research and investigation, discovered that a useful and marketable product could be made from the cream arising from the milk of the rubber-tree,—hence the name "India-rubber" still clings.

PARA THE GATEWAY.

For nearly one hundred years the Amazonas belt has furnished the finest quality of rubber produced in the world, commercially known as Para, on account of the shipments being made through the port of Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil. Most of the rubber used in the world to-day still comes from equatorial South America, and the up-river forests, where the Indians gather the *hule,* are as dense to-day and as little known as in the time of Cortez.

Para is a rather pretty city of about 100,000 people, and a regular call port for seven

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lines of ocean-going steamers. The public buildings are well built and picturesque. The streets are fairly wide, and are equipped with car lines, electric lights, and all modern conveniences. Hotel accommodations are good, and in the markets one can purchase wares from all parts of the world, though to do so advantageously one must be a good "trader." Portuguese is the language spoken, though one can get along very nicely with the more liquid Spanish.

Leaving Para on the full tide, which rolls in from the ocean with a roar and raises the water at the wharf sixty feet, we steam away on an ocean-liner of from 4,000 to 6,000 tons, passing up through the inner channel by beautifully wooded islands and into the majestic Amazon, which at this point is three miles wide. The banks are covered with tropical verdure, from the macao, with its wide, beautifully marked leaves, and the wild rice gracefully waving in the morning breeze, to the majestic rosewood, mahogany, teak, and ironwood, while the banana palm, the bread-fruit, and the banyan trees add their plumes and undulating foliage to the brilliant sea of green. From the trunks and branches of the larger trees cling, depend, and gracefully droop delicate vines whose darker greens, beautiful flowers, and berries add a lacelike tracery to the picture. Through the branches of the forest flit birds-of-paradise, cockatoos, parrots, and hundreds of others of beautiful plumage, while monkeys, sloths, ant-eaters, and others of the animal kingdom give an air of native life and activity to the scene which is only occasionally marred by the appearance of a cobra, anaconda, crocodile, or lizard.

MANAOS, THE RUBBER CENTRE.

After two delightful nights and two days of languid siesta upon the broad decks of our steamer, we tie up at the wharf used by the Para Company at Manaos, just as the sun rises over the gilded spire of the cathedral, bathing this picturesque half-Spanish, half-Portuguese city in a flood of light. The most prominent feature of this city of 60,000 people is the shipment of rubber, just as the shipment of tobacco is the prominent feature of Havana. All the exporting section of the city is occupied by packing-houses, where the rubber is boxed for shipment. The well-paved streets are given over to stores of varied merchandise collected from the marts of the world. Electric cars, arc lights, telephones, and all the comforts of home abound under most intelligent management. The streets are wide, and lined with tropical trees, and, with their little tables for refreshment, remind one somewhat of Paris.

In this city, in magnificent style, live the



PADRES MISSION

owners of many of the rubber properties in the Amazonas, and officials representing companies that have capitals of millions, who manage their rubber enterprises after modern business methods. Here also reside merchants who have grown rich in the handling of the commodities and merchandise used by the "men in the woods." Since the almost complete and ruthless devastation of the rubber forests below Manaos the traders have moved from Para, and created in Manaos to-day the rubber centre of the world. From these ports, last year, was shipped fifty million dollars' worth of the crude product.

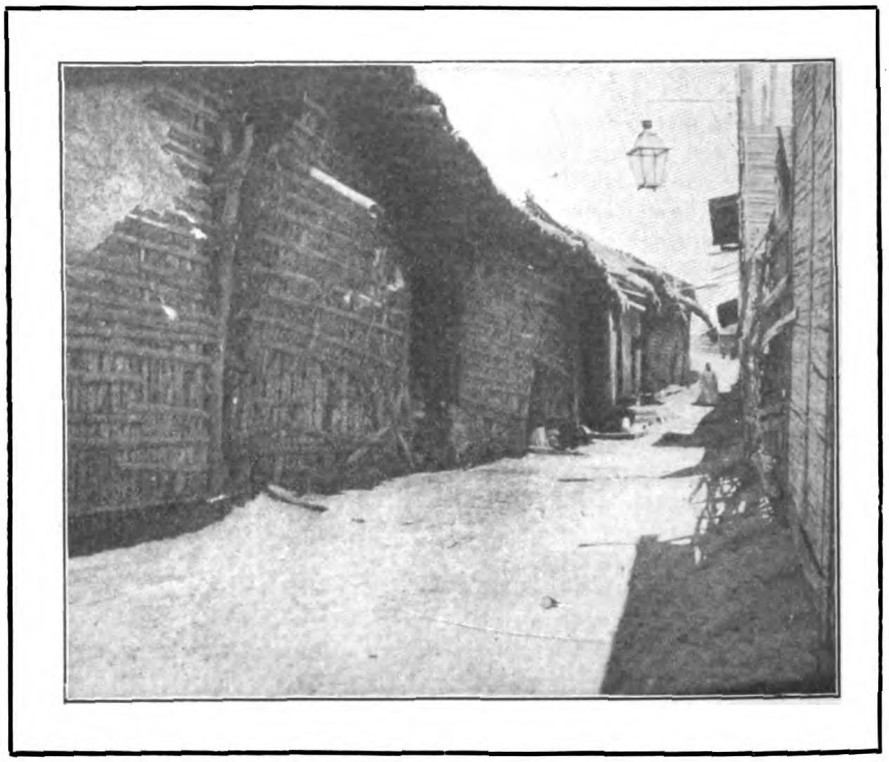
The social life is divided into three distinct castes, or classes,—the high, middle, and low class, from the two lower of which it is impossible to rise after once being established. Theatres, churches, beautiful drives, and yachting on the river, together with varied social functions, afford ample amusement and relaxation in this languid environ-

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ment. From 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. the stores are closed, the streets being practically deserted during these hours of siesta.

UP THE RIO NEGRO.

Taking one of the steamers of the Para Rubber Plantation Company at 9.30 P.M., we leave the glittering lights of the city behind, sail out on the Amazon, and so on into the Rio Negro, where the banks are closer together, the overhanging trees occasionally almost shutting out the moonlight. From this point the scenery is too wildly interesting and tropical for description,—most beautiful, enchanting.



NATIVE HUTS

THE RIO CASIQUIARE.

Arriving at San Carlos, the head trading station of the Para Rubber Plantation Company, a town mainly controlled by this great company, situated at the mouth of the Rio Casiquiare, where it empties into the Rio Negro, we find a typical jungle trading station, — the streets irregular, the houses built mainly of bamboo, thatched and walled with palm leaves. We are royally entertained by Mr. Kenneth Rose, the general manager for the company, and sleep the sleep of the just upon a bed of matting and cocoa silk. Early in the morning we take the launch for a trip up the Rio Casiquiare, a winding river running for 175 miles through an open jungle of tropical trees; all the valuable woods seen on the Amazon and more, acres and miles of them, for the company owns 1,000,000 acres, or 1,400 square miles, of territory running the entire length of the Casiquiare River, from the Rio Orinoco to the Rio Negro, passing the mouths of thirty-six creeks which drain the country into this river. The most noticeable tree in this jungle, however, is the thick, dark-green-leaved *rubber*, whose rich foliage is seen on every hand, and we are told that a careful cruising of the property has figured six trees to the acre, or 6,000,000 rubber-trees over fifteen years old, besides countless numbers of younger plants rapidly growing to maturity. The tree grows in families, somewhat like the famed banyan-tree; the roots of the parent trunk sprout and grow independent trunks, while the branches send creepers downward to, in turn,

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take root. Station No. 3, at the confluence of the Danano Creek, is reached about noontime, and, after a lunch of tinned delicacies and native wine made from a species of the palm, we take to the "tracks," as the paths or routes followed by the sap-gatherers on their daily rounds,—carefully mapped out for them by the foreman of the station each season,—are called. These tracks oftentimes extend to the confines of the company's property, five miles on one side and three miles on the other side of the river throughout its entire length.

IN THE "TRACKS."

The natives of this tract are Indians,—peaceable, quiet, and semi-industrious, docile, and capable of being easily managed by one understanding their temperament. They are formed into squads of twenty to fifty men and women, each bearing six to ten metal bowls holding about a pint, and a "carrina," or earthen jug, of a capacity of perhaps two gallons. The overseer marches his band into one of the "tracks," dropping a gatherer here and there, with instructions to take from five to ten bowls of milk from such a tree. It is a fact known to science that if a rubber-tree is not abused it will produce milk in abundance for thirty or forty years,—all the trees of this company are scrupulously cared for. With a machette having a blade about two inches wide, a small gash is made through the outer bark, beneath which is pinned a bowl, into which the clear, milky sap soon begins to drip. This process is continued until all the bowls are in commission. Lighting a cigarette, the native then sits or lies in a soft spot for two or three hours, then commences the collection of his day's output by going from tree to tree, emptying his little bowls into his carrina, and when all are attended to the march for home is begun, joined on the way by his companions of the morning.

The contents of the carrina is then emptied into a sort of vat, and soon cream rises to the top like cream on milk, forming a thick, grayish-white scum. A fire is built beside the vat; on a paddle is collected a little of the cream, which is held over the fire and turned over and over constantly until the moisture evaporates and the mass hardens, when the process is repeated until a ball about the size of a small ham is formed, weighing perhaps twenty pounds. This is known to commerce as a "ham," and in such shape, cured in this manner, free from sticks, stones, and other foreign matter, it is ready for the weigher, who credits up its weight to the gatherer or immediately pays for it;—so many yards of bright calico, rice, coffee, sugar, maize, so many beads, small mirrors, other showy trinkets, or tobacco, which comprise the only medium of barter in this primitive paradise. The cost of rubber to the company is figured at about 35 cents per pound packed for shipment, and sells in New York for 88 cents per pound.

AN ELASTIC SOLUTION.

This vast tract of the most valuable rubber-producing land in the world has been bought and is owned and held in fee-simple, without bond or debt, by the Para Rubber Plantation Company, a United States corporation. They have organized and are operating the property on the lines adopted and carried out, through long years of successful effort, by the well-known Hudsons Bay Company in the gathering of furs, and by John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor fortune.

A head station has been established at San Carlos, commanding the mouth of their river, so that it is an impossibility for goods to be taken in or rubber smuggled out without the knowledge of the factor in charge. Up the river, at convenient points, are located other stations, each under a competent manager or overseer, where are carried all the merchandise used or needed by the hunters, and where is collected the result of their labors, to be stored until called for by one of the company's steamers, for shipment to the main packing station. This is, beyond all doubt, one of the world's greatest enterprises, giving promise of large returns upon the money expended, with great possibilities for future developments along the most diversified lines; but were rubber alone the only source of income, the profits would be enormous.

As already stated, the company owns about 6,000,000 wild trees—not a nursery for transplanted stock, which has never proved a success. Each tree produces about five pounds of rubber, which would make for the entire property 30,000,000 pounds a year,—all of which facts convey some idea of the future for all who are interested in rubber, and especially so when that interest comes through a company whose plans are on lines similar to those of the great companies above mentioned.

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For markets, even if the demand of American manufacturers should be entirely supplied at a given time, the manufacturers of Europe would at once outbid each other to secure the raw material. And as for the profits on rubber made through European channels, there is no better-known instance of a fortune made than that accumulated by the King of the Belgians through his ownership of rubber forests in his Congo region in Africa.

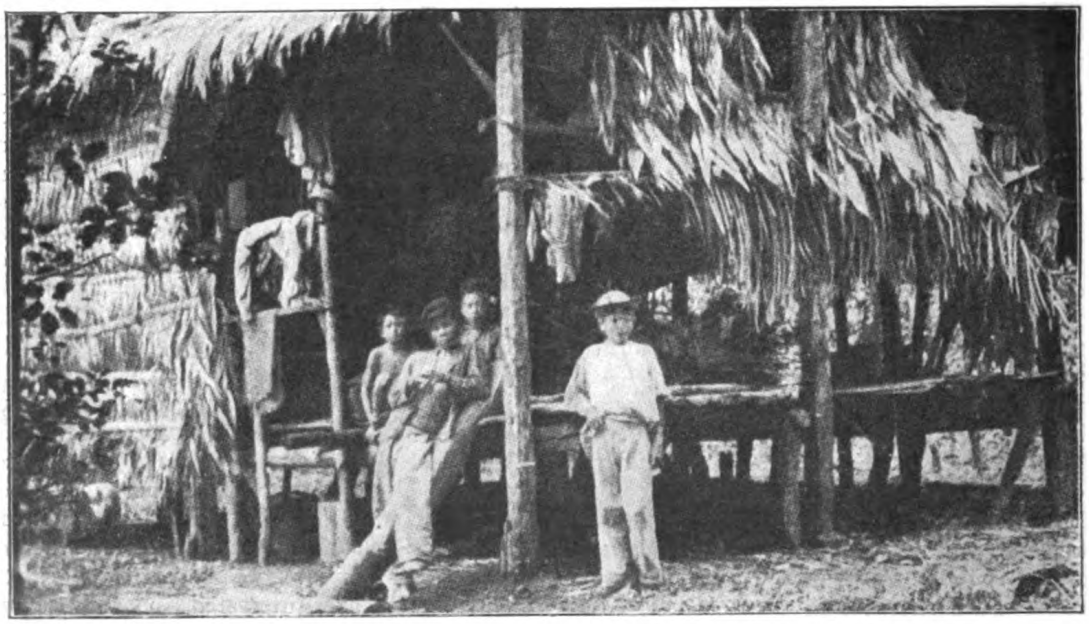
With the foregoing outline of what the rubber industry is, and what relation the Para Rubber Plantation Company bears to the rubber industry, it is the purpose of this article to inform the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE that a fortune has been spent in preliminary operations by the company. This money has been expended acquiring the property and in the establishment of camps and trading-posts, and it is now the purpose of the company to sell a limited amount of its treasury stock for further exploitation.

The Para Rubber Plantation Company has an authorized capital of $5,000,000, divided into 500,000 shares of common stock, of a value of $10 per share. There is but one kind of stock, and no bond issue; the officers are all well-known financiers and men of affairs, who have made a signal success in their own enterprises, outside of which their names have rarely appeared, which guarantees honorable, energetic management, and a financial interest with this class of men affords an opportunity seldom offered to the public.

The stock will be sold at its par value of $10 a share, and there are no bonds or preferred stock. In view of the foregoing, the officers of the company feel that they are very conservative in assuring investors that present prospects warrant their looking forward to a dividend of 6 per cent. from the first year's earnings, and it will be seen at a glance that the natural and available resources of the company are such that this dividend will be immediately and largely increased.

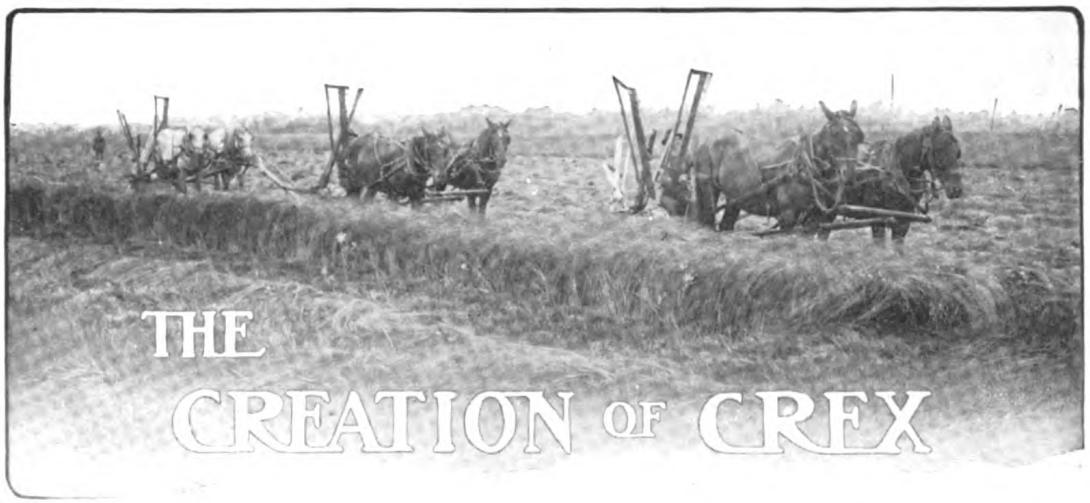
We desire to emphasize that the above calculation of a 6-per-cent. dividend is based on the employment of but 2,000 laborers, and this company owns sufficient territory to give employment to the 40,000 who are available. It is unnecessary to say more. The great immediate and prospective value of the stock is apparent at a glance.

For further particulars and illustrated booklet, giving full information relative to the company, call on or address Para Rubber Plantation Company, Department B, 52 Broadway, New York City. Canadian office, 64 Canada Life, Montreal.



A STATION ON THE CASIQUIARE—YOUNG GATHERERS OF RUBBER

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THE CREATION OF CREX

FOR ages silence reigned over the great prairies of Wisconsin and Minnesota; no hand had reached out to gather the harvest that seemed to have no end. The soil was its own master and produced like for the like nature had given: a riotously luxuriant, spontaneous growth that sprang from the purely vegetable loam, standing half a man's height or more, giving the impression of miles of grain a little season removed from the gleaning, rich in multitones of green that assumed suggestion of delicate browns and gold as the refracted light played through it, swaying in the breeze.

Botany, curiously examining one of the long, round shoots, had learnedly declared it Carex filiformis L., a living fibre, unfit for food. Others came to admire the beauty of the condemned; to wonder at its vigor; to pass by.

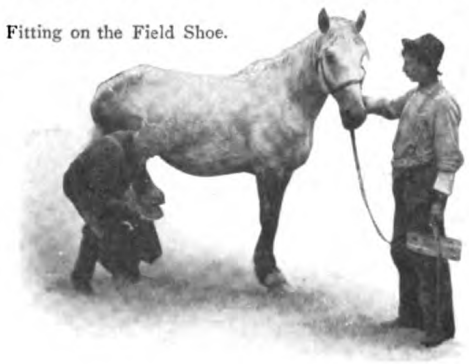
Then came The Man, and opportunity's long day of waiting was beginning to take on a twilight tinge. The botanist's conclusion had given him the cue. As he drew the long, tough fibre through his fingers an inspiration of beautiful and comfortable homes came to him. He saw the lovely color tones of this wonderful prairie harvest spun in a twine that was to become the basic product of artistic and luxurious carpets, rugs, and squares that should give the floor its rightful place in the scheme of house comfort and ornament.

A little further on, its possibilities unfolded in suggestions for rich furniture that should grace the mansion of wealth and cultivate the home of the frugal and industrious; that should in great measure revolutionize the making of the house beautiful; that should have every season for its own; every condition of color and style for an ally; every taste to welcome it; every market eager for it.

Carex filiformis L. was about to emerge from obscurity covered with glory. A little experiment released the thralls; demonstrated that if Carex was unfit for food, it was only because its destiny was greater. The first harvesting was meagre, and the first manufacture was at an expense out of proportion to the cost of everything else except work in the precious metals. Every step meant a fortune, from the cutting on. The problems were like, and unlike, all other great industrial efforts: there were no precedents. But energy and ingenuity triumphed.

Less than half a dozen years from the first visit to the limitless prairies of waste, Crex Grass Carpet and Crex Grass Furniture had been created and seemed instantly to spring into public favor.

Never before had been seen such a wonderful combination of artistic possibilities and practical value. Crex Grass Carpet became the marvel of the dealers. It was a strange anomaly of trade to them that the buyers had found its uses before the sellers knew them. It was bought for parlors, where poor lighting had long been a bane, and in



Fitting on the Field Shoe.

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which the floor covering for this reason becomes a controlling element. The delicacy of shade, warmth of tone, and richness of effect of Crex were a revelation; it seemed to exude that cheeriness that inspires hospitality and effects comfort, while it lent softness of tone to everything else. Crex was bought for halls, for the same reason: it seemed to light up the whole house; but especially to give these highways a new character of winning airiness. It was bought for bedrooms because of the rare tones of nature that brought restfulness as the uppermost and natural thought. It was bought for the den because it reflected outdoor life and afforded possibilities for expression of immediate fancy. It was bought for the living-room, where comfort and personal identity is the key to the plan of furnishings. Crex was bought for every part of the house because in it were united beauty, worthiness, and permanence. The thoughtful housewife's order came along with that of the dreamer of art, and the demand became greater than the work of hundreds of looms and several enormous factories.



Examining the Grass.

The prevailing method is to weave Crex carpet, rugs, and art squares in Nature's own coloring; but many shades may be attained in the plain effects, and scores of exclusive designs, covering every range of color-blending, afford the widest opportunity for the exercise of individual taste. The quality is always the same: there are no grades to Crex; it is all the best. The strongest evidence of the superlatively good qualities of Crex is the service it gives—the broom does not wear it, but improves it; dust and germs do not lodge in it; moths or other insects will not eat it; dampness does not affect it; it will not rot. It wears like Wilton, but is cheaper than ingrain and more cleanly than any other floor covering. Crex Grass Carpet is made in fifty-yard rolls, and then cut by the seller to meet the need of the buyer. The price is regulated entirely by the width.

The creation of Crex Grass Furniture was a logical sequence to the making of the carpet, and it became popular as quickly as its wonderful predecessor. It was new, from every viewpoint—in effect, in style, in finish, in coloring, in adaptability to all conditions; and it was found to be next to indestructible, while the price was so moderate that every home and every office could hope for a share of the output.

It is possible to produce in Crex Grass Furniture any design that can be made of rattan, reed, or willow. More than two hundred and fifty original and novel styles and designs of chairs, settles, tables, stands, tabourettes, lounges, couches, divans, davenports, hall seats, window seats, bassinets, screens, music-stands, flower-stands, jardinières, hampers, and baskets, made at a great factory in Glendale, L. I., created especially for this work, indicate the scope of the use of Crex grass twine in this branch of the industry.

Every housewife knows how frail and unsatisfactory is rattan, reed, and willow furniture. This is caused by the necessity of treating the material with chemicals before manufacture, so as to bleach as well as to give elasticity to the surface. The chemicals penetrate the wood and eat away its vitality, destroying the inner fibre. Later on, the wood cracks and splits. There is no trouble of this kind with Crex Grass Furniture—no chemical or bleach is used in preparing the grass for making either carpet or furniture: it requires nothing beyond mere drying after cutting. The fibre of Crex is indestructible by wear. The proof

Combing the Grass.



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of this is borne in the color. To tamper with this color would be to despoil the victory of nature; to defeat the ends of all the labor and skill expended on the manufacture.

Crex Grass Furniture is not made for a season. It is designed to furnish the house or the office entire, and for the whole round of the year. In the winter it seems to radiate warmth and comfort; in the warm season it looks cool and inviting. It contributes beauty and ornament, along with its great utility: a room furnished entire with Crex is always gratifying to the senses, restful, delightful, while one piece of Crex in a room, however luxuriously fitted, adds a new charm to all its neighbors. Even though a parlor was fitted in the delicacy of white and gold, a touch of Crex would seem the discovery of an affinity, so apt is its harmony with decoration of any style and any period.





Weaving Crex Grass Carpet.

The creation of Crex, while the result of herculean labor, is invested with the interest and thrill of romance, strongly colored with Twentieth Century realism. The making of Crex is more than a commercial venture, it is a revelation of a new art in house-furnishing, and, as such, the origin and processes of manufacture of the parent product—prairie grass twine—must be of general interest.

The habit of the grass requires moisture. Irrigation is accomplished from the neighboring lakes; but the exact time for admitting the water and draining it off involves both quantity and quality of the grass. The water is let in throughout the winter and allowed to run off in the spring and early summer. Owing to the origin and quality of the soil, this leaves portions of the ground softer than others, so that the footing for man or horse is not always secure.

This first difficulty of the harvest was overcome by training the native horses to the work, accustoming them to the "field shoe," a thick board about a foot square fastened to each hind-foot, which serves the horse as snow-shoes serve a man. The equine education progressed rapidly, and even when the footing, picked out with surprising intelligence and tried gingerly with the fore-feet, gave way, the animal faithfully relied on his driver, and patiently awaited extrication.

Contemporaneous with the breaking in of men and horses to the conditions of this new work, was the contriving and making of the machines for cutting, gleaning, spinning, and weaving. The Minneapolis Harvester, popularly known as "The Minnie," was chosen to cut the grass, a decision by which the farmers of the world have largely profited. Succeeding this selection came the invention of the gleaner, a machine that gathers the cut grass and forms it into bundles.

Following the reaper is an examiner, testing the quality of the grass for body, length, and condition. Here begins the care that makes the finished product so desirable and so durable. After the cutting, wagons gather up the bundles, taking them to sheds, where curing is completed by nature.

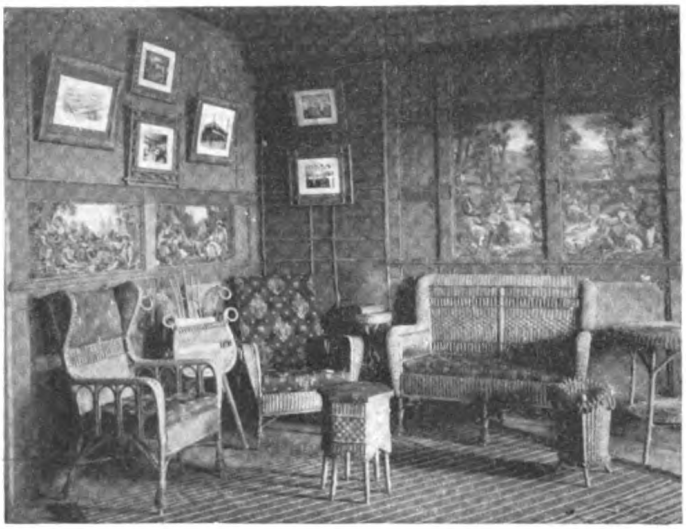
During all this growing, cutting, examining, gleaning, and curing, the grass is kept straight and smooth. Its own wiry characteristic helps this along greatly, and facilitates the handling throughout the latter processes.

The manufacturing plants are located in St. Paul, Minn.; West Superior, Wis.; Oshkosh, Wis., and Glendale, L. I. These are all modern factory buildings, of most liberal dimensions, carefully designed for good light, even temperature, free ventilation, and altogether for the best sanitary conditions in every way.

The grass is brought to the factory in bales weighing approximately 200 pounds, that are taken to an upper floor, whence they are sent

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to the combers, girls who comb out by hand all extraneous matter, short pieces, and kinks that would likely weaken, disfigure, or affect the purity of the twine. This is another and important step in making sanitary carpeting and furniture. The cleansed, selected grass is laid on an endless belt running to the spinning-room. Here it passes under a great wheel, whose periphery is covered with many nippers, each of which takes up a few blades of grass and lays them successively in a trough, or pipe, end on end, forming the foundation for the work of the spinning-machine, to which the pipe carries this continuous sliver. The spinner takes up the blades, giving them a slight twist and wrapping them with a strong but fine thread. The twine thus formed is three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, its uniformity being automatically regulated by the machine.



The most interesting use of the twine is seen in the weaving-room, where long rows of looms make carpeting from one and a half to twelve feet wide. The twine arrives in balls, and is wound with various shades of cotton yarn to harmonize with the color effect of the warp pattern. The warp is formed of four strands of best cotton twisted into a twine of extraordinary strength and wearing qualities.

Now the carpet goes to the inspectors, women who know what a carpet is and what it should be. They spread it out and make minute examination of both sides, correcting imperfections or rejecting it entire. After inspection the carpet passes through heavy calendering rolls that iron it smooth. Then it is sent to the napper, a machine that carries it under several sets of rapidly revolving steel brushes that bring to the surface all loose ends or strands, so they are cut away by the succeeding shearing-knives. The carpet goes through this machine four times, finishing both sides alike, so it may be reversed at will, if soiled or worn.

When woven for rugs or art squares, the margins are bound or fringes added.

The making of Crex Grass Furniture begins with a framework made from selected second-growth ash, carefully and solidly joined and built together, in strength and durability resembling the sturdy work of our forefathers. On this perfect woodwork Crex grass twine is wound by men specially trained to this work.

After the winding is completed, the piece is dipped in glue sizing, which fastens the blades of grass together and fixes them to the framework in one rigid, solid mass. Singeing away the little ends and broken pieces follows; then rubbing; and later, two coats of transparent varnish and a finishing coat of shellac.

Although Crex Grass Carpet has been manufactured but little more than four years, and the first piece of Crex Furniture was marketed but little more than two years ago, the demand has pressed to the utmost the capacity of the great factories aforementioned. It would be difficult to offer more convincing proof of the durability of Crex products, or of the charm of their artistic qualities, than to say a customer has never been lost.

Abroad, Crex is quite in vogue; the palace of the Viceroy of India, as well as famed salons of London, Paris, and Berlin, have their quota from the Glendale factory, and America's latest royal guest, Prince Henry of Prussia, was fondest of the special car fitted exclusively with artistic Crex furniture. Indeed, he expressed himself as being most impressed with this wonder of American ingenuity and art.

Every genuine piece of Crex is marked with this characteristic symbol: Look for it on carpet tags and furniture frames.

CREX
Grass Products

Crex Grass products are distributed through dealers generally. An art booklet, containing color plates of the carpet and furniture, may be had free by addressing American Grass Twine Company, 41 Union Square, New York, or 50 South Canal Street, Chicago, or St. Paul, Minn.

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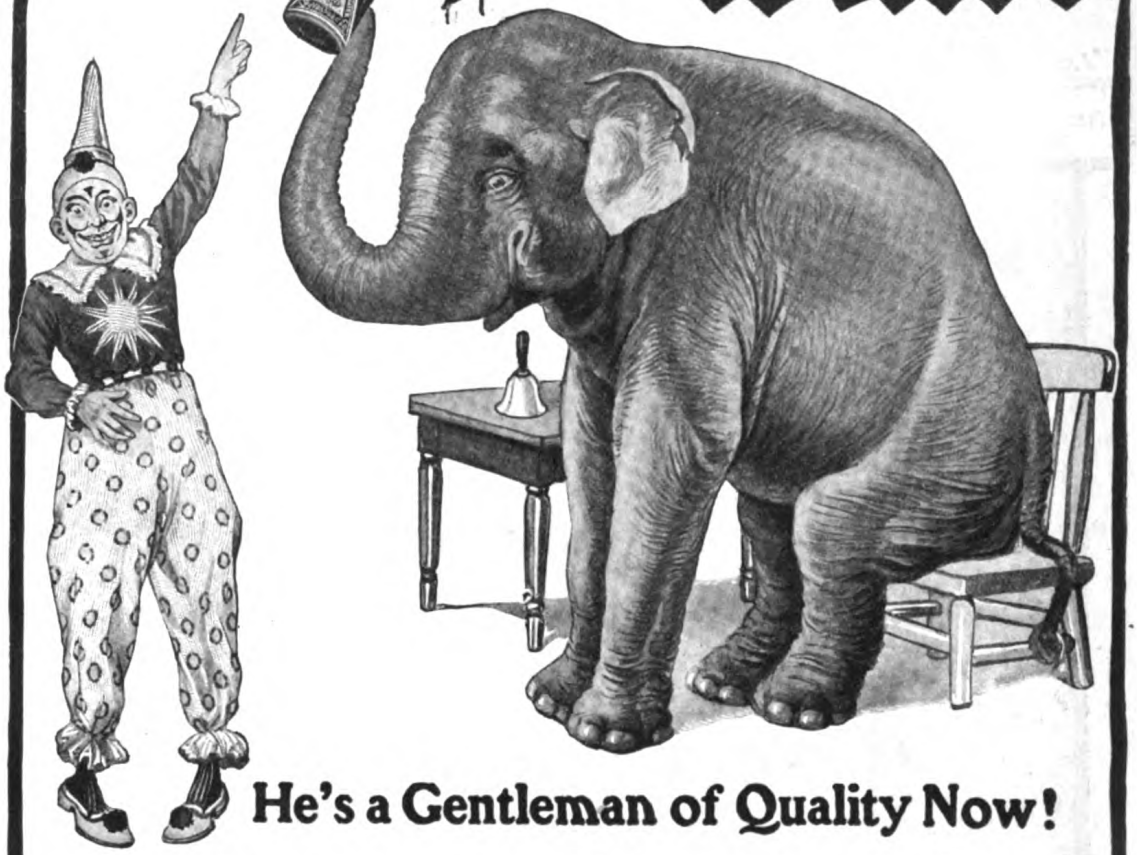
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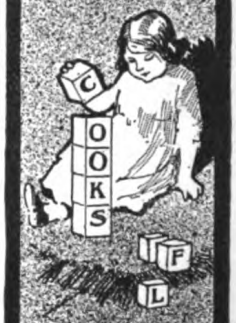
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Stag Supper

With Suggestions for Serving
By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

Prepare Sauce for Oysters with one cup of catsup, one-fourth cup of vinegar, juice of a large lemon, and seasoning of salt, pepper, and tabasco.

Select crisp stalks of celery, and fill each piece with soft cream cheese rubbed to a paste with butter.

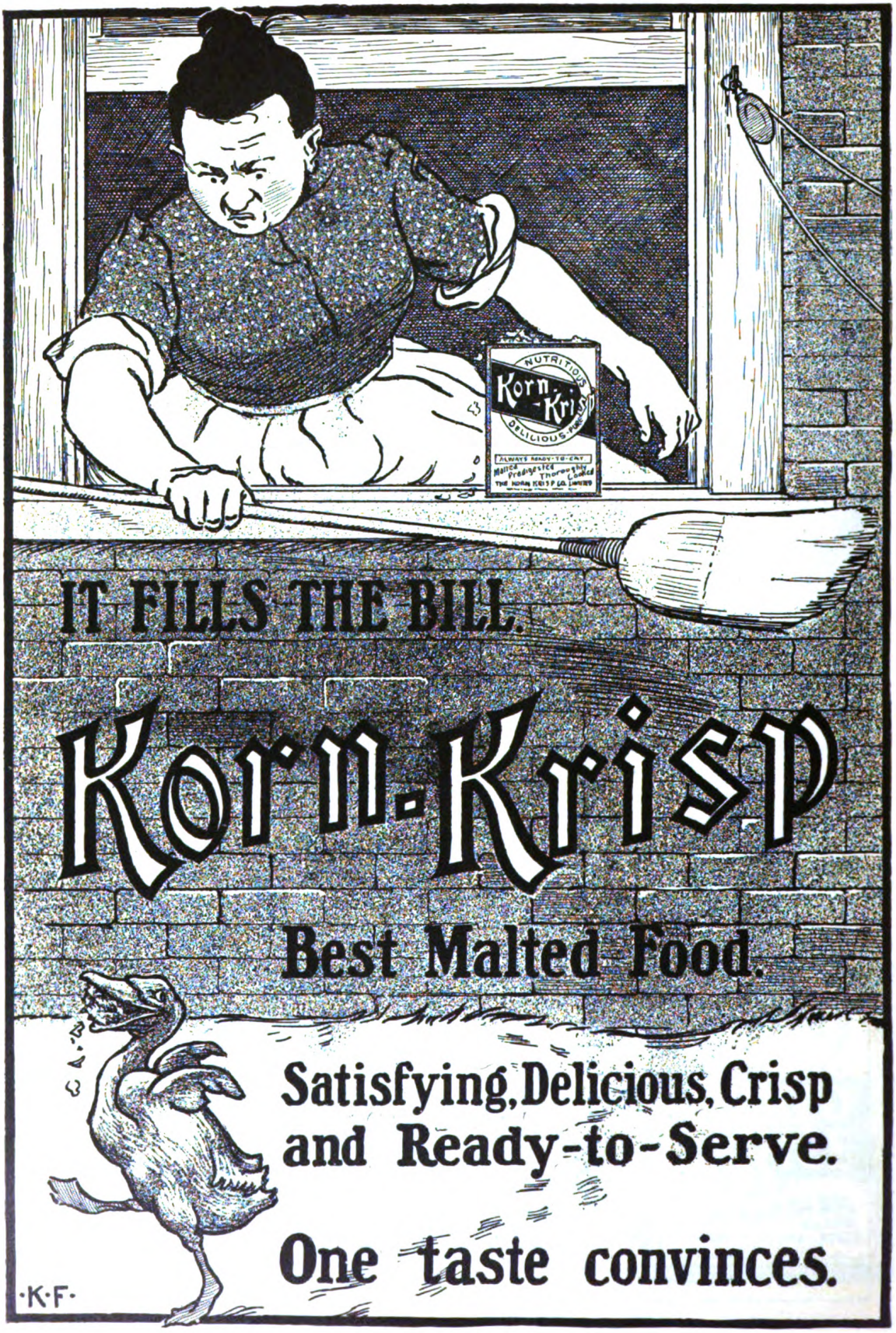
Bread cases may be made of thick rounds of bread hollowed out, brushed with soft butter, and browned in the oven.

The Fruit Salad, composed of oranges, sliced pineapple, and pears, Maraschino cherries, pecans, and a rich syrup, should be served very cold in sherbet glasses. A fitting Crown for this feast of the Kings is found in

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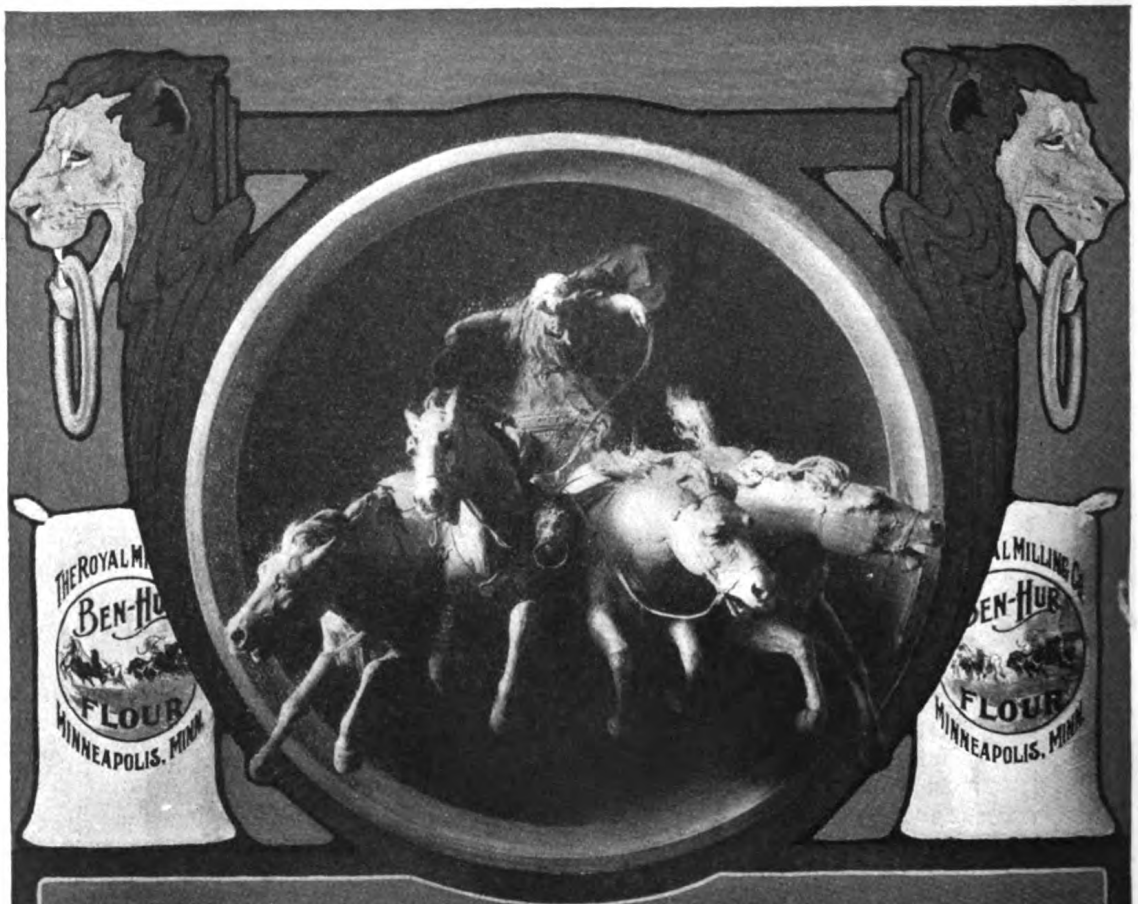
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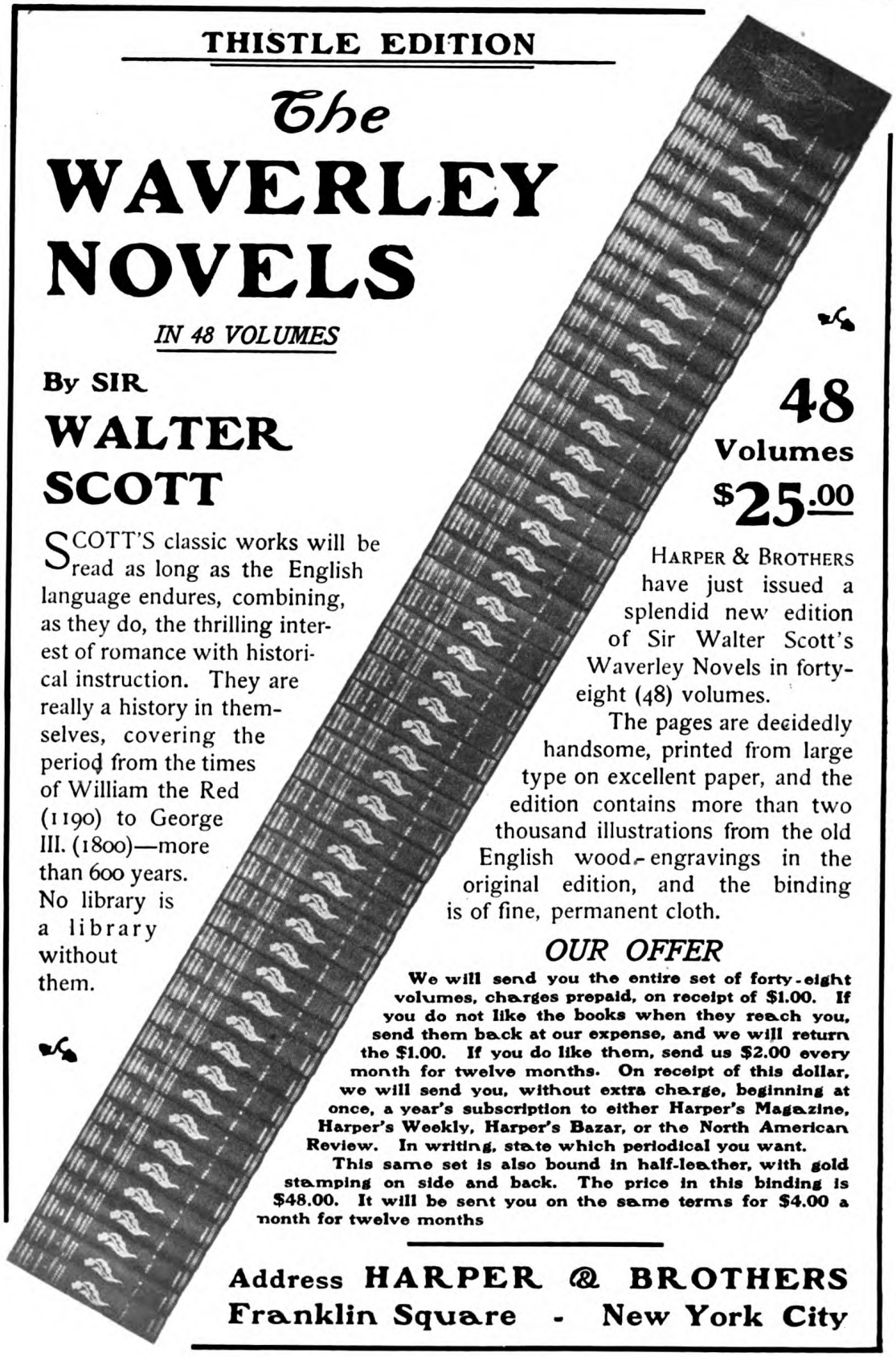
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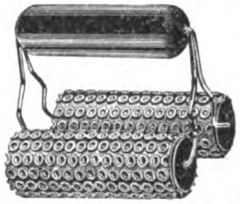


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One of the principal features of this number is an exhaustive article on **neurasthenia** (nervous prostration and exhaustion), known as the "American disease," because of its alarming prevalence in this country. The nature and causes of the ailment are fully explained, and ample proof is given that an absolute cure is afforded in the goat lymph treatment.

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Bright's Disease and Diabetes Cured.

Under the Auspices of the Cincinnati Evening Post Five Test Cases Were Selected and Treated Publicly by Dr. Irvine K. Mott Free of Charge.

A University Chemist Acting as Referee.

Irvine K. Mott, M.D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, well and favorably known in that city as a learned physician—a graduate of the Cincinnati Pulte Medical College and of the London (Eng.) Hospitals, has discovered a remedy to successfully treat Bright's Disease, Diabetes and other kidney troubles, either in their first, intermediate or last stages. Dr. Mott says: "My method arrests the disease, even though it has destroyed most of the kidneys, and preserves intact that portion not yet destroyed. The medicines I use neutralize the poisons that form a toxine that destroy the cell in the tubes in the kidneys."



The Evening Post, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, hearing of Dr. Mott's success, asked if he would be willing to give a public test to demonstrate his faith in his treatment and prove its merits by treating five persons suffering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes, free of charge, the Post to select the cases and the examination to be in the medical department of a prominent University.

Dr. Mott accepted the conditions, and twelve persons were selected. After a most critical chemical analysis and microscopic examination had been made in the University laboratory, five out of the twelve were decided upon, the Professor making the examination remarking, "I should say they are all fatal cases." These cases were placed under Dr. Mott's care and reports published each week in the Post. In three months all were discharged by Dr. Mott as cured, the final examination being made at the University. The persons treated regained their normal weight, strength and appetite, and were able to resume their usual work. Any one desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies of the paper by writing to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are numbered among those who have taken his treatment and been cured, as treatment can be administered effectively by mail.

The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble whatever, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney troubles, and describing his new method of treatment, will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M.D., 66 Mitchell Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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EXTERNAL REMEDY

It removes fat from that part of the body to which it is applied, restoring the natural bloom of youth, leaving no wrinkles or flabbiness.

No nauseous drugs that ruin the stomach; no dieting; no change of habits whatever.

The application is simplicity itself. You merely apply the *ointment* to the part you wish reduced, then literally "*wash the fat away*" without injury to the most delicate skin.

We Guarantee Results

On receipt of request we will send you our new book on obesity, which gives cases and facts of the new discovery—a cure by absorption. *All Correspondence Considered Strictly Confidential.*

THE HOWARD CO.
No. 6 W. 22d St., New York
Suite 46. Tele. 2725 18th



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR KILLED

Home Treatment. Safe, Sensible, Sure. Discovered March, 1901, after many years' patient work. A new principle. Send postal-card with name, and we will send circular in plain envelope sealed.

Sold under a positive guarantee

Trafalgar Co., 96 B'way, P. O. Box 1561, New York

OPIUM

MORPHINE, and LIQUOR Habits Cured. Sanatorium Established 1875. Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us. Treatment can be taken at home. Write **The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. I 6, Lebanon, Ohio.**

VAROMA cures Whooping Cough and Croup. Write for pamphlet to SCHIEFFELIN & Co., New York, Sole Agents.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

☞The **MAHLER ELECTRIC APPARATUS** is the only device ever invented for the *positive, permanent* removal of superfluous hair from face, neck, or arms by electrolysis; also effectually removes Moles, Warts, Red Veins and other facial blemishes. Ladies can operate in the privacy of their own homes with results as positive as can be obtained by skilled specialists at a great **saving in expense.** Send stamp for catalog.

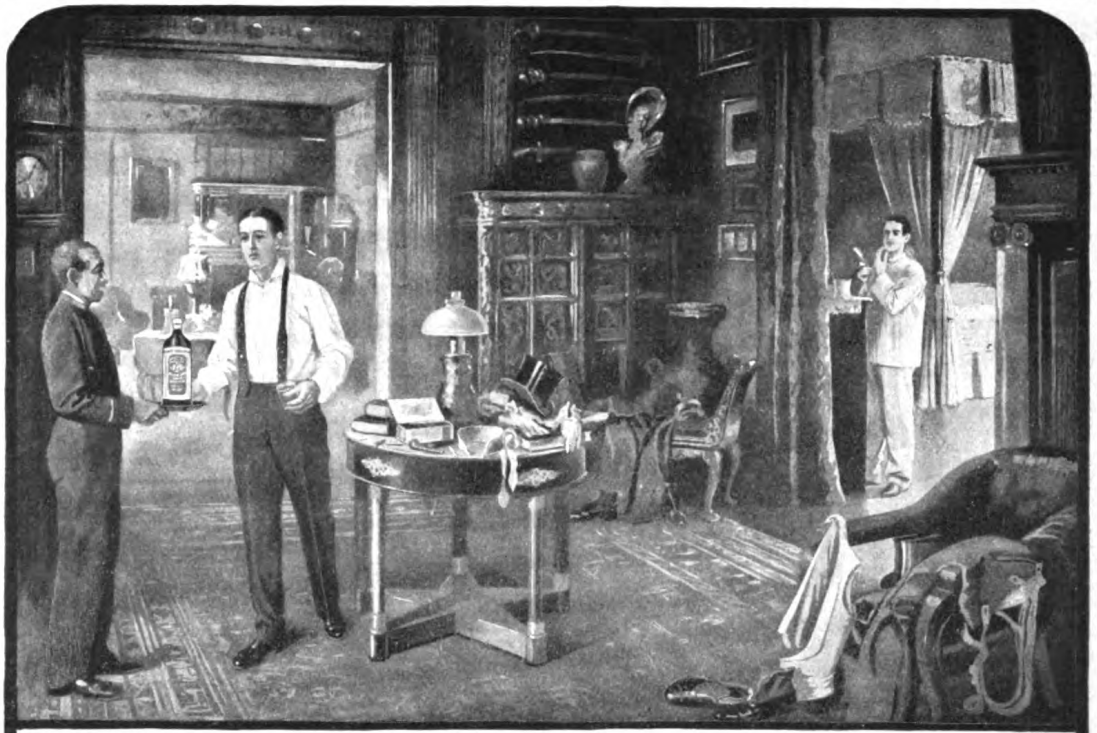
POSITIVE RELIEF AT LAST.



Copyrighted.

D. J. MAHLER, 940 Matthewson St., Providence, R. I.

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"Is that the genuine article Sam?" "Yessser, Mars George, it sholy am generwine cause its got dat word **János** on it. Dis yer **Hunyadi János** is der thing ter take morning after big dinner. It knocks out **consterpation** en makes yer feel like a jay bird in June. Jes half a glass, dats all."



There are many commendable hair preparations; but none of them seems to possess the vital principles which have made the Seven Sutherland Sisters' "Scalp Cleaner and Hair Grower" so famous. The Scalp Cleaner makes an ideal shampoo. It produces a rich, creamy lather, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and removes every particle of scale and dandruff. It is more economical and far superior to any good soap, wash, or shampoo.

The Hair Grower will positively grow hair where the least particle of life exists in the dying hair root. Its rapid life-giving qualities are unequaled. It is refreshing, soothing, and makes and keeps the hair as soft as silk. For two decades these preparations have been making strong, steadfast friends. To-day over 28,000 dealers in the U. S. alone are selling them, with steadily increasing demands—positive evidence of true merit. Ask your dealer about it or address Seven Sutherland Sisters, 18 Desbrosses Street, New York City.

It's never too late to learn.

"It's the Hair—not the Hat"

That makes a woman attractive

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You Don't Know What You're Missing

WE SEND IT **FREE** FOR TRIAL

A SHOWER AND VAPOR BATH IN ONE



You cannot know real comfort and enjoyment in bathing if you bathe the old way. No bathroom is complete without the "New" Shower Bath. To prove it

We will send our

PERFECTION VAPOR SHOWER BATH FREE

for fifteen days' trial, all charges prepaid. Try it for fifteen days; if you are then willing to be without it, send it back **at our expense.**

It is the only perfect shower bath made that can be put up anywhere by any one in a few minutes (**no plumber needed**). Yet is as handsome and serviceable as the plumbed-in shower, which costs three times as much. It is a shower and vapor bath in one, and the only invention that will enable you to take **a complete Turkish Bath at home.**

A shower bath invigorates the system, soothes the nerves, braces up the whole body, and prevents colds. The vapor bath is the best remedy on earth for rheumatism, malaria, asthma, nervousness, insomnia, kidney trouble, catarrh, obesity, etc. The Perfection Vapor Shower Bath will improve anybody's health. If you try it once, you will never be without it. It saves time—no waiting for the tub to fill, is self-cleansing, saves water bills needs but little hot water, and is fitted with a douche. It can be used wherever there is running water, **even without a bath tub,** and any one can put it up It is better than any plumbed-in shower, yet costs but a fraction of the price.

To persuade you to try it at once we will send you the complete attachment, ready to put up, charges prepaid. Try it fifteen days without paying us a cent. If, at the end of that time, you do not think it is worth fully the price we ask for it, return it at our expense. The risk is all ours, none of it is yours.

Write for our new book, **"The Story of a Perfect Bath,"** beautifully illustrated from life, sent **free** on request.

VAPOR SHOWER BATH CO.

609 E Granite Building **ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

RALSTON NEW PROCESS WATER-STILL

WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE

from poison by germs of Zymotic diseases, such as

TYPHOID FEVER

which lurk in all the water supplies of the entire country.

Pure water from the Ralston Still dissolves uric acid and affords the only effective treatment for

Gout and Rheumatism



Send for *free* Booklet, "Plain Facts About the Water Question."

The American Water Still Co., Dept, G
Successors to The A. R. Bailey Mfg. Co.
4 Cedar Street, New York *Agents Wanted*

The Intrusions of Peggy

By ANTHONY HOPE

Author of "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

A novel of life to-day in London, with the adventures and love affairs of a most charming, ingenuous, and interesting young woman. It will be classed by readers among Anthony Hope's best work.

The *Brooklyn Eagle* says: "It is a 'Dolly Dialogue' version of 'Vanity Fair'—an innocent Becky Sharp."

Illustrated, $1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, N. Y.



OXYDONOR

compels the whole organism to drink freely of oxygen from the air, and sets in operation an energizing, irresistible, vital force which eliminates disease of every form by natural process. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Debility, Diabetes, Blood and Skin Diseases, etc., are cured by the use of Oxydonor.

MIDDLEBORO, MASS., Dec. 2, 1896.

DEAR SIR:—I have used Oxydonor in my family during the past sixteen months with beneficial results. We have had ordinary Rheumatism, Sciatica, Torpid Liver, Intermittent Fever, and Stomach trouble. Every member of my family has used Oxydonor, and it has proved of value to us. Yours cordially, Rev. M. F. JOHNSON.

Seven years later.

HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, Rev. Millard F. Johnson, President.
NASHUA, N. H., March 13, 1903.

DR. H. SANCHE:—I am still using Oxydonor in my family; have used it since 1896 with good results. I have two Oxydonors, one of which I send to college with my boy to keep him well. Yours cordially,
MILLARD F. JOHNSON.

Warning. *Oxydonor is the original and only genuine instrument, and is made by Dr. H. Sanche, the inventor and discoverer of this method. His name is plainly stamped on every genuine Oxydonor. Accept no other. Instructive literature on request.*

Dr. H. SANCHE & CO. **261 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.** **61 Fifth St., Detroit, Mich.** **57 State St., Chicago, Ill.** **2268 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Can.**

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Every Seller is in Favor of the Union Labor Dollar

The Detroit Toilers Own more homes free from debt, and receive larger yearly earnings, than the workers of any other American city, according to Mr. A. M. Dewey, special agent of the U. S. Dept. of Labor.

The Detroit Times Is the only English daily in this strong center of organized labor that is entitled to the use of the Union Label. **The Times** enjoys a relation of especial closeness and friendliness with these well-paid, well-housed, thrifty workers.

Advertisers, take the Direct Route to the Detroit Toilers. Circulation, 30,000

Shaw-Torrey Agency, Grand Rapids, Mich.

SHREWD ADVERTISERS

INCLUDE

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

(Population 50,000)

In their appropriation, because Saginaw and the country surrounding it are very prosperous, and advertising there brings good returns. This is the center of the great Michigan beet-sugar district, has very extensive coal-mines and numerous large and varied industries of all kinds. The city of Saginaw is growing fast and offers some excellent opportunities for investments.

The

EVENING NEWS

(Circulation 10,300)

Covers this field almost completely. It has three times the paid circulation in the city of Saginaw of any other daily published in the town, and goes into an average of seven out of every eight homes in the city.

For interesting information regarding Saginaw and surrounding country address

THE SAGINAW EVENING NEWS CO.

Saginaw, Mich.

Foreign Representatives:

WILLIAMS & LAWRENCE, 81 and 82 Tribune Building, N. Y.
HARRY B. FRALICK, - - 87 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

COVER THE JACKSON, MICHIGAN, FIELD THOROUGHLY

by using

The Morning Patriot

AND

The Evening Press

They reach, *without duplication of circulation*, at least 85 out of every 100 local daily newspaper readers in this city and territory. The sworn circulation for year ending Dec. 31, 1902, was,

MORNING PATRIOT, - - -	2,774
EVENING PRESS, - - -	2,308
SUNDAY PATRIOT, - - -	3,515
TWICE-A-WEEK PATRIOT, - -	3,104

The above newspapers are the only ones in their home city allowing an advertiser free access to circulation and advertising records. They court the fullest investigation. Do not be deceived by false circulation claims. Investigate and learn the truth.

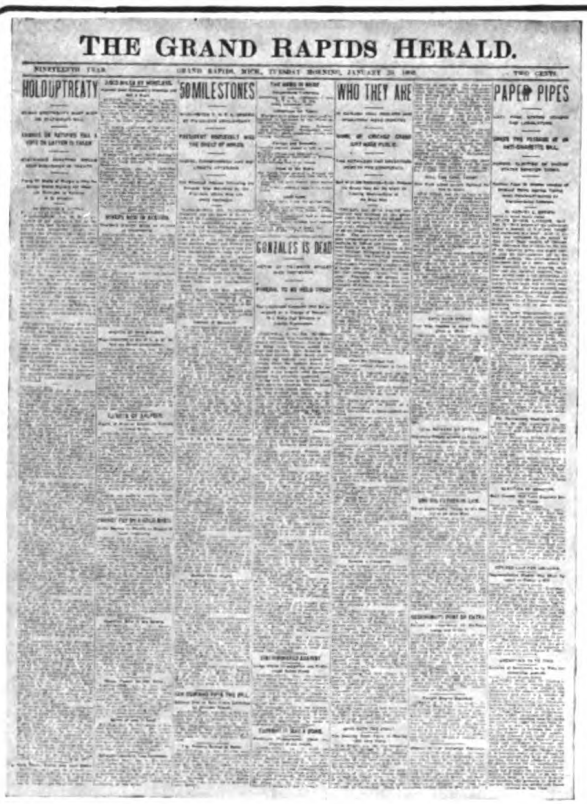
POPULATION (1900 Census), 25,180
COUNTY, 48,222

Jackson is a growing city of diversified manufactories, and a great railroad center. Is surrounded by a fine farming country. People fully employed at reasonable wages. Excellent schools. A splendid field for advertisers desiring to reach a prosperous home-owning community.

Send for rate card and sample copies of publications. If interested in learning more of our city, write us. Information cheerfully given.

THE JACKSON PATRIOT CO.
MILO W. WHITTAKER, MANAGER.

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THE GRAND RAPIDS HERALD.

HOLD UP TREATY

50 MILESTONES

GONZALES IS DEAD

WHO THEY ARE

PAPER PIPES

HE USES "THE HERALD" ONLY

"Your Paper Has Put Me Ten Years Ahead."

WILLARD M. BURLESON, M.D.,
103 Monroe Street,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., March 10, 1903.

The Grand Rapids Herald, City.

GENTLEMEN:—In my opinion the *Herald* as an advertising medium is the best in the city. Since I have been advertising my New Painless Dissolvent Method of Curing Piles, I have made a great success, largely through the excellence of your paper as an advertising medium. When I first commenced advertising I used the evening papers exclusively, as I had been told that they "covered the field." Afterwards I was induced by your representative to try the *Herald*. The results have been such that I have entirely dropped the evening papers and, instead, use the *Herald* exclusively. Now, much of my business comes to me through the recommendation of patients whom I have cured, but the majority of my first patients came from seeing my advertisement in your paper.

While merit always wins, it wins more quickly by judicious advertising. I consider that your paper has put me ten years ahead of where I would be if I had not used it. I am,

Yours truly,
WILLARD M. BURLESON, M.D.

Shaw-Torrey Agency, Grand Rapids, Mich.



No better dessert the year round than ice cream or ices. More appetizing and wholesome than cooked desserts; less time and trouble if you use a

Peerless Iceland Freezer

(One Motion)

Only three minutes for freezing smooth and firm. Patented stationary dasher is responsible. Scrapers hug sides of revolving can, make one motion do the work.

Dealer will refund your money if not pleased.

Write for "Six Cooks and a Freezer"

A collection of new and practical recipes prepared exclusively for the Peerless Iceland Freezer by Mrs. Rorer, Madame Blay, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Herrick, Miss Janet McKenzie Hill, Miss Fannie M. Farmer.

DANA & CO., Dept. F, Cincinnati, O.

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Once a man tried to make Diamonds—
He failed—
The crystals he produced lacked brilliancy,
But they had all the other characteristics of the diamond—
They were diamonds—minus the sparkle
A failure—the scientific man declared—
The greatest abrasive the world has ever known—practical experience suggested—

So Carborundum came into being—
The diamond in the workshop instead of the parlor—
Carborundum is intensely hard, and sharp, and brittle—
It is made into grinding wheels of all sizes and shapes—
And into sharpening stones, paper, and cloth—
And powders and grains for polishing—

It does more work, faster work, cleaner work than any other abrasive ever known

THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY

Niagara Falls **New York, U.S.A.**

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That "Stale Smell"

The ordinary damp, stale-smelling zinc-lined refrigerator is as dangerous as a sewer. That stale smell is a danger signal to warn you that the zinc is corroding and the oxide poisoning milk and food.

McCray Refrigerators

ARE LINED WITH PORCELAIN TILE, OPAL GLASS, OR ODORLESS WOOD

For residences, clubs, hotels, hospitals, grocers, markets, florists, etc., and are so absolutely dry that you can keep salt or matches in them without becoming damp. You can leave a box of matches in a McCray Refrigerator for days and then light them on the inside wall. Try this on the inside of your refrigerator.

The McCray patent system of refrigeration insures a dry, clean, sanitary refrigerator

because it gives a perfect circulation of absolutely dry, pure cold air. No dampness to breed microbes; no zinc lining to corrode and poison your food. **Saves ice—every refrigerator guaranteed.**

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS are also built to order. All sizes—catalogues and estimates free

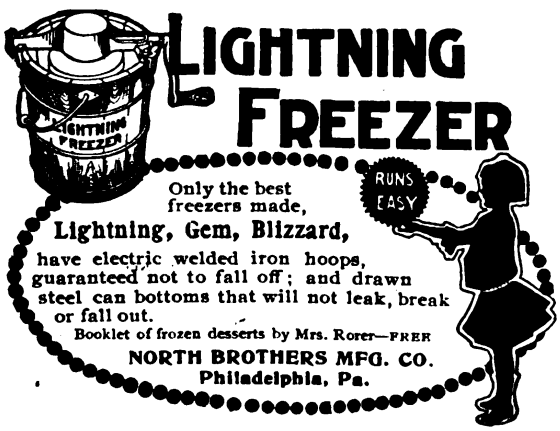
Catalogue No. 38 for residences; No. 45 for hotels, public institutions, clubs, etc.; No. 56 for meat markets; No. 63 for grocers; No. 70 for florists. Mention this magazine and we will send you free a valuable book, "How to Use a Refrigerator."

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR CO., 276 Mill St., Kendallville, Indiana

BRANCH OFFICES AND SALESROOMS

Chicago—55 Wabash Ave.
New York—341 Broadway
Boston—52 Commercial St.
St. Louis—404 N. Third St.
Columbus, O.—356 N. High St.
Columbia, S. C.—1210 Main St.
Washington, D. C.—620 F St., N. W.
Detroit—305 Woodward Ave.
Pittsburg—710 Penn Ave.
San Francisco—122 Market St.
Cleveland, O.—62 Prospect St.

Address Main Office unless you reside in one of the above cities.



LIGHTNING FREEZER

Only the best freezers made,

Lightning, Gem, Blizzard,

have electric welded iron hoops, guaranteed not to fall off; and drawn steel can bottoms that will not leak, break or fall out.

Booklet of frozen desserts by Mrs. Rorer—FREE

NORTH BROTHERS MFG. CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.

GLASS WATER COOLERS

ICE AND WATER SEPARATE

No Germs, Insects, Rust or Dirt

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET G.

APPERT GLASS CO., 277 Broadway, N. Y.



BREAD MACHINE

FOR HOUSEHOLD USE

Sifts the flour and mixes 10 lbs. of best bread in 3 minutes. Sold subject to trial and approval. *Send for Booklet.* Agents wanted.

Scientific Bread Mach. Co.
(CYRUS CHAMBERS, JR.)
52nd and Media Sts., Philadelphia

Kitchen Utensils HAVING THIS TRADE MARK

AGATE L G Mfg. & Co. NICKEL-STEEL WARE

WE MAKE 1520 KINDS

BURNED IN THE ENAMEL ARE SAFE

NO POISON

Has ever been found in the enamel of

Agate Nickel-Steel Ware

The Blue Label proves it. Sold by leading House-furnishing and Department Stores everywhere. If substitutes are offered write us. Send for Booklet.

LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

Kitchen Utensils HAVING THIS TRADE MARK

AGATE L G Mfg. & Co. NICKEL-STEEL WARE

WE MAKE 1520 KINDS

BURNED IN THE ENAMEL ARE SAFE

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RALPH E. SAWYER, ARCHITECT, BOSTON.

A MOSS GREEN ROOF

USED TO BE SEEN ONLY ON OLD HOUSES, BUT BY USE OF

Dexter Brothers' English Shingle Stains

THE SAME EFFECT MAY BE OBTAINED.

No Offensive Odor.

Send for Sample Boards and Color Plates to

Dexter Brothers Company,

103, 105, 107 BROAD ST., - - - BOSTON

The following firms act as our Agents: H. M. HOOKER CO., 57 W. Randolph St., Chicago; W. S. HUESTON, 24 E. 22d St., New York; SAMUEL BETTLE, Jr., 218 Race St., Philadelphia; SMITH & YOUNG, San Francisco, Cal.; MAYBERRY HARDWARE CO., Birmingham, Ala.; MOUND CITY PAINT & COLOR CO., St. Louis.

The Flight of Pony Baker

By W. D. HOWELLS

Author of "A Boy's Town," etc.

This is a most delightful story of the adventures, experiences, and feelings of a "real" boy. It is a book for grown people as well as for boys, for it portrays in a vein of rare insight and humor the actual life of boy-town as all know it. It is an inimitable story, told in a way to interest every one who is interested in boys. Illustrated.

$1 25 net (postage extra)

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

WALL PAPER direct from the Manufacturer. Small samples free; for large size samples send 6 cents to partly cover postage. Borders and papers same price. Give full particulars. Dept. D.
A. C. BIDWELL, Buffalo, N. Y.

PARQUET FLOORS
in choice designs
and beautiful selected woods
at moderate prices
WM. G. REID & CO.
2 West 33d Street, N. Y.

ARTISTIC MANTELS $12.00 AND UP



Every Dollar Invested in an Artistic Mantel Adds a Hundred Dollars to a House as an Investment or as a Home.

The newest and most artistic **Fireplace Mantels** are made of **Ornamental Brick** in Colonial, Elizabethan, Renaissance, Empire, and other styles. Artistic, decorative, useful. Architects consider them superior to other kinds. Any capable brick-mason can set them with our plans. Six colors of the brick, viz., Red, Buff, Cream, Pink, Brown, and Gray. Send for Sketch Book of 59 designs of mantels costing from $12 up.

Phila. & Boston Face Brick Co., Dept. 10, 141 Milk St. Boston, Mass.
New York City Showroom at 109 W. 42d St.

LIQUID GRANITE FOR FLOORS

DEVELOPS THE GRAIN OF THE WOOD — MAKES A LASTING FINISH

ALSO UNEQUALED FOR OILCLOTH AND LINOLEUM PROLONGING THEIR LIFE AND PRESERVING THE FRESHNESS OF THE COLORS

Every home builder and house owner ought to know something about natural wood finishing. We have condensed some useful information on this subject in pamphlet form, and mail it free upon request. Write us, we are glad to tell what we know about natural woods and how to finish them.

BERRY BROTHERS, LIMITED, VARNISH MANUFACTURERS,

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA BALTIMORE CHICAGO CINCINNATI ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO

FACTORY AND MAIN OFFICE, DETROIT

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LAND OF THE SUN

LOS ANGELES is the first city in the United States for increase in population and wealth. It is the capital of the "Land of the Sun." If you want to know what is going on in the home of the orange, the fig and the vine,
get a copy of

The Los Angeles Times

The foremost exponent of the rich, promising and expanding Southwest. Devoted for twenty years to its exploitation and development. An encyclopedia of reliable information—an "eye-opener" for countless inquirers everywhere.

THE TIMES stands for liberty and law, individual rights and industrial freedom. It is against the strike, the lockout, the boycott, and the conspiracy to injure the citizen and the country.

Daily, 12 to 20 pages; Sunday, 60 to 72 pages, besides a Sunday Magazine of 32 pages, a storehouse of facts and up-to-date literature, with a peculiarly Californian and Southwestern "out-door" flavor. Terms, 75 cents a month, $9.00 per year. Sunday issue only, including magazine, $2,50 a year, by mail. SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

The classified columns give a splendid idea of the many opportunities for business and investment in the Southwest.

The Times-Mirror Company

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS
Editor and General Manager

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Standard

Porcelain Enameled Baths and Sanitary Ware

make possible the luxury of a dainty and sanitary bathroom at moderate cost. It has the snowy purity of china with the strength of iron.

This illustration shows a compactly arranged bathroom equipped with "Standard" ware costing approximately $90.00.

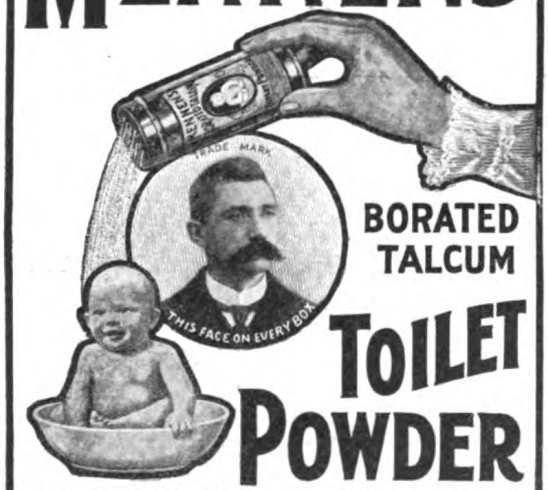
Every piece bears our guarantee label in green and gold, and has the name "Standard" or initials "S. S. M. Co." cast in relief on the exterior. No others are genuine.

We will send our beautiful book,

"Modern Bathrooms," FREE ON REQUEST, to illustrate and explain several styles of arrangement and the approximate costs.

STANDARD SANITARY MFG. COMPANY, Department A, PITTSBURG, PA.

MENNEN'S



BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

DELIGHTFUL AFTER BATHING, A LUXURY AFTER SHAVING!

Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.

A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. For sore, blistered and perspiring feet it has no equal. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get MENNEN'S (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. AVOID HARMFUL IMITATIONS. (Sample free).

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Something New **Mennen's Violet T**

RESINOL SOAP

THE BEST FOR THE SKIN

The best for scalp and hair. Possesses the same remarkable healing properties as the famous skin ointment—Resinol, combined with a gentle, effective, emollient and cleansing soap base.

RESINOL SOAP

beautifies the skin, by
health—it is a
moves all
rough

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IN 1786 Evans' Ale was first made. It was a good ale then, but the Evans' Brewery has ever progressed along the lines of brewing advancement and to-day



Evans' Ale



stands for the highest grade brewing in the world—and every bottle backs up the statement beyond dispute.

No article could have obtained such widespread popularity save through superlative merit.

ANY DEALER ANYWHERE.

Brewed and Bottled by C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, New York

CUBAN SPLITS

5 FOR 15¢



A Superb Short Smoke For Little Money

Made of finest selections of Imported Havana Tobacco, Mild and Fragrant, Satisfying and Saving. Sold by Leading Tobacconists everywhere.

SAMPLE BOX OF 25 Cigars SENT PREPAID FOR 75 cts.

REGULAR BOX OF 100 Cigars SENT PREPAID FOR $2.75

Send name of your dealer with order.

KRAUS & CO., (Sole Mfrs.) 101-103-105 Pratt St., BALTIMORE, MD.

TIRES, $3.98 Per Pair

PUNCTURE PROOF

Sterling Puncture Proof Tires are the best made. Constructed on puncture proof lines. No solution in them.

Guaranteed for One Year.

Complete catalogue of tires from $2.00 per pair up, sent FREE.

DELAWARE RUBBER CO.,

Dept. 89, 631 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Send for big Catalogue.

Water Motor Fan

$1.50



Can be connected with any spigot or attached to wall. Any person can adjust it easily and without effort. **Diameter, 10 inches. Makes 2000 revolutions a minute.** Throws a current of air as strong as any $15 electric fan, without any noise or annoyance. It has no equal for the sick-room. Descriptive Circular free.

AGENTS WANTED.

PRICE COMPLETE $1.50.

DELAWARE RUBBER CO.,

Dept. 89, 631 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Have you a friend in Kansas City?
Ask him if he does n't read
the Kansas City Star in the evening,
Times in the morning

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THE MONROE PORCELAIN REFRIGERATORS.

SOLD BY MAIL DIRECT.

From Factory to You

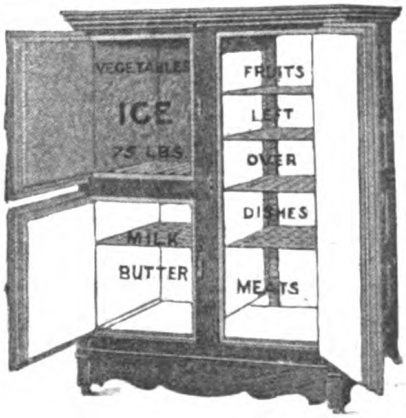
The MONROE is a high-grade refrigerator for family use. Unlike and better than others, its food compartments are molded, single pieces of solid white porcelain ware—without joint or seam—strictly sanitary.

An order will bring the MONROE at once to your nearest railway station, freight paid. You can have the satisfaction of examining and proving it in your home. If, after a reasonable time, it is not satisfactory in every respect, write us and we will take it back and refund your money.

The only way to obtain a MONROE is to order it direct from us. We have no agents. Write for Catalogue "A." It is free.

Monroe Refrigerator Co.

New York Office, 42 Cortlandt St. **Lockland, Ohio**



THE LEONARD-CLEANABLE REFRIGERATOR

REAL PORCELAIN LINED.

This porcelain is the same material that the blue and white preserving kettles are made of. A luxury at the price of a necessity.

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS.

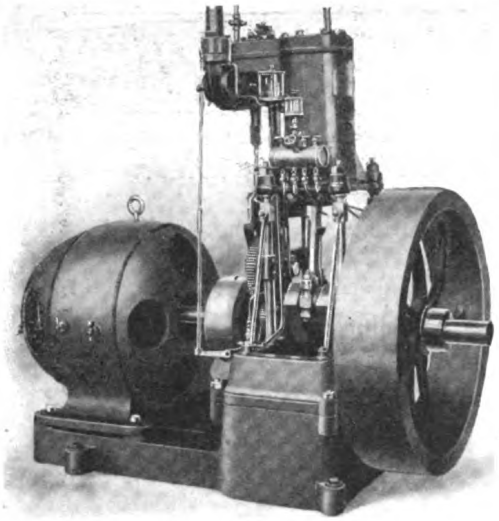
This Style, Polished, quarter sawed golden oak case; size, 35 in. long by 22 in. deep, by 46 in. high, **Porcelain Lined, $29.75.** Sliding shelves adjustable to any height. Other styles and sizes from **$20.00** to **$50.00.** In zinc lined, **$8.50** to **$30.00.** LISTEN!—In common Refrigerators air circulation is through ends, front or lid. When anything is spilled in air passage, it decays and taints the inaccessable walls. **Phew!** With the **LEONARD-CLEANABLE** every part is accessable. It strains the back to remove the whole ice box which some makers compel. **Here is a vital point! THE LEONARD-CLEANABLE ALL METAL ICE RACK** purifies the condensation and prevents ice water dripping upon food. Avoid refrigerators with under wooden sticks—they mould and become musty. **Still Another Point: OUR EIGHT WALLS WITH MINERAL WOOL INTERLINING** save ice bills. **Where is another equal to the Leonard?** We ship the Leonard to you freight free anywhere east of Omaha or north of Tennessee, where we have no dealer; pro rata beyond. Guaranteed to be greater value than any other, or your money returned without comment. Sample of our Porcelain lining with booklet "How to Use a Refrigerator" and catalogue sent **FREE.**

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO. 14 Ottawa Street. Grand Rapids, Mich.

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80-LIGHT SECOR OIL-ELECTRIC MACHINE.

SUMMER SATISFACTION

No country home is complete without electric lights. The Secor Automatic Oil-Electric Machine makes electricity available in the remotest hamlet at less cost than in the city. This machine is simple and safe; always works; has no objectionable features; and is cared for by a gardener or stable-man. In addition to lighting, it can pump water or saw wood. Write for illustrated bulletin, S. D. 18.

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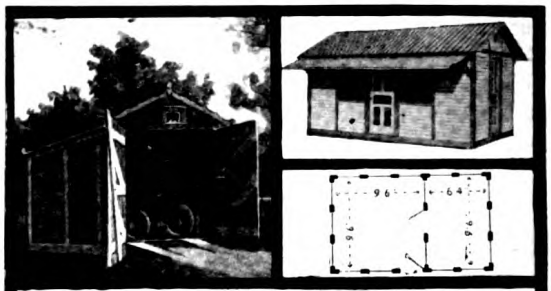
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These houses are perfect in construction; **wind and water proof;** admirably adapted to meet **every** requirement; ornamental and reasonable in price.

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"Largest Stove Plant in the World"

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A woman has used a lamp chimney of mine for fourteen years.

What a jolly good time she has had!

My name on every one.

If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

TRADE Vudor MARK
PORCH SHADES AND LAWN PAVILIONS



Keep Out the Sun—Let In the Air

VUDOR PORCH SHADES

make your home life delightful and enjoyable on the hottest days—add practically another room to your house—the coolest and most comfortable of all in summer—ideal for entertaining, perfect for pleasure. Easy to raise or lower. Made in artistic colors to harmonize with your decorations. Very inexpensive; most economical.

VUDOR LAWN PAVILIONS

are strong, durable, cozy; inclose 28 sq. ft. Six sides equipped with **Vudor Shades**, each of which can be raised or lowered as desired.

Write for booklet "Story of Comfort." It's free.

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FOR STEAM HEATING

specify and insist on having your plant fitted with the JENKINS BROTHERS' VALVES

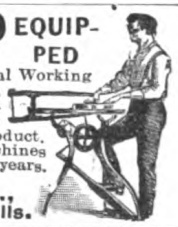
Design, workmanship, and materials of the highest standard throughout. Every valve inspected and tested before leaving the factory, and fully warranted. Awarded the Gold Medal at the Pan-American Exposition. Write for Catalogue.

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and want a correct and beautiful house, the opposite of the commonplace, then you should see these books of designs:

Colonial Houses, 1903 edition, express prepaid, - - - - - - - - $2.00
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House shown here in 1903 edition.

They show large, correctly drawn perspectives, full floor plans, and complete descriptions, with estimates of cost. The designs are **new, original, unique, consistent.** They combine beauty of exterior with complete and convenient interiors. If you are at all interested in the subject you will find these publications suggestive and entertaining. Sketches to carry out your ideas, special plans made. Complete plans for any of the designs furnished. Address

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Capacity, 10 to 5,000 Lights

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Better than City Gas or Electricity. Cheaper than Kerosene.

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"It is impossible to say too much in praise of the system of lighting which you have installed in our new Institute buildings."
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GABOT'S SHINGLE STAINS

Our stains are used largely in the tropics, where their wood-preserving and wearing qualities are even more valuable than here, but in any climate they are the cheapest, most artistic and best exterior colorings for shingles and other rough woodwork on all kinds of buildings. Send for stained-wood samples and catalogue.

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Agents at all Central Points.





The most artistic and durable color effects on shingles are produced with Shingletint, which is a scientific combination of linseed oil, coloring matter, creosote, and the necessary drying agents.

Among the many shingle stains offered, Shingletint is conspicuous not only for its superiority, but because it can be called for by its distinctive name, thus offering the consumer protection against inferior goods offered for the same purpose.

When buying Shingle Stains it will be worth while to ignore the "just as good" argument and insist upon Shingletint.

Stained woods and descriptive literature sent free upon request.

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Varnish Manufacturers
New York Philadelphia Chicago St. Louis
Boston Baltimore Cincinnati San Francisco
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Odorless Garbage

Out of sight and safe from disturbance, if put in **Witt's Corrugated Can.** Tight-fitting lid keeps odors in, dogs out. The strongest can made. The *only* neat, thoroughly sanitary and durable receptacle for garbage. Get **Witt's**; imitations are worthless. See that "Witt's Corrugated Can" is stamped in the lid.

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THE WITT CORNICE CO., Dept. V, CINCINNATI, O.



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National Junior Engine
"BUILT TO DO WORK"
Simplest. Most Practical. Positive Utility Throughout

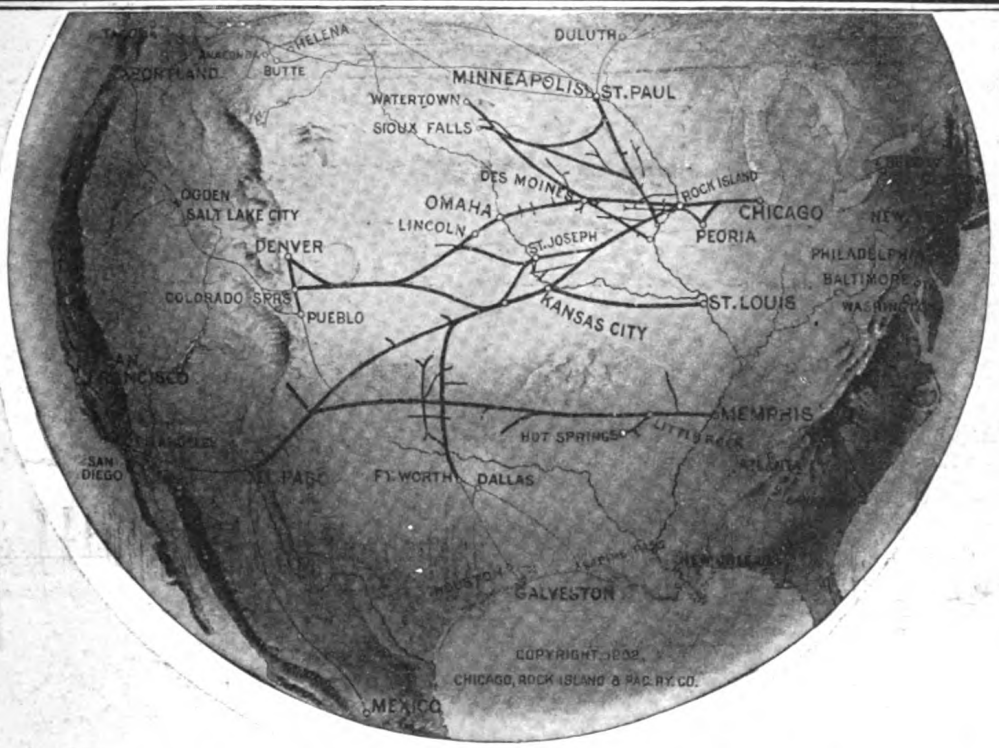
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The Rock Island States of America



Never has a better opportunity of visiting the West presented itself than will occur this summer. The occasions are:

General Assembly Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, May 21-June 2.
National Convention Society of Christian Endeavor, Denver, July 9-13.
National Encampment Grand Army of the Republic, San Francisco, August 17-22.

Extraordinarily low rates will apply. Full information will be furnished on application to any of the representatives of the Rock Island whose addresses are given below:

New York City, 401 Broadway; 5th Ave. and 35th St. — Philadelphia, 111 South Ninth St. — Boston, 26 School St. — Buffalo, 120 Ellicott Square. Montreal, 178 St. James St. — Cincinnati, 38 East 4th St. — Cleveland, 216 Williamson Building. — Pittsburg, 415 Park Building. — Indianapolis, 9-10 Claypool Building. — Chicago, 91 Adams St. — Detroit, 11 Fort St. West. — Memphis, 347 Main St. — St. Louis, 901 Olive St.

Rock Island System

A glance at the map which appears above will show you how direct are the lines of the Rock Island System, not only to Colorado, but to Northern and Southern California as well.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Rock Island System, Chicago, Ill.

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Hotels and Boarding Houses in Colorado

$8 TO $10 a week will pay for excellent board at many a house in Colorado, right in the heart of what is beyond any question the most charming summer country in the world. We publish a handbook of Colorado which tells all about some 200 desirable places, giving the names of proprietors, prices for board, location on the map, which is part of the book, information about nearby attractions, rates for guides and livery, in fact about everything there is to know. I shall be glad to send you a copy without charge. Kindly write for it today.

Burlington Route

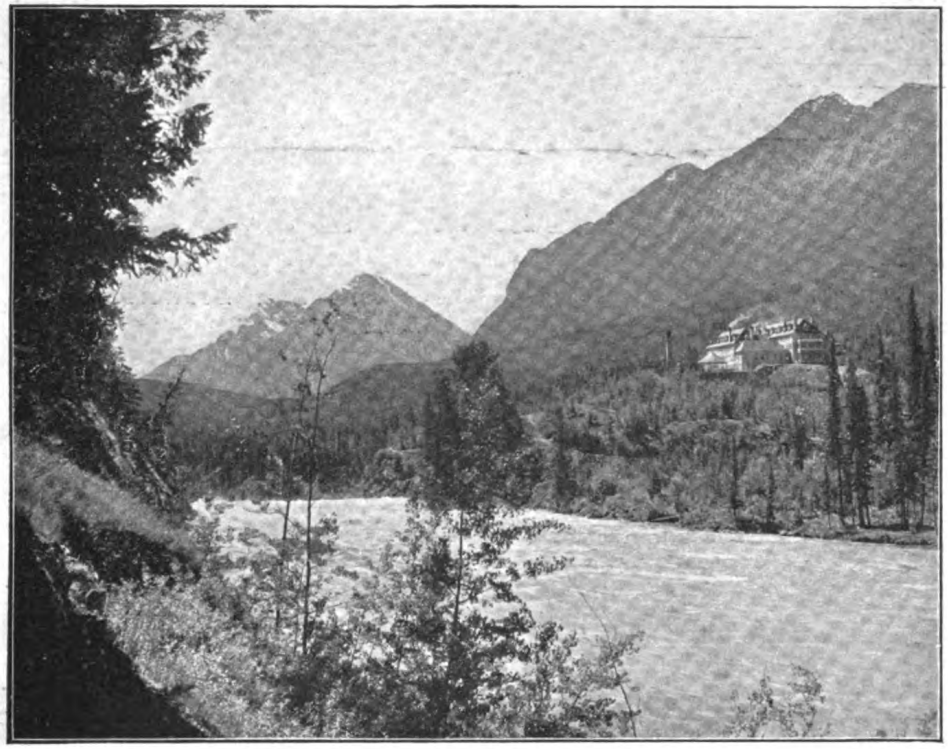
Colorado is by no means an expensive place to visit, and there is no country in the world that equals it as a resort for health and pleasure — spend your vacation there.

We shall sell tickets to Colorado next summer at unusually low rates.
We run trains "one night on the road" from Chicago or St. Louis to Denver.
Don't fail to send for our handbook of Colorado hotels. Full of information. No charge.

P. S. EUSTIS, Pass. Traffic Manager, C. B. & Q. Ry. Co., CHICAGO

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Banff Springs Hotel.

Last Summer the accommodation of the BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL was taxed to its uttermost. **This year visitors will find**

Its Capacity Doubled.

Not only has the hotel been added to, but the Canadian National Park, in which Banff is situated, is many times larger than was formerly the case. The Dominion Government was careful to include in it the springs, "hoodoos," glaciers and peaks, the valleys and watersheds of the Bow, Spray and Ghost rivers—among the most wonderful natural attractions of the Canadian Rockies.

Here you may bathe, ride, fish, hunt, climb, sketch and botanize to your heart's content, while enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of an up-to-date hotel. The rarefied air stimulates like wine, the days are long and bright, the scenery superb—and there are absolutely no counterbalancing disadvantages.

The Imperial Limited will run, commencing early in June, three times a week between Montreal and Vancouver, reaching Banff in 72 hours.

For further particulars apply to any agent of the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Or to ROBERT KERR, Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL, CANADA.

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Santa Fe

Cheap Trips California

$50 round trip Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco.
May 3, also May 12 to 18.
Good on THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED and other trains.
Special service account Presbyterian General Assembly.

$33 one way Chicago to California, for colonists. Until June 15.
In tourist sleepers and chair cars. Low rates from East generally. See Grand Canyon of Arizona en route. Ask for particulars.

General Passenger Office, A. T. & S. F. R'y, Chicago.

Santa Fe All the Way

Mammoth Cave

A visit to Mammoth Cave constitutes a unique experience in one's search of pleasure and the marvelous. From the moment of arrival at the quaint old hostelry, which dates so far back toward the beginning of the century that it is really a part of the history of the cavern, to the last backward look which is always given when the top of the rough stairway of rock at the entrance is reached on the return from the depths there is continuous surprise, new experience and pleasant memories. The cavern, with its 200 miles of underground passages over hill and valley, through gorge and canon, across rivers and deep crevices, with its Titanic halls and star-bedecked domes, unrivaled anywhere in size and magnificence, has been pronounced by noted travelers as the greatest natural wonder in the world, and you should remember this when planning your summer outing. Mammoth Cave is in Edmonson county, Kentucky, one hundred miles south of Louisville, near the main line of the

Louisville & Nashville Railroad

and which company has on sale daily round trip tickets at reduced rates for parties desiring to visit the cave. An interesting illustrated booklet, entitled "Two Hundred Miles Underground," will be sent upon receipt of six cents in stamps by addressing

C. L. STONE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky.

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Illustrated descriptive pamphlet (containing complete maps) have been issued under the following titles, and will be mailed upon receipt of 2¢ in stamps for each book.

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Summer Vacation

A country perfectly suited for either rest, recreation or sport, abounding in good hotels and boarding places adapted to any man's means. It is an inexpensive place to visit and the trip requires but one night en route from Chicago via the

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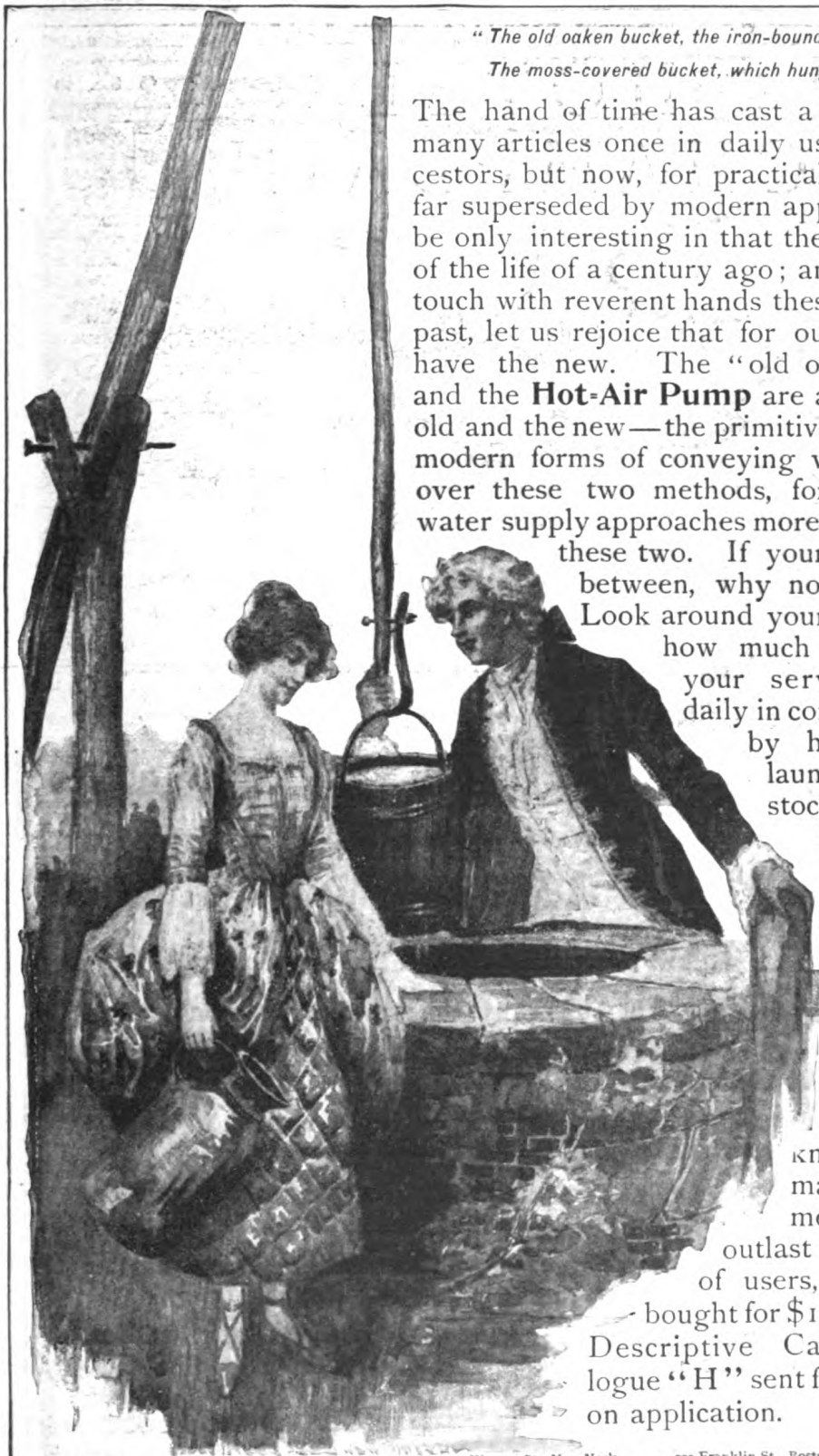
On improved farms, worth many times amount loaned. Securities examined by our salaried experts. Write for latest offering

WINNE & WINNE, Winne Building, Wichita, Kansas

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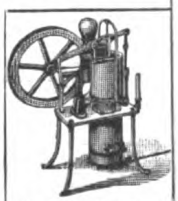
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"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well."

The hand of time has cast a charm about many articles once in daily use by our ancestors, but now, for practical purposes, so far superseded by modern appliances, as to be only interesting in that they were a part of the life of a century ago; and so while we touch with reverent hands these relics of the past, let us rejoice that for our comfort we have the new. The "old oaken bucket" and the **Hot-Air Pump** are antitheses, the old and the new—the primitive and the most modern forms of conveying water. Think over these two methods, for every other water supply approaches more or less closely these two. If yours is half way between, why not improve it. Look around your place and see how much time you or your servants spend daily in conveying water by hand, for the laundry, the live stock, the garden, and every household use, and remember, the Hot-Air Pump is the cheapest form of *constant* water supply now known. A permanent investment, which will outlast a generation of users, can now be bought for $108. Descriptive Catalogue "H" sent free on application.



The Hot-Air Pump.

Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.

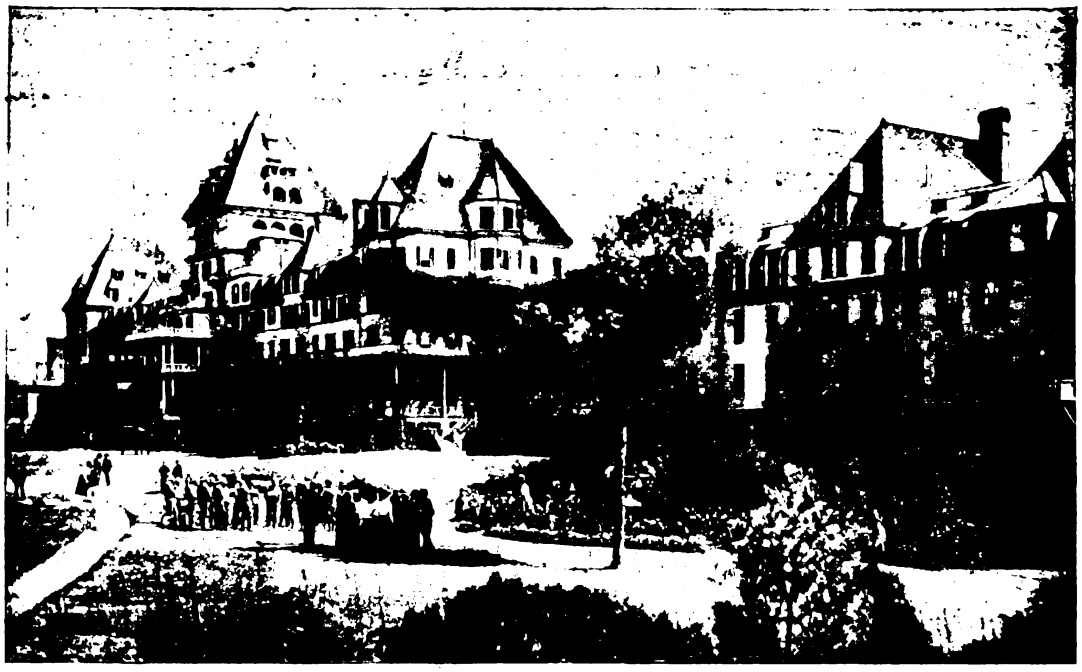
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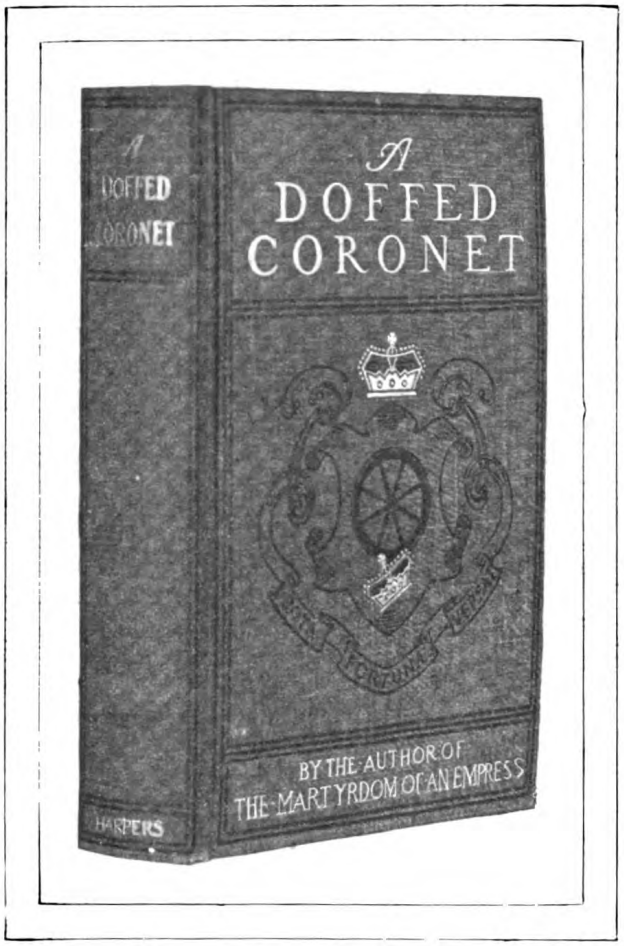
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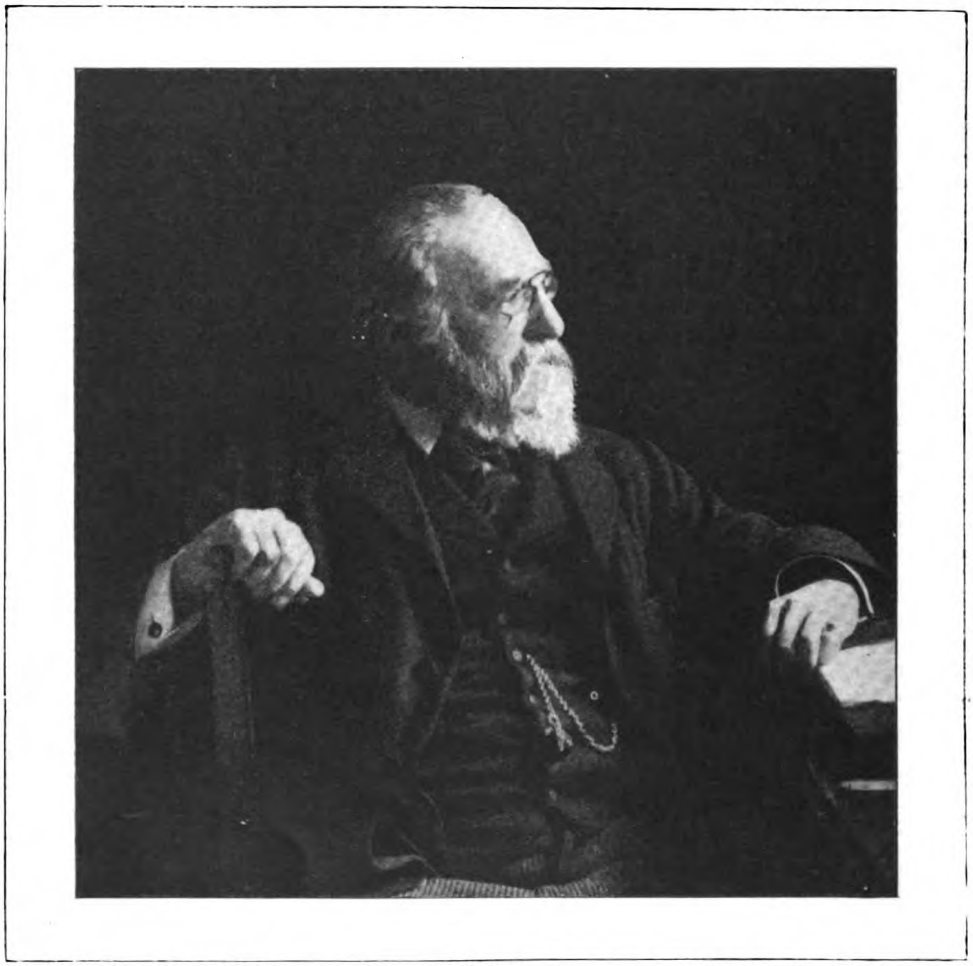
Harper's Bookshelf

THE author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress* and *The Tribulations of a Princess* brings her reminiscences of a remarkable and chequered career to a close in *A Doffed Coronet*, which has just been published. In many respects it is the most interesting and thrilling book of the three; and extraordinary in life; nothing humdrum could long exist beside her; the very air about her becomes electric, and surcharged with romance and passionate adventure. From the moment we come under the spell of "the golden twilight" falling "with infinite sadness over the Egyptian land-



interesting in its revelations of international intrigue and diplomacy, and thrilling in its personal narration of exciting episodes and dangerous adventures which it has been the lot of the author to encounter. One feels that the intrepid and daring woman who wrote these pages was one to invite the unusual scape," in the opening lines of the first chapter, to that in which, at the close, we see this stormy petrel of a woman, who had traversed the courts of Europe and the salons of England and America, "settled down, one glorious October day, in this last and dearest of our American homes," the reader

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JUSTIN MCCARTHY
Author of "*The Reign of Queen Anne*"

is conscious of a strange, mysterious personality, whose disclosures fill him with astonishment and wonder. Remember, this is a "true story"; the story of a woman who doffed her coronet to follow her husband's fortunes and further his happiness in the land of democracy.

The scene opens under the dark walls of old Cairo. The ancient glamour of Egypt, sinister and profound, seems to take captive the senses. The period is that following the Arabi Pasha rebellion, when Cairo was a hotbed of international and diplomatic strife, in which the author and her husband were active agents. The ghastly contrast between Cairo, with its wild orgies of delight and voluptuousness, while the lone soldier Gordon Pasha was gazing over the desert for the help that never came, is vividly and poignantly depicted. "News to the effect that Gordon Pasha was successfully accomplishing his difficult task at Khartoum had been greeted with enthusiasm by English and Egyptians alike, and certainly everything—for the moment, at least—seemed *couleur de rose*. Nobody dreamed then that after sending the European women and children intrusted to his care down the Nile in safety, poor Gordon, when preparing to

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start himself, with the nuns, priests, and a few white traders and officials who had stayed behind to assist him, would find the way blocked and the city besieged by the insurgent forces. Soon, however, his repeated messages, brought at the risk of their lives by native carriers—messages full of agonized appeal for relief, not so much for himself as for those with him—threw the entire civilized world into a ferment of excitement such as has seldom been witnessed. That most remarkable of all Oriental statesmen, Nubar Pasha, predicted the catastrophe which was to follow, but none heeded him, and I remember well how, on that brilliant gala night at Ismaïlia, he looked gloomily at the revellers, and, shaking his handsome head, said, ominously: 'Dance, you fools; laugh and make merry, and take no care for the morrow. Fools! Fools! Fools!' "

From the exotic Orientalism of Egypt to the calculating Occidentalism of the United States is a far cry, and it is seldom that within the covers of one book the reader is afforded so striking and picturesque a contrast of national and racial conditions. The marvellous descriptions of a life in Egypt, undreamed of by the West; the glowing portrayal of the intimate side of the khedival court and the disclosures of the princely harems of Cairo —all seem far away from the scenes described with

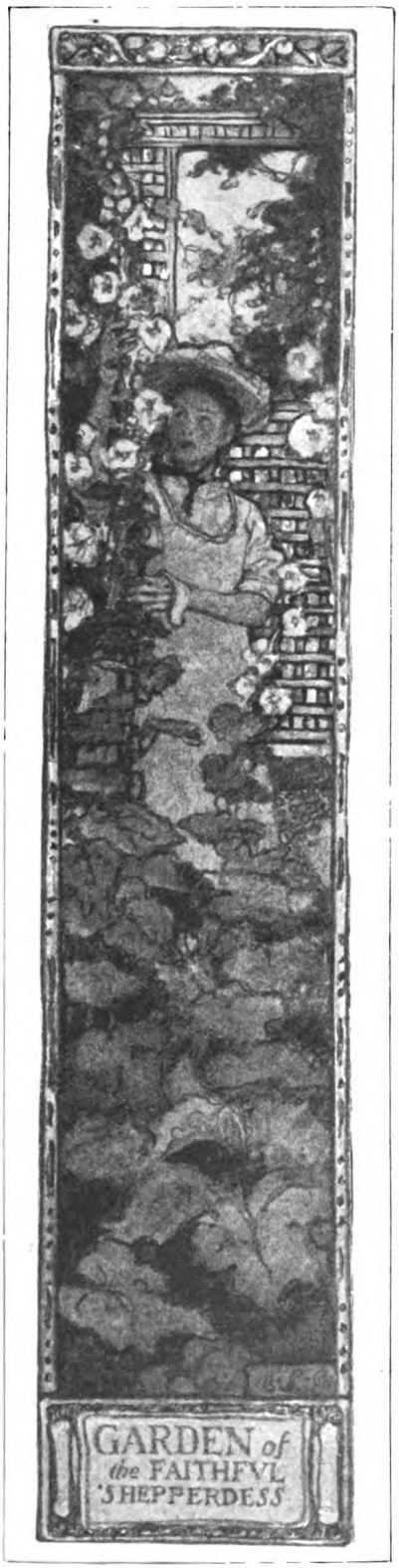
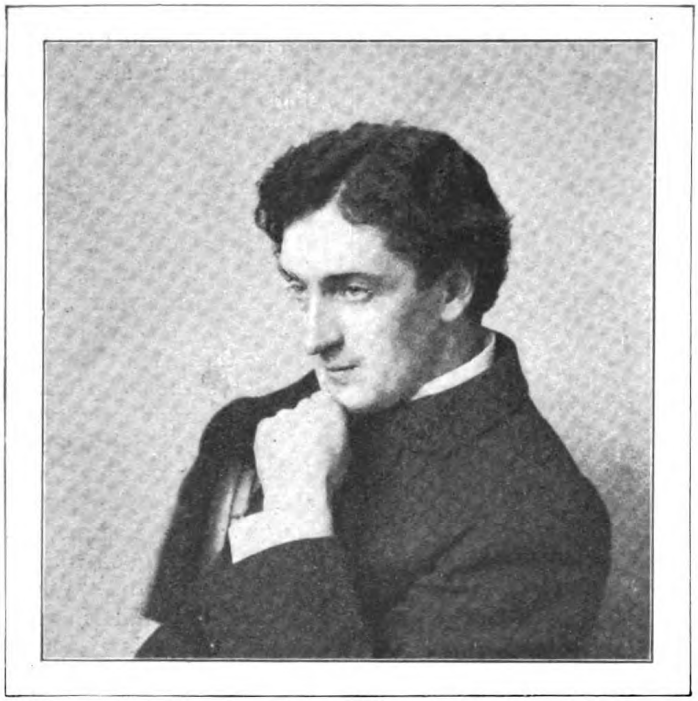


Illustration by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN
From "*An Old Country House*"

an amusing cleverness and vivacity by the same person when she cheerfully and gracefully steps down from her high-born world and adapts herself to the sordid exigencies of poverty, conquers them, and wrests a social and individual triumph for herself in the new world. There is always something that stirs the blood in the sight of a brave spirit, facing the reverses of fortune, and with a high sense of sport and the zest of the game, laughing ill fortune, as it were, into good humor and favor again. "When I married Fred I gave him to understand that I would dutifully follow him wherever the exigencies of his career might send him, were it to Patagonia or the North Pole, but not to the United States." Yet when worse came to worst, there was no lack of pluck or spirit, and, taking her fate in both hands, she made worse better, and finally best.

The Reign of Queen Anne is not only the latest, but the best book from Mr. Justin McCarthy's graphic pen. The sense of picturesqueness and vivid portraiture, of animated narrative style and glowing human interest, which never fail him, seem to have ripened by intellectual use and in the mellow gravity of his firm and agile faculties of artistic expression. His imagination has been colored and affected by that golden age of English history, so that the prismatic hues of its glorious

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RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
Author of "*An Old Country House*"

conquests in the realm of mind and matter irradiate the story told in these two volumes. The three great epochs in England's history are the Elizabethan, the Augustan, and the Victorian eras; and the three great monarchs under whom these epochs rose to distinctive glory were the great queens of England. The name of Queen Anne will pass into history with the name of Queen Elizabeth and with the name of Queen Victoria. The reign of Queen Anne must always be regarded as one of the great historical eras forming the landmarks of England's progress in civilization. "The age of Queen Anne," says Mr. McCarthy, "stands out a distinct epoch in the history of the world. It takes rank with the age of Pericles in Greece, with the Augustan era in Rome, with the Elizabethan era in England." In war, in politics, in art, and in literature, it was an age of ascendency and brilliant achievement. It was the age of Blenheim and Ramillies and Malplaquet; it was the age of Bolingbroke and Marlborough and Robert Walpole; it was the age of Defoe and Swift, of Addison and Steele and Pope; it was the parent age of the newspaper press dealing in commentary and criticism which developed with the rise of the *Guardian*, the *Examiner*, and the *Spectator*. It is a crowded and picturesque canvas that Mr. McCarthy has painted for us, but every figure and detail stands out clear and distinct in relation to its importance and historical value. We repeat that the eminent historian has given us no better work than this masterly history of *The Reign of Queen Anne*, which now makes complete the story of England's social and political prowess, through his *History of the Four Georges and William IV.*, down to our own day in his *History of Our Own Times*.

The sumptuous edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, brought out a year ago with illustrations by the humorous artist Mr. Peter Newell, proved so



From "*Through the Looking-Glass*"

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great a success that the publishers were encouraged to produce this year in a similar manner the companion volume, *Through the Looking-Glass.* In the minds of all to whom these happy idyls of childhood have become classic, the two books are really inseparable, and the laudable design to make a uniform library edition of both volumes that would stamp it with the highest approval deserves the warmest praise as it demands the deepest gratitude of all Lewis Carroll's admirers. The forty-five full-page illustrations have been beautifully reproduced in tint, and are as felicitous in their funny rendition of the amusing adventures of Alice as were those of the previous book. It cannot fail to find a host of admirers among young and old, and is assured of a welcome everywhere.

Another book of great beauty, designed for the holidays, deserves a word of appreciation. Readers of this MAGAZINE will recall the delight they have had in the combined efforts of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne and Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green in the romantic story of Perdita as unfolded with quiet grace and naïve humor in "An Old Country House" and other papers that have appeared in these pages. The love and laughter, the poetry and song, the passion of nature that ripple joyously on the sunny dreams of Perdita and her husband make this pretty tale of sweet delight one of the most enticing and unusual of love stories. Miss Green's exquisitely artistic illustrations, printed in colors, together with the exquisitely artistic get-up of the volume, make *An Old Country House* the most tempting and attractive gift-book of the season.

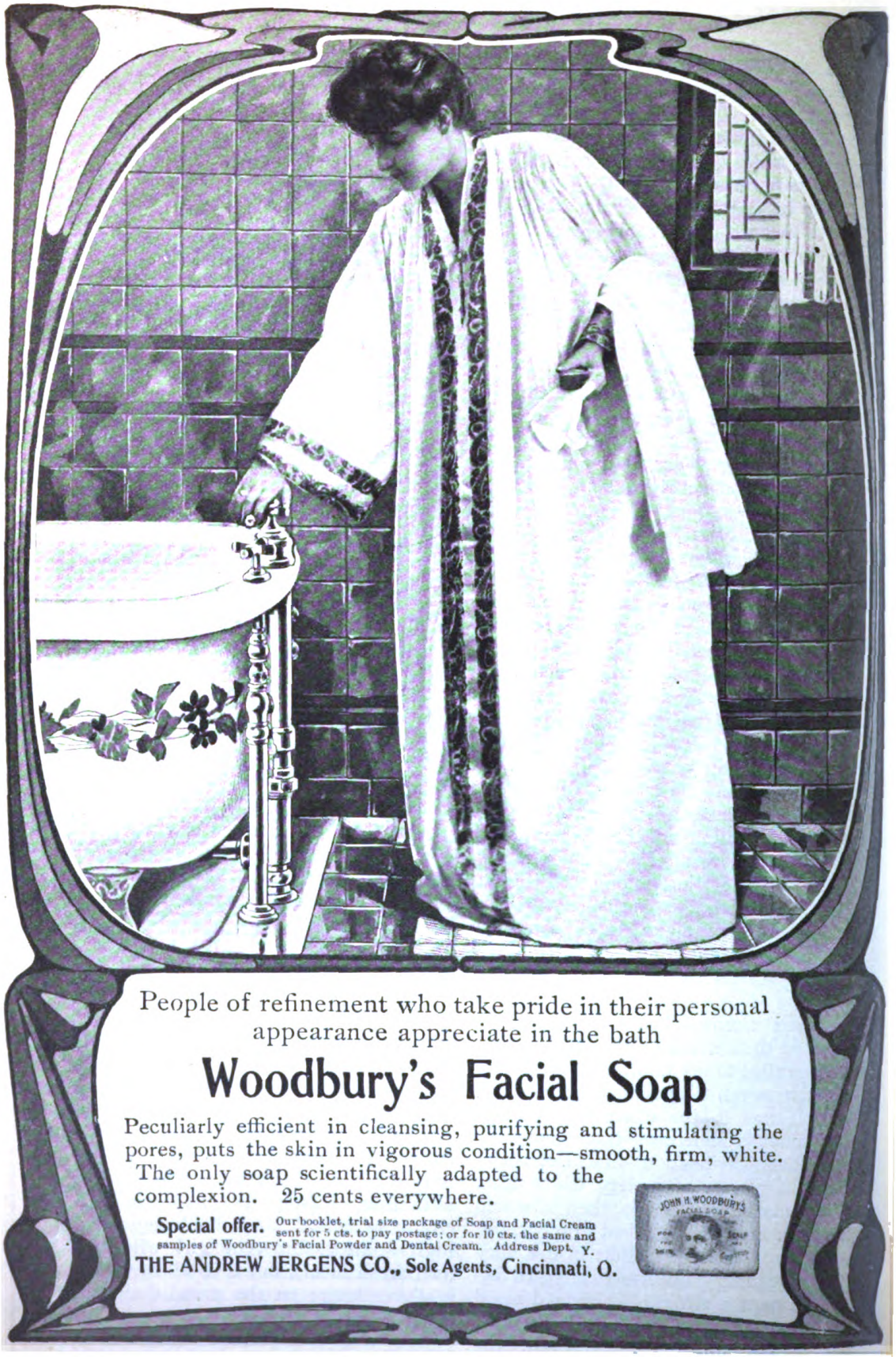


ELINOR GLYN
Author of "*The Reflections of Ambrosine*"

Somewhere recently I met with an observation on the natural evolution of society which is recalled to my mind by Mrs. Elinor Glyn's new novel, *The Reflections of Ambrosine.* It was to the effect that society in any country undergoes three stages—Uncivilization, Civilization, and Decivilization. If the picture of society which Mrs. Glyn presents be true to life, then it would seem that in England it is fast approaching Decivilization. There is a duke in the story who seeks to marry an American girl, because "we want a strain of thick, red blood in our veins; ours is a great deal too blue. . . . If I take this American—well, the Americans are so new a nation that they still have a moral sense. . . . Old nations are deficient in this quality. Because a few what we call civilized nations have set up a standard of morality for themselves, that does not change the ways of human nature." The book is not only very entertaining, telling its story through the charming *naïveté* and disillusionment of a high-spirited, innocent girl who has her own fresh ideals, but it is all unwittingly a scathing satire on the moral disintegration of the society it depicts.

ELLIOTT HENDERSON.

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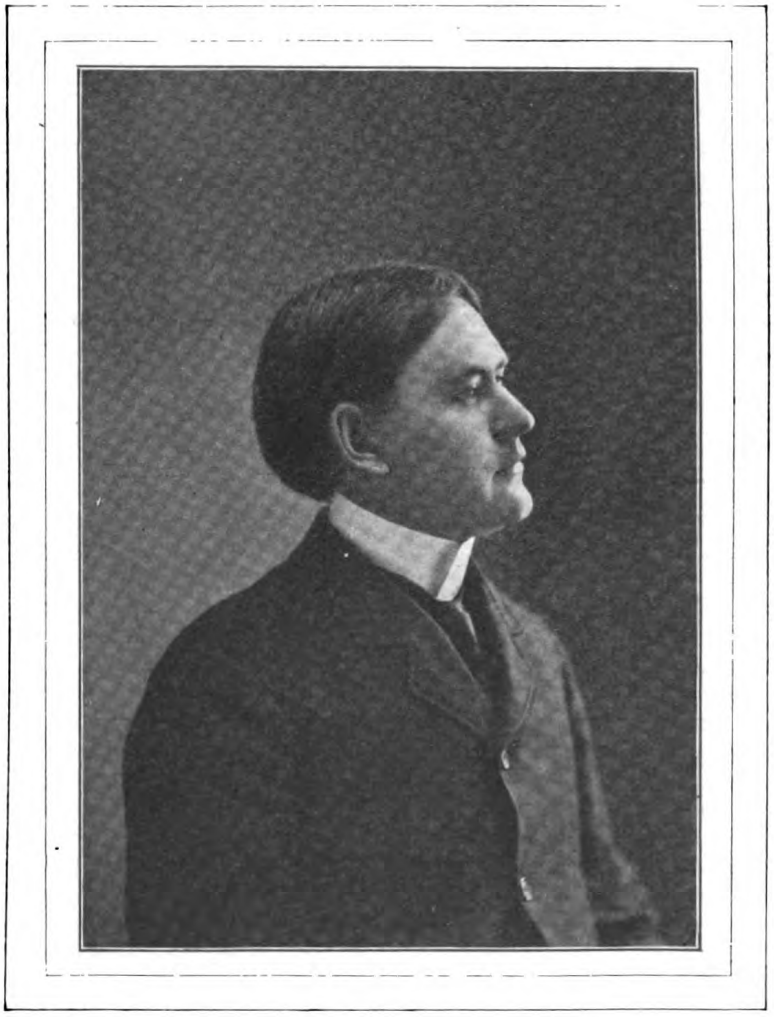
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Harper's Bookshelf

AMONG the younger band of writers now bent on recording the homely sentiments and stirring problems that make for drama in the new order of things since the cessation of the Civil War strife, none has won a more signal success than did Mr. Elmore Elliott Peake, with his first novel, *The Darlingtons*, published two years ago. It was a story of the small town in the Middle West; a transcript of life, typical of the small town anywhere in that wide area, where the main interests of life are practical and industrial, and the main characteristics of the people naïve kindliness and shrewdness. The author brought to the handling of his observed facts of life a fund of rich humor and racy characterization which lifted the picture out of its commonplace surroundings and gave it that touch of human significance which differentiates the novelist from the mere reporter. It



ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE
Author of "*The Pride of Tellfair*"

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was a cheerful, buoyant, invigorating story, and well deserved the success to which it attained. *The Pride of Tellfair*, his second novel, just published, comes, therefore, to a public not unfamiliar with the author's work. And Mr. Peake's new novel, it may be said at once, is no whit less interesting or entertaining than *The Darlingtons;* indeed, as was to be expected from so careful a workman and so keen an observer, *The Pride of Tellfair* is much better constructed, firmer in characterization, stronger in human interest, and altogether a more powerful novel.

Tellfair, as a picture of the small town, is different from Ashboro in several respects. In Ashboro the town thrived and revolved around its railroad interests; in Tellfair there is no shriek of engines or roar of trains. It is a more agricultural and primitive state of things we view. "The pressed-brick store-fronts, telephone and electric-light wires, and paving were fairly suggestive of a city. But Tellfair's true village character was betrayed from Davenport's rear windows, which gave glimpses, between clusters of elms and maples, of the rolling prairie of northern Illinois only a short half-mile away." Morris Davenport, the hero of the story, is a fine, sturdy type of aggressive Americanism. Tumbled red hair, deep-chested and square-shouldered, a lounging carriage that suggested power in repose, a man of few words but decisive action—that is the impression we get of the man. No sentimentalist, not a man of very fine or very high ideals, but true and tender in feeling, shrewd and honest in affairs, a man to depend upon, to tie up to, as they say, in friendship or business. Davenport is a type of the self-made man who grows into the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens, who grows to power and dominance over his neighbors, whose counterpart may be found in every town scattered through every State. Davenport had reached maturity and success without encountering any entanglement with the opposite sex. Even at the outset of the story, when he is inclined to view with favor the pretty young woman who grinds out dunning letters on the typewriter for him as if she were playing a symphony, he keeps his head, and has his emotions well in check. But it was a foregone conclusion in the village that the young lawyer would eventually marry Bertha Congreve, and none felt so sure of this as Bertha herself, though Davenport had said nothing on the subject to her yet.

Now it is possible that Bertha would have sealed certitude with the marriage certificate in time had not Josephine and Victoria Priestley, the remaining survivors of an old, aristocratic family, who had long ago left their ancient mansion to moulder in Tellfair, returned to take possession of the family residence again. Davenport was the Priestleys' lawyer, and with Josephine it was love at first sight; it was almost that with Davenport, but it took a nature like his a long time to let the heart mount into the head. Davenport, with blundering self-unconsciousness, finds himself scheming and working for the proud, indigent girls, to the mingled disgust and envy and shallow heart-break of Bertha. She, of course, makes all the trouble in her silly, weak way, yet how true and searching is the unveiled commonplace of her womanhood! Josephine's pride is stung; she is of the kind of whom Mr. Peake wrote in *The Darlingtons*, when he said: "When they think they are right, they will have their way if it breaks a heart." Davenport's dilemma is handled with dramatic skill and truth to life, and in the end he triumphs, but the reader has a long spell of suspense and doubt as to the outcome while the story is in process. Scattered through the chapters of Mr. Peake's book are incidents of rural fun and comedy which reflect the lighter side of his community, and which give a real insight into the peculiarities of their neighborhood. One of the best things in the novel is the death of old Billy Manderson, who shocked his friends by insisting on having "There was an old man who had a wooden leg" sung instead of a hymn. Mr. Peake has a rare gift of characterization and a knack for telling an excellent story. His manner of writing is brisk and vigorous, and he entertains with a sense of elation and buoyant good-nature which makes the reader enjoy thoroughly the good company he meets in these pages. *The Pride of Tellfair* will undoubtedly receive a cordial welcome from the readers of *The Darlingtons*, and enlist the sympathies of a larger and wider circle.

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One of the novels of a year ago that was widely read and discussed on both sides of the Atlantic was Mr. Basil King's *Let Not Man Put Asunder*. It was intensely modern in note, brilliant in epigram, keen in satire, tense in feeling, versatile and vivid in character-drawing. *In the Garden of Charity*, Mr. King's new story, is a very different piece of work. In striking contrast to his previous novel, its relation to that is very much what we should say *Silas Marner* is to *Middlemarch*. It shows that Mr. King has a diversity of gifts and imagination of a high order. *Let Not Man Put Asunder* revealed a mind of rare powers of brilliance and satire, of fine feeling, and ethical insight. In the best sense, it was the work of a man of the world, a cosmopolite. Its scenes ranged from New England to Italy, its centres of interest from Boston to London. The persons of its dramatic story were numerous and various in type. *In the Garden of Charity* is confined to a few characters—outside of the several persons that make a sort of chorus the principals of the drama are really three in number, one man and two women. The scene is laid on the coast of Nova Scotia, bare to the vast, sweeping ocean, a country of many contrasts, sparsely inhabited, and peopled by odds and ends of racial bits of wreckage tossed up, so to speak, on this lone shore. The time is remote from the present, and the story is far away from the fret and fever of modern civilization. It is a strange story, peculiar to the time and place and people; a story of hate and love, of animosity and magnanimity, told with beauty and grace and simplicity. The fresh, sweet wonder of a poetic imagination permeates every page, and the old, tragic note of an ancient grievance and injustice of womankind brings its solitary and remote experience into harmony with universal life since men and women wandered in the Garden of Eden. In its ethical import it is a blending of the Old and New Testaments; the title has a double significance, for not only are most of the crucial scenes set in the garden of Charity Pennland, but the moral action of the tale leads in the end to the garden of charity in the apostolic sense. But the strongest impression we get from Mr. King's new book is that of deep sympathy and tender charity towards erring humanity, and a long-suffering patience that is divine in its impulse and direction. In the former book Mr. King was more of an amused, though sometimes pitiful, spectator; in the present work he is at one with mankind, a sympathetic observer and advocate—his faith in the unfailing goodness that baffles and conquers wrong and passion and ignorance uplifts and inspires and breathes healing to the hurt and bruised heart. *In the Garden of Charity* is a story of moving interest and power, but, more than that, it is a gospel of hope and love.



BASIL KING
Author of "*In the Garden of Charity*"

The action of *In the Garden of Charity* is subtly woven in with its psychological development, and the interest and suspense are held by the spell of the story-teller

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and the strong sympathy he compels for his characters. It goes deep and with no uncertain aim. The figure of Charity Pennland, standing in her garden watching for the return of her husband, as she has watched and waited with implicit and unquestioning faith for eleven years, at once touches the imagination. She had married him when he was in the army at Halifax, and when he was transferred to another garrison he had sailed away and was heard of no more. The situation is a common one, where the girls are often overtrustful and the men are light o' love, but Charity was different; her simple faith, her innocent ideals, her environment all conspired to make her different. She never doubted that William Pennland would come back. And at last he did come back, but the manner of his coming wrought tragedy in three lives. Pennland had been on his way to Charity when he fell in with Hagar Levanti, a wild, passionate young Greek girl living on a lonely part of the coast. He falls in love and marries her. Conscience, in a vague, primitive way, begins to awaken in him, and the few months' passion has begun to wane. He tells Hagar at last that she is not his wife, and that he is going to leave her. There follow scenes of passionate struggle and tempest, but Hagar, heartsick and desperate, finally bids him go. His only means of getting away from this unfrequented spot on the shore is by rowing out to a little island a mile or two off the coast, where, by previous arrangement, a passing schooner on its way to Halifax will pick him up—a not uncommon arrangement along these shores at the present time. Hagar consents to row Pennland out to the island, and then send word to Jacob Eisenhauer, the captain of a coasting schooner, who will pass the island the next day. She carries out part of her plan, and returns alone, leaving Pennland on the island.

Meanwhile, the terrible truth reaches Charity in the most accidental way, but with that relentless inevitableness with which such accidents seem to come from the hand of Fate. This is not the most telling and dramatic moment in the story, though its power is convincing, but it clutches the heart. There are greater moments to follow, when Charity, believing it to be her duty to go to her husband, confronts Hagar, and finds Pennland, not gone, but lying in Hagar's cottage at the point of death. The mystery of his presence there, when he should have been miles away, is Hagar's guilty secret, and is not cleared up until near the end of the book. With Pennland's death, Charity and Hagar are thrown upon each other, and Charity, being the higher, nobler type, has to comfort Hagar, and in doing so learns that Hagar is to become a mother. The situation is fraught with pathos and tragedy. Charity suffers and rebels, but at length she rises above her own sorrow in the sacrifice she makes for Hagar and the child. Then follows the chain of circumstances which binds yet repels these two throughout the winter of waiting until the child is born under Charity's roof; Charity's growing love for the child; Hagar's jealous passion of maternity; the scene in the garden when the two lovers, Jonas Boutilier, who has long loved Charity, and Alick Eisenhauer, to whom Hagar was faithless, make their double proposal with a quaint mingling of humor and earnestness, and the appalling confession it draws forth from Hagar. It is all quietly told, with sustained power and pathos — there is not a jarring note or false move, though the situations would tempt a less artistic mind to theatric effort. Every stroke counts, and when in the end, after the ordeal is over, Charity goes after Hagar, who has left her, and each woman learns how much she has become to the other, and Hagar's last citadel yields to Charity's simple words—"It is you I want"—there is only needed the final act wherein Hagar takes the wedding-ring to which she had clung and presses it on Charity's finger, and Charity takes her own wedding-ring, hidden in her bosom, and puts it on Hagar's hand, to round out the completeness of as consummately perfect and beautiful an idyl of woman's love and devotion as one reader is bold to say he has ever had the good fortune to read.

It was a quaint, psychological conceit of Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman to blend the associations of the New England trees with the life of the people in a number of characteristic sketches which show how intimately one is bound up with the other.

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In these exquisite stories, called *Six Trees*, the author finds a fresh metamorphosis in fiction for her New England folks—a metamorphosis which lends itself to a new reading of a familiar subject. For in writing of the influence of the trees, under whose umbrageous boughs the little children have played and sported, youth has sighed and courted, men and women have ripened and found shelter, and lived again in retrospect in the eventide of their years, Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman has led us by a new way into the hearts of her people, and shown us the tender sap surging beneath the gnarled limbs and barked faces. As the author of *A Humble Romance* progresses with her inimitable art of disclosing to us the inner life of her own people, she grows more tender and sympathetic, and truth and fidelity to the type are warmed with a most gracious and loving touch. The Six Trees are "The Elm," "The Apple," "The Lombardy Poplar," "The Great Pine," "The Balsam Fir," and "The White Birch." To illustrate the author's method, take, for example, the story of the Elm-Tree. An old widowed man had built himself a house from a lifetime's savings, only to lose it. His indignation and outraged feelings as he watches the new occupant renovating and redecorating the house to suit a more modern and æsthetic taste, nearly drive him demented. When the house is burned down, naturally he is suspected as the incendiary. But the old Elm-Tree, which he still owned, offered him sanctuary, and he took refuge in its branches, where he was at last discovered. The affection of the old man for the Elm-Tree, his clinging to it as the last landmark which might save him, and the manner in which it brought him to a peaceful home are unfolded with that amusing and pathetic art of which Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman is a past master.



CHARLES EDWARD RICH
Author of "*The New Boy at Dale*"

Good stories for boys, especially schoolboy stories, are hard to find. I can heartily recommend *The New Boy at Dale*, by Mr. Charles Edward Rich, which has just been published. Giovanni Martin is a strong, stalwart, brave young fellow, without any of the prig about him, quick of wit and ready for adventure, of which he has quite an exciting number during his school-life—in a cave, on shipboard, in a boat-race, and so forth. There is a thread of mystery in the story, the boy's actual identity coming to light only at the happy end of the tale. The book is especially commendable for its clean, wholesome tone, its honest ideals and sincerity. It is brightly illustrated with pictures by the well-known artist, Florence Scovel Shinn.

ELLIOTT HENDERSON.

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Do you save your money each month? Would you save it if you were protected in your investment and guaranteed at least 6 per cent. on your money from the time of your first payment? Would you save it if, in addition to the interest, your principal was returned to you in 10 years, you still retaining a paying interest in the Company? A saving of a few dollars each month will insure you a steady income for life. Let us tell you how.

THE CONSOLIDATED UBERO PLANTATIONS COMPANY is a consolidation of Eighteen (18) of the most profitable plantations engaged in the growing and marketing of tropical products, including Coffee, Rubber, Oranges, Lemons, Grape Fruit, Yucca, Pineapples, etc., etc. The property is located in the richest agricultural district of Mexico, on the Tehuantepec National Railroad, equidistant from the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean.

The management of this Company are the leaders and pioneers in the most profitable Mexican industry. No other company is better fitted financially or has greater experience in this business.

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The securities of the Consolidated Company are in the form of bonds in denominations of $500 each, and in first mortgage gold notes in denominations of $5 each. You can invest in one of two ways—on the monthly payment plan or for cash. If you can afford to pay $5 per month for any luxury you are now enjoying, you can afford to buy one of these bonds. Let us tell you how.

Suppose you subscribe for one bond on the monthly payment plan. For each $5 you put in you receive a 6 per-cent. First Mortgage Gold Note which is fully secured. The basis of this security is the deed given to the International Trust Company of Boston, by the Consolidated Ubero Plantations Company, consisting of a first mortgage on all the assets of the Company, real and personal, including developed properties, pineapple canneries, starch mills, bank, warehouses, tin-can factories, general store, merchandise, live stock, machinery, buildings, etc., **amounting to over one million dollars. Aside from this, the mortgage also includes the Company's coffee business and distributing station in the United States.**

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The only thing we ask of you is that you give this proposition a careful and a thorough investigation. Ask us to send you our illustrated booklet entitled **"Six Per Cent. First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds."** It is plain, convincing, and interesting.

Address all correspondence and make all remittances payable to

The Consolidated Ubero Plantations Co.

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Harper's Bookshelf

EARLY in the month, *Lady Rose's Daughter,* which has been appearing serially in the pages of this Magazine for nearly a year, will be published in book form, and within a few weeks everybody will be reading it, and talking about it. A short time ago it seemed a settled question in the minds of certain sage persons that nobody read serials nowadays, and that at any rate the serial circulation of a novel affected neither its fate nor its fortune afterward as a book. Yet we have seen what the serialization of *The Right of Way* accomplished for that book at the outset. But great as was the interest stirred in the minds of readers by Sir Gilbert Parker's masterly novel, it has been far exceeded in the effect produced by *Lady Rose's Daughter.* Indeed, to such a pitch of excitement and enthusiasm have the instalments, doled out month by month, carried the public mind that veteran readers declare no such parallel case occurs to their memory since the days of George Eliot, with the possible exception of *Trilby.* I have also heard them state with conviction (and age, be it remembered, brings a wise deliberation denied to venturesome youth) that since *Daniel Deronda* they could recollect no work of fiction which appealed so completely at once to intellect and sensibility as to afford that highest intellectual satisfaction and stimulation emanating only from a mind inspired.



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, WHOSE LATEST NOVEL IS "LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER"

These facts are of interest as indicating the extraordinary effect Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, undoubtedly her masterpiece, has had upon her readers. They are not put forward here in any dogmatic mood; judgment of any work of art in the last analysis belongs to posterity. But I venture the opinion that no book of the year is likely to rival *Lady Rose's Daughter* in popular interest, as none is likely to transcend it in merit. As a story it has that unmistakable drawing power which destines it to an unlimited popularity. Before the end of the year *Lady Rose's Daughter* will number its readers by hundreds of thousands.

I am aware that there are many readers and critics who have heretofore denied to Mrs. Ward the highest attributes of the novelist—the solvent of imagination in which the component parts of life are fused and crystallized in living forms that embody individual types of character and take a recognizable place in

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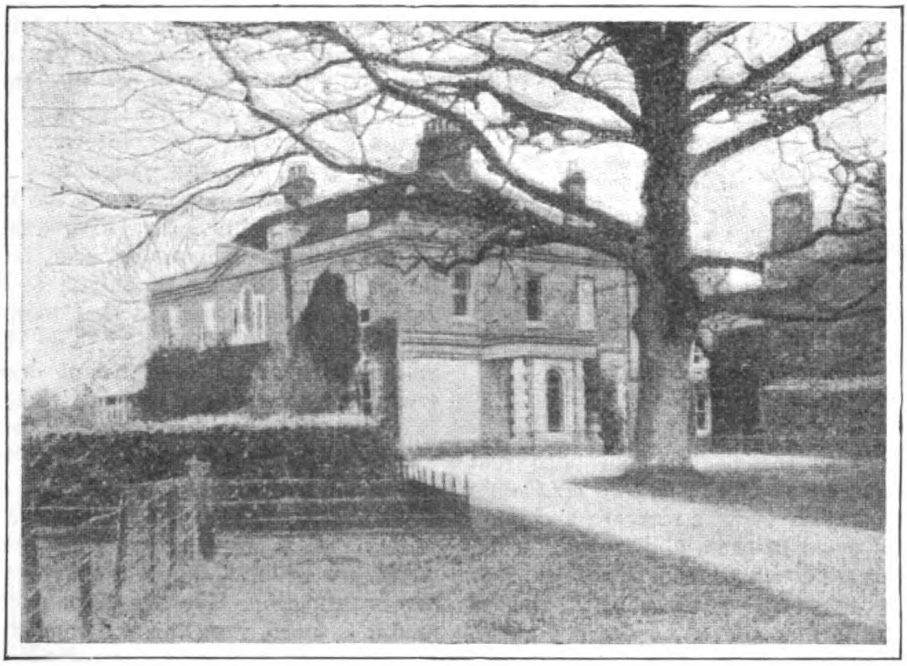
the universal drama. But only a blind and stubborn prejudice can deny the creative gift of dramatic agency to Mrs. Ward in *Lady Rose's Daughter*. Here there is no mistaking the divine afflatus. You cannot define it, neither can you analyze it; you only know it is there, because you feel it. Deep calls to deep, and it is given to the heart of man to know that a spirit of life has breathed upon him. Even to those who have been moved by Mrs. Ward's work in the past it will be given to perceive that a great change has been wrought in her mind and art when they approach the soul tragedy in *Lady Rose's Daughter*. "Mrs. Ward," wrote one last spring, after reading a few instalments of this novel, "has been loosing herself more and more from the burden and stress of intellectual problems, and conceiving them with greater artistic freedom and facility through the characters of her creation in modern society. In none of her novels, I am prepared to promise, has she realized more fully the sense of dramatic fitness, the need of an imaginative solvent for the free action of her agents in telling a story, than in *Lady Rose's Daughter*. . . . Mrs. Ward has not always been free from tediousness in unfolding her tale, and many of her pages in previous books have left me apathetic, but in *Lady Rose's Daughter* all this is changed. It is as if a spirit of life had entered into her work, and illumined it with the fresh flame of an awakened imagination. The access of this surcharged creative force is undoubtedly due to the magnetic conception of the fascinating Julie, Lady Rose's daughter—a new type of character in Mrs. Ward's hands, and as modern and original in her refreshing appeal as was the conception of *Trilby*."

A knowledge of Mrs. Ward's antecedents and early life, as well as the influences that moulded her mind and character, is necessary to an understanding of her intellectual development. Mary Augusta Arnold was born in 1851 at Hobart, in Tasmania. Her father was the second son of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and a brother of Matthew Arnold, the eldest son. During her childhood her father became a professor in the Roman Catholic University at Dublin. She was educated at boarding-schools in the Lake District and at Clifton, and upon leaving school was transplanted to the classic shades of Oxford, where she met Mr. Humphry Ward, to whom she was married in 1872. Like George Eliot, Mrs. Ward came under the sway of searching religious inquiry, and was stirred deeply by the intellectual ferment of her time. Like her, too, she began to find an outlet for her thought in metaphysical and critical writings, which found a place in *Macmillan's Magazine* and other periodicals. The translation of Amiel's *Journal Intime*, in 1885, undoubtedly marked an epoch in her spiritual development. In her introduction to the *Journal* she quotes Renan as saying: "In these two volumes of *Pensées*, without any sacrifice of truth to artistic effect, we have the perfect mirror of a modern mind of the best type, matured by the best modern culture." To a great extent this is true of Mrs. Ward herself. Culture is the very breath of her genius. From the first her work has borne the profound impression of a mind matured and ripened by the best modern culture. But in her case the artistic effect has too often been sacrificed to truth, so that the bulk of her fiction, until lately, has dragged in the trail of the tractarian and doctrinaire. It is not without significance that we find the seed of *Robert Elsmere* gathered in the harvest of the Genevan thinker's garden, and that the germ of this novel, delineating a soul struggling with religious doubt, lay in her desk for several years in the form of an essay unpublished for want of sympathizers.

Nurtured in the very cradle of culture, and matured in the academic cloisters of modern thought, it is not to be wondered at that for a period the imaginative work of such a mind should have been weighted by an inordinate passion for intellectual adventure into the religious and ethical institutions and social traditions of her time. And this is just what happened. *Robert Elsmere* was an adventure in all seriousness into accustomed religious institutions; *David Grieve* into the ethical grounds of marriage; *Marcella* and *Sir George Tressady* into socialism. In *Helbeck of Bannisdale* religious tradition again entered, but the leaning toward romance was dominant; *Eleanor* was a still greater advance into human life, and showed that the imaginative powers of the author were growing stronger and in the ascendant. But in *Lady Rose's Daughter*, what a transformation! Here we are face to face with life. The main passion of the

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artist is revealed in its "inexorable realism and sincerity," to quote herself, "determined to yield to nothing but that indestructible sympathy of man with man, that eternal answering of feeling to feeling which is one of the great principles, perhaps the greatest principle, at the root of life, as of literature and art." Mrs. Ward has at last found a story which tells itself with direct sympathy and dramatic appeal. Nowhere is there the slightest trace of intellectual labor and tedious analysis of motive which burden so many pages of her previous novels and clog the movement of the story. Her characters fasten on the imagination and impress their reality with convincing lifelikeness, while the imbroglio of their acts and impulses leads by very dint of inevitableness through a series of situations as natural as they are dramatic, on to a consummation that fully satisfies the sympathies aroused in the reader by living contact with living personages, and thrills the æsthetic mind by its perfect artistry. Distinction marks the whole work — distinction, especially, separates the figure of Julie Le Breton from the ruck of modern heroines and lifts her to the place occupied in the niche of fame by the immortal women of fiction. Julie—Lady Rose's daughter—is the point of gravitation in the story; every phase in the dramatic development relates to her. About her move the noble company of men and women that distinguish the stateliest order of England's social aristocracy, portrayed with a fineness of touch and a daring sincerity that leave no question of the truth of the picture. The moral unrest, the social ambition, the conflicting ideals, the mighty hopes, the mounting passion, the flowering of beauty and peace as they are metamorphosed in the nature of Julie are reflected in lesser degree in the society about her—all with the culture and observation and ripeness of experience, and the maturity of art of one who knows whereof she writes.



STOCKS, MRS. WARD'S ENGLISH COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT HERTS

Putnam Place, by Miss Grace Lathrop Collin, belongs to the literature of quiet books. It reflects the light of other days, the "light that dwells in heaven half the night." It has the mellow flavor of reminiscence. There are poignant scenes and touches of tragic thought too deep for tears, but the sun has set and a brooding calm lies on the little Place of only five houses and a great many trees, and we view the trials and tribulations of the dwell-

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GRACE LATHROP COLLIN,
AUTHOR OF "PUTNAM PLACE"

rs therein with tranquillity and with just ere and there a smile awakened by the Comic Muse. But their lives were pleasant and their onversation *good* to hear, and we take a delight in being privileged through Miss Colin's seeing eyes and revivifying touch to mingle with this goodly company, set apart, s it were, and sequestered from the vulgar rong and the madding crowd's ignoble rife. For Putnam Place is an eddy in the ream of life, a backwater quite untouched the main current. Its waters, unaffected the great human tides, sway to and fro, ep and untroubled, in obedience to their n laws, yet in harmony with the laws of e universe. "The Place is complete in itlf, not as a town or even as a country is mplete, but rather as a world. Self-suffint in matter, mind, and morals, it revolves its orbit, regarding with kindly wonderent and gentle dignity the vagaries which ke up the life of the outer world."

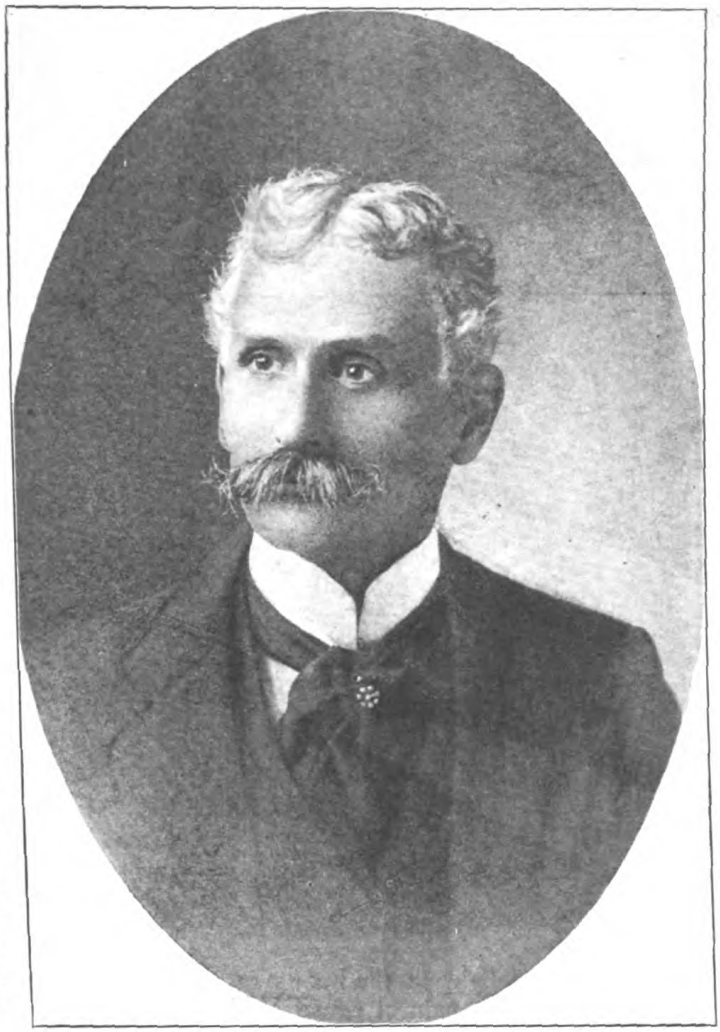
The personages that dwell in Putnam Place as individual and peculiar as their habitat. There is Miss Millicent Forrester, who has lived alone since the death of her father, the doctor. "She busies herself in the care of the flower-beds, of the canary, and in supervision lest the fluted rosettes at the corners that frame the doorway should show a streak of dust." Hers is a figure of pathos, quiet and numb, tense and silent, that stays in the memory. More cheerful are the Hoopers—the pastor and his wife—in charge of the First Congregational Church; and Judge Lattimer, "a portly, deliberate, urbane old gentleman," with a blending of the courtly and the magisterial in his manner. His sister, a birdlike person, who wears a plumage of frilled white sacques in summer, and of fluffy white shawls in winter, enjoys a coign of vantage in the green-blinded window of the upper hall, whence she can view the length of the Place, like a sentinel on a watch-tower. Next door to the house of the judge and his sister stands "a house which gives the effect of a deserted Greek temple. Five years before, Miss Caroline Putnam had been left an only daughter, at the age of thirty, to the manifest destiny of service in that temple as vestal virgin." But as one of "those Hale girls," would tell you, Miss Putnam deserted her trust "by marrying a person by the name of Bumpus. Her home is at present in the Middle West, in New York, I believe, but I myself have never been west of the Hudson." Miss Collin writes with reticence and simplicity, as if dealing with an accustomed world, for which she held a grave respect and severe affection. It may even strike the reader as being familiar and reminiscent, but as treated by the writer it comes as a fresh adventure into an imagined life.

Mr. Will N. Harben is a Georgia novelist whose name is becoming familiar to the people as that of an author to be trusted and loved. He has an eye for the home virtues, the ties of neighborhood, the adventure of the commonplace. He writes of common things only to make you wonder at the homespun beauty and true worth at the heart of them. *Abner Daniel*, which was published about a year ago, has not been trumpeted abroad, and yet the number of its readers would put to the blush many a book which has been cried on the housetops. As Mr. Harben continues to write, his work grows in interest and power. His new book, which will appear shortly, is

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likes a character he likes him without wavering; when he dislikes a character, he dislikes him with no shadow of turning—and, moreover, he makes you a party to the plot. The manner in which his love story is carried out is rather novel, and has an unconscious humor about it. Mr. Harben is not a psychologist, but he comes as near to making a psychological study of a character in old Hiram Hillyer as he has yet done. I confess that Hiram touched my feeling and admiration more deeply than any other of the persons of the story. He is a of moral weak and loyal and place man, yo rôle of observ through fear

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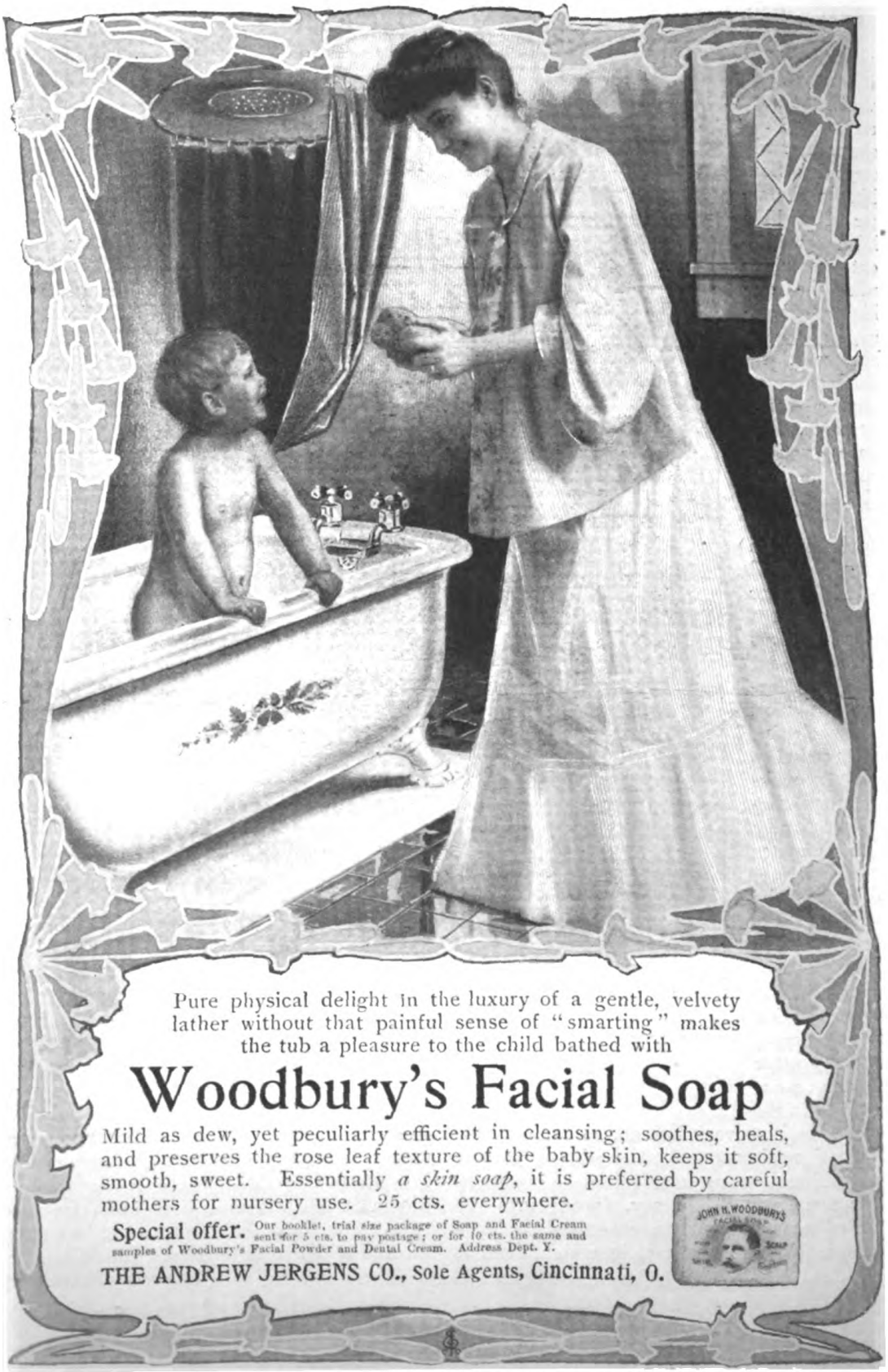
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ugh fear and remorse, in which there is a hint of tragedy. There is a dark deed of the past hidden in Hiram's remembrance from the eyes of men, and through the anguished pall of that memory the old man struggles for the light that will bring him redemption, in raising another life to fill the place of the one he had in hot anger taken away; hence the title—*The Substitute*. The trembling hopes and fears of the old man as he watches the adopted boy grow to young manhood, tempted and tried, now swerving from, now swaying toward right and the moral victory of character that will crown Hiram's life atonement, are portrayed with pathos and humor. For the rest, the story is full of incident and the rough mountaineer humor which exudes so naturally from Mr. Harben's pen. Mr. Harben's best and most individual gift is, after all, his sunny humor, and there is scarce a character or scene which is not steeped in it. There is no room for gloom in his scheme; it is built for happiness. *The Substitute* will go far to strengthen and widen this novelist's following.



WILL N. HARBEN, AUTHOR OF "THE SUBSTITUTE"

ELLIOTT HENDERSON.

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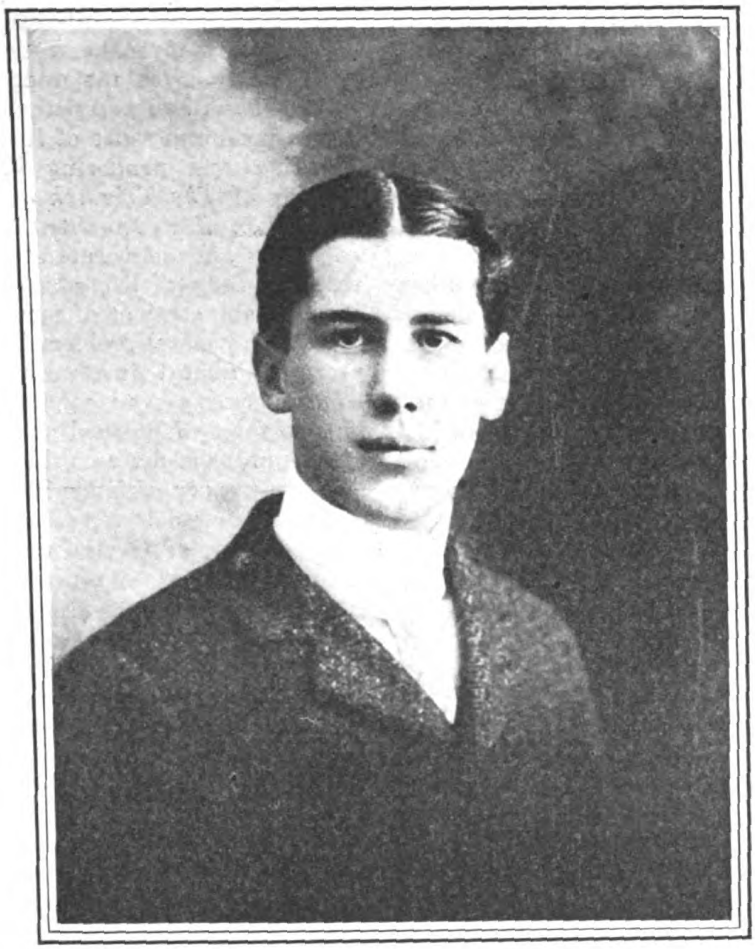
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Harper's Bookshelf

as been noted by observant students in e republic of letters that one of the ost propitious signs since the dawn of entieth century has been an increasing t against corrupt sensationalism and ning narcotics in fiction on the part of tion which unsubstantial books of the dullest mediocrity and meretricious writing has exerted over minds in process of development during the last decade begins to pall, and already there are signs of literary activity in harmony with more exacting ideals and stand-



WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON
Author of "*The Triumph of Life*"

itics, and a growing weariness of novels hich make no demand upon the intellect, or en the concentration, on the part of the ading public. There is a demand for freshess of feeling, individual thought, original peculation, in all that pertains to the probms of daily life. The extraordinary fascinaards of culture among the younger writers. It has been said that the influence of low, tawdry, flippant forms of literature that vitiate taste and induce intellectual apathy can be counteracted only by unswerving allegiance to the masters of literature. But the necessity of counteracting this vitiating influence

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) lays an obligation upon living authors) aspire to catch the public ear. One can ceive what an exaltation of mind and in-ectual stimulation must follow the wide ding of a book like *The Right of Way* or *e Pit*; one can also foresee the immense ift that will be given to the standard of el writing and novel reading by a work *Lady Rose's Daughter*. Such books, by great intellectual dominance which their lespread reading gains for them upon the blic mind, at once inspire the reader with h aspirations and healthy discontent, in-ing a nicer discrimination in the choice books. They also act as a spur and stimu-to other authors. A book, for example, Basil King's *In the Garden of Charity*, ently published, cannot but have an up-ing tendency—a book that stirs the deepest lings of pity and rouses the warmest in-icts of tenderness and sympathy. An old ry, you *may* say, but are not unshaken love l loyalty, faith sorely tried, and charity t covers a multitude of sins, as old and as v as humanity, still as strong in their ap-l to-day and as instinctive in men and men as in the earliest page of human his-y? It is the artist and thinker who is al-ys reborn to give fresh and surprising ap-ation of these old truths to new forms of . And this is the claim which *In the Gar-of Charity* makes upon us; we read the cient story of woman's love and trust and rayal, of man's thoughtless cruelty and ring passion, as 'twere for the first time.

But the book I have especially in mind at present moment is one that will command ention not only for its fresh individuality l turbulent intellectual energy, but also its strange, moving story of an experience t lies near to the conduct of daily life, and ich in this instance is dealt with in a novel nner, and fashioned after a pattern that original and daring. *The Triumph of Life*, ugh the work of a young man is not the t work of its author. Mr. William Farqu-Payson sent out a couple of stories some rs ago which were more promising in con-nective skill and ingenuity than in literary ver. Two years ago, he published another el, called *John Vytal*, which showed signs awakening power in characterization as ll as in incident. A certain fresh ebullience l assiduous unconventionality marked his writing from the first, and in this lay the hope of a maturing imagination and larger comprehension of truth as life laid hold on him. But *The Triumph of Life*, for all that, comes as a surprise. Its sweep of drama, its grasp of eternal principles, its insight and subtlety in handling a psychological situation most difficult to construe as it is masterly in results, all fused in the alembic of a fine imaginative conceit that carries conviction through sight and feeling, place the author among the foremost of our younger novelists. No novel, however interesting its story, can be expected to make a deep impression or take firm hold of the mind unless it has an ethical basis and is written with deep feeling and a profound sense of living issues. Much thinking and pondering have gone to the writing of *The Triumph of Life* in its vital conception of a permanent truth. Through a conscious and deliberate study of one of the essential facts of life which is ever revealing itself in the conduct of men, Mr. Payson has presented a moral problem in his novel which proceeds, almost involuntarily and without effort of purpose, to convince with the irresistible force of finished art. On one side of it, this problem declares that a man shall not stoop to tamper with his ideals and integrity and not suffer deterioration; on the other, it demonstrates, as Goethe says in *Faust*, and as Mr. Payson quotes on his title-page, that—

> "A good man in the direful grasp of ill,
> His consciousness of right retaineth still."

That is the triumph of life. And as in all drama, the inner truth and facts of the spiritual world are illuminated and accentuated by the outward fact and experience. To say this is to point the means of all drama to this end, namely, the downward and upward pull of the good and evil forces in womankind that have ever wrought and effected man's ruin or salvation.

In what is one of the most powerful and penetrating studies of moral psychology in fiction ever written, Stevenson laid bare the trembling immateriality and mistlike transience of body and soul, fluctuating with the pressure and attraction of good or evil. In the central figure of his story, Mr. Payson has conceived what we may call a literary Jekyll and Hyde. There is no resort, however, to sensationalism or melodrama. His effects are gained by psychic and moral rather

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ıysical means. When Enoch Lloyd, ıe failure of his first book which was up to his ideals, is tempted to make eriment of writing down to a low but ıs and lucrative grade of readers, dis- his identity completely behind the ıf "Dolly Cohen," the drug that brings the transformation is a common ano- n universal use to allay conscience, to with moral justice, to pander to a ard tendency while hoping to retain manhood and integrity. Beaten by e, disappointed in his dream of love, ed by a malevolent fate of which at e is unaware, he drifts into the current, hen at last he resolves to get out of it ıds himself already in the rapids and onted with ignominy and disgrace. Now his first novel has won recognition, and lream of his love comes true, when he l shake the thrall of his slavery, fate ımates him through a woman who has ed his secret and, assuming the name of y Cohen, enjoys a spurious fame as the or of his work. She threatens to expose if he stops writing. Sophistry comes to aid; he decides to protect the name he made as the author of *The Greatest Good*, ontributing to both types of literature. A nd novel is demanded by the publisher of *Greatest Good;* another trashy story is ıired by the publisher of Dolly Cohen. his surprise—and this is where the real edy lies—he finds that he can no longer vork of the right sort. He has lost touch ı his ideals. It rings false and has the ord of charlatanry. He is revealed to self as a sham, a cheat. There is but one out. What shall a man give in exchange his soul?

here are two distinct threads of narrative *The Triumph of Life,* yet they become xtricably woven together until at the end och Lloyd snaps them asunder. The open- chapters which reveal Céleste and her tting to us have all the ingredients of ential drama. Interest is aroused and ex- tation raised on tiptoe for the entrance of hero. Already we foresee the conflict of nedy and tragedy when Céleste, the in- guante, comes to pit her strength against boy who dared to flout her. Céleste is nderfully alive throughout these pages, a ure of fascination and diabolical attractive- ness, of daring expediency and inventiveness in compassing her ends. In the old dark days of the quais and alleys, they had called her "La P'tite qui Refuse." "Beware!" had once counselled a priest of Notre Dame: "she is more dangerous than the majority of those who break the more definite commandments." Marion Lee, on the other hand, attracts by her potential womanhood and innate simplicity of goodness and beauty. The strength of such women is shown in the crises of life, and the Marion of the shores of Bristol, Rhode Island, scarcely prepares us for the surprise of the later Marion in New York. She is of the type that makes strong mothers and noble sons; to whom are given the virtues that sweeten and solidify the sinews of life. Mr. Payson has laid the scenes of his story on familiar ground—on the picturesque shores of Bristol, Rhode Island, where his home is, and in the Washington Square region of New York. But the locality of so human a story matters little; it rises above the mere bounds of a neighborhood; its stage is all the world.

Ever since the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth, nearly three centuries ago, America has been a Land of Promise to the persecuted and downtrodden for religion's sake. Here and there, especially in the West, you may come upon a religious sect living and thriving by itself, intact and separate from our bustling civilization. Some such community Mrs. Mary Holland Kinkaid seems to have had in mind for the background of her first novel, *Walda*. Whether real or imaginary, Zanah and its religious zealots form a striking and picturesque setting for the scene of a possible romance in which the central figures are an artist and man of the world who by chance visits Zanah, and a young girl, Walda Kellar, who is believed to be the coming prophetess, and is set apart for that high and sacred office. The revelation of strange rites and customs is most interesting, but Mrs. Kinkaid is wise enough to forego mere description as a reporter would write it, for the more absorbing study of a young girl's nature, reared in such simplicity and ignorance, coming under the influence of "earthly" love, as it is viewed by the community, and the conflict of emotion and upheaval which ensues. The story is told with great simplicity and beauty, and moves with dramatic swiftness

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MRS. MARY HOLLAND KINKAID
Author of "*Walda*"

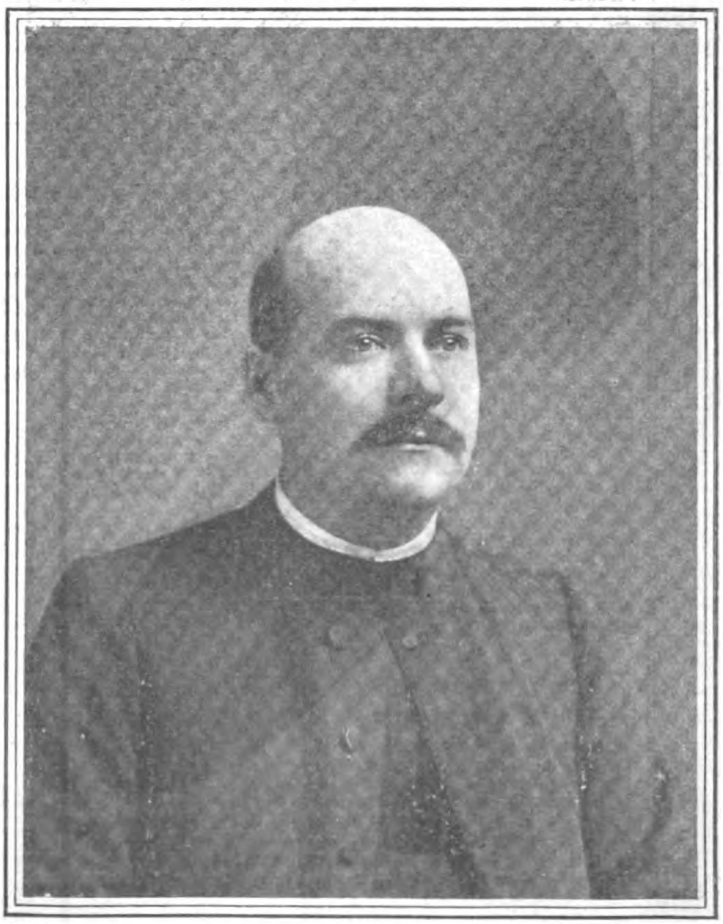
to a height of pathos that was scarcely foreseen at the beginning. Nothing more beautiful and moving could be conceived than the dawn of first love in Walda's heart; its gradual unfolding through the subtle evolution of her simple faith in her call to be the prophetess of her people; and the sudden revelation, flashed upon her consciousness by the aroused instincts of womanhood, that it is human love that is in her heart and not divine inspiration. A hand less sure, less delicate, less artistic, would have marred the fine effect and spoiled the fresh charm of this idyl of first love. Nor must we forget to speak of Gerson Brandt, the schoolmaster and friend of Walda and her father—the man who had silently loved her through all the years, keeping his passion from her, almost from himself, only to see her love the stranger of Zanah, and beloved by him, and for her happiness' sake to undergo the ban of the Society. His is a lonely, pathetic figure that will haunt the memory long after the tale has been forgotten. Surely the love-story of Walda is a vindication of the truth that there is no story of woman's love so entrancing, so beautiful, so satisfying, as that which is bathed in goodness and purity and the charm of ineffable youth. It is a story eternal in its truth, in human aspiration, in lofty ideal; and one follows Stephen Everett and Walda out across the world with the tender wistfulness and solicitude begotten by the uplifting spectacle of a woman's trust and faith and simple passion, facing the destiny of an unknown life for his dear sake.

The name of Cyrus Townsend Brady is too well known to call for any introduction to the American reading public. Whether because of the wholesome sentiment and racy narrative qualities of his stories, or because of his prolific adventures into fiction, or perhaps because of both, some one has dubbed him the Crockett of America. Both authors have this in common: they are abounding optimists and nourish a stanch belief in the sturdy positive virtues. Mr. Brady's new book, *The Bishop*, is the most characteristic bit of fiction he has written, as the Bishop is his most successful character among the men and women of his stories. He writes of the Bishop and the children of the plains *con amore* as Ian Maclaren wrote of Doctor Maclure and the natives of Drumtochty. His backward glance carries him to the scenes of his own early ministry, and his heart warms with the memories of the little comedies and tragedies enacted during those

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struggling but memorable days. Like the author of *An Inland Voyage,* he has travelled far since then, "but it is when you come back at nightfall, and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove," and you learn at last that "the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek." In a preface to *The Bishop,* Mr. Brady tells us that most of the incidents related are literally true. "Some of the adventures that follow happened to the Bishop himself—there really was such a man—and he told them to me."

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie contributes a very able and just estimate of "The Work of Mrs. Humphry Ward" to the current *North American Review,* in which he speaks of *Lady Rose's Daughter* with great admiration and enthusiasm. "In no other story," he says, "has she approached the brilliancy and vivacity of *Lady Rose's Daughter;* the easy touch-and-go of familiar talk, the delicate but sharply defined contrasts of character in appearance, bearing, and speech; the interplay and modification of character by character. In lightness of touch, variety of mood and temperament, and in ease of mood this story marks Mrs. Ward's highest achievement. In no other novel has she given so many evidences of the possession of the original qualities of the novelist: knowledge of life, dramatic power, sympathy of imagination, humor, and the gift of pathos." Of Mrs. Ward's heroine he has this to say: "If Julie Le Breton be a modern rendering of Mlle. de Lespinasse, the boldness and sincerity of the art which set her moving among a throng of people, attracted or repelled but never indifferent to her, is as impressive and convincing as if she had been fashioned out of hand. To draw successfully a woman so circumstanced and of such temperamental force there was needed the very unusual woman who is neither afraid of the passional side of life nor blind to its tremendous ethical significance. That she was equal to such a task shows how well equipped Mrs. Ward is in clear objective vision as well as in subjective feeling; how admirably poised she is between the power of impulse and the claims of reason. No woman whose moral standards were primarily conventional could have understood the temperament of Julie Le Breton, and no woman whose perception of moral values was uncertain or blurred could have solved the problem of such temperament. A woman of uncertain moral insight might have stated the problem; only a woman of clear moral insight could have solved it." ELLIOTT HENDERSON.



CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
Author of "*The Bishop*"

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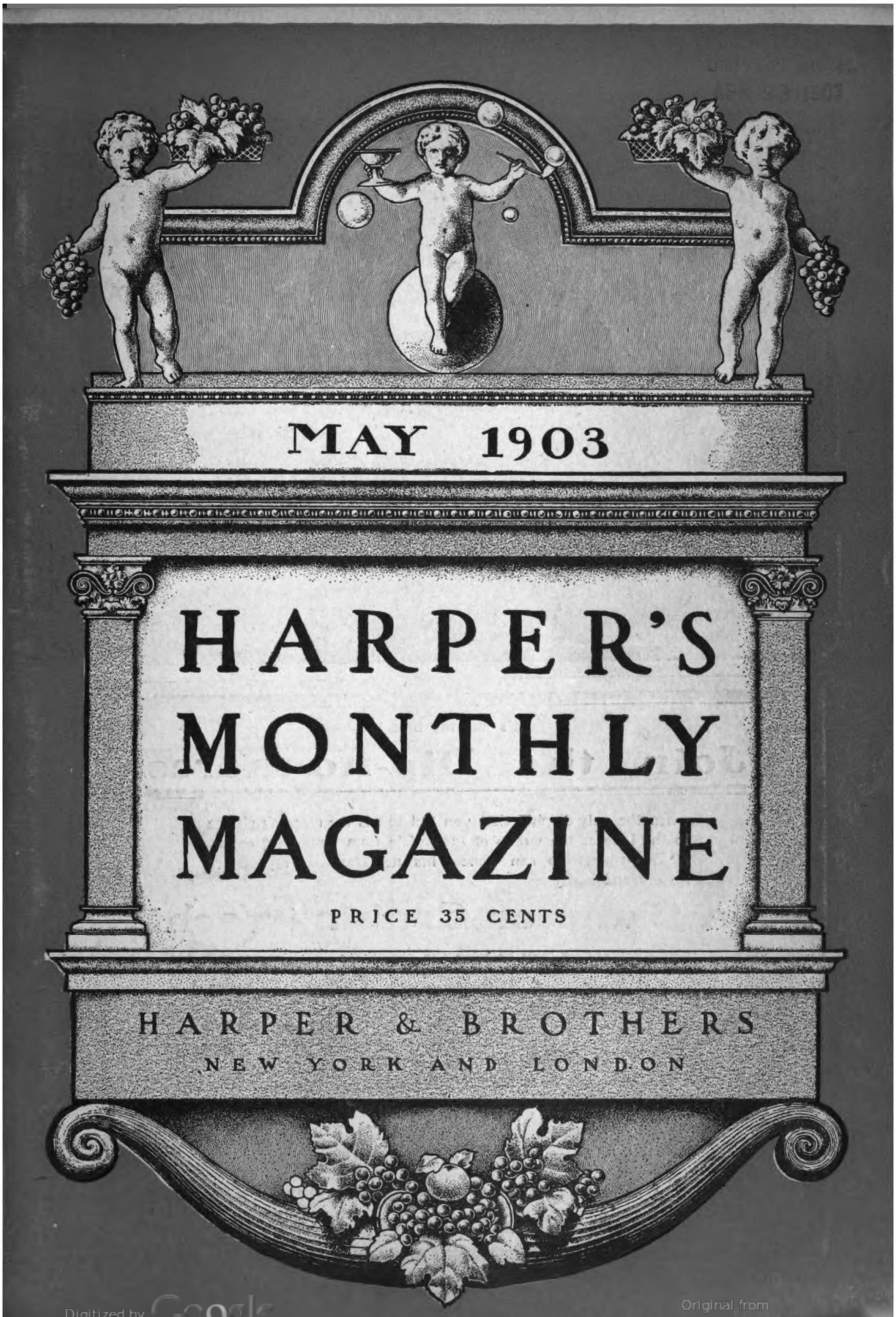
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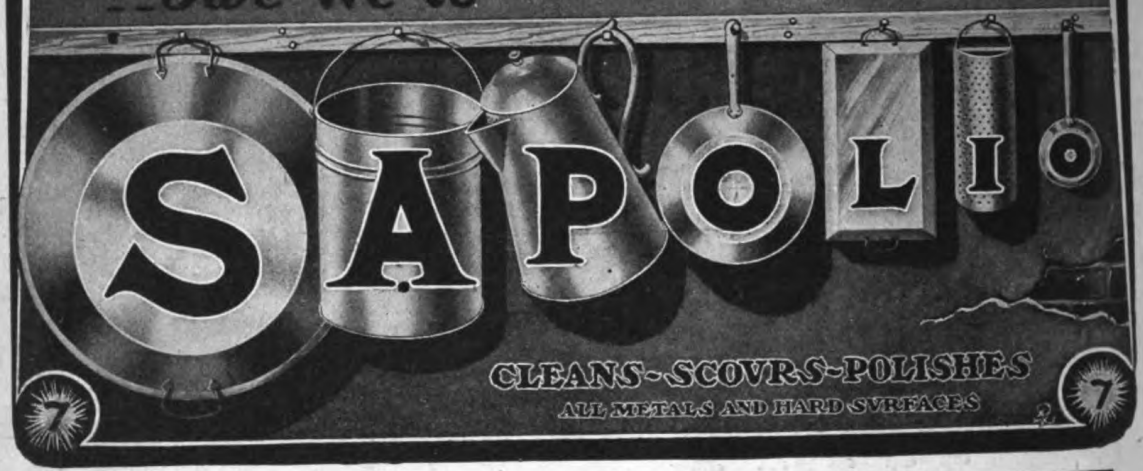


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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

MAY NUMBER

Frontispiece in Color . . . . . E. M. ASHE

"King John." Critical Comment by . . . . . JOSEPH KNIGHT **829**
Illustrations by EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A., reproduced in Tint.

The King o' Dreams. A Story . . . . . JUSTUS MILES FORMAN **837**
Illustrated by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN.

A Strange People of the North . . . . . WALDEMAR BOGORAS **846**
American Museum of Natural History
With Photographs obtained by the Author.

The Brothers. A Story . . . . . OCTAVE THANET **853**
Illustration by W. D. STEVENS.

Constantinople: an Impression . . . . . ARTHUR SYMONS **863**
Drawings by B. J. ROSENMEYER and F. C. CLARK, reproduced in Tint.

The Woman of the People . . . . . MRS. JOHN VAN VORST **871**

O Summer Moon. A Poem . . . . . ARTHUR STRINGER **875**

Torre Ananias. A Story . . . . . ARTHUR COLTON **876**
Illustrated by PETER NEWELL.

Lydia. A Poem . . . . . LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE **885**

Photographing the Nebulæ . . . . . G. W. RITCHEY **886**
Of the Yerkes Observatory
Illustrated by Photographs never before Published.

Song. A Poem . . . . . HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS **895**

Intermezzo. A Monologue . . . . . VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN **896**
Drawings by ORSON LOWELL.

Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1903 . . . . . HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE **903**

In Ursula's Garden. A Story . . . . . JAMES BRANCH CABELL **909**
Paintings by E. M. ASHE, reproduced in Color.

The Passer-by. A Poem . . . . . CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS **917**

The Mechanism of the Brain . . . . . CARL SNYDER **918**

An Idealist. A Story . . . . . NETTA SYRETT **923**
Illustration by JESSIE WILCOX SMITH.

My Friendly Rain. A Poem . . . . . MILDRED I. MCNEAL **928**

Recent Impressions of the English . . . . . HENRY CHILDS MERWIN **929**

A Quixote of the Desert. A Story . . . . . ANNE O'HAGAN **933**
Illustrated by GEORGE GIBBS.

At the Stuffed-Animal House. A Story . . . . . MARGARET DELAND **941**
Illustrations by LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK.

Two Voices. A Poem . . . . . JOHN VANCE CHENEY **958**

A Day in the Salt Meadows . . . . . SADAKICHI HARTMANN **959**
Photographs by S. M. MCCORMICK, reproduced in Tint.

The Heart at the Window. A Story . . . . . PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS **964**
Illustration by C. D. WELDON.

Editor's Easy Chair . . . . . WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS **972**

Editor's Study . . . . . THE EDITOR **977**

Editor's Drawer **981**
Introductory Story, "Bread Cast Upon the Waters," by HELEN HAWTHORNE DALE; illustrated by W. L. JACOBS. Other contributions by R. K. MUNKITTRICK, JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, BURGES JOHNSON. Drawings by F. STROTHMANN, HENRY MAYER, M. W. WATSON, JOHN CASSEL.

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Harper's Magazine

for JUNE

Part I. of a New Novelette

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Mrs. Andrews is already well known to magazine readers through her humorous writings. In her latest story, "A Kidnapped Colony," which will be continued in the July number, she has devised a situation which is absolutely new and brilliantly daring in its humor, though nothing in it is absolutely beyond the range of possibility. A comedy of situations.

Travel

The June number is rich in travel. **Israel Zangwill** contributes "An Italian Fantasy," a brilliant pen-picture of Italy of to-day, and **Julian Ralph's** article tells of "Our Appalachians," a vivid study of a little-known American type.

Science

Carl Snyder, in "The World Beyond Our Senses," writes on the remarkable discoveries of science which reveal to us in Nature many things which are beyond the grasp of our natural senses.

Nature

Dr. **H. C. McCook,** in his article "The Queen Mother of the Ants," deals with ant life in much the same picturesque way that Maeterlinck has treated the life of the bee.

Humor

Josephine Daskam contributes a brilliant parody of some portions of the Rubaiyat, and **May Isabel Fisk** has written another amusing monologue.

Short Stories

There are eight short stories in this number. Among the authors are **Roy Rolfe Gilson, Robert Shackleton, E. S. Martin, George Buchanan Fife,** and **Lizette Woodworth Reese.**

Literature

Edmund Gosse writes of "The Literary Patron of the Eighteenth Century," and **Norman Duncan** of "The Tenement Book and Reader"—an interesting article revealing a new side of the life of the East side.

History

Collins Shackelford, in "The Tragedy of a Map," tells the story of the last fatal voyage of the Russian explorer Bering, and of the causes which led to the loss of the expedition.

Archaeology

Professor **Macalister** describes the work of unearthing the Biblical city of Gezer—where towns of four periods have been found, one built on top of the other.

English

Alice Archer Stevens, the well-known educational writer, contributes an interesting paper embodying new theories in regard to children's reading and study.

Pictures in Color

The pictures in color in the June number are particularly dainty. Among the artists represented are **Andre Castaigne, Louis Loeb,** and **Albert Sterner.**

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BY

THOMAS NELSON PAGE



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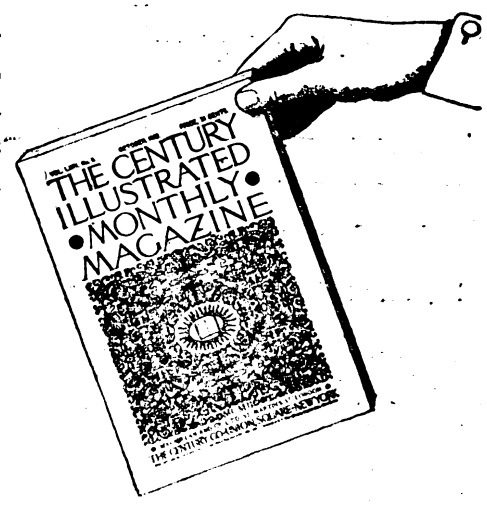
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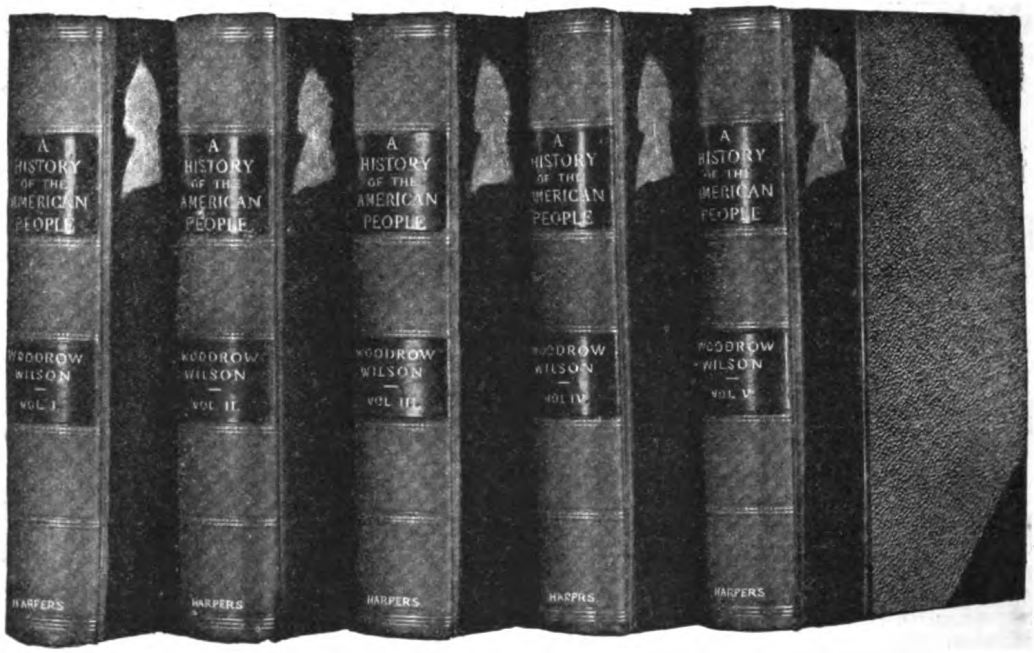
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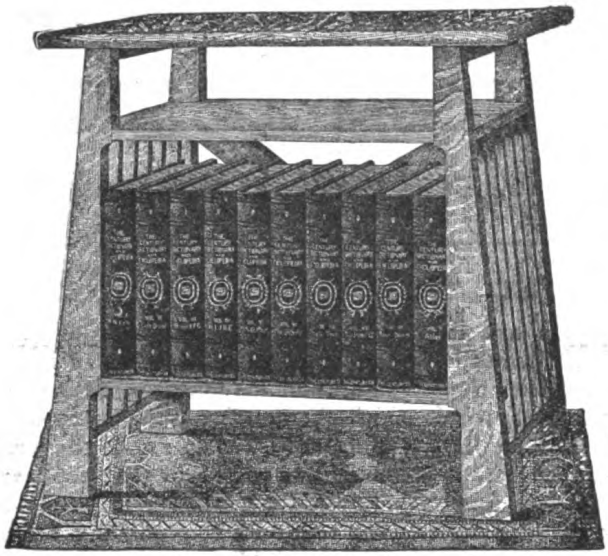
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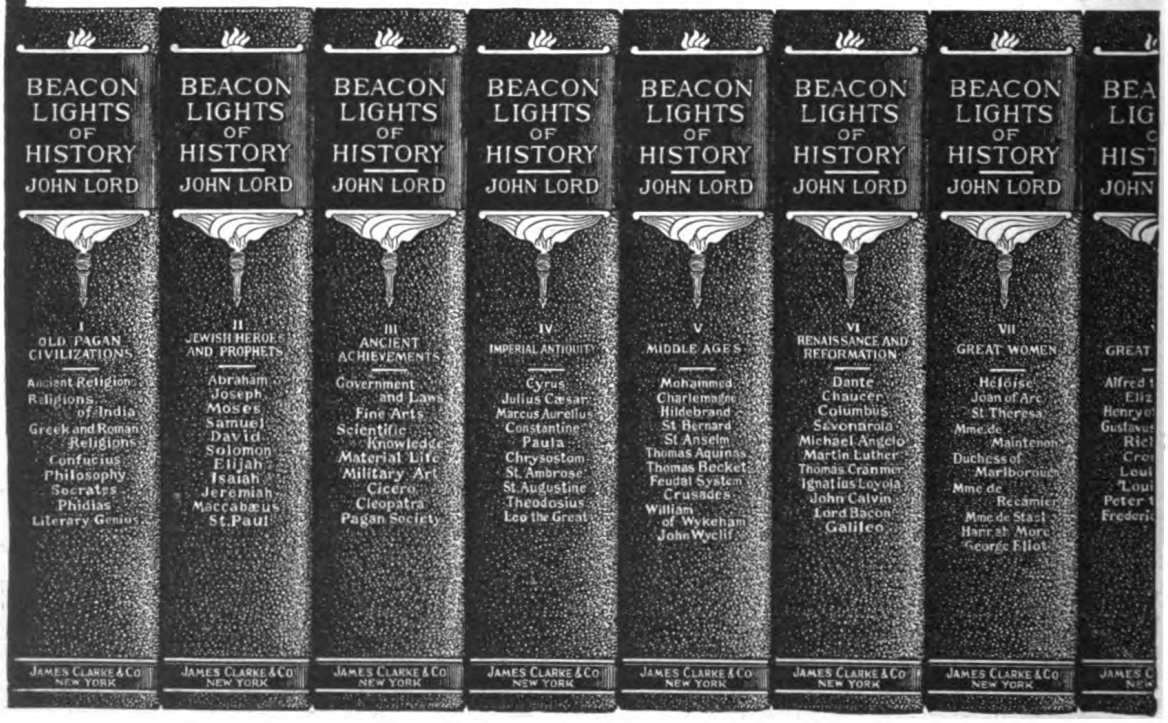
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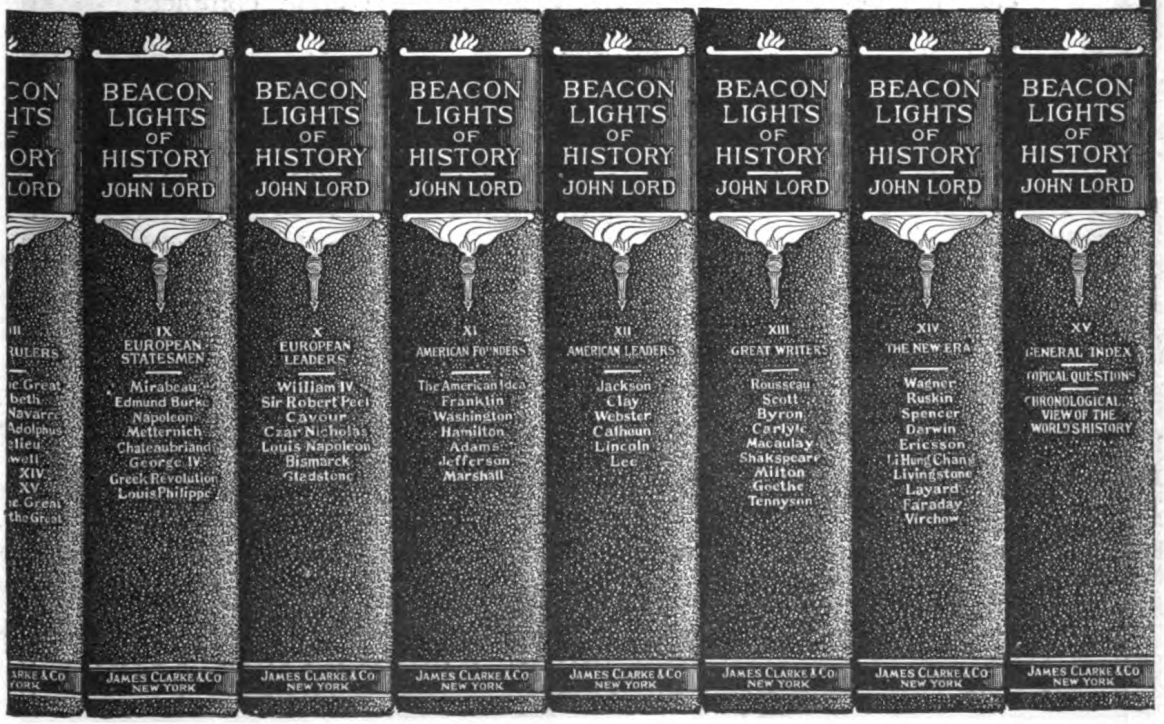
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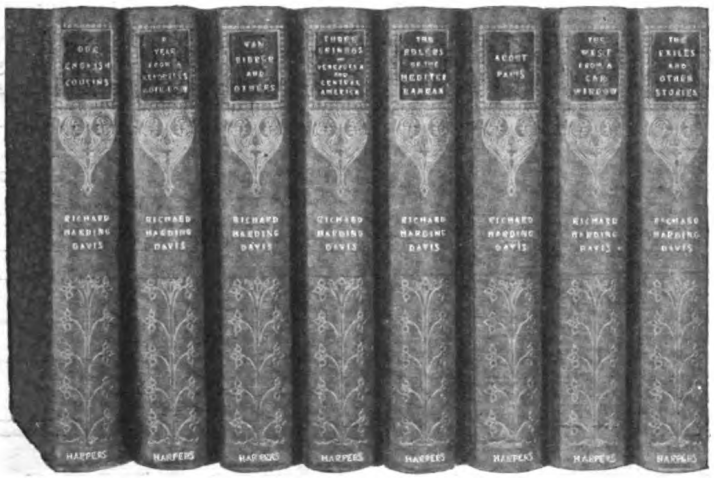
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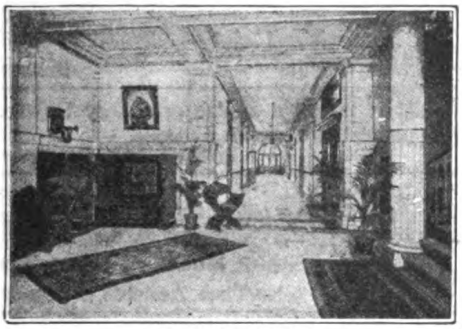
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I have indicated that Mr. Bell does not take his trio far afield; in fact, he just takes you from one experience to another that may be happening any day in any humble abode if you care to accompany him. The family go out for a Saturday afternoon's shopping, Macgregor walking proudly with his hand in his father's, in the hope of candy, while his mother carries his small sister Jeannie in her arms; they visit the Wax-works and the Zoo, and grow excited over the wonders of the exhibition; they spend an evening at Aunt Purdie's, and take tea with her—Aunt Purdie's husband is a prosperous grocer, they are rising in the social scale, and the occasion is fraught with maternal anxiety over Macgregor's possible misbehavior; then they take a day off to go to the photographer's, and pass through the nervous ordeal of sitting for a family group; again, they spend a week-end at the seaside, and Macgregor wants to oar, and in spite of his mother's fear and strenuous objections, he manages by a stroke of childlike diplomacy to get his way. One of the most touching sketches depends wholly on the simplest and most natural incident that could happen. Macgregor is unwell. His mother goes out on some errands and leaves the father to take care of him. She makes sure, before she goes, that her husband has no candies surreptitiously hidden about his person—in fact, he is actually caught in the act, and has to empty his pockets of some "joojoobs," which he puts away in the dresser drawer. "Weel, John," she says, gently, "ye've plenty o' what they ca' common sense in maist things, but ye're just a wean aboot Macgreegor." "Ay," said John, humbly. They spoke in whispers, afraid to disturb Macgregor.



"WEE MACGREEGOR"

Presently Lizzie, after bending for a minute over the bed where the small patient lay, prepared to leave the house. "He's sleepin', John," she said, with a pleased smile.

Left to himself, John smoked his pipe before the fire and meditated. Two minutes passed, and then—

"Paw!"

"Are ye waukin', Macgreegor?" John sprang up, laid down his pipe, and went to the bedside.

"Paw, whit wey am I no' to get a joojoob?"

"Aw—weel, ye see, it wudna be guid fur yer inside."

"But ma heid's sair, paw."

"Yer maw said I wisna to let ye speak. Whisht noo, ma wee man, an' try an' gang to sleep."

"I canna sleep. Ma heid's sair. I want a joojoob."

John stroked his son's head and patted his shoulder tenderly. "Puir laddie, wud ye like a drink?"

"I want a joojoob, paw."

Somehow the man's eye, leaving the boy for a moment, roved round the kitchen. The wee drawer in the dresser had been left partly open.

"I canna sleep. I want a joojoob," said Macgregor again.

John sighed. He gazed longingly at the wee drawer. Then he pulled himself together and looked back at his son. "Ye canna get a joojoob, ma wee man," he said, sadly. "Wull I tell ye a story?" he asked, almost despairingly.

"Ay," replied the patient, without much enthusiasm. "I want a—"

"Whit 'll I tell ye?" inquired the father, hastily. "Aboot a draygon?"

"Ay," languidly assented Macgregor. "Tell's aboot a draygon, and gi'e's a—"

"There wis yinst a draygon," began John, without delay, "an' it leeved in a den."

Gradually Macgregor's mind is turned from the desire for jujubes in the thrilling recital of the wicked dragon, bigger than the biggest beast he had seen in the Zoo. Then—

"Tell's anither story, paw."

John told two more stories, and at the end of the second Macgregor said:

"I likit the draygon best. I want to be cairrit noo."

"Na, na, I daurna tak' ye oot yer bed."

"Hap me weel, an' cairry me, paw," said the boy.

Eventually his father gave in, rolled him in a blanket, and began to pace the kitchen floor.

"Mairch!" commanded Macgregor. "An'

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"MARJORIE"

whustle tae," he added; "whustle like a baun'!"

John obligingly began to whistle "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and marched up and down the kitchen till Macgregor expressed himself satisfied.

"Sing noo, paw."

"Is yer heid no' bad?"

"No' sae bad as it wis. Sing, paw!"

"Vera weel," said John, sitting down with his burden at the fireside.

"I want to see ootbye," said the burden.

So John went over to the window, and they looked into the street below, where the lamps were being lit.

"Leerie, leerie, licht the lamps,
Lang legs an' crookit shanks,"

sang John, softly.

Then:

"I had a little powny,
Its name wis Dapple Grey.
I lent it til a leddy
To ride a mile away.
She whuppit it, she lashed it,
She ca'ed it through the mire—
I'll never lend my powny
Fur ony leddy's hire!"

"Sing anither," said Macgregor.

"Wee Jokey-Birdy, tol-lol-lol,
Laid an egg on the winda-sole.
The winda-sole begood to crack—
Wee Jokey-Birdy roared an' grat."

"Sing anither," said Macgregor.

John sang another half-dozen rhymes, and then Macgregor expressed himself willing to leave the window for the fireside. "Sing 'A wee bird cam',' paw," he murmured, putting his arm a little farther round his father's neck. It was probably the old tune that appealed to the boy, for he lay very still while John hummed the verses, swaying slightly from side to side, and gently beating time with one hand on his son's shoulder. When the song was ended there was a short silence, and then Macgregor sighed, lazily, "Sing 'Leerie' again, paw."

"Leerie," so far as John knew it, was a poem of two lines set to a tune made out of three notes, but he sang it over and over again, softly and soothingly!

"Leerie, leerie, licht the lamps,
Lang legs an' crookit shanks";

and, having repeated it perhaps thirty times, he ceased, for Macgregor had fallen sound asleep.

When Lizzie, with wee Jeannie slumbering in her arms, came in ten minutes later, John was sitting alone by the fireside in the semi-darkness.

"Is he sleepin'?" she asked, anxiously.

"Dod, ay!" said John.

"That's guid. He wisna wauken when I wis oot?"

"Aw, jist fur a wee while. I didna gi'e him ony joojoobs, Lizzie," said John, with a quiet laugh, pointing to the wee drawer in the dresser, "but I wis gey sair temptit."

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy had written several volumes of fiction, which were read and enjoyed by a large number of people, before his delightful romantic play *If I Were King* made him more widely known and gained a larger audience of readers for his romance founded on the play. This audience will welcome *Marjorie*, a new novel by Mr. McCarthy, written in a different vein, but instinct with the delicacy and charm of narrative style and the human interest which are characteristic of all his writing. The unfolding of a boy's mind at gaze on the world, and pining for travel and a sight of

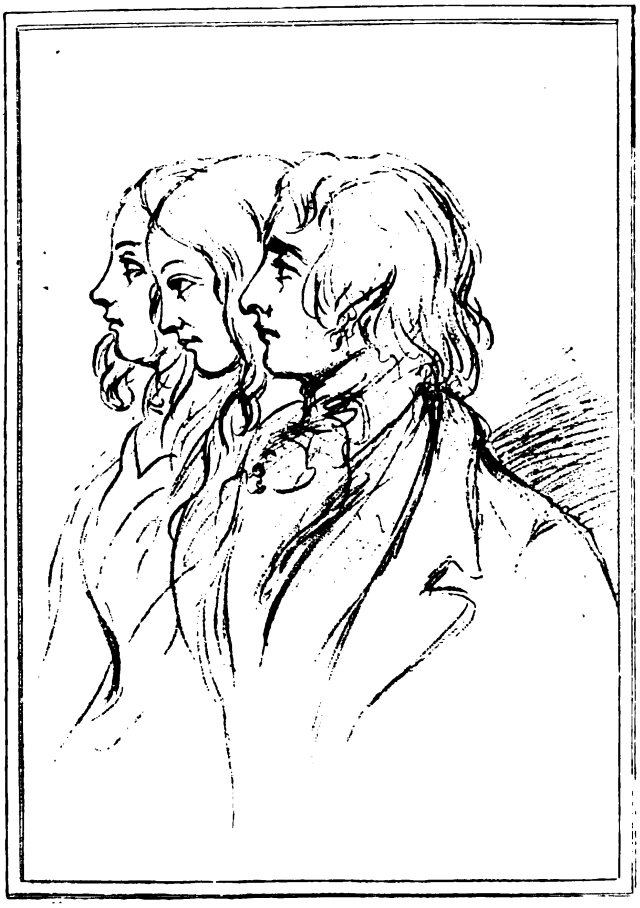


JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY,
The author of *If I Were King*, whose latest romance is *Marjorie*

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the sea, is described with an intuitive knowledge and sympathy which is personal in its intimate revelation. "The great event of my childhood [the hero is the narrator of the tale] was my father's gift to me of an English version of Monsieur Galland's book, *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.* Then the tinkle of the shop bell assumed a new significance. Might not Haroun-al-Rashid himself, with Giafar his vizier, and Mesrour his man, follow its cracked summons, or some terrible withered creature whom I, and I only, knew to be a genie in disguise, come in to catch me by the shoulder and sink with me through the floor? Those were delicious terrors. But what I most learnt from that book was an unconquerable love for travel and an unconquerable stretching to the sea." How the boy's wishes are gratified, and his adventures thereafter with shipwreck and mutiny and pirates, his comradeship with Lancelot and his love for Lancelot's sister Marjorie, are recounted in the rousing pages that follow the lull of the early chapters. Mr. McCarthy's heroine is no milk-and-water miss, but a beautiful girl with a quality of manliness in her which allies her with the kin of Rosalind. "Indeed," quoth her lover, "I speak but what I know when I say that man's apparel became her bravely." It is her lover, too, who is supposed to pen this dedication to her:

> Oh, Marjorie, my world's delight,
> Your yellow hair is angel-bright,
> Your eyes are angel-blue.
> I thought, and think, the sweetest sight
> Between the morning and the night
> Is just the sight of you.



CHARLES DICKENS, HIS WIFE, AND HER SISTER
Drawn by Maclise in 1842
Reduced from frontispiece to *The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens*

Charles Dickens cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called a poet, but from time to time he wrote verses, now grave, now gay, which are at least of bibliographical value. A collection of his fugitive verse, scattered in his works and in the periodical press, together with songs, duets, quartettes, and choruses from his libretto of *The Village Coquettes*, a comic opera of his Boz days, has been gathered in a very beautiful volume called *The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens.* The work of editing and annotating this collection has been done by the well-known Dickens student and authority, Mr. F. G. Kitton. There is a very fine frontispiece reproduction of a rare drawing, by Maclise, of Dickens, his wife, and her sister, done in 1842. The book will very naturally be quickly secured by collectors, and by Dickens lovers who wish to complete their edition of the works of the great novelist. Mr. Kitton's notes also add to the bibliographical and biographical value of the subject.

I wonder if the boys of to-day love *Robinson Crusoe* as much as they did in the days of my youth? I think so. I do not believe that the dream of adventure and daring, the stretching of the imagination

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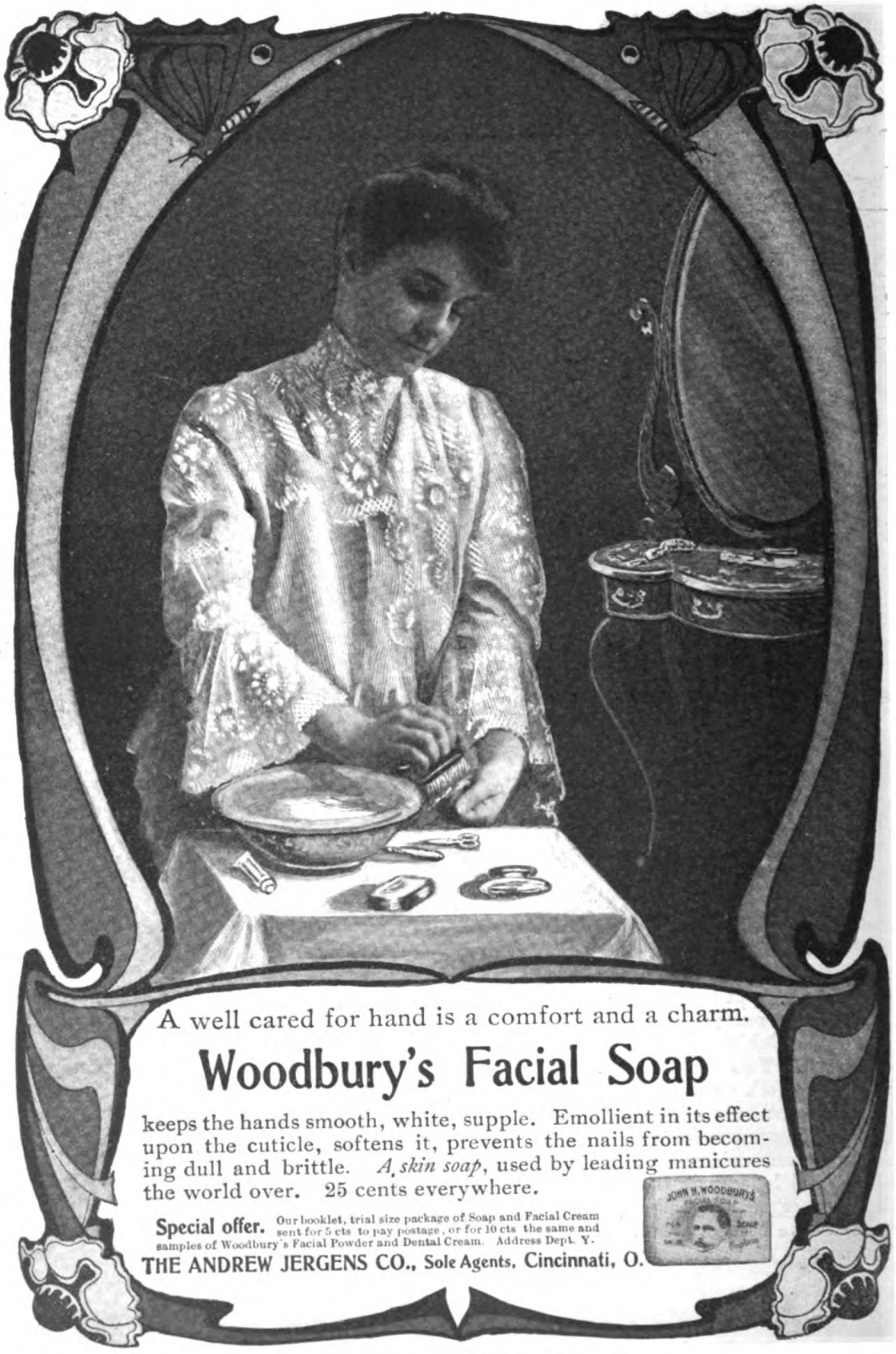


"'A VESSEL!'"
From *Pearl Island*

to unknown lands and strange seas ever die out in the boy's mind, and *Robinson Crusoe* is the Eldorado of all such. In *Pearl Island,* a new story about boys for boys, by Mr. Andrew Caster, our young friends will find a book of the *Robinson Crusoe* kind after their own heart. Two American boys sail away from New York on a long voyage, the uncle of one of the boys being the master of the ship. They are wrecked on an island in the Indian Ocean, and one of the boys is washed ashore, and later finds that his comrade has also been saved. But the rest of the crew seem to have been drowned. It happens that after they have spent some time exploring the island, fortifying themselves against wild beasts and savages, and saving what they could from the wreck, a sailor turns up who was a castaway on a neighboring island, and he helps to keep them company. They build a ship. They find a rich bed of pearls near the island. They have exciting adventures with Malay pirates, and with sharks, serpents, eagles, and various wild animals. They tame one of the savages. They discover many strange vegetable plants and curious beasts and birds on their island, which they christen Pearl Island, because of their rich find in the oyster-beds along the shore. One exciting adventure follows another until they are forced to escape from the island by a volcanic eruption which practically destroys it. They sail on their ship on a voyage of exploration through those strange and unfamiliar seas, touching at one island after another, encountering all sorts of experiences. Finally they are sighted by a ship and are restored to their friends, who had thought them lost. It is a capital story of adventure for boys, and is all the racier for being narrated by one of the boy adventurers. The tale is well within the bounds of probability, and much interesting information of the kind the boys like in *Robinson Crusoe* is scattered throughout its pages in a most attractive fashion. The pluck and courage of the youngsters are brought out admirably in their struggle for existence, and their resources are taxed to the utmost. The illustrations are by Florence Scovel Shinn.

ELLIOTT HENDERSON.

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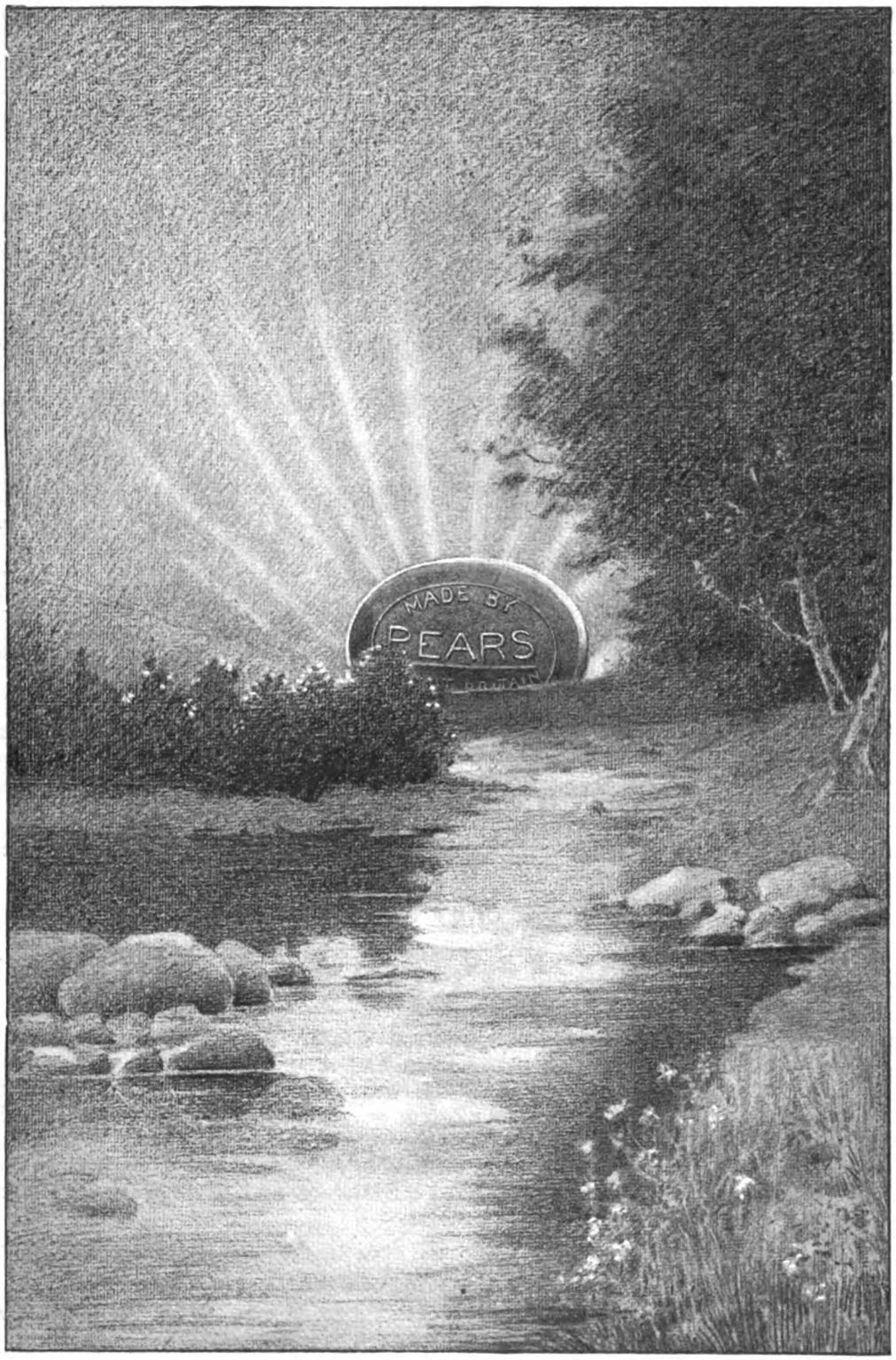
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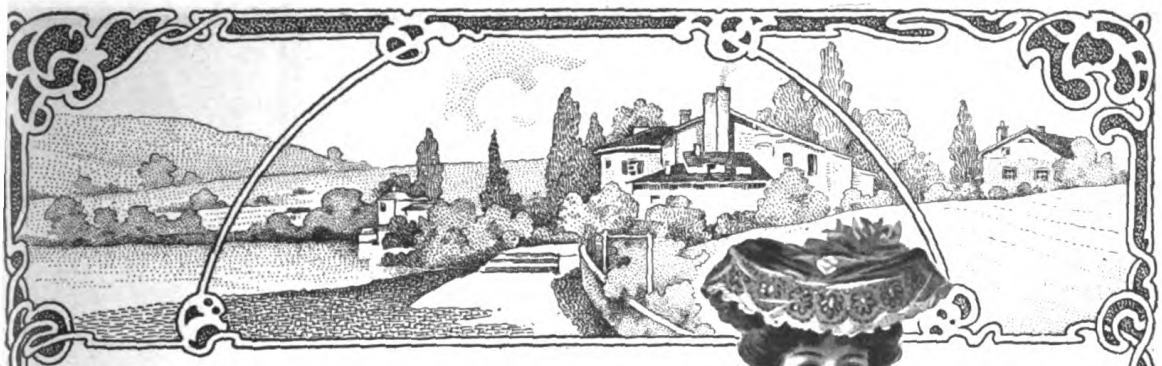
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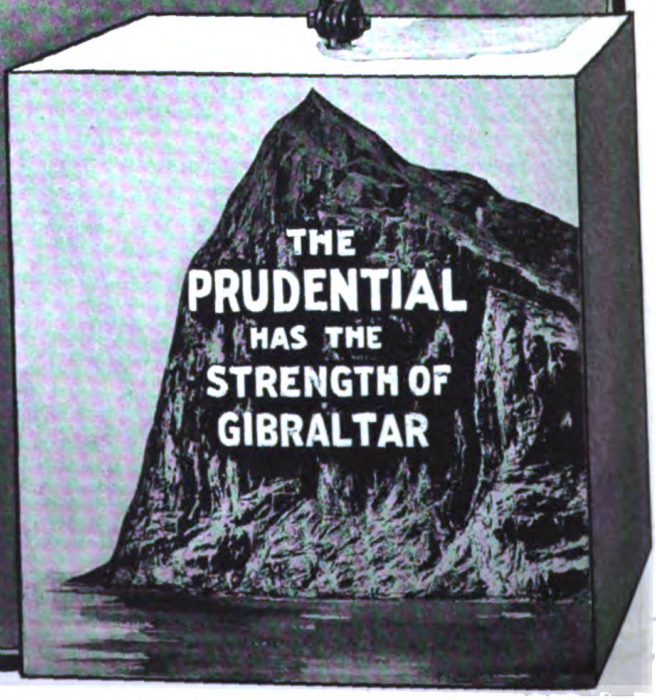
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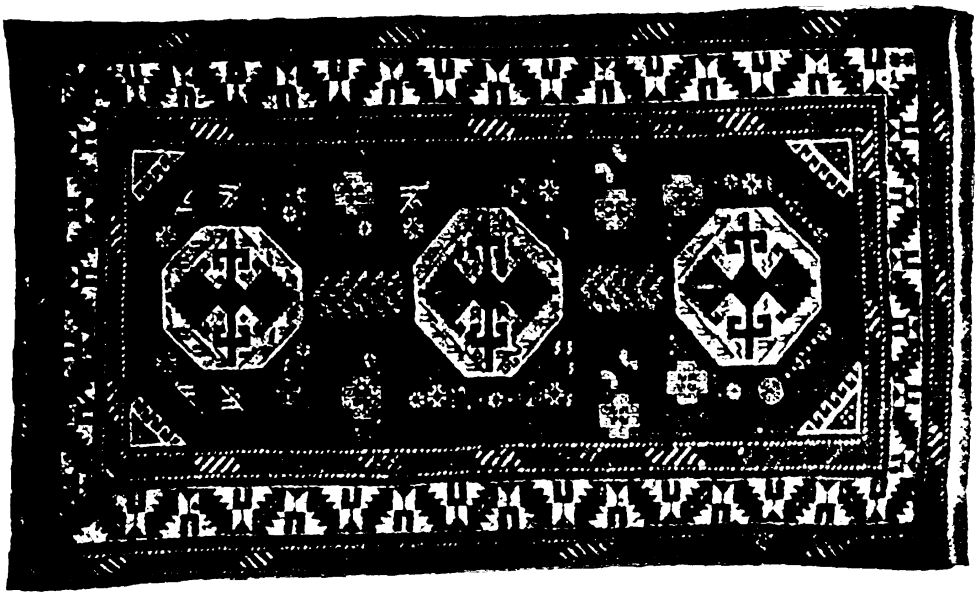
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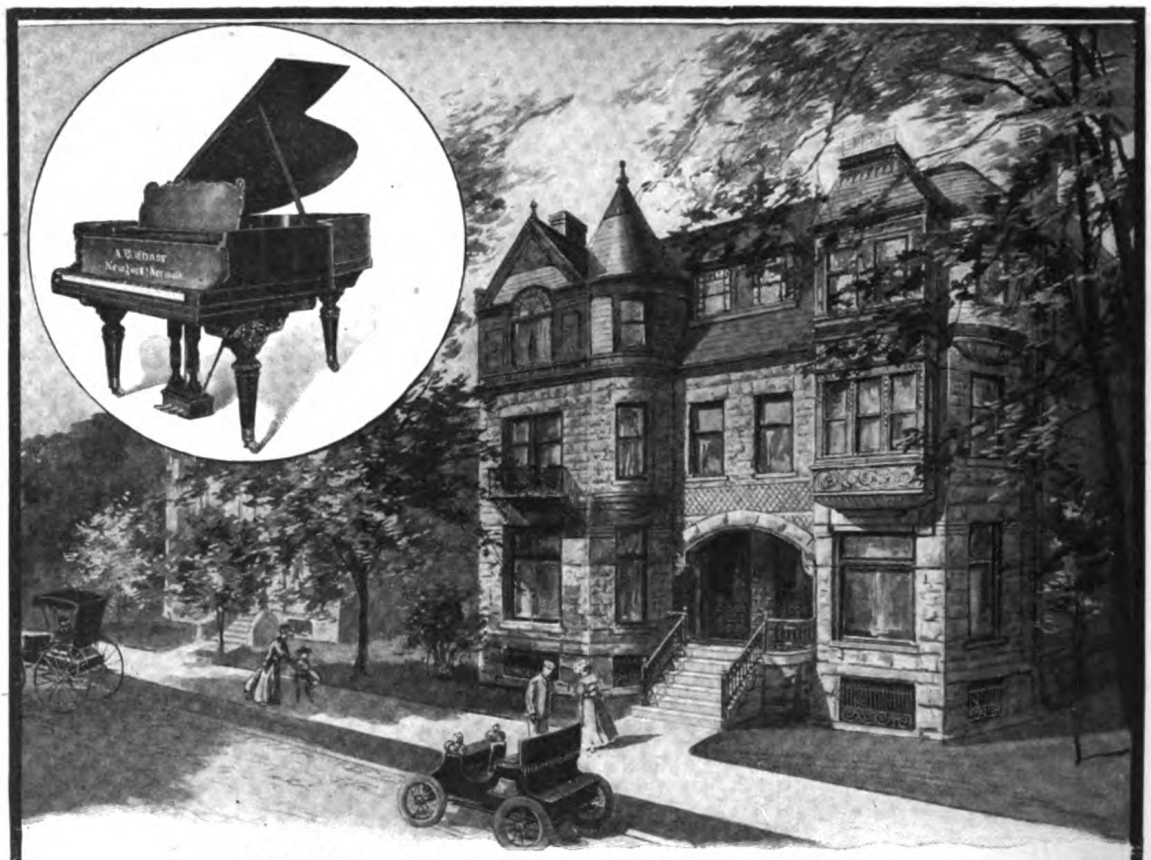
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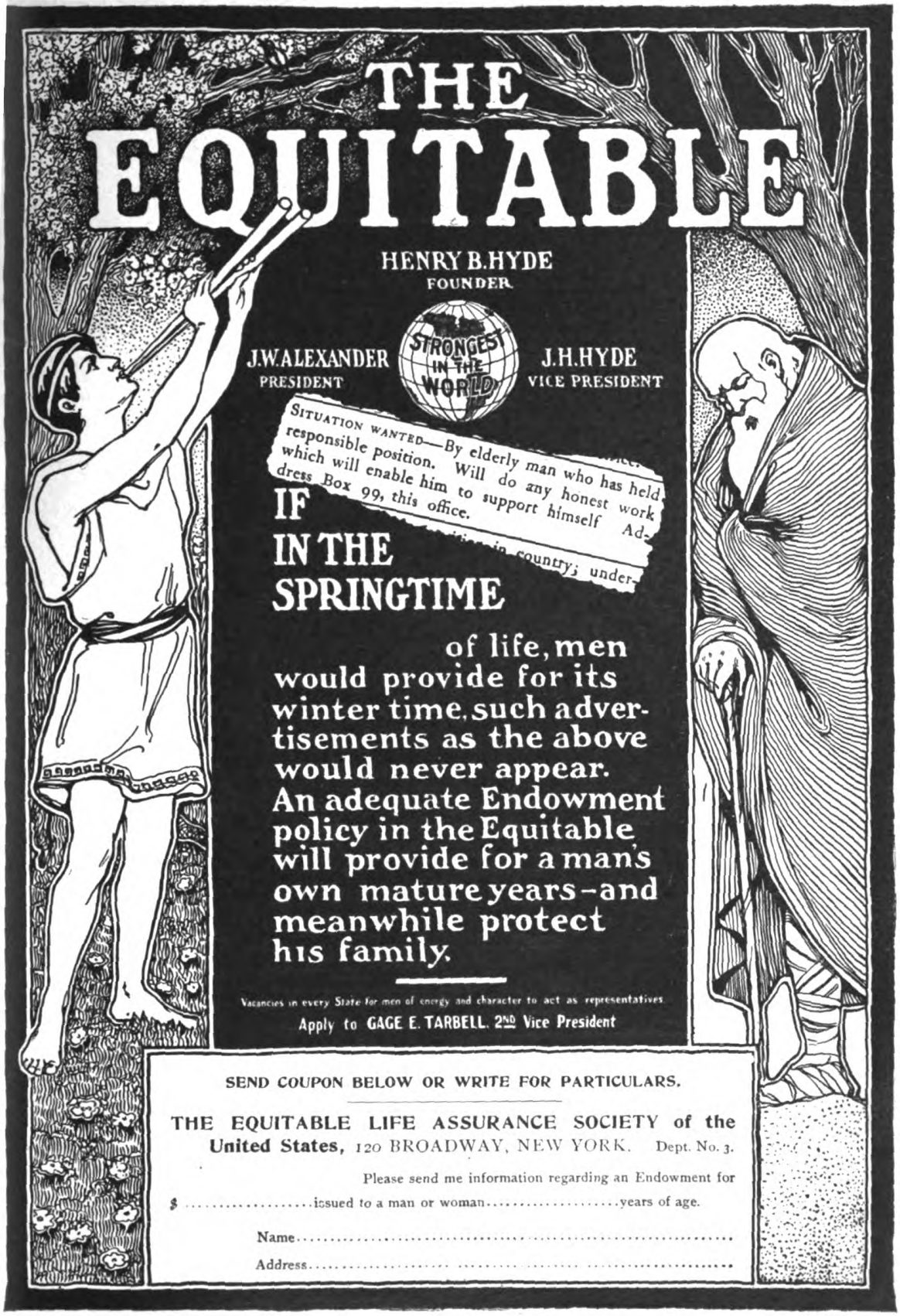
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LOWNEY'S

Chocolate Bon-Bons

The **Delicious Quality, Delightful Flavors,** and **Perfect Purity** of these famous confections have made for them a phenomenal popularity.

Annual Sales
Eight Million Packages

Lowney's Candies in the original Sealed Packages are Guaranteed to be in perfect condition or money refunded.

If your dealer does not keep them, write to us.

The Walter M. Lowney Co., Boston, Mass.

P. S.—We send FREE the Lowney Receipt Book, telling how to make Chocolate Candies at home.

VITALIZED PHOSPHITES



BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD

From the phosphoid principle of the Ox Brain and the Embryo of Wheat

Is an essential **food** to nourish and keep the nerves strong, the brain clear and vigorous. For the relief of brain weariness, mental depression, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and all weakness resulting from an impaired nervous system Vitalized Phosphites is without an equal. It restores brain and nerve power, by specially feeding the nerve centres It aids wonderfully in the bodily and mental growth of children.

Vitalized Phosphites is a concentrated white *powder, pleasant to taste, free from narcotics. Formula on each bottle. Descriptive pamphlet free.*

PREPARED BY

F. Crosby Co. *56 West 25th Street, New York City*

If not found at Druggists', sent by mail ($1.00).

CROSBY'S COLD AND CATARRH CURE.
The best remedy in existence for cold in the head and sore throat. By mail, 50 cents.



Great Western Champagne

wins gold medals at international expositions; but better than that, it wins its way to the hearts of the people by its purity, high quality and moderate price. The ideal wine for the home.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers
RHEIMS, N. Y.
Sold by all respectable Wine Dealers.

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ALPHA SALAD CREAM is the ideal **salad dressing** for all varieties of salads. It is also the ideal sauce or relish for cold meats, canned salmon, shrimp or lobster, fish cakes, baked beans, cold slaw, cold cauliflower or asparagus, cold hash, or on sandwiches.

ALPHA SALAD CREAM is absolutely pure. Never separates. Never spoils. Those who like oil can add their favorite brand with perfect results. Samples not mailable. **All Grocers.**

Martha Taft Wentworth Recipe Book (60 Recipes and Suggestions) **sent free** for grocer's name. This book includes premium list. Informs you how to secure **the New Game of Diamonds free.** This game sells at 50c. to $1, according to style and quality of board.

WONDERLAND PUDDING TABLETS. One tablet makes a quart of milk into a milk jelly more delicious, refreshing, and nourishing than other desserts. **Also make Delicious Ice Cream.** Package of 10 Tablets by mail 10c. No samples.

THE H. J. BLODGETT CO., Inc. 22 Thayer St. Boston, Mass.



Choicest Concord Grapes—table grapes, are used for Welch's Grape Juice. The Welch process transfers the juice from the luscious clusters to the bottle unchanged in flavor, aroma, beautiful color and food properties.

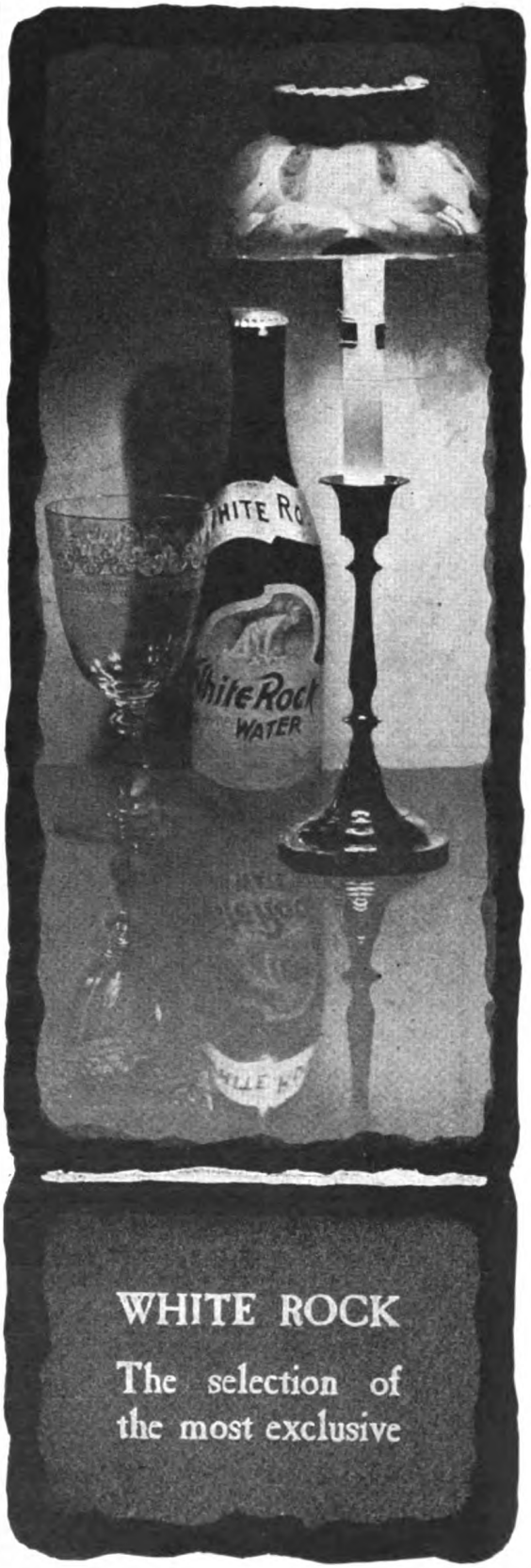
Welch's Grape Juice

is absolutely unfermented and without antiseptic. It is as pure and delicious as the grape in the cluster.

Sick and well need Welch's Grape Juice. It gives health—keeps health.

At your druggists or grocers, or we will send a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet with recipes, free. 3-oz. sample by mail, 10c.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.
WESTFIELD, N.Y.



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Solicits the accounts of banks, bankers, trust companies, corporations and individuals, and is prepared to extend to its depositors every facility for the prompt and efficient conduct of their banking business.

Special attention given to the purchase and underwriting of Corporation funded loans.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT SAYS

"That which one DOES which all of us can do but DON'T is the greatest of greatness."

Baker-Vawter Company System Department

will do for you what they have done for others. Their corps of accountants, practical business men, will move you from under the DON'T to under the DOES.

If you will put yourself in communication with us we will be glad to go into further details as to just how we will be of service to you in associating this department with you and yours and be able, thereby, to install into your industry, methods which have been demonstrated to be the most practicable in BOTH administration and operation.

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PIANOS

The manufacturers of the Chickering Pianos have shown that genius for piano making which has been defined as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." The result of eighty years of application of this genius to the production of musical tone is shown in the Chickering Pianoforte of the present year. Especially would we call attention to THE QUARTER-GRAND, the smallest Grand embodying modern principles ever made.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY CHICKERING & SONS, PIANOFORTE MAKERS

Established in 1823 — 793 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

APOLLOETTE



THE PEOPLES PIANO-PLAYER

The APOLLOETTE WHEN NOT IN USE.

IT is only necessary to tell you that the APOLLOETTE possesses all the mechanical merits of the Apollo to convince you that it stands first among Piano-Players. It is only necessary to tell you the price to convince you that it is within your reach. The APOLLOETTE is the Apollo with all unnecessary details of construction eliminated.

Price, $150. Easy monthly payments can be arranged by writing the

Melville Clark Piano Company

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NO BREAK IN THE SCALE



Strike the middle note on an Emerson Piano and follow it by striking one note after another—either up or down—then ask yourself where the break in the scale is—where the quality changes from soprano to contralto. You cannot find any such place. This is one of the most important differences between a high-grade piano and a commercial one. This is where The

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differs from many makes that are considered high-grade. Without beauty of tone and this evenness of scale a piano is really not a ***musical*** instrument. These are the points a musician cares about, and comparison will bear out our claim that the Emerson Piano possesses them in a high degree.

Send for our new illustrated catalogue, with some unique leaflets, and allow us to quote you prices and explain easy payment plan.

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Accident Insurance Policies

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They are something new, and there is nothing now offered that can touch them in LIBERALITY, in INCREASED BENEFITS, in SIMPLICITY.

And the same old security grown larger that makes THE TRAVELERS' contracts the most widely popular among solid business and professional men is behind them.

Agents in every town. Write us for details.

Over 6,000 Vacancies

Have within a short period been advertised in THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE AND COMMERCIAL BULLETIN. These vacancies have been advertised by the very best and most progressive firms, corporations, and individuals—all of them leaders—from all parts of the United States, and were from those requiring the best class of clerks, salesmen, and employes generally. They were the choicest positions to be had in the business world. The best concerns advertise for "Help Wanted" in THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE AND COMMERCIAL BULLETIN because it brings

HUNDREDS OF THE BEST CLASS OF APPLICANTS INSTEAD OF THOUSANDS OF THE WORST CLASS

Clerks, salesmen, and others desiring to secure positions of the best and permanent nature should advertise under "Situations Wanted" in

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THE LEADING COMMERCIAL PAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

ADVERTISING RATES—Seven words to an agate line

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Its market reports and business news items are known to be the most authoritative and reliable of any published

TERMS: $12 per year; $6.50 for 6 months *SAMPLES MAILED*

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Glassware with Monograms



for table service has become an important feature of our business. We furnish artistic designs and skillful workmanship in engraved and gilded devices.



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JUNE WEDDING GIFTS

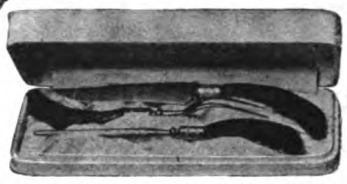
IN STERLING SILVER



19977 Six Five O'Clock Tea Spoons (copied from a small spoon made by Paul Revere), in leatherette case, - - $6.25
Twelve Spoons, in case, - - $12.25



30471 Ice Cream Knife, 9¾ inches long, Lily pattern, extra heavy weight, - - $7.00



19980 Beefsteak or Bird Set, three pieces, stag handles, sterling ferrules and tips, in leatherette case, - $4.50



19978 Whipped Cream or Mayonnaise Bowl, diameter 5¾ inches, 3⅛ inches deep, and Ladle with gold bowl, in silk case, - - - $15.00

Right choosing gives added value to a wedding gift. Here are four suggestions which may help you. Every piece is sterling silver, of good design and well made. We prepay transportation and guarantee safe delivery. Many other articles particularly appropriate for wedding gifts, including twenty-eight complete patterns of table silver, are shown in **Our Year Book for 1903.** May we send you a copy?

Daniel Low and Co
Jewelers and Silversmiths
233 Essex St., Salem, Massachusetts

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK.

1876 — 1903

Principal Office, Nos. 97–103 Cedar Street, N. Y.

FIDELITY BONDS . . . .
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY
PERSONAL ACCIDENT . .
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STEAM BOILER . . . .
PLATE GLASS . . . .
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BONDED LIST . . . . .

Is it not strange that all the hazards indicated in the list of our insurances submit to average?

They only do so when the underwriter uses methods that ensure the operation of the law of average.

Do you think it a small matter for an underwriter to work out these methods and apply them?

It can only be done thoroughly by a Company that has had a very long experience and a very large volume of business.

Twenty-seven Years in Business
Premiums collected, about $43,000,000.00

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"Rest your Bones."

LEATHER IS LASTING

(Solid Mahogany Old Colonial)

Good leather will outlast any known upholstering material. There is a difference in the way leather furniture is made, as well as in the leather. We use the best part of the hide only, and make all our work by HAND. We will ship it anywhere subject to your APPROVAL. Catalogue FREE.

THE Harris Manufacturing Co
178 Columbia St., Springfield, Ohio.

BISHOP FURNITURE COMPANY



Ship anywhere "On Approval," allowing furniture in your home five days, to be returned at our expense and money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far toward points beyond.

No. 1803 Ladies' Desk

Polished or dull finish.
Price, Quartered Oak, **$9.75**
Price, Mahogany, **11.25**
As good as sells for $4.00 more.



No. 1805 Mahogany Rocker

Upholstering samples free.
Our Price, direct on approval, **$22.75**



Unsurpassed for elegance and style, and as good as sells for $8.00 more.

No. 1804 Bookcase

Is 53 inches high and 50 inches wide. Piano polish finish.

Price, Golden Quartered Oak, on approval, **$21.75**
Price, Mahogany, **25.75**
As good as sells for $8.00 more.

Our large Catalogue, which shows 600 pieces of high-grade fashionable Furniture, is free.

BISHOP FURNITURE COMPANY 18-30 IONIA ST., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

"Macey" (TRADE MARK)

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Card-Index Systems and Filing Cabinets

are the standard of the world for quality, and for superiority of design—material—construction—workmanship and finish. "Macey" furniture received the Gold Medal—**the highest awards**—at both the Pan-American and Charleston Expositions. We sell direct to the user **at factory prices.**



No. 868, TOP **$1.50**

D. F. Section, No. 861,
5 DOCUMENT FILES
Pat. Adjustable followers and suspending device, . **$7.12**

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12 CARD-INDEX DRAWERS
Pat. Adjustable followers, . . **$12.00**

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6 Letter Files; Indexes and Compressors
Suspending device, . . **$7.50**
Without suspending device, No. 859, **$6.75**

L. B. Section, No. 863,
12 LEGAL BLANK DRAWERS
11½ x 13⅜ inches wide, **$6.00**

STORAGE CUPBOARD
Base Section, No. 865, with adjustable shelf, **$7.50**

(Ask for Catalogue No. 19.)

$24.00 BUYS THIS "MACEY" DESK No. 27-A

GENUINE

exactly as illustrated, direct from our factory at Grand Rapids, Mich., **freight prepaid** east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee (points beyond equalized), sent **"On Approval,"** to be returned at our expense if not the best roll-top desk ever sold at the price. *(Ask for Catalogue.)*



This desk is 50 inches long, 30 inches wide, and 48 inches high. It has **quartered oak** front, closed back, front base mould, 22 pigeon-holes, 9 oak front file boxes, 2 arm rests, 1 large center drawer with a good lock, *ball-bearing* casters, 2 ink wells, 5 large anti-friction drawers, 2 pen racks, 2 stamp drawers, 2 small drawers, 1 card-index drawer. **3 letter files completely indexed** (with a good lock), curtain has a Macey-Pasquil lock (the very best), mouse and dust proof bottoms; it is made with our sectional construction, by which it can be quickly taken apart and put together, and the entire desk has our special **velvet polished finish.** It is a HIGH GRADE desk in **every respect.**

Note—We make this desk in large quantities and can fill orders PROMPTLY.

THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Makers of High-Grade Office and Library Furniture, including the most complete lines of
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BRANCHES: New York, 343 Broadway. Chicago, 152 Wabash Ave. Boston, 178 Federal St. Philadelphia, 13th and Market Sts.

6% Per Annum—Taxes Paid

IN order to take care of our rapidly increasing business, we propose to enlarge our factories at Grand Rapids, Michigan; and in order to do so, offer for sale, at par, 1000 shares of $100 each, of our 6 per cent. Treasury Preferred Stock. This stock is CUMULATIVE—pays 3 per cent. SEMI-ANNUALLY, and the TAXES ARE PAID by the company. For Particulars address Fred Macey, Chairman, The Fred Macey Company, Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

REFERENCES: Any agency of Bradstreet or R. G. Dun & Co., or any bank in Grand Rapids, Mich.

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COMPLETE DINING ROOM and BEDROOM SETS

in beautiful designs, as well as many odd and well-selected pieces for Hall, Library, Den, or Cozy Corner. Also special designs will be made

TO ORDER AFTER YOUR OWN IDEAS

if desired, and the finish of the wood may be made to match your present furniture without extra cost.



DILLINGHAM FURNITURE

is sold direct to the customer at one-profit prices, cheaper than you can buy elsewhere. Freights paid to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of the Tennessee line, with a liberal allowance beyond.

OUR CATALOGUES ARE FREE They will positively interest all lovers of substantial and artistic furniture, to whom they will be cheerfully sent on request. . . . . .

THE DILLINGHAM SHOP, 625 Summit St., TOLEDO, OHIO



Renaissance design in solid oak, Antwerp finish.

Mitchell's Hall Chair

Like all products of the old, well-known factory, shows marked individuality.

Our catalog contains beautiful illustrations of over 1,200 choice pieces. Mailed on receipt of *10c. for postage.* It is a valuable guide to those needing furniture.

THE ROBERT MITCHELL FURNITURE CO.

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"GUNN" DESKS



EVERYTHING FOR THE OFFICE MADE IN ALL THE WOODS AND FINISHES.

MANY EXCLUSIVE PATENTED FEATURES, ONE OF THEM, OUR DROP-FRONT PIGEON-HOLE BOX, IS UNEQUALLED AS A TIME-SAVING DEVICE.

LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK GR M ALWAYS IN RED.

IF YOU DESIRE AN UP-TO-DATE OFFICE DESK OF ANY DESCRIPTION AND BEST POSSIBLE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY, GET A "GUNN." TO DISTINGUISH IT FROM OTHER MAKES, SEE THAT IT HAS THE **GRAND RAPIDS TRADE MARK**, AS WE ARE THE **ONLY MANUFACTURERS ENTITLED TO USE IT.**

WE HAVE BRANCHES IN ALL THE LEADING TOWNS, WHERE SAMPLES CAN BE INSPECTED.

CATALOGUE AND LIST OF BRANCHES ON APPLICATION.

THE GUNN FURNITURE CO.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., U. S. A.

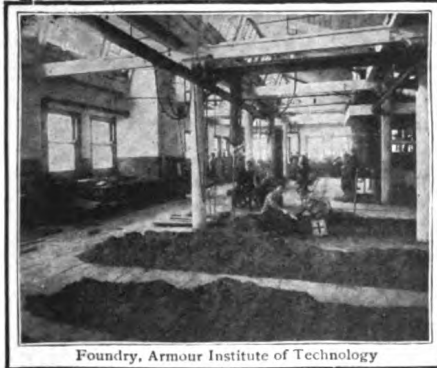
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Instruction under Direction of Members of the Faculty of Armour Institute of Technology

COURSES in Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, Locomotive, Stationary, Marine and Sanitary Engineering; Architecture, Navigation, Refrigeration, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing; Sheet Metal Work; Telegraphy and Telephony; Textile Manufacturing, also 40 short Engineering Courses.

In addition to their regular instruction papers, students in full engineering courses are furnished a Technical Reference Library (in 10 volumes) as a help in their studies.

AMERICAN SCHOOL of CORRESPONDENCE

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FOXY GRANDPA

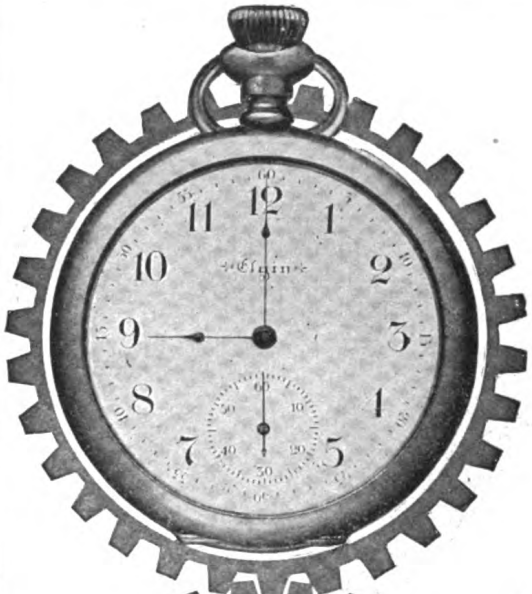


A handsome book in boards 15x9 inches, with an embossed cover in five colors. This book has 72 colored pages of fun for old and young. The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the "Mr. Pickwick" of comic pictures. The success of the series in the New York *Herald* was instantaneous, for who has not heard of Foxy Grandpa and Bunny?

Everybody should have the Foxy Grandpa Book in their household; it keeps boys and girls amused for hours at a time. It makes an interesting and beautiful present

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00

L. R. Hamersly Co.
49 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.



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ELGIN
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Runs the Machinery of Modern Life.

Wherever correct time is essential the Elgin Watch is valued.

An illustrated history of the watch sent free.
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

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EVERYONE LOVES The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS TRADE Thomas A Edison MARK



The **Phonograph** is distinguished from other talking machines by its absolute freedom from scratching and pure, natural tones of music or voice.

The **Phonograph** is infinitely superior.

The **Phonograph** is sold in 5,000 stores. Call at the nearest dealer's and hear the modern **Phonograph** with the new *Edison Moulded Records* and the *New Reproducer*.

PHONOGRAPHS from $10.00 to $100.00.
Records, 50c.; $5.00 per dozen.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.
ORANGE, N. J.
NEW YORK, 83 Chambers St.
CHICAGO, 304 Wabash Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, 933 Market St.
EUROPE { 32 Rempart Saint Georges, ANTWERP, BELGIUM.



FILING CABINETS

that

"WONT BURN"

Three lines carried in stock and sold as low as the best grade wooden files:

Steel Document Files
Steel Vertical Files
Steel Card Index Drawers

These are the Steel Files used exclusively in the great Filing Rooms in the National Capital at Washington and adopted for 20 years by large public buildings everywhere.

Described in Booklet 542.

ART METAL CONSTRUCTION CO.,
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"DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP"

The modern way of selling goods is direct from maker to consumer. The most practical way of doing this is through the mail. . . . .

Our business is making and distributing fine diamond and gold jewelry and sterling silver direct to the consumer. Saving the profits of all middlemen and having no expensive salesmen, we are enabled to sell our goods from 10 to 50 per cent. lower than retail jewelers. Send a postal card *now* for our complete 130-page catalog of photographic illustrations of over 6000 articles: Rings, Brooches, Pins, Watches, Chains, Leather Goods, and Table Ware.

Below we illustrate a few sterling silver and solid gold articles from our catalog.

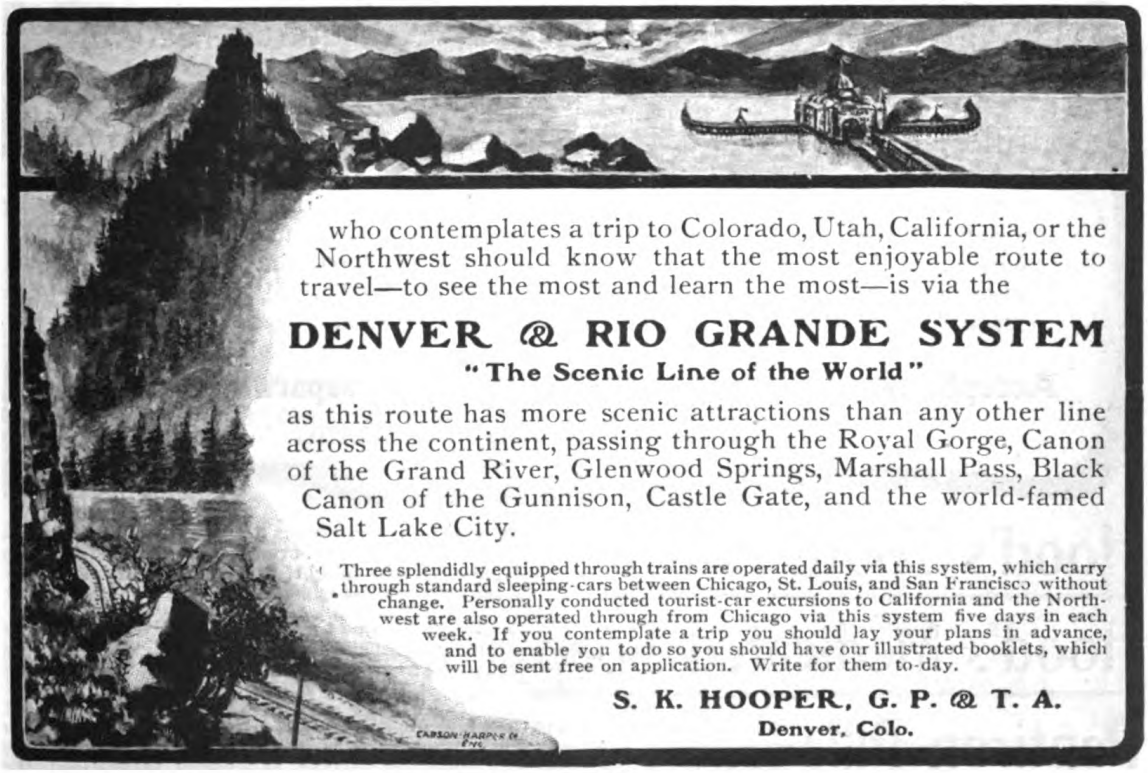


608C 14K Gold Hat Pin	$2.00	511L Sterling Brooch	$0.35	520L Sterling Brooch, gray	$0.60	7003 Sterling Brooch, gray	$0.65
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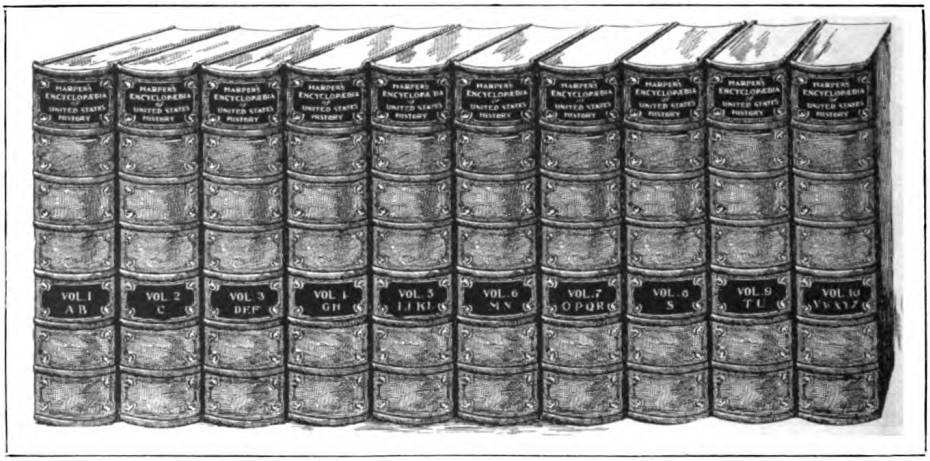
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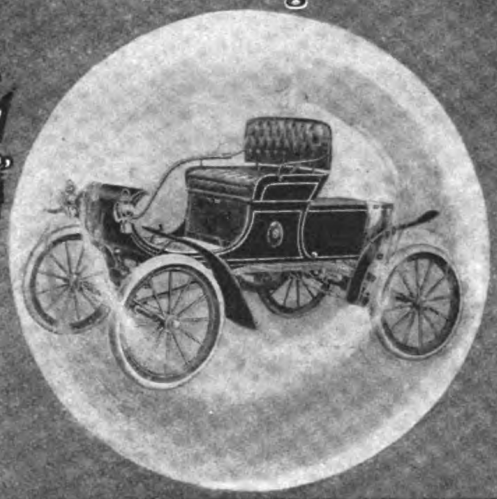
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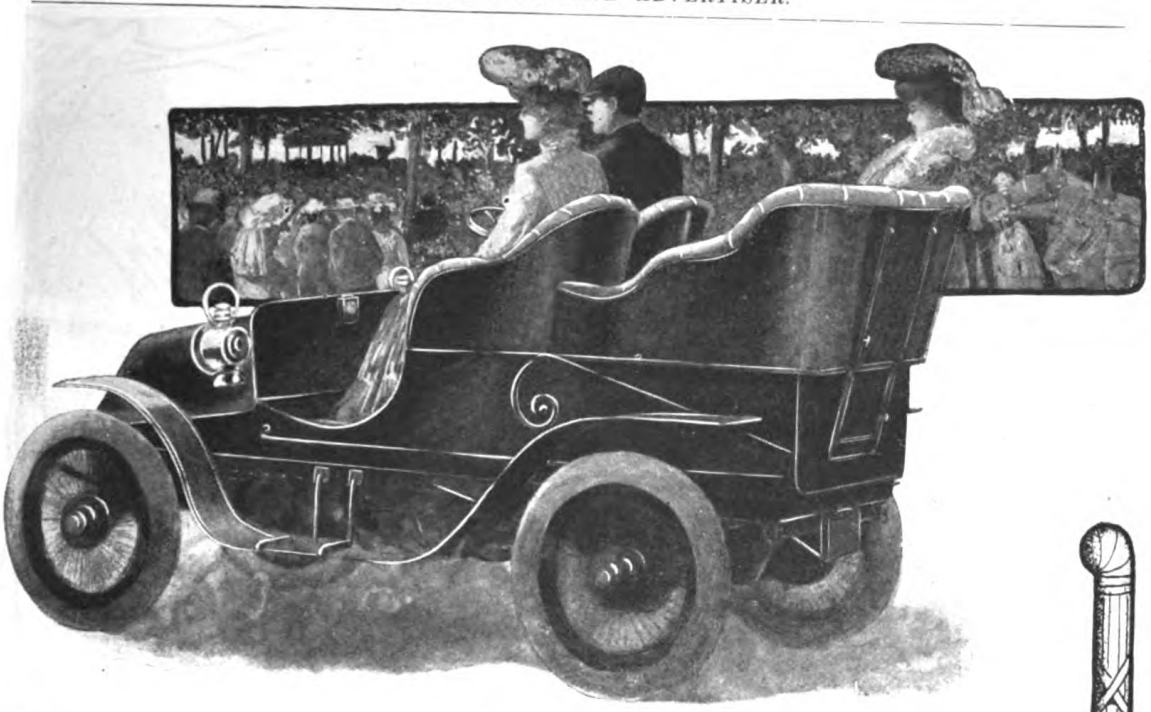
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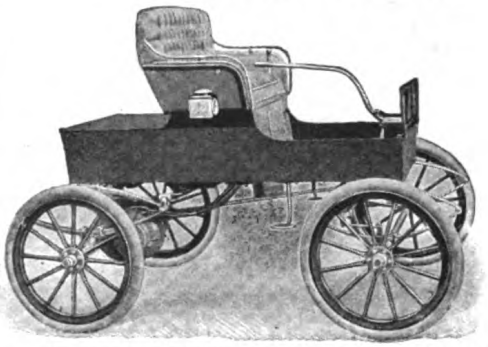
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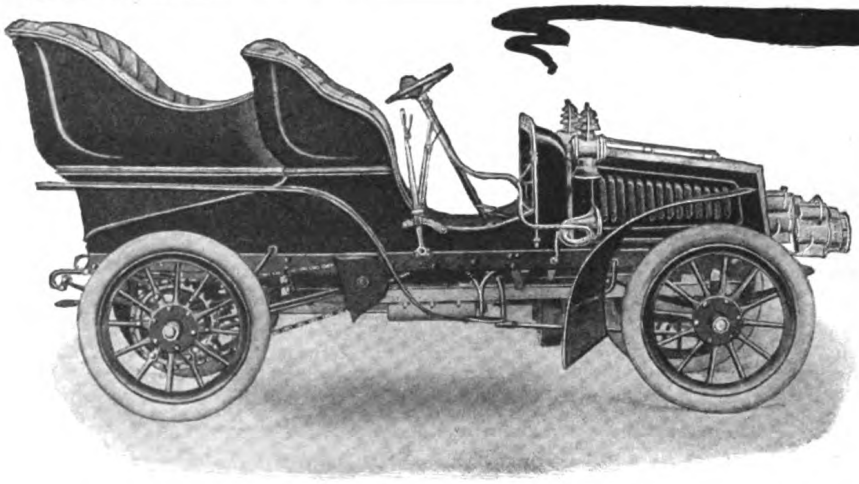
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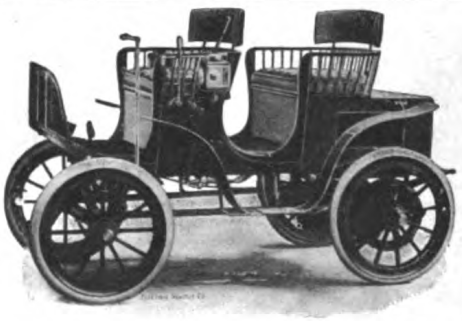
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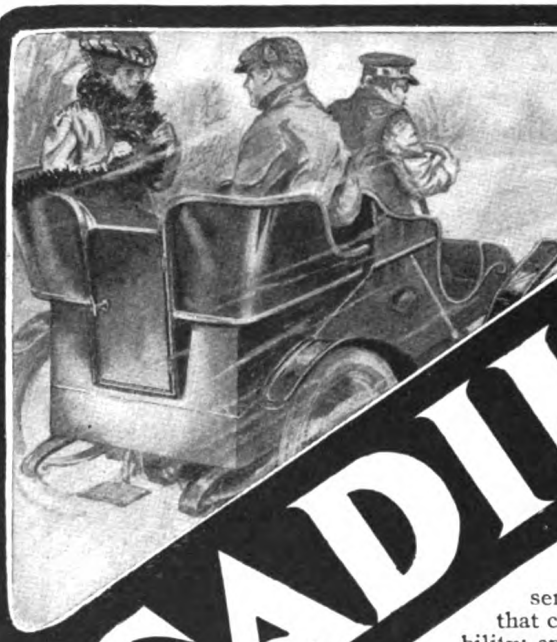
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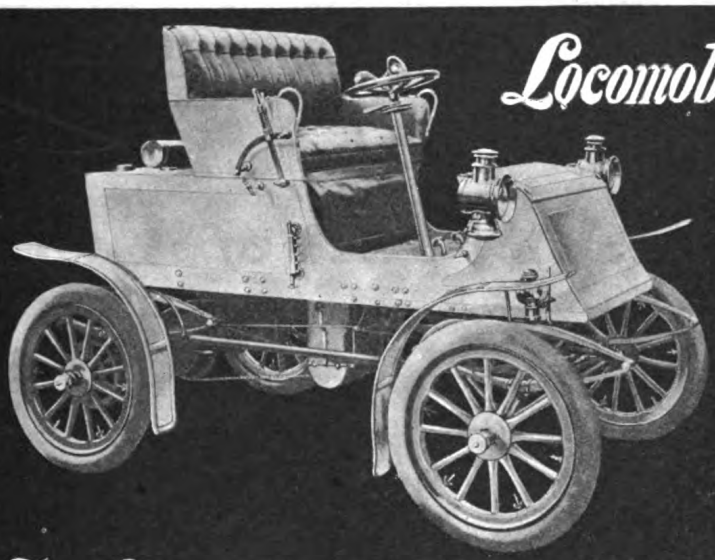
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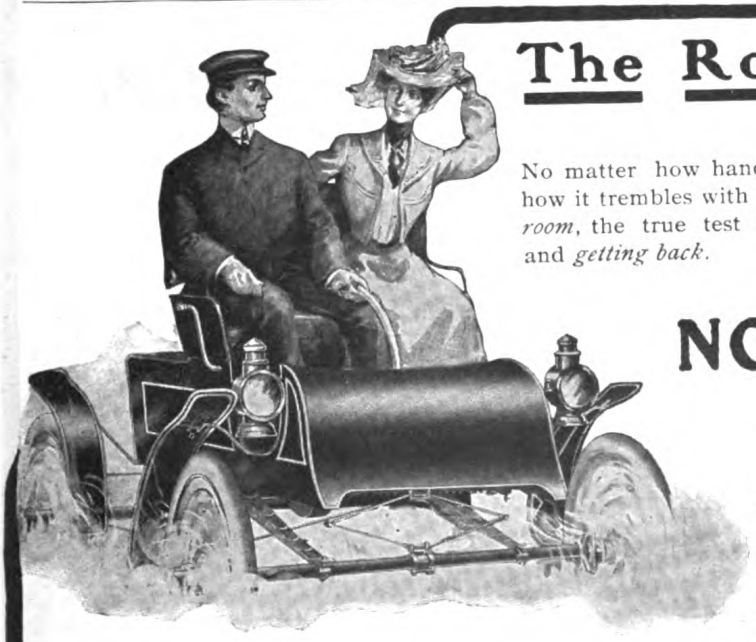
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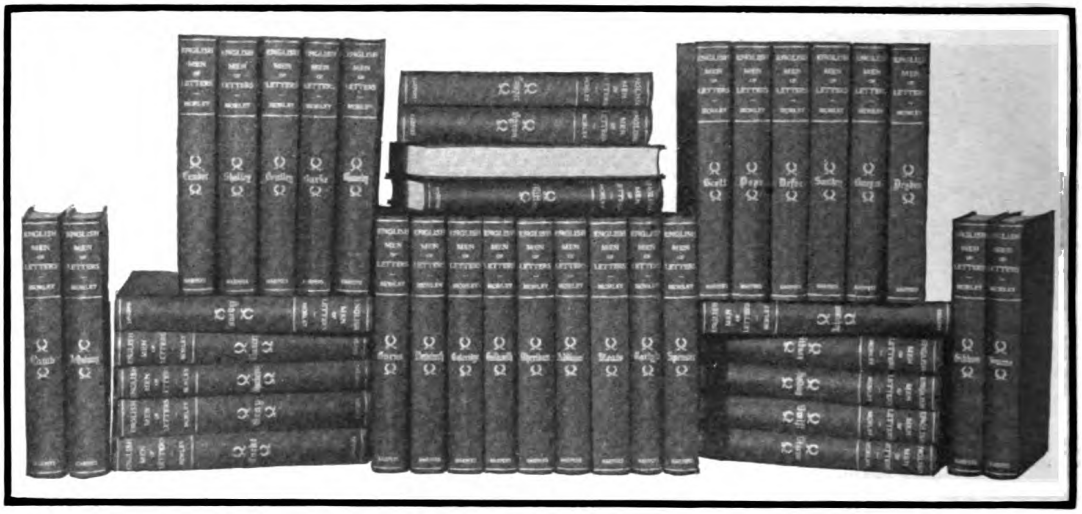
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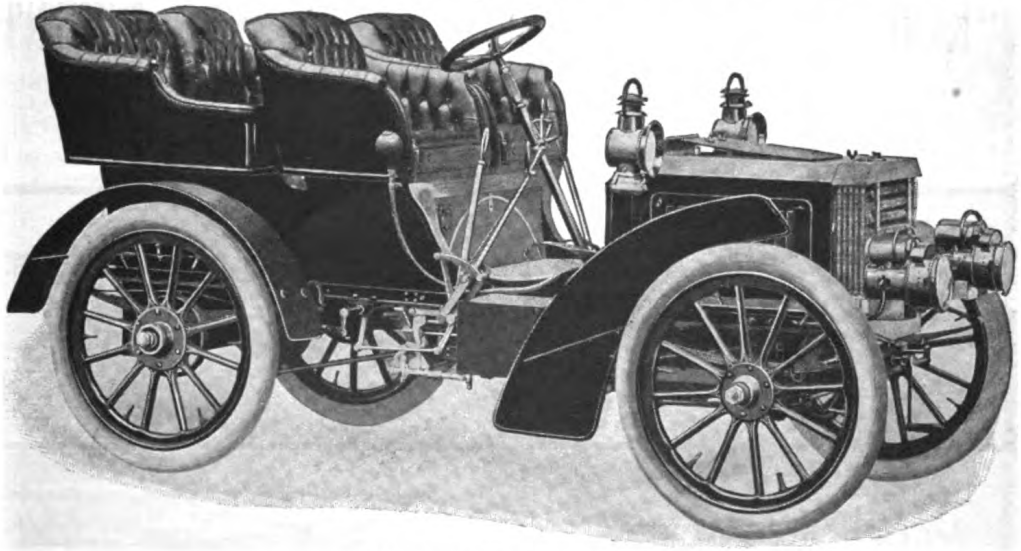
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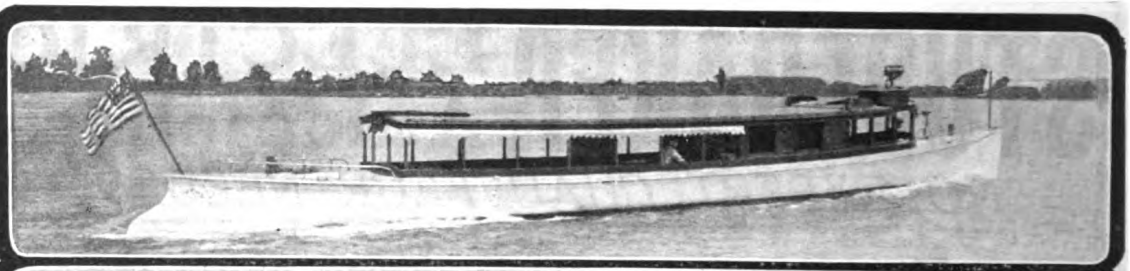
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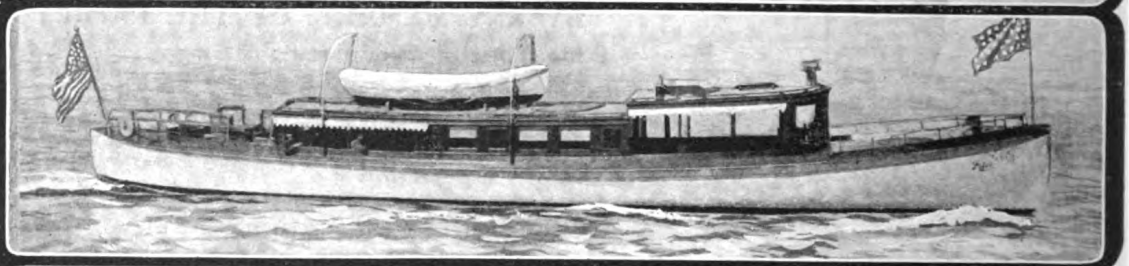
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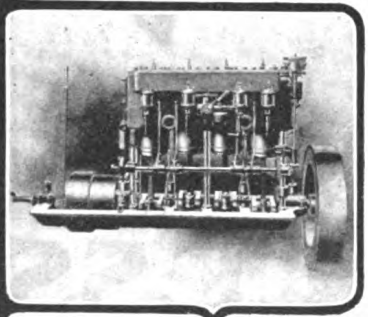
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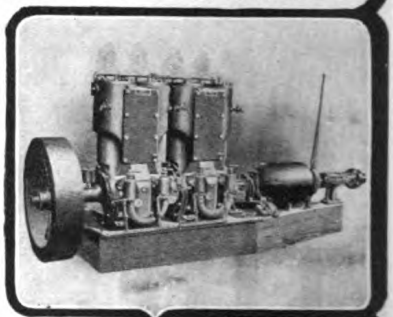


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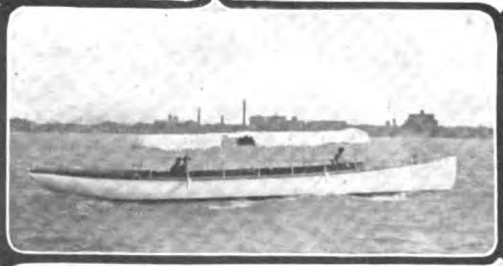
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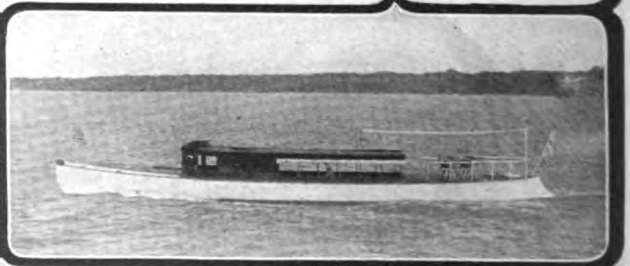


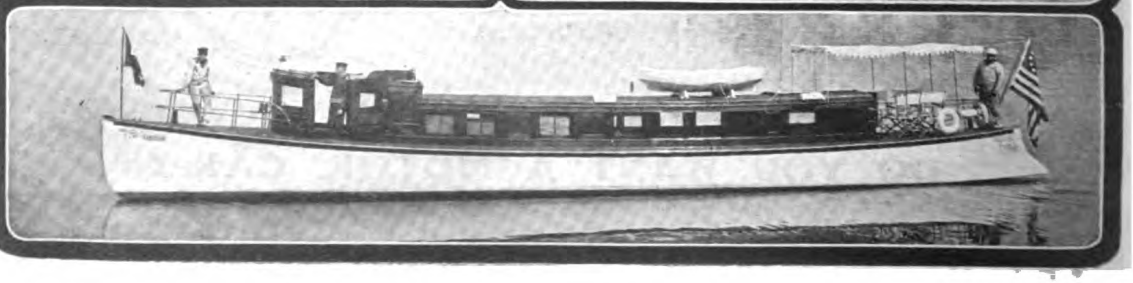
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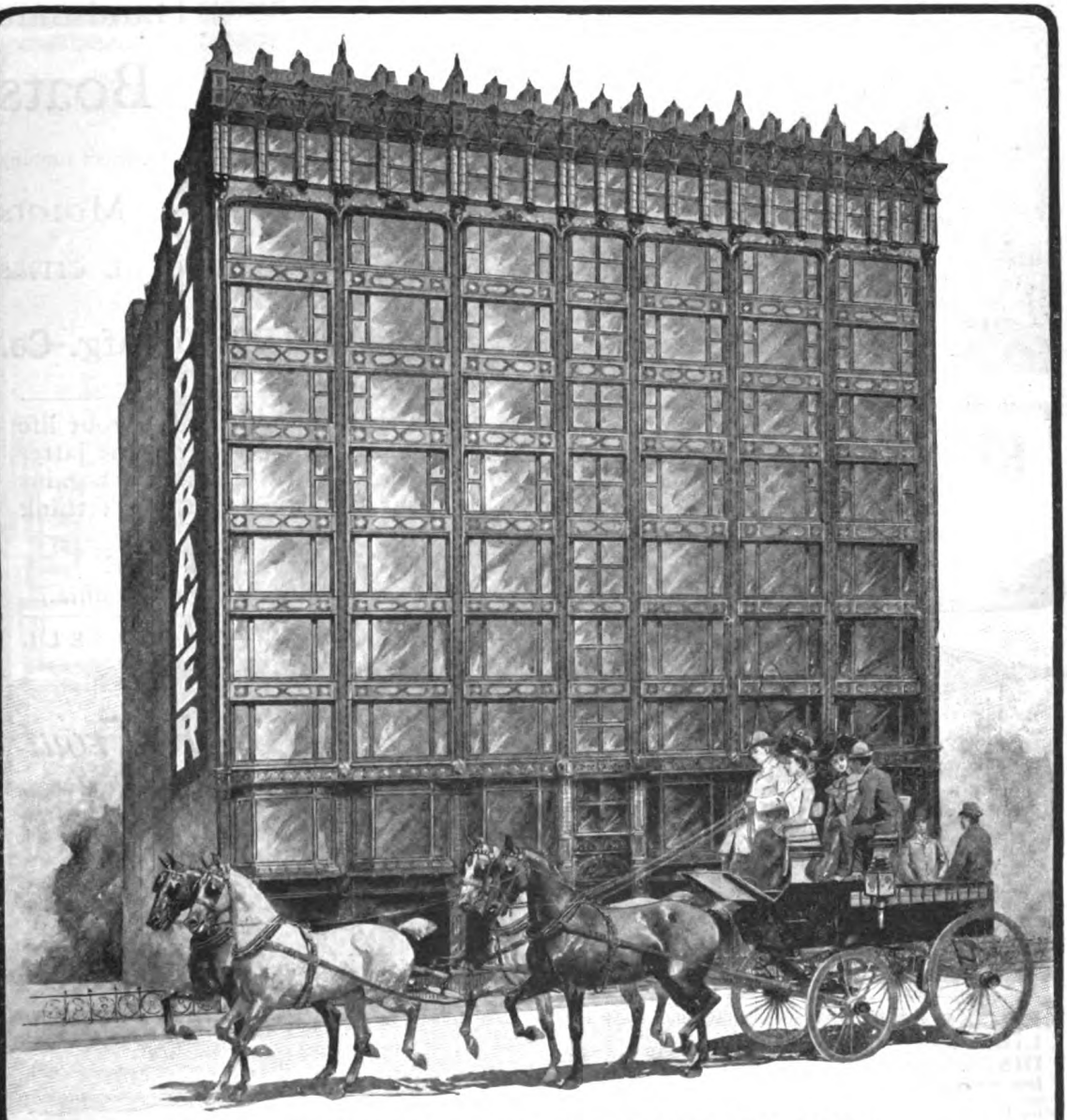
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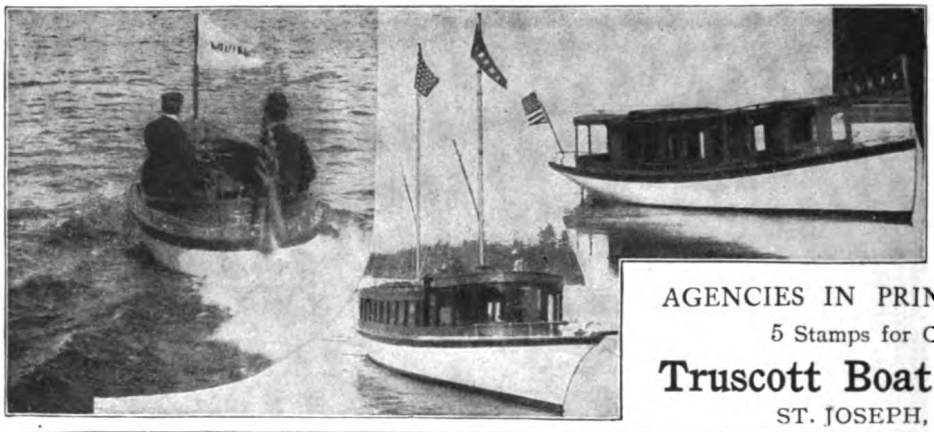
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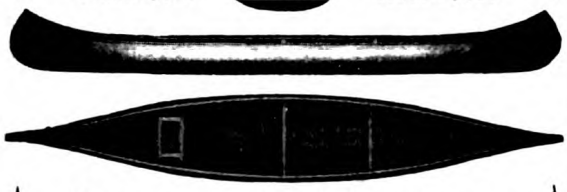
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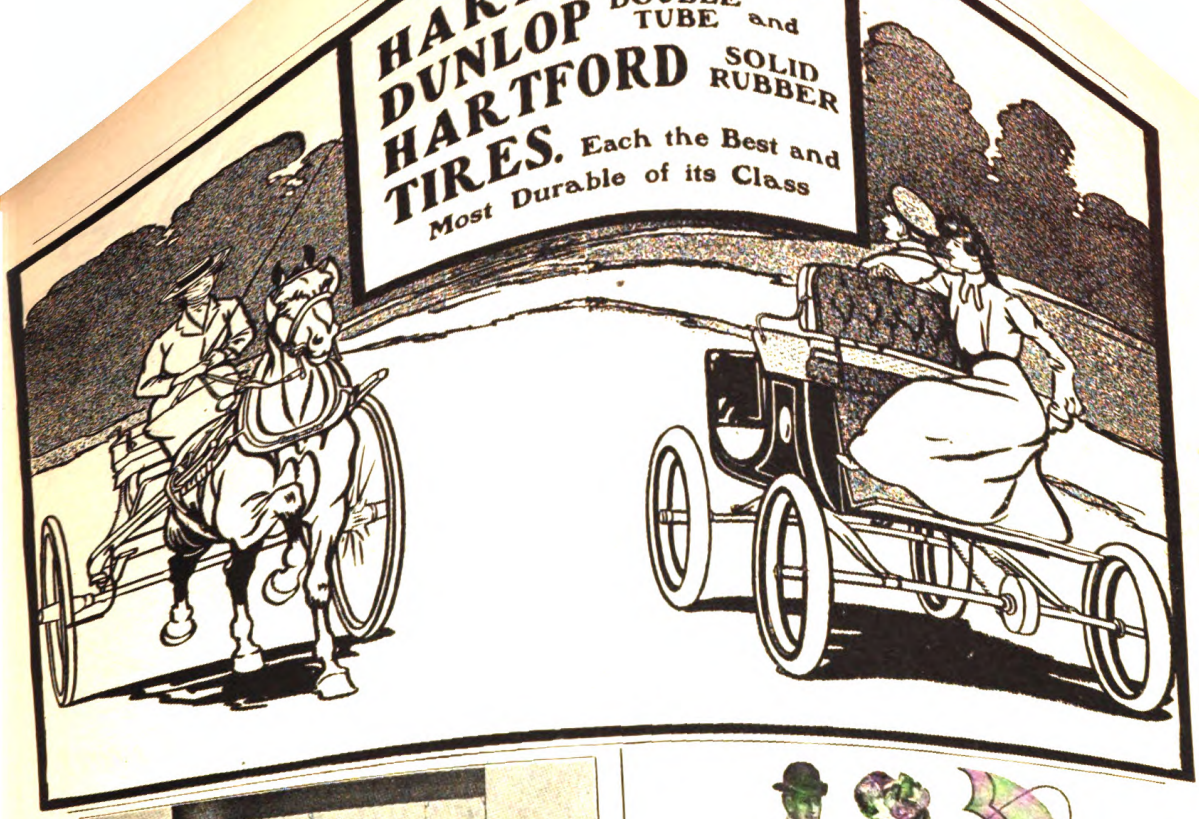
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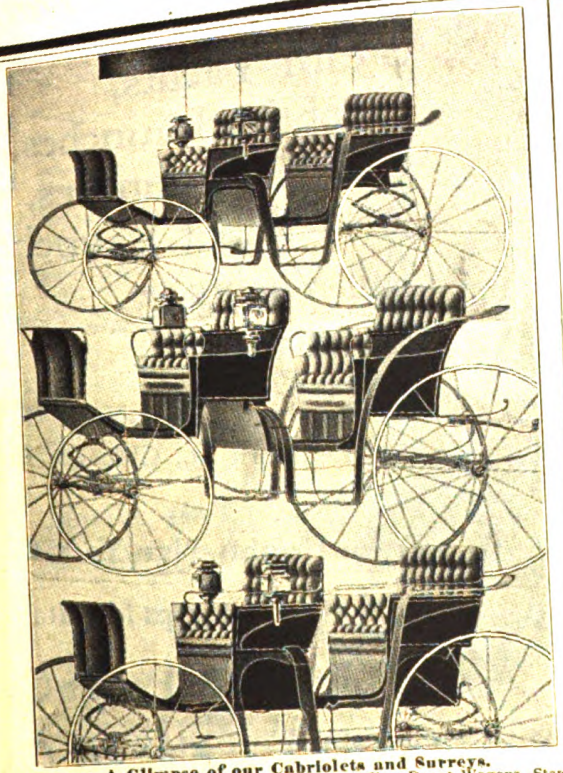
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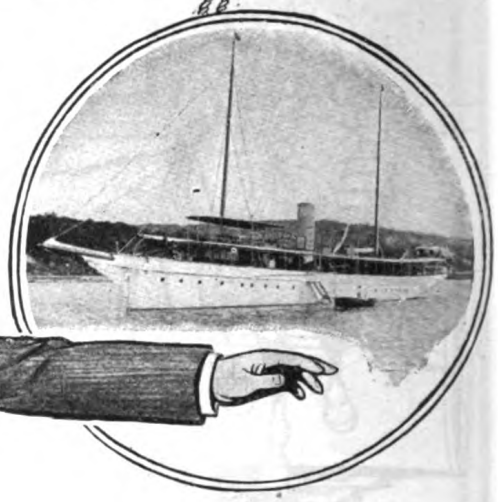
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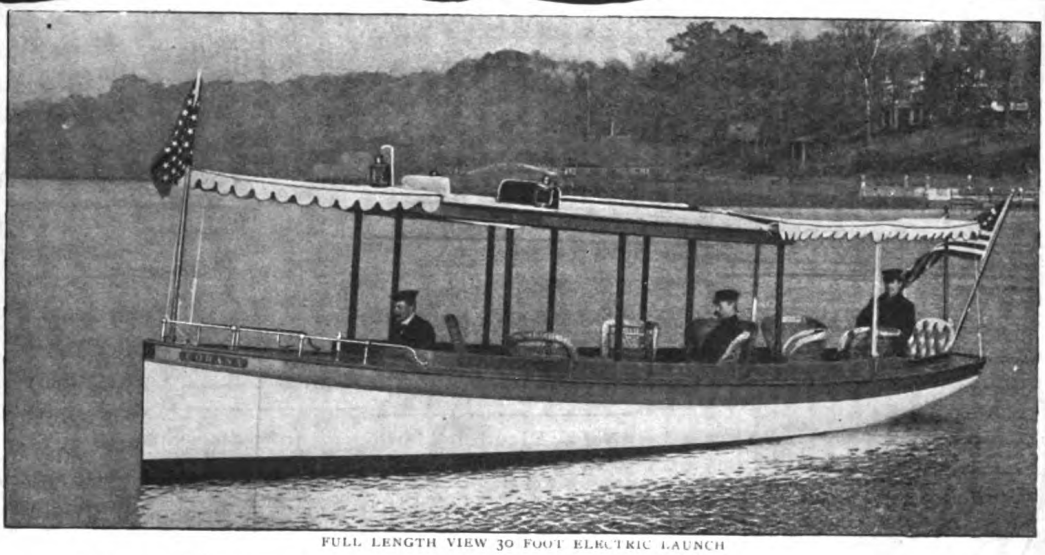
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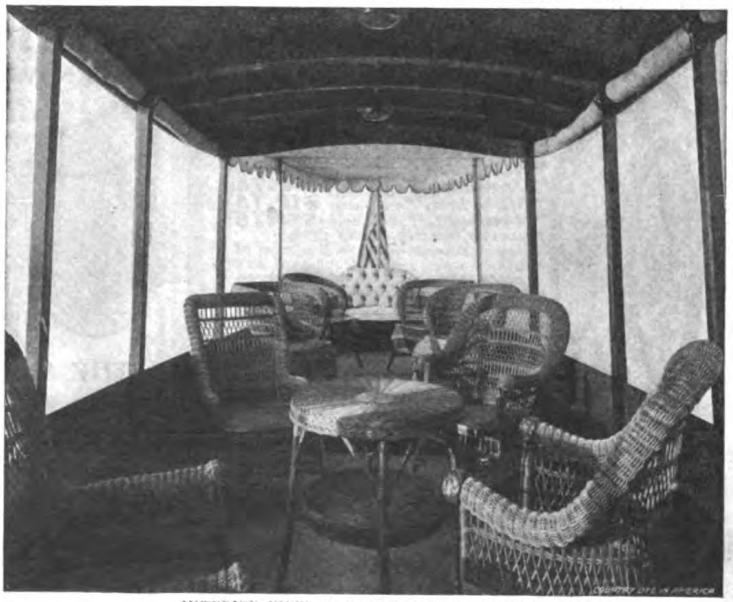
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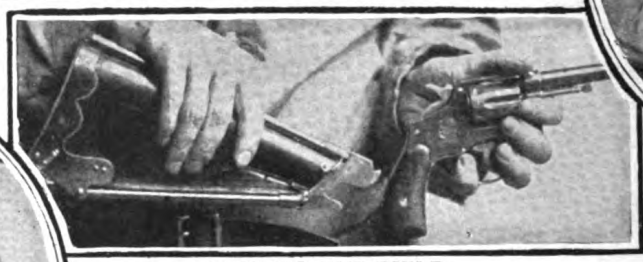
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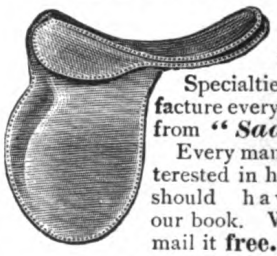
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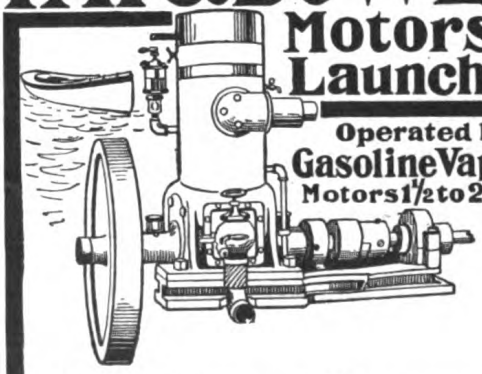


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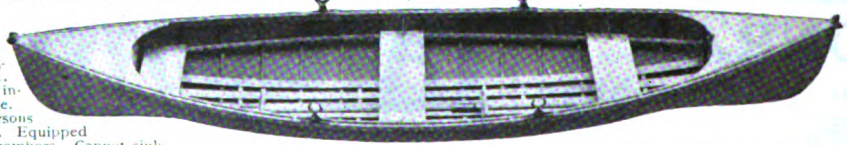
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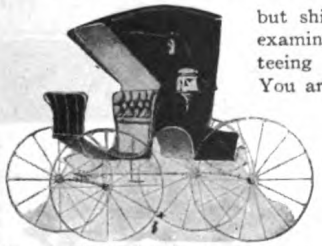
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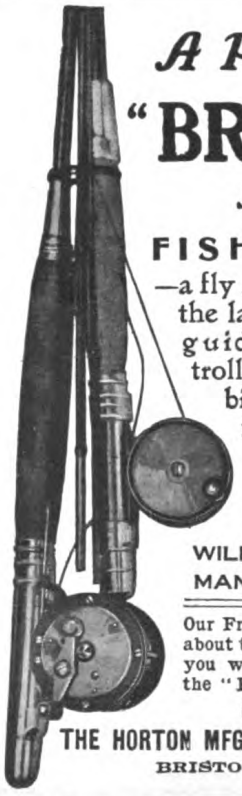
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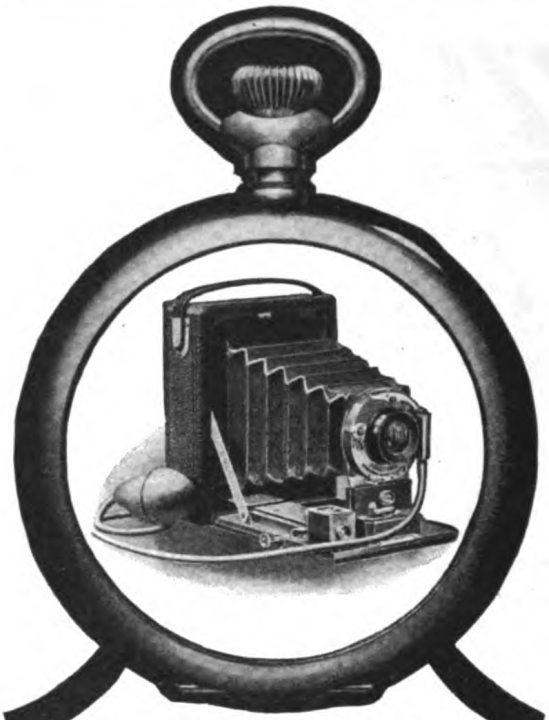
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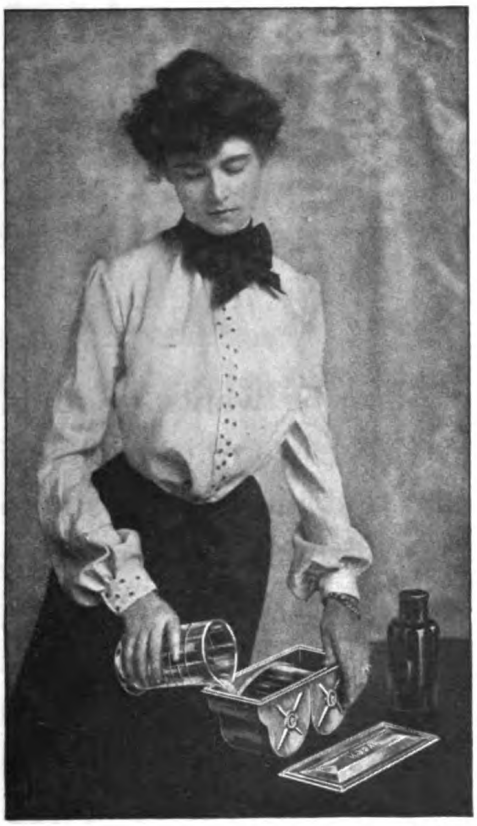
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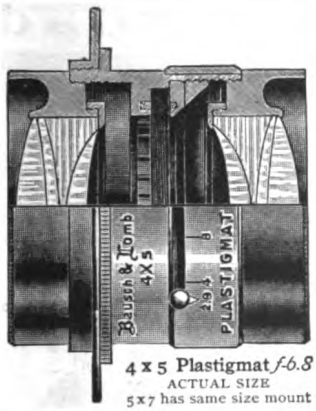
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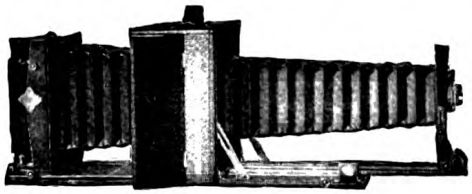
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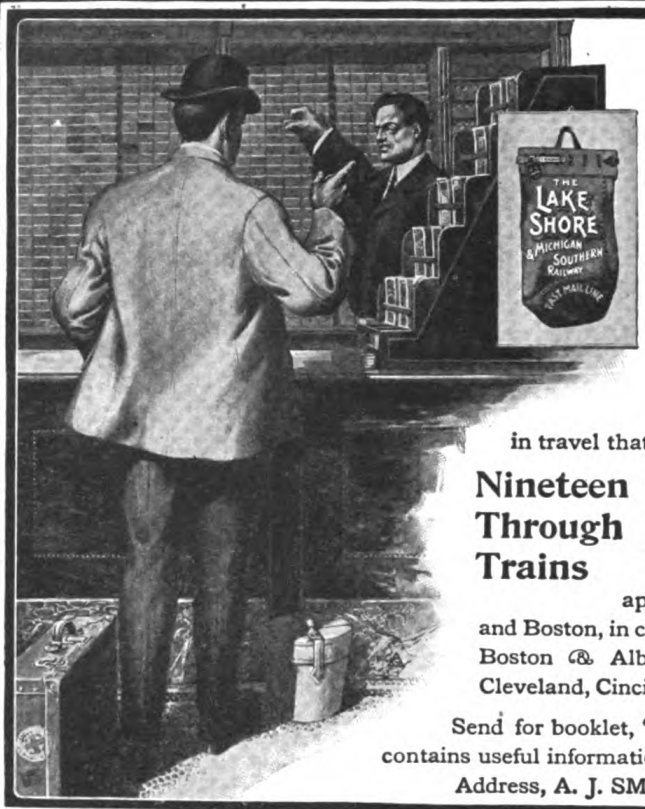
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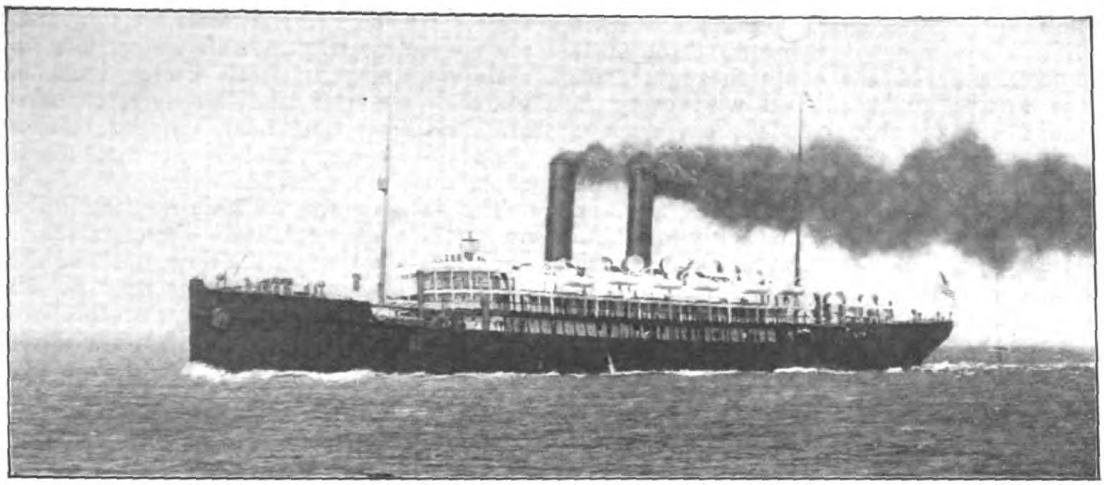
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S.Ss. *KOREA* AND *SIBERIA*

The Highways of the Pacific

THE conquest of the Pacific—the conquest of peace, of trade, of travel—has long been the dream of American statesmen, and one of the leading purposes of American diplomacy. It began nearly a century ago, and step by step it has gone on, despite checks now and then, until now the American flag floats above a chain of commercial and political outposts stretching across the vast ocean and ending at the Open Door of China.

The roar of cannon under Dewey added a magnificent domain—the Philippines—to the sovereign rule of the United States. Long before that the boom of guns under Perry caused the gates of Japan to swing open to the world. Hawaii, through the onward march of civilization, became American in the natural course of events, and China was opened and saved through the co-operation of American arms with those of other nations, and through the greatest triumph of American diplomacy in recent times.

But the planting of the flag through the clash of arms and the victories of diplomacy is simply the preliminary move in the race for supremacy in what is destined to be the greatest field for commerce in the world. The trade of the Pacific is the greatest commercial prize of the world. It lies within the legitimate " sphere of influence " of the United States. It is to bring wealth to us as a people. It is to add to our prestige. It is to be the means, largely, of the restoration of the American flag to the high seas. By the sign of supremacy in that field the United States is to conquer and to reveal to all the world its vigor and lasting power.

After the echoes of the cannon have died away, after the war-ships have ceased to thunder and the tramp of soldiers is no longer heard, comes commerce, with the figure-heads of peace and good-will upon the prows of its ships, and the hand of good-fellowship in diplomacy. The first step, the all-important step, to secure this necessary prestige for the United States is the appearance of great American ships upon the highways of trade and travel in the great ocean. The next step is to lay an American cable. Two of these mighty ships, the largest ever built in the United States, the *Korea* and *Siberia*, have already appeared, and the cable will soon be laid.

The chief essential in promoting the welfare of the American people in the Pacific already has an existence. It lies in the facilities for speedy, commodious, comfortable travel. To win the Pacific, Americans must cross it, must study its commercial problems, must enjoy the delight of personal intercourse with the peoples of the Orient, must travel in the various fascinating countries, must wander through the cities and fields and up and down the mountains, must visit the palaces and temples and the homes of the masses, must observe the customs and manners of the natives, must comprehend their needs and must adjust American ideas to them.

Not an American exists who does not desire to see and to enjoy the beauties and richness of this field of travel. If it has been the dream of American statesmen to enhance the influence of the United States in this great region, it has also been the dream of American citizens individually to know its charm and to observe its wonders. To do this in comfort and safety is now within the reach of even those of moderate means. Ships that rank in size with the largest that cross the Atlantic, and in speed with all but half a dozen of the Atlantic greyhounds, are

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now in actual service. On the *Korea* and *Siberia*, pushing their prows through the smooth seas of the southern route across the Pacific, and equipped with every improvement of ship construction, such as twin screws, double bottoms, the highest development of electric and refrigerating apparatus, superbly finished quarters, and stopping for from twelve to twenty-four hours at Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobé, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and Manila, what more delightful, what more educative, what more inspiring travel can there be? Stirring days there have been in the Pacific and along its western borders these last five years. The time is ripe for the traveller to gather their fruits. To the American, proud of his country and its history, these fruits are refreshing, sweet, sustaining, invigorating.

Let the traveller embark upon one of these spacious and swift vessels, say, for his first experience on the Pacific. He goes in a southwesterly direction from San Francisco, and, soon after the lighthouse on the Farallones disappears, a balmy atmosphere steals over the waves and every minute seems a delight. The journey of 2,000 miles to Honolulu is not tedious, for hour by hour the charm of the wonderful climate of those islands seems to envelop the ship in greater degree and to cast a spell of peace and contentment upon all. A man who has leisure rarely desires that voyage to end. He is gliding into a semi-tropical region, where all the beauties of that climate abound—the bright skies, the soft air, the brilliant verdure—without any of the excessive heat of a similar climate on the Atlantic. Honolulu lies almost on the same parallel as Havana, but vastly different are their climatic conditions.



GROUP OF WATER-CARRIERS ON THE NILE

In five days the wayfarer finds himself at Honolulu, the chief port of the "Paradise of the Pacific." Here are the great coral-fringed islands of Uncle Sam, twenty in all, islands that have emerged from savagery to civilization in a century, and that now form one of the most pleasing dwelling-places on earth. Nature displays some of her choicest jewels there, and fairly showers them upon all. The most delightful of these jewels is the climate. Nowhere in the world are the atmospheric conditions more satisfactory. For nine months in the year gentle trade winds blow in one direction, freeing the atmosphere from dust and depressing heat. Indeed, one may sleep out-of-doors in that climate three-fourths of the time without a blanket.

The islands are volcanic in their origin, and in the chief one, Hawaii, there is a volcano in active operation all the time, but a volcano so tamed by nature that one may go with safety to its very edge and dip up the liquid lava from its molten crater in a cup. This volcano is the far-famed Kilauea, one of the most wonderful sights of the world. And what an interesting place, aside from the exciting political events that brought the islands under American rule, is Honolulu! Its mountain-fringed harbor is small, but it is large enough to float the largest steamships, and is safe at all times. The city of 40,000 people lies partly concealed in the dense shrubbery. It is a most progressive place. It is the greatest city for telephones in the world. Every one seems to have one in his house. It has imposing buildings, busy streets, modern hotels and shops. It has pretty parks, numerous show places, and the people are light-hearted, serene, and happy.

On all sides there are mountains and valleys with the beautiful verdure of the tropics, palms, ferns, cocoanut groves, bananas, pineapples and even jungles. "Aloha!" is the cry that greets the traveller. Here is a native love of flowers that is surpassed nowhere in the world unless it be in Japan. The picturesque customs of the natives are still preserved, and their feasts, and even ordinary diversions, are fascinating to the visitor.

Honolulu is well supplied with places of great attractiveness. There is the "Punch Bowl," an extinct volcano crater, directly back of the city, at an elevation 500 feet above the sea and easily reached in less than half an hour, even if one walks. Farther up from the "Punch Bowl" is Mount Tantalus, 2,000 feet high, where there is a panorama of at least forty miles to be viewed, and from which all the commanding points of the island

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Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, may be seen. Only six and one-half miles away is the famous cliff "The Pali," with 500 feet of sheer descent, over which the great Kamehameha, the Conqueror, whose statue stands prominently in Honolulu, drove his opponents to death, thus making secure his royal sway.

And then there is Waikiki, probably the best bathing-place in the world, the spot where the natives do their famous and exciting surf-riding in their queer canoes. The water is warm, the bottom is of the finest sand, and the bathing facilities are complete. It is the great resort place of the people, and it has been called the "Long Branch" of Hawaii.

Absorbing as the attractions of these islands are, the traveller must hasten westward to new lands and peoples. Japan, the land of the chrysanthemum and cherry blossom, the home of a nervous, quick-witted, sweet-natured people, demons in war and almost ideally pastoral in peace, beckons him on, and in ten days the snow-crested peak of old Fujiyama appears above the horizon, probably the most beautifully formed mountain in all the world, and soon the steamer runs into Yokohama harbor. Here is a new world, teeming with activity, a land that is being Europeanized by leaps and bounds, but that still preserves the charm of its ancient civilization, from which the world was shut out for so many centuries. As in Hawaii, every comfort for the visitor is provided here. The jinrikisha is here in great numbers for the visitor to use in his journeyings.

Japan is the land of picturesque fêtes. The cherry blossoms are in full bloom early in April, and these kindly little people make the most of their beauty. They almost worship these flowers. In June the boat life on the rivers begins, and then there is another fête. The wistaria fête in May, the lotos fêtes in July and August, and the chrysanthemum fête in October seem to make the life of the people one continuous round of enjoyment with flowers. A nation that loves flowers cannot fail to be devoted to the gentle virtues of life, as one may see at every turn. Their pageants on New Year's Day, the Emperor's birthday, and on Declaration Day, representing the nation's entrance into the modern civilization, are all imposing and beautiful.



BOOTBLACKS, CAIRO

And what a clean people they are! Their devotion to bathing is only second to their love of flowers. And what sights this land has for the traveller!—their palaces, their temples, their bazaars, their baths, their museums and gardens!

Delightful as are Yokohama and Tokio, the traveller resumes his journey to Kobé and the ancient city of Hiogo adjoining. Here is the second commercial city of the empire, with its famous temples, its waterfall, its raised riverbed, and its marvellous shops. Here begins one of the pleasantest journeys in all the world. It is a trip through the famous Inland Sea of Japan, a trip of about two days from Kobé to Nagasaki. Here is a placid sheet of water, varying from a width of a mile to a mile and a half, bordered by mountains terraced in the peaceful pursuit of agriculture clear to their tops. The water-way is so full of turns and twists that every moment of the voyage is intensely fascinating. Here the full pastoral character of the Japanese is revealed. Villages, forests, temples, the peculiar junks, are on every hand. A wonderful panorama unfolds itself at all times.

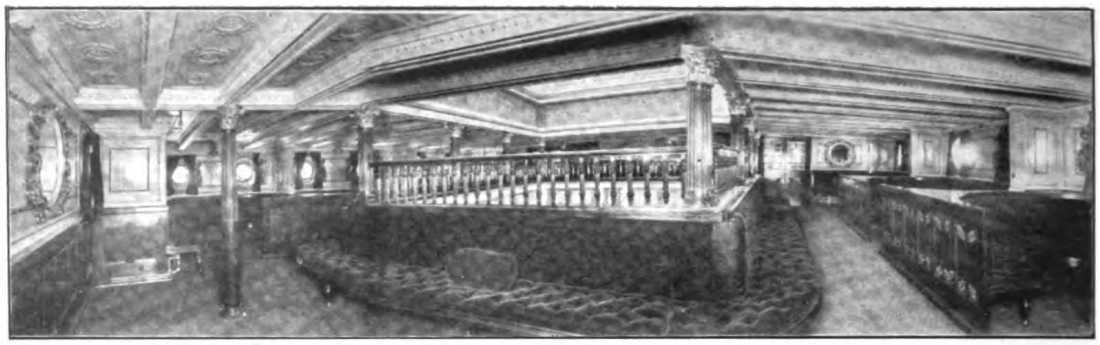
Nagasaki has its own peculiar attractions. Here is the great temple of O'Suwa in the large and beautiful public park. The Deshima, or porcelain bazaar, is here, and not far away are the best-known hot springs in the Orient, Kumamoto's castle, famed in Japan's history, and Kagoshima, the capital of the province of Satsuma. From Nagasaki one may take a steamer to Vladivostock, Russia's great port in Siberia, to Korea and Northern China.

But another strange land calls to the traveller, and, leaving Nagasaki, in a run



GROUP OF THREE JAPANESE GIRLS

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of about 400 miles the steamship glides up the Whangpoo River and arrives at Shanghai. Here is the "Paris of China" and of the Orient. In Shanghai there is the largest foreign settlement in the Orient. There are English newspapers of the highest grade, English theatres, and English and foreign clubs in profusion. It is one of the most attractive cities of the world. It lies on about the same parallel as Charleston, S. C., and there is never any lack of diversion for visitors. There are superb driveways, fine theatres, and beautiful tea-gardens in plenty. The wealth of China comes here for enjoyment. Merchants and mandarins from the interior make frequent visits to this great city, and foreign war-ships of one kind and another are always in port.



PORTAL MIYAJIMA, INLAND SEA

House-boats make the river life charming, and from here side journeys to Hankow, the great tea port, and Nankin, Tientsin, Peking's port, may be made easily and with comfort.

The American Association in China has its headquarters in Shanghai, and exercises an influence of great importance on the kingdom's trade. Conditions in China have reached a condition now that it is comparatively safe to journey to Peking and there view the scenes of the recent victorious struggle of the other nations to open and make safe the doorway of that mighty kingdom. Dr. T. Iyenaga, of the Higher Commercial College of Japan, said recently to the students of Columbia University in New York: "On China hangs the welfare of humanity.... The future of China depends upon interna-



BOAT DECK



S.Ss. *KOREA* AND *SIBERIA* PROMENADE DECK

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tional morality." No American who visits this land can be anything but proud as he views the actual places where the United States has done so much for this "international morality" in the last three years.

Again the steamship turns its prow southward, and the next call, a journey of three days, is at the famous port of Hong-Kong, under British rule, but nevertheless a Chinese city. Here is one of the most interesting spots of the globe. The city lies in the same latitude as Havana, and their climates are somewhat similar. But Hong-Kong rises on the slope of a mountain 1,800 feet high, and high up from the water relief may always be obtained from the heat. The island is about four miles wide and eleven long. The city of Victoria is where the British colony resides and where the naval station and garrison are situated. It has been said that almost every race and people on earth are represented in Hong-Kong's crowded streets. Every form of civilization and religion may be found there. It has many places of public interest, notably the cathedral and botanical gardens, as well as the cemeteries and government buildings. The intense, eager life of the place is its greatest attraction, however. From the "Peak," which is reached by a cable road, a beautiful panorama is unfolded.

From Hong-Kong the traveller may go up the river as far as Canton, where he sees the old China, the real China of the South. On the way, as he makes the leisurely journey by boat—there is no other means of conveyance—he stops at Macao, forty miles up, an old settlement of the Portuguese, who came there 300 years ago, and he finds what has been called an Oriental Monte Carlo and a great port for the shipment of opium. There are abandoned forts and attractive gardens and good hotel accommodations there.

Then comes the journey to Canton, where 3,000,000 people live in a hot climate and in an ancient, primitive way. There are no hotels in Canton, and the visitor lives upon the steamer. The river life is most attractive.



GATE TO IYEYASU'S TOMB

Thousands upon thousands of people live on boats, and know no other home. Visitors go about the city in Sedan-chairs. There is much to see, the great banyan-tree-shaded promenade, known as the Bund of the Shameen, the Temple of the 500 Genii, the water clock in the temple on the hills, the pagodas, the great examination hall, where the flower of China's intelligence blooms, and the great bazaars, almost barbaric in their splendor.

Few Americans who have gone as far as Hong-Kong can resist the temptation of going over to Manila, a three-days' voyage from Hong-Kong, to see with their own eyes what the United States has done and is doing there. It gives one a thrill to sail over the water where Dewey won his great victory and forced the attention of the world upon the United States as one of its greatest powers. In this city of the Orient, with 300,000 population and under the American flag, there is much to inspire the visitor. Its shops, its streets, its driveway, its factories, its gardens, and, above all, its recent history, make it a fascinating place.

From Manila the traveller goes back to Hong-Kong, there to retrace his journeyings across the Pacific or to keep on westward



S.Ss. *KOREA* AND *SIBERIA*—SALOON

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JAPANESE PRIEST

around the globe. If he is wise, being almost half-way around the globe, he will continue, and pass through the Straits to the wonderful city of Singapore, and then go on to the old and beautiful city of Colombo, in Ceylon, the "jewel mart of the world." Then come the glories and intensely beautiful architecture of India. It is worth a visit alone to India to see the great Taj tomb at Agra, that took 20,000 workmen seventeen years to build at a cost of $15,000,000. Then in turn come the attractions of Egypt and the Mediterranean, and of Europe and the journey home. No part of the trip, however, is more attractive than that across the Pacific and along the eastern edge of the Orient.

The first question that the prospective traveller asks is as to the accommodations. "What about the ships?" he inquires. "Are they comfortable, large, safe?" Here are the facts about the *Korea* and *Siberia*. They were built by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, and finished in 1902. Their gross tonnage is 11,300, their horse-power, proved in actual test, is 18,000, and their sustained speed is 18 knots an hour. They have made as high as 20 knots an hour, but their service speed is counted at 18 knots. The *Korea* has recently broken all records across the Pacific.

Previous to their appearance the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul* were the largest American ships in service. The *Korea* and *Siberia* have larger dimensions, greater freight-carrying capacity, greater tonnage and displacement than their forerunners, which are still among the great ships in the Atlantic trade. In the matter of speed these Pacific ships are only a knot or two slower than the Atlantic ships of American make. Less than a dozen steamships in all the world surpass them in speed. Half a dozen surpass them only slightly in size; none surpasses them in comfort, safety, conveniences for travellers, and even performance in running ability. They take high rank in the first dozen of the great steamships of the world.

The trip across the Atlantic in these days is essentially a sprint of from five to six days; that across the Pacific is a steady plod, and of necessity must be at a slightly slower rate. Ships on the Pacific must have greater coal-carrying capacity than on the Atlantic, and must have room in addition for large quantities of freight to make the voyages profitable. This makes them a little slower. To cross the Pacific at a 22-knots' speed would require all the cargo-carrying capacity of the ship for coal, and it is doubtful if there would be much room for passengers. Even the new ships of many of the Atlantic lines are built



CART WITH ARABIAN WOMEN, CAIRO

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to run at moderate speed, thus giving up space occupied by large amounts of coal to the more profitable business of carrying cargo. These Pacific ships, however, are much faster than the average Atlantic liner, and are abreast of the greatest advances of the shipbuilder's skill. They are far superior in every way to any ships that have appeared on the greatest of the world's oceans.

They are sister ships. They are 572 feet and 4 inches long, and the length between perpendiculars is 550 feet. The width is 63 feet. The depth at the centre is 41 feet, 10 inches. They carry 2,500 tons of coal and 8,000 tons of freight. They have each accommodations for 1,460 passengers, and the crew of each numbers 257 all told. They have four decks for passengers, and, like many of the newer Atlantic ships, are built up in the middle with a deck promenade space 550 feet in circuit, or more than a tenth of a mile.

For the use of passengers there are four decks, known as the boat, promenade, upper, and main decks. Most of the passengers' quarters are on the promenade and upper decks. The state-rooms are done in white, with cherry trimmings. White-enamelled iron bedsteads are to be found in the first-class state-rooms, all of which have folding lavatory stands, with porcelain and cut-glass fittings. The Social Hall of each ship is on the promenade deck, and affords an uninterrupted view forward and at the sides. It is floored in slate and white-rubber tile, and



TATTOOED JAPANESE

upholstered in red plush. The arched skylight above is of leaded glass in olive green set in an opalescent ground. At night it is illuminated brilliantly with electric lights.

Directly back of the Social Hall is the Music-Room. Along the sides are numerous booths, with a transom running around the inside of each, so that parties wishing a degree of privacy may obtain it. The room is finished in mahogany, and the panels are tinted in light colors. The upholstering is in rich, dark-red plush. The room has electric lights, and each booth has its own lamps. Behind the Music-Room are four sets of rooms *en suite*. They consist each of a sitting-room, a state-room, and private bath-room, with all the conveniences, such as solid brass bedsteads, folding lavatories, porcelain tubs, with hot and cold water.

On the extreme after end of the deck-house, giving an outlook on three sides, and corresponding to the Social Hall in the forward end of the deck-house, is the Smoking-Room, tiled in red and white rubber, upholstered in red plush, with wood-work of cherry. The room is panelled in lincrusta and finished in old Dutch gold. The effect of the decorations in the commodious room is most rich. Wide deck room surrounds the deck-house, affording ample space for the chairs of passengers, for promenading, and for the usual games at sea



BEDOUIN AND WIFE, CAIRO

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From the Social Hall a double stairway of solid bronze, with highly ornamental railings and newel posts, extends to the dining-saloon below. This room seats 202 persons, and is decorated in olive green, white, and gold. The carpeting and upholstering are in olive green, and the panels of the room are tinted in light green, white, and gold. In the centre of the room is a large light-well to the Music-Room above, and thence through a trunk to a skylight dome on the bridge deck. Fluted columns, with ornamented capitals, support the deck around this well. Lincrusta panels ornament the trunk, and the light effects at night are especially brilliant.



SOCIAL HALL—S.Ss. *KOREA* AND *SIBERIA*

The boat deck, the highest of the ship and the one open to the sky completely, is given up entirely to cabin passengers.

On the upper deck of the vessel, directly under the promenade deck, the vessel is so arranged that the passengers' rooms are on the starboard side—that is, the right side looking forward—and the galleys, pantries, and quarters for servants and the crew are on the port side, with no passage across the ship. This enables the service of the ship to be performed by the crew without intrusion upon the passengers' rooms, and, although it gives the ship a different appearance when viewed from port or starboard, it increases the working power of the crew, and it saves travellers from many petty annoyances on shipboard.

On a long voyage like that across the Pacific a complete refrigerating plant of the highest grade is necessary to insure to the passengers the luxuries and necessities of food. Few persons realize what a refrigerating plant on shipboard consists of, and how necessary it is to modern travel. The one on each of these two steamships is made up of two eight-ton machines. With such facilities insuring perfect comfort and safety, who would not avail himself of the splendid opportunity to visit this comparatively unknown land of our new possessions, and is it to be wondered at that many are annually journeying thither in quest of business or pleasure?

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M U S I C

The Pianola solves the problem of music in the home.

Its production was the crowning achievement of musical activity in the century just closed.

Within the home, where there is a Pianola, music reigns supreme, and every member of the household may be a performer. The piano is available to all. In its rhythmic tones the busy man forgets his cares. The hostess finds relief from thoughts concerning entertainment for her guests; and happy young folks respond with feet or voice and in a dance or song find wholesome recreation underneath the family roof.

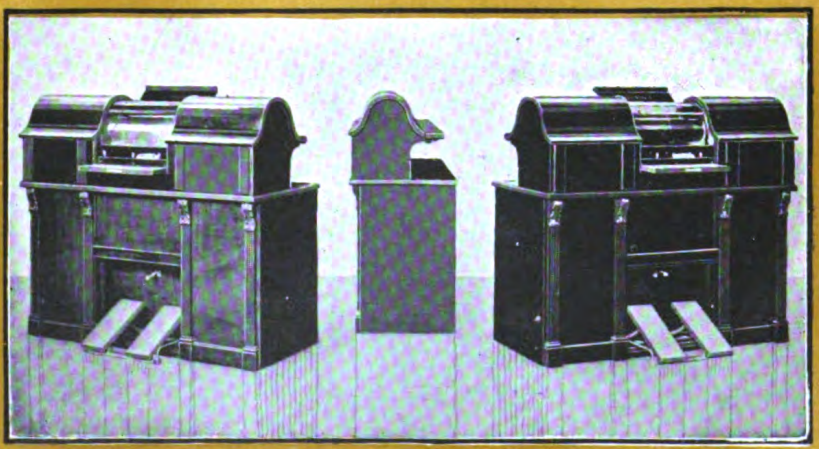
Of music man never tires. Every new example of the art awakens new emotions in his breast. One piece may lose its freshness, but with the next comes back, enhanced, the pleasure of the first.

The owner of a Pianola need never fear it may grow tiresome. The music for it has no limit. Its repertoire, enormous in extent, magnificent in variety, absolutely precludes such a possibility.

Eight thousand one hundred and thirty-one pieces at present, and new selections added monthly at the rate of two hundred and fifty, makes a collection such as the world has never heretofore seen brought together.

In view of this, how apparent it is that one can never tire of the Pianola.

The Pianola's self is not the question. The music it makes possible is the consideration, and every new selection renews again the novelty and freshness of the instrument.



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Without the Pianola, what possibilities are hidden within the piano?

Before the Pianola came, how very few there were who even caught a glimpse into the grand world of harmony. Toiling laboriously to reproduce a small part of the great compositions of the masters, even the best pianists were sadly limited.

The iron rules of technique, the inexorable necessity of long hours spent in daily practice, forbade *pianists* the pleasure of roaming at will throughout the world of music. To all the rest of human kind the masterpieces of the grandest art that is known to man were buried treasures.

This is what the Pianola does for man.

To those who never yet have felt the fascination of pouring forth the best emotions of their souls in music, or those who *used to play*, but have been weaned by other cares from practice, it brings a joy that any time before it came the wealth of all the world could not have bought.

The music of the world is free to all.

For those whom classic pieces interest, Scarlatti, Bach, Haydn, and old Händel have written oratorios and fugues. Unhappy Schubert speaks to them in the sweet tones of Rosamunde. Beethoven, master of masters, thrills alike the listeners and the performer with his Appassionata or beautiful Fifth Symphony.

Chopin bemoans the fate of Poland in his Nocturnes or breathes the fiery valor of his countrymen in Polonaise.

Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Moszkowski, Liszt, all help to weave tone-pictures for ear and mind alike to revel in.

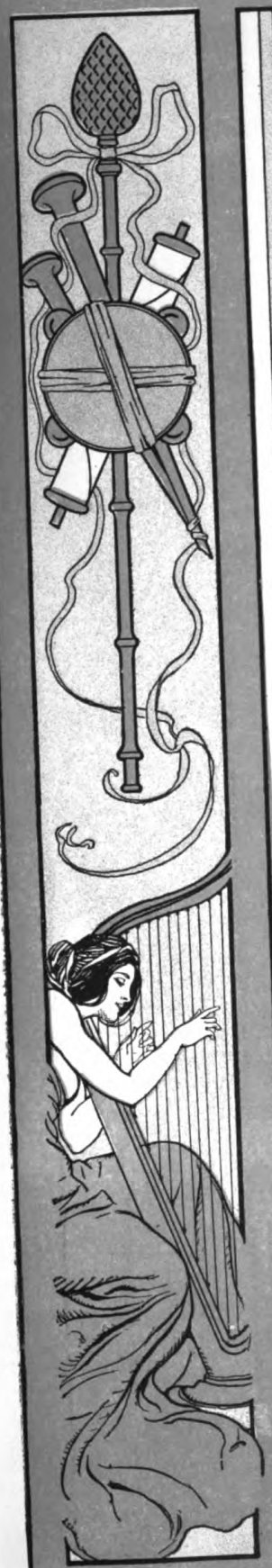
For other tastes, where settings of the stage have served







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to spur the fancies of their favorites, great Wagner comes and, lifting them aloft above the clouds, transports them to the mighty Halls of old Walhalla, in Ride of Walküres, or takes them to the cool, green depths of classic Rhine in Nibelungen Ring.

Verdi, Mascagni, Suppé, and Gounod have all bequeathed to man a wealth of melody, each tone of which is precious to the lover of the opera.

To owners of the Pianola, both this and music of a lighter strain is possible. A waltz by Strauss, a Sousa march, a song, a rag-time hit, a part of Florodora are ever at his call, and always fresh, not needing practice.

The most gifted pianist the world has ever known has but a small fraction of this repertoire.

The Pianola is the universal means of playing the piano.

Universal, because there is no one in all the world, having the use of hands and feet, who could not learn to use it with but little effort.

To operate it is simplicity itself.

Adjustable to any piano, the Pianola stands before it when in use, and plays the keys with tiny, felt-tipped fingers.

The striking of the notes of the selection, in proper time and place, is no concern of the player. This is correctly done by perforated rolls of paper (the form in which the music for the Pianola comes).

The player's only task is to decide how slow or how fast the notes shall sound, how loud or how soft he wants them, also he uses the sustaining-pedal. Three little levers serve to impart the player's wishes to the Pianola. On these his fingers rest.



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Should the air be familiar, the player's taste will dictate the expression. But if it is strange or difficult, a very simple set of markings on the moving music-roll direct the proper movement of the levers.

A little child can do all this and give correct expression to the compositions played.

Simple it is, but in its simplicity it is musically artistic. Paderewski, Hofmann, and other great artists find pleasure in the Pianola and use it because they can so perfectly control the elements which go to make up "expression."

The Pianola thus is found to be a pleasure-giving instrument for all, both tyro and musician, enabling them to play on the piano with absolute correctness and with human feeling.

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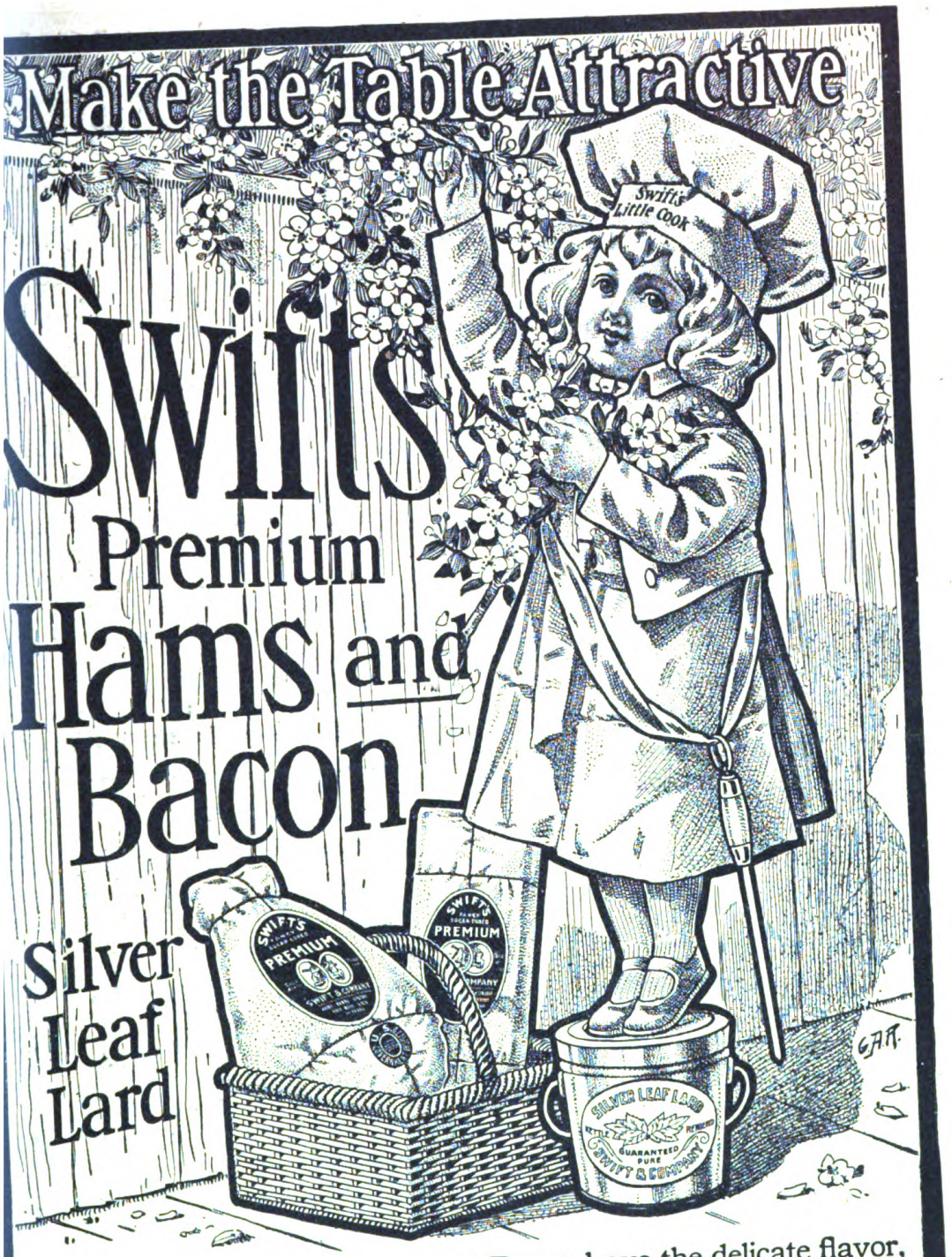
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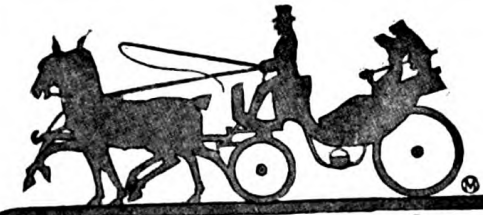
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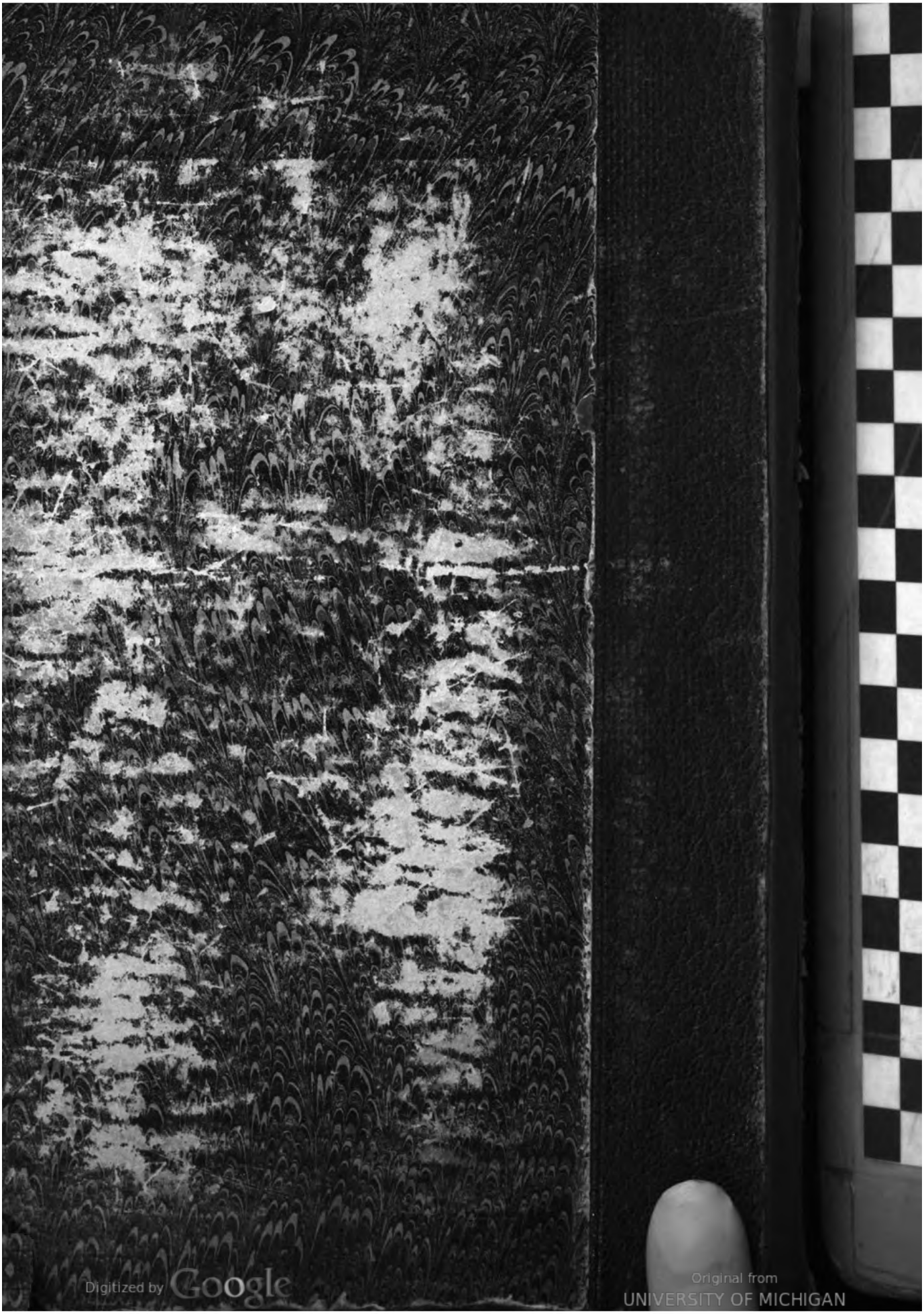
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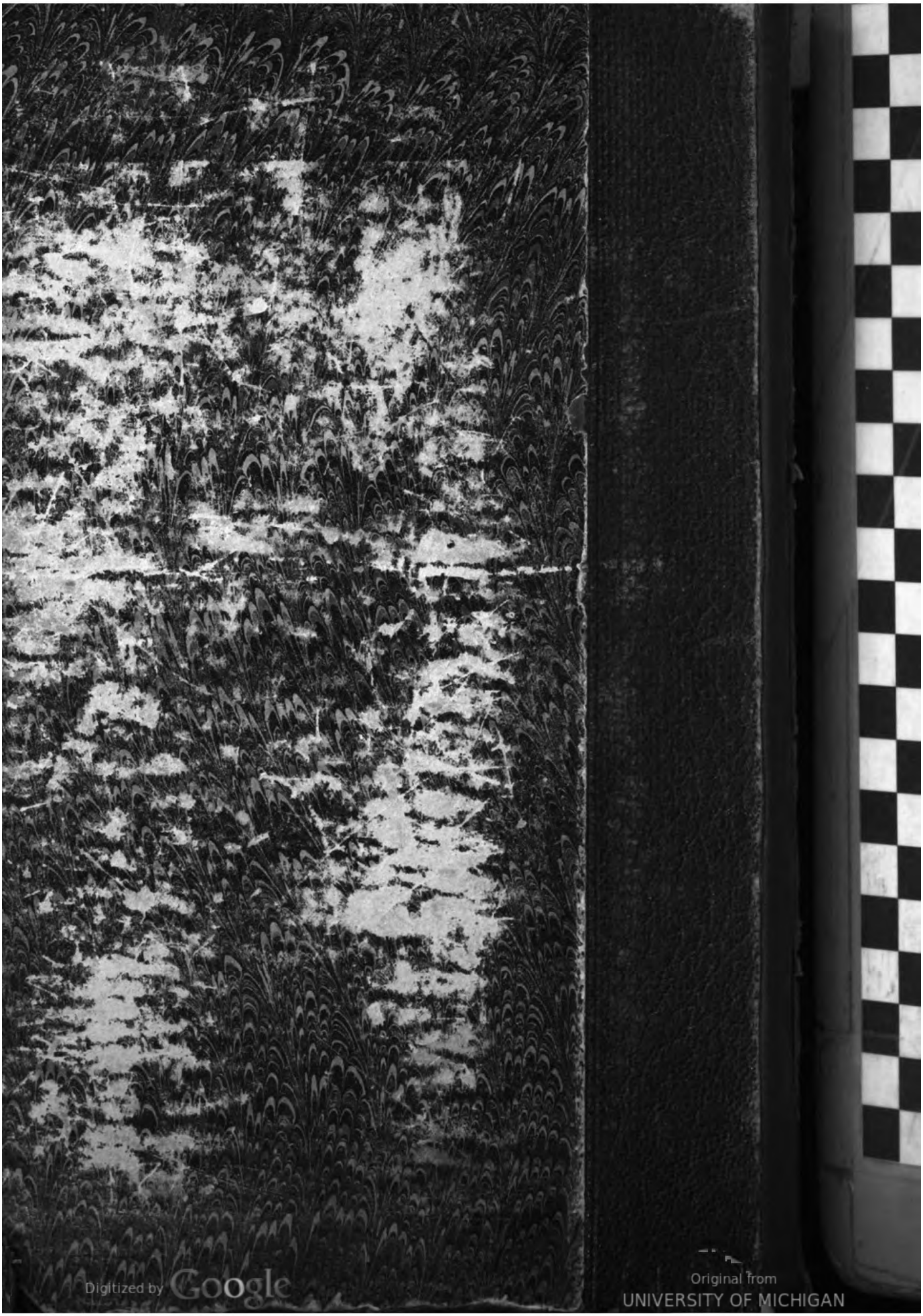
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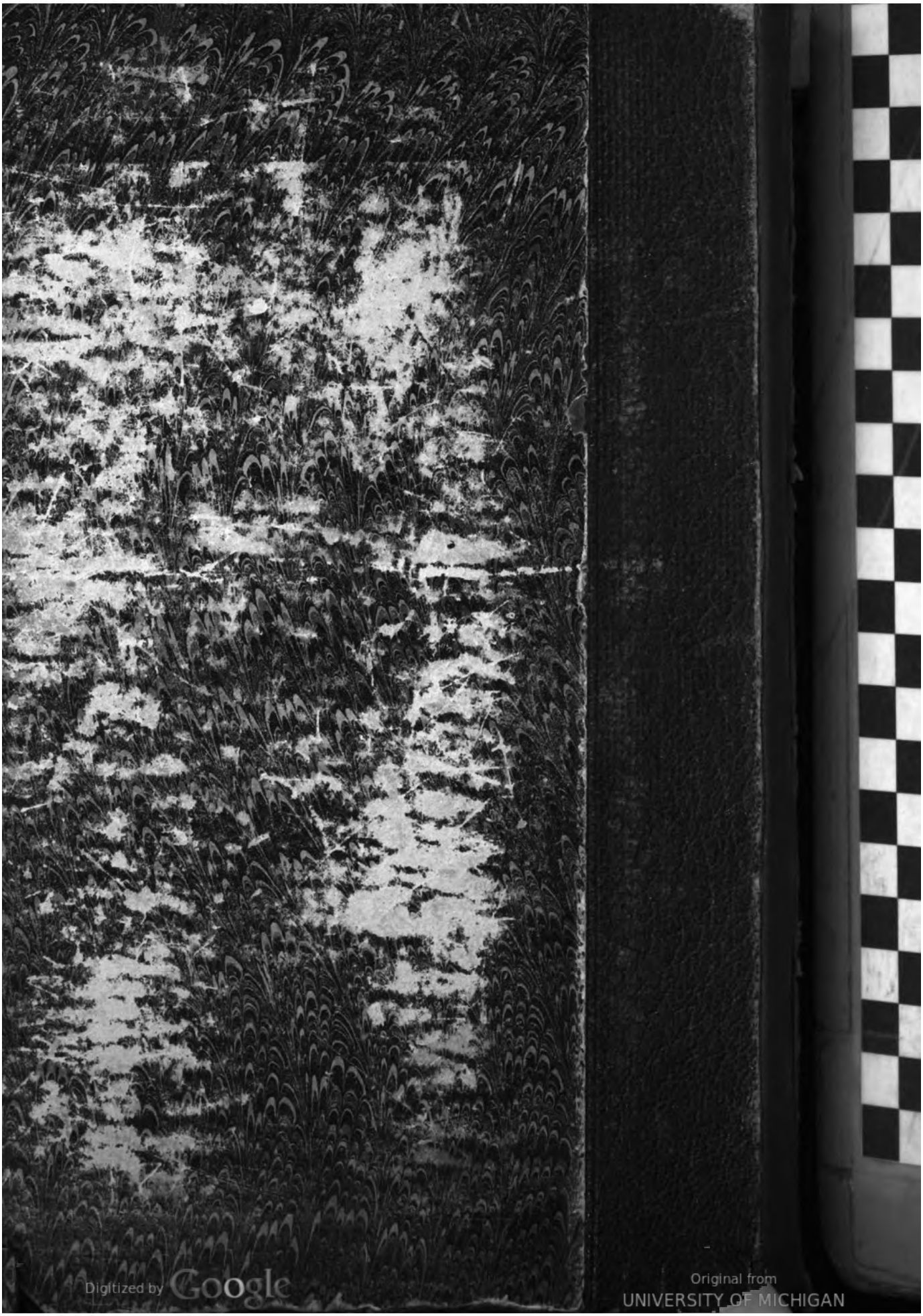
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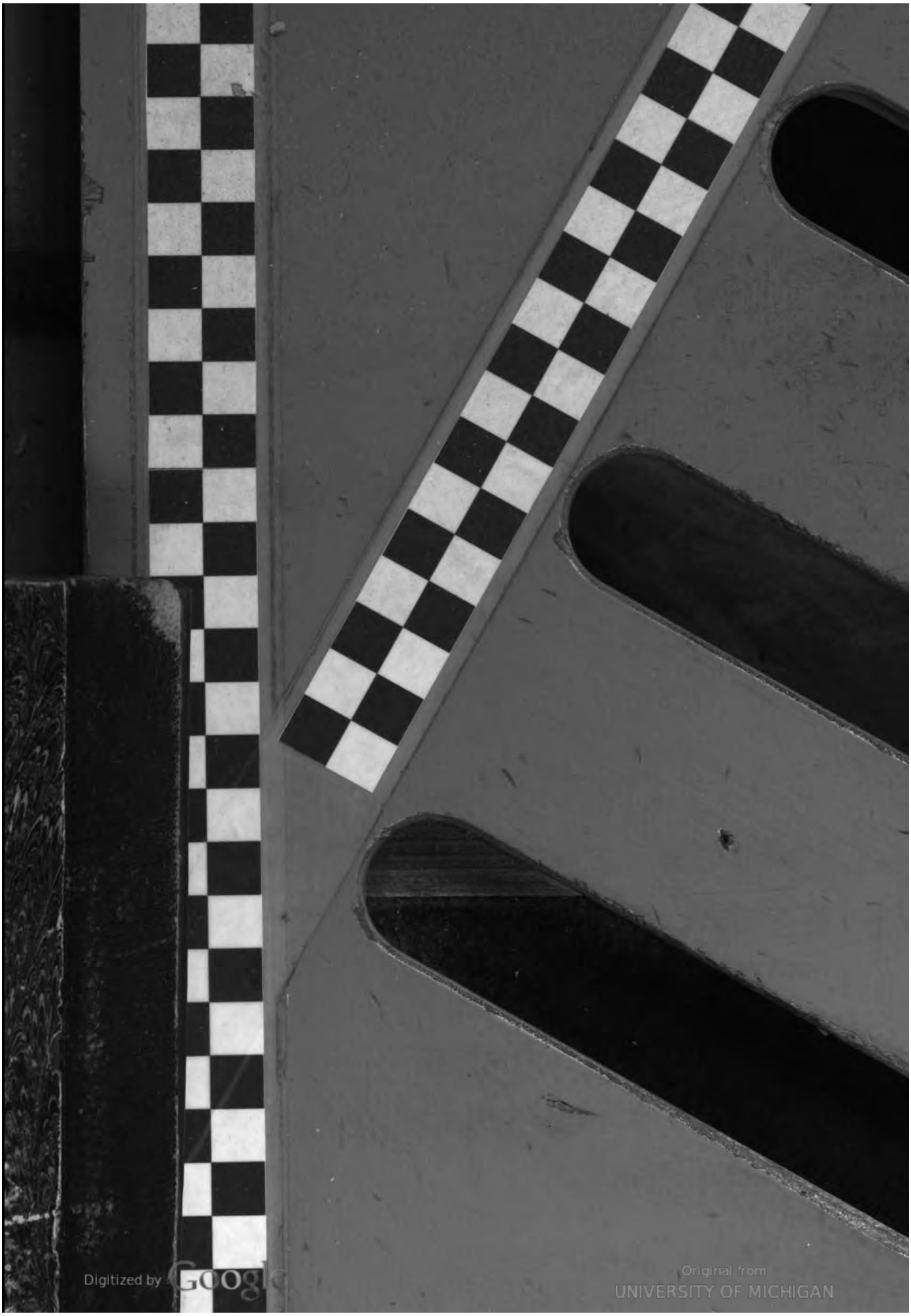

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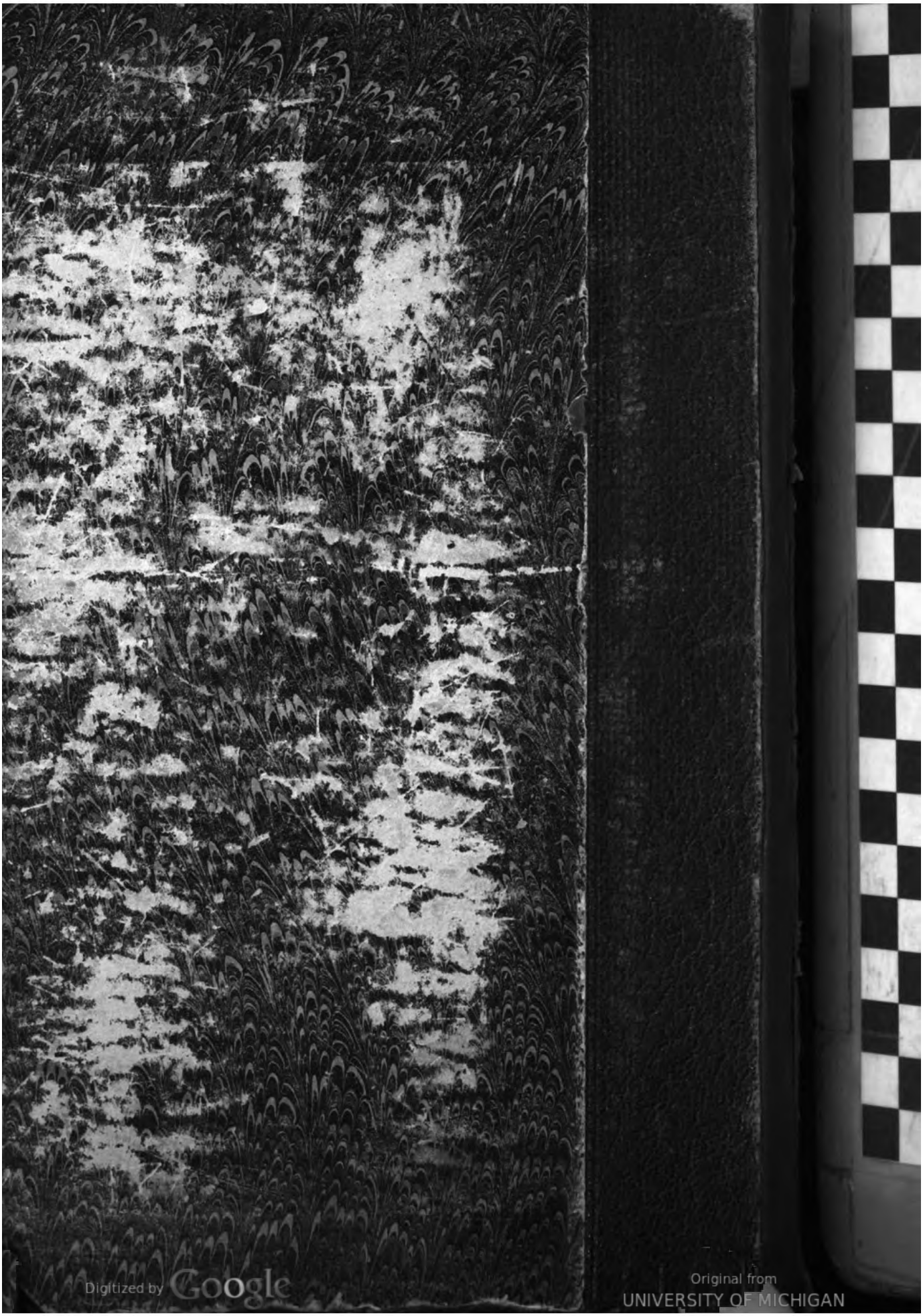
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